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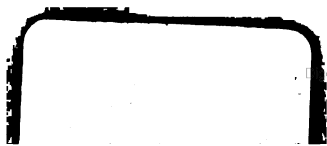
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# DUBLIN

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VOL. LXXI.

### SATIRE CLAIMS SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR IT.

SATIRE causes pain, but it is not so bad as bombshells—the latter cracking literal pates, while the other explodes in reluctant peals of laughter and sardonic literary grins. The sheer harmlessness of this savage satiric warfare was no slight merit in the age which witnessed the ruthless wars of the Reformation: the origin of the Jesuits; the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; the murders by the Leaguers; and the Assassination of Henry IV. It was something to fight with pens instead of rapiers—to substitute ink for human blood—the blaze of genius more or less brilliant for the baleful fires of the Inquisition. Satire besides promoted truth, and has actually contributed in no slight degree to win us the scientific and religious truth under whose grateful shade we rest at the present day, while the tendency and aim of force is to crush and suppress truth, and chain it down in unrighteousness. In looking with complacency on satire, we do so with some reason to show for our approval, and if from the abstract thing itself we turn our gaze upon the pages of the documents penned by the satiric muse shortly to pass under our review, we shall find no reason on moral or social grounds to recall our verdict in their favour. "Pantagruel" is a name the world will not willingly let die, a work of unquestionable genius, although of extraordinary grotesqueness and

coarseness. The "Mystery of Iniquity," by Duplessis Mornay, has not lost its interest as a memorial of a controversy. The "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum" is a repertory of the broadest immortal fun. The "Satire Menippée" will never be out of date, as illustrative of the politicians of the League; and the "Apology for Herodotus" will remain forever to justify Protestant incredulity of monstrous mediæval legend and miracle. The world's store of provocatives of honest mirth has been largely increased by productions of the class of which we treat, and now we have them we could better spare—better things. We need stimulants no less than solid fare, and these appetizing records of bloodless tilt and tournament; these volumes of infinite jest that in their day could put the table in a roar; these hearty guffaws from lungs long returned to dust, echoes of ha ha's from the region *d'outré tombe*; titillate our appetite, jaded ever so little with our perpetual hash of science with all its 'ologies, and act like the salutary dinner pill or cayenne whet on our masticatory apparatus.

Our review of some of the controversial literature of the sixteenth century must be regarded as undertaken far more in the interest of bibliography or literary history than in those of hostile Churches and warring dogmas. Of course we have opinions of our own on both



these topics, but the pages of *MAGA* are not the place for their discussion; and we look upon the controversies then conducted and their mode of conduct as pretty nearly dead things, whose function is past and gone—not worthy to be revived in our day, and mischievous if they could be revived. A curious proof of the utter lack of vitality in the polemics of the sixteenth century is furnished in the dead failure of the Parker Society, which could reprint the heavy volumes and scarce less heavy pamphlets of our English Reformation period, but could find few purchasers and no readers. Another incidental proof has turned up but the other day (July 1, 1867) in the record of a sale of Sir Thomas Gage's books by Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, when Richeome's "*Idolatrie Huguenote*" was sold amongst other volumes, and singly produced £13—very decided evidence that the literature to which it belongs is relegated into the class of *Libri rarissimi*. In that class, in the name of charity, let that work and its kindred works remain, while we simply and with utterly unpolemic purpose recall the titles of a few of these and of the theological quarrels in which they arose, in order to bid them farewell for ever—things that it is well to know, but by no means needful to remember! We draw our notes from sufficiently obvious sources, and have no reluctance to confess our obligations to a more severe industry than our own.

There was abundant use of satire in other departments of science in the stirring period of the Reformation; but of all the kinds of satire was rife, that of the theologians was the worst, as might be expected from the fierce strife of Churches and theologies which raged at that period, which knew no measure, which respected no creeds, which spared no man. That century witnessed the struggles into life of the Churches of the Reformation, and the last sigh of the liberties of the national Church of France. In vain was a sage tradition and law in favour of the Gallic Church; pleasure-loving kings grasped the gift of bestowing its benefices on the ministers of their pleasures, the

minions of their revels; and Popes claimed all spiritual power, together with the *annates* or first year's revenue of all benefices. Popular election of the clergy was known no more—synodal action on the part of the clerisy reduced to a form, and the Church lay bleeding and exhausted—despoiled and enslaved by means of the usurpations and robberies of the civil power in complicity with the Holy See. Indignation filled many an honest heart and burst into verse of the following character, pasted, like pasquinades, here and there through the capital:—

"Papa Leo, Mulier: frendens Leo  
redit utrumque.

Papa Leo, Mulier sulphuris antra  
petant.

Papa Leo, consortie carent, Mulier-  
que marito—

Conjugio hos jungas, Cerberus alter  
erunt."

"Three evil things—Pope, Minister,  
and Crown,

Conspire to keep our French reli-  
gion down:

Three evil things—the Pope, the worst  
of evils—

All speeding post-haste to the realm  
of devils.

Mix three in one, each worthy of his  
mate,

A second Cerberus to scare the comers  
to hell-gate."

The three detested notables were Leo X., the Chancellor Duprat, and the Queen mother Louisa of Savoy.

The people mourned the abridgment or loss of their spiritual liberties, and recalled Fleury's description of the rights of the laity in the apostolic Churches. "All persons," said that candid and learned historian, "ought to have a share in electing the officer whom all are required to obey; and all ought to be acquainted beforehand with him whom they are called on to elect. Such was the practice of the Church in the early ages." The people poured forth their complaints in sarcastic rhymes:—

"Well may priest, and well may curé  
Beat their breast with grief and fury;  
Minions now their cures inherit,  
Barr'd the way to worth and merit.  
Once, in days past recollection,  
The Holy Ghost assum'd th' election  
Of those who at his altars waited—  
Wisely and well the Church then  
mated.

Now those in power their trust betray !  
And lewdly give her hand away  
To hirelings greedy of their pay.  
Better the choice were made by dice,  
Some virtue then might chequer vice."

France saw with dismay its pragmatic sanction repealed, with all its securities for the maintenance of their independent religious institutions, and the mutilated Concordat established in its stead ; the changing foisted in the place of the legitimate offspring by the jugglery of Pope and King. The discontent such measures awakened induced many of the more thoughtful minds in France to look with favour on the movement begun in Germany on behalf of the Reformation. The year 1515, when Francis I. formally abolished the greater defences of the Gallican Church, and shut it up within the narrower and weaker lines of the astute Leo's Concordat, was not long prior to the date of Tetzels discomfiture, and the theses of Wittemberg. But while some hailed Luther's work as a remedial one, tending to the restored health of the afflicted Church, others—the timid and bigoted—regarded the man as an incarnation of evil, and his evolution as a revolution and subversion of all that was good. Hence battles grew both with the sword and with the pen ; but our business is with those of the pen exclusively in our present review.

The Bible was the fountain of the Reformation, the glory of the Reformers, and the detestation of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The laity were systematically denied its perusal in any tongue save the Latin, and even there its perusal was frowned upon by the clergy. Henry Stephen, in his "Apology for Herodotus," commends the fact to the notice of posterity, that thirty years before he wrote, a man had to hide himself in order to read the Bible, just as one would hide himself to coin false money. The enlightened scholars of the day joined the religious Reformers in speeding the progress of the new science. Literature and religion were embarked in the same venture. The Reformers loved light, all light of all kinds : the priesthood slunk back into darkness, and did all they could to rob the people

of both secular and biblical knowledge. Wherever reform came with its temple it erected its school, and left to the residuary priesthood their gloomy heritage of ignorance and superstition. All who had learning, all who had wisdom, all who had earnestness, all who had hearts, flocked toward the open Bible, like bees to their hive, attracted by the honeyed sweetness of the word so long denied them in every shape except in that of the Latin Gospels, and the rare and *jejune* homily from the pulpit. The hunger of the soul was satisfied with the divine repast of Holy Writ as it never had been before ; and the men refreshed thereby were not to be deterred from their spiritual food by denunciation or peril of life. In vain the Sorbonne thundered its fulminations against the professors of the new creed—in vain Bouchart insisted upon the virtue of fire and fagot in curing of heresy—in vain the principal of Montaigu, Beda, burned the "Paraphrases of Erasmus," and the "Looking-glass of the Sinful Soul,"—in vain the President of the Parliament, Lizet, seconded the blind efforts of the doctor's zeal. The tide of invasion pressed on despite of the resistance of these modern Cocles, who hated Virgil and Cicero almost as cordially as they hated Calvin and Favel, and forced them back into their citadel of prescription, hurling their menaces against Budé and scholarship as heartily as "*Adversus Clandestinos Lutheranos*." The warfare of the high soon found its way amongst the low, and placard and pasquinade followed on the side of libel and prescription. Statues of the Virgin breathed threatenings and slaughters against the heretics in these terms:—

"Pile high, pile high, the fagots dry  
For those who flout Our Lady's majesty ;  
Thou, Paris fair, redeem thy name—  
Consign the heretics to flame."

This was followed by a counter-declaration in these words :—

"Deep pools, deep pools, to duck the  
fools  
Who, loving darkness, hate the schools ;  
Who only aim to argue well,  
And care not God's own truth to tell."

This quatrain was commonly as-

cribed to Marot. But fire carried the day over water; and in 1529 Berquin was burned at the stake for libelling the Virgin in his books; and in 1534 the war of extirpation began.

Marot, a sharpshooter, fled into exile. At Ferrara and Venice he penned those sacred idylls which partook of the phraseology of Paganism, while they conveyed Christian ideas—a strange medley, only redeemed from profanity by the religious purpose that informed them. The harp of the prophets was an instrument too majestic for his weak hand, wherefore it was perpetually giving way to the pipe of Theocritus and Virgil, that suited his genius better. There is a singular flavour of Paganism in the address of the Christian Shepherd couched in these terms :—

“How long, O mighty Pan! supreme,  
sublime,  
Must we endure these Popish sons of  
crime?  
These pastors false with hearts as hard  
as rock,  
Whose only aim's to fleece and flay  
the flock?”

An unfinished work of Marot's is a dialogue between two girls—one, a daughter of Christ; the other, of Simon Magus. Christina, the pious girl, was—

“Well-born, well-bred!  
No pride nor folly filled her prudent  
head—  
A modest shepherdess, so habited.”

Simonina, on the contrary, was a Roman courtesan, bold, rich from her infamies, and tricked out with gauds, yet despite of her attempts to charm, unable to hide or hinder her encroaching years :—

“For old she was, and older, older grew  
Despite her cares, till death loom'd  
large in view.”

Another piece of this author's has just come to light, but has not yet been committed to the press, “An Epistle from Venice to Renée, Duchess of Ferrara.” It is as stern as Calvin in denouncing the idolatries of the modern Babylon :—

“Temples and images of marble rise  
Where blind adorers lift impassioned  
eyes;  
Yet no pure worship there of God or  
Christ  
Flows from the people, prompted by the  
priest.

The same lewd goddess that bewitched  
old Greece  
Enthrals new Rome from greatest to the  
least.  
That Queen of whoredoms rules all  
hearts, and leads,  
Won by her sorceries, all crowned  
heads;  
Earth's proudest, grandest, coronetted  
knaves,  
Drunk with her fornication, are her  
slaves.”

Marot's bolt was soon shot—his race early run. He died in exile in the year 1544.

Robert Etienne's satires were even more stinging than Marot's, marked by a deeper scholarship, and exhibiting indisputable facts rather than heady arguments. His printing-press became a formidable battering-ram against the walls of the Roman Church, and at an early period was denounced by the ecclesiastics as a weapon of seditious heresy. The protection of the kings of France was insufficient for his safety, and he betook himself to Switzerland with his family. The fate of Berquin and Dolét was a warning—their pile blazed for ever before his eyes—and the counsel of both wisdom and natural fear was flight. His chief fault in the eyes of theologians had been that he printed a Bible with comments, these latter inspired, they said, by Calvin. A sample of the censures of these lynx-eyed critics, exposed in a burning pamphlet, will show how futile and how frivolous the objections of the censors were, and how difficult it must be for a Roman Catholic writer of independent views to publish without offence in a Roman Catholic country. The annotations in the Commentary were dealt with as follows :—

“*Annotation.* We have God alone for our refuge.

“*Censure.* This annotation is Lutheran, turning Christians away from seeking succour of the Blessed Virgin and the saints.

“*Annotation.* Job charges God with laying upon him the weight of his cross.

“*Censure.* This annotation is false, injurious, and calumnious to the blessed Job.

“*Annotation.* God is the author of both good and evil events.

“*Censure.* This annotation is heretical and blasphemous.”

The Parisian persecutors gained nothing by driving away the king's printer from France, for he made Geneva his *point d'appui* for more varied attacks and more strenuous warfare. Colporteurs carried his publications into all the provinces of the French dominions, and disposed of them in the way of their trade, along with other wares. Libels, pamphlets, amusing satires, seditious placards, Bibles, catechisms, and sermons found almost as free entrance and acceptance everywhere as if they had not been prohibited. And Robert dying, left his son Henry, the heir to the traditional hatred of his house—a second Hamilcar consecrating a second Hannibal to his revenge. Henry Stephens' "Apology for Herodotus," deduced from the more incredible miracles and absurd legends of the saints of the Romish Church, did, perhaps, as much damage to the cause of superstition as any other publication outside the circle of the sacred books. No one could read it and not laugh, and to laugh was fatal to reverence and belief. Point after point of the fortress of Romanism was attacked—the doctrine of indulgences, the mass, purgatory, the sacraments, infallibility succumbed under the assaults of the well-mailed besieger. To the light skirmishing of Erasmus, Dolét, Marot, Desperiers, and other sharpshooters, succeeded the heavier artillery of theological discussions, and of works seasoned with wit and learning, that fell inside the Romish outworks with the force of bombshells, and damaged sometimes more than was aimed at by their explosion.

Of the graver disputants on the Protestant side we must name Calvin, Beza, and Viret. The satire of these true defenders of Christianity shrank from the employment of that light or coarse sarcasm which found a fitting medium in the squibs of learned infidelity, that scorched the fair face of truth as often as the foul features of error. Their indignant reprobation of Romish deceit and intolerance partook rather of the lofty character of the denunciations of Isaiah and the Hebrew prophets—of Tertullian and the noblest Fathers of the Christian Church. To them the irreverent antics of Rabelais were as distasteful as the mockeries of Lucian

to the early apologists for Christianity. Calvin had little of the satirist in him, because he had little of the mocker. He was too earnest to be sportive, even with a solid purpose. If at times a grim humour appears in his writings, it proceeds rather from the subject than from the man. As, for instance, in his "Treatise on Relics," he can scarcely fail to be merry in an arithmetical way as he enumerates so many heads of John the Baptist here, and so many chips of the true cross there: no limit, in fact, to either save the wants of the votaries. The mythic Briareus becomes an ecclesiastical fact, and heads and arms multiply at discretion of the devotee. Saint Susannah's body is complete in her church in Rome; but there is also another complete body in Toulouse. Saint Helena is not so fortunate, for while she is complete in Venice, some complaisant worshipper has supplied her with only an additional head in St. Gerion's at Cologne. St. Ursula is more liberal still: her body is complete at St. Jean d'Angely; she has, in addition, a head at Cologne, besides considerable portions of her remains at Mans, at Tours, at Bergerat. These things are an old story now, but must have been intensely amusing to one party, and extremely galling to another, when all this relic-worship was a prevailing cult. In this odd jumble of reliquaries, Calvin avows that no man could be sure he was not adoring the bones of a horse, an ass, or a cat, of a thief or robber, instead of a saint and martyr of Jesus. Had he known of it he might have instanced our wonder-working Lady of Worcester, which, when disrobed in honest Hugh Latimer's time, was found to be a statue of a bishop bedizened like a female. He pours his scorn, moreover, on the ignorance that lights a candle to the devil at the same time as to Saint Michael, and adorns with chaplets and trinkets the heads of the butchers of Stephen as well as the saint himself—an incongruity not confined to Calvin's days, for it remains to our own. What is the calvarium in the side chapel at the Brompton oratory—the suspended thieves in figures as large as life—but an immortalisation of blasphemy and crime in painful writhings of despair and death. For a crucifix—a

representation of a dying Saviour—there may be some excuse of mistaken but reverent devotion; but all the rest of a calvarium is a horror without relief—shocking to sensibility—trying to faith. These, it is needless to add, we would have done away.

Calvin, in another publication of his, called his "Apology to the Nicodemites," used his sarcastic rasp somewhat roughly on the Epicurean Christians who objected to the rigidity of his discipline, and the sternness of his rule. These were the persons who succeeded in causing his banishment from the city, along with Farel, but the magistrats soon re-called with honour the sturdy confessors. Calvin, with incisive burin, sketches the characters of his opponents in marked and uncomplimentary lines—as delicate and dainty gentlemen, who can chatter about the Gospel with the ladies of their acquaintance, and yet live as they list,—as moderate and philosophical gentlemen, who settle all questions of faith and practice in their study, without lending a hand to the good cause—as gentlemen of commerce, who find themselves too busy with buying and selling to carry on a trade with heaven, and so on. But his more unmeasured rebukes were reserved for the shavelings, such as Cathelan, the cordelier, and others of his stamp. Pigs and dogs were his common designations for these worthies. Antoine Cathelan he calls a ram, and his exploits, unmentionable here, are described with a kind of gleeful unctious by the great moralist. But while he descants on the personal history of this unworthy assailant, Calvin plies his warfare against the Franciscan's creed—attacking the mass, baptism, and confession, with pen dipped in vitriol, closing each apostrophe and syllogism with the euphonious epithets of ass, dog, hog.

Calvin was scarce less measured in his vituperation of any opponent, even of his own creed. Sooth to say his temper was prickly, and he bewails it in a letter to Bucer: "I find it harder to control my impatience than to withstand any other temptation: I have never yet been able to confine this ferocious beast." But his studious life, his nervous temperament, constant opposition, the weightiness of his cares, and his delicate health may fairly be pleaded in his excuse,

while it cannot be denied that his motives were single, his domestic life pure, his benevolence great, his devotion seraphic, his learning profound. After St. Augustine he is the theologian of the Church. Luther a sturdy pioneer; Calvin a great organiser and tactician. Luther was a leader, an *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*—Calvin a wise master-builder, a codifier, a divine. Both were noble; both shine in their social life and correspondence. Luther perhaps more lovable, but Calvin not less revered.

Beza, the co-pastor of Calvin at Geneva, had more original resemblance to Luther than to his own colleague, and he possessed that wit and sarcasm which the grave Calvin wanted. Beza was a scholar, critic, and evangelist, but he was amid it all a mercurial Frenchman. Some trace the difference in his disposition to his being a joyous Burgundian by birth, while Calvin retained the narrow sourness of the Picard peasantry, amongst whom he rose. There may be somewhat in this, but the native strain of the two men was essentially different—equally sincere, equally learned—yet one more humane, the other more ascetic. While Calvin expended his sarcasm in the pulpit in showers of declamatory wrath, Beza was the expert pamphleteer. Not in vain had he read and pondered that masterpiece of ecclesiastical banter—Hutten's *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*—for in the very spirit and mould of it Beza produced his "Epistle of Master Benedict Passavant," which Naudé pronounces to be the *chef d'œuvre* of Macaronic composition. The hero of this pseudonym was Lizet, a quondam member of the French Parliament, but at Beza's writing Abbot of St. Geneviève. He had been a persecutor of the saints unto death, but by his retirement from public life was forced to exchange the occupation of firing the heretics' pile to roasting them with his pen. The polemic prior composed two volumes in questionable Latinity, intended to pulverize the enemies of the Church of Rome, which he dedicated to all the saints and saintesses of the calendar—*omnibus sanctis et sanctabus*. It was more laughed at for its bigoted stupidity than dreaded for its power or purpose. Beza met it with a merry countercheck.

His master Passavant is supposed, in the service of Lizet, to have visited Geneva for the purpose of seeing how great dismay the double-barrelled discharge of the polemic gun had created amongst the Reformers in that city. He finds the Reformers at table, Calvin, De Bèze, Viret, Robert Stephens, recently burnt in effigy at Paris, but who looks wonderfully well in spite of his death by proxy. The party are seen eating little, drinking less, and their heretical pallor contrasts remarkably with the jolly rubicundity and orthodox roundaboutness of the president. They converse about the state of France and Lizet's formidable volumes. They are astonished that no one has attempted to answer it, and wonder that so wise a man as its author, having spent forty years in writing it, should at least have found any difficulty in procuring a publisher. Passavant learning all this is delighted, and exults in his master's talents and reputation—thinks him unanswerable, and crows within himself at the scene he witnesses. But alas! for human credulity on one side and human craft on the other. The Reformers are only (*sermone Hibernico*) taking a rise out of the president's familiar—for the first words addressed to him are—“*Quomodo valet dominus nasus ejus? Est ne semper vestitus de cramonis? Est ne semper demasquinatus?*” “How fares your master's nose? Does it always wear a crimson jerkin, or sleep in a damask nightcap?” Joke and gibe follow hard on this, while the ungodly company emulate each other in mockery and laughter. One suggests that Lizet does not need a cardinal's hat, for he has one already perched upon his nose. Another describes his barbarous Latin as roughening his page to a degree that renders it useless for the lowest purposes. Another asks wherein did “Balaam and Lizet differ?” the answer being that “Balaam and his ass were two, but Lizet and his ass were but one!” The ill-fated polemic was torn in pieces by these quick-witted jokers—his style, his nose, his donkey, his all. Profound argument on theological topics is intermingled with the banter, and the best of it is that Passavant is obliged to report that he was nearly turned

into a Protestant himself by the persuasive oratory of Calvin.

Beza's wit and humour in this piece are Rabelaisian. But for the temperance of the repast and the sobriety of the guests one might deem the party present at the wedding of Gargantua. The fame of this squib spread far and wide, nor did its merits soon cease to be remembered with glee. D'Aubigné twenty years afterwards recalls it, and Henry Stephens later, amusing himself with speculating how long it would be ere the Pope would canonize the immortal nose of Lizet:—

“Nose, that addest to my pleasures,  
Nose, the richest of my treasures

Toss the bottle, 'swig the wine,  
Jolly rose-red nose of mine.”

A man with so large a surplus of wit and sarcasm as Beza was not to be expected to confine his sallies to the ridicule of Romanism alone; he launched his indiscriminate bolts against all alike. A Lutheran divine holding consubstantiation is lashed in a pamphlet called “Cyclops, or *κρεωφαγία*,” and his reasoning ridiculed in “The Logical Donkey”—*σνος συλλογίζομενος*. The cyclops, or flesh-eater, is a dialogue on the Eucharist, the hero of which gets knocked about as freely as Pantaloon, and is described as an ass for his ears, a monkey for his phiz, a cyclops for his voracity. In “The Logical Donkey” Beza defends and justifies the preceding pamphlet in a calmer and more judicial tone, in obedience to the counsel of his friends, who feared the interests of true religion would suffer by the rebound of his raillery. Amongst the advisers who counselled moderation was Marnix, of St. Aldegonda, the author of “The Romish Beehive,” a man of sufficiently determined views, who yet wished Beza to curb his sarcastic spirit; and Beza himself deplores the necessity of controversy. “Would to heaven,” he cried, “that my lot were henceforth to publish no more polemics.” “But I must,” he adds, “if I would not betray the interests of truth.” The donkey interrupts the dialogue, whom his master, a miller, leads, and whom he cannot persuade that his twopenny loaves are not fleshmeat. Arguments are raised around his carnivorous

donkey ears in vain ; and at last he is driven away with the gibe, " You will be a donkey as long as you live." "*Tu manēbis asinus in omnia secula seculorum.*" There does not, in sooth, seem much wit or humour in this ; but we may be assured there was an abundance of both, for it told upon the times and the parties concerned. These pamphlets bore the form that theological duels took in that day—instead of Savoy and Hampton Courts *visâ voce* discussions, instead of the wordy battles of Poissy, Suresne, and Fontainebleau—a bloodless form of warfare that has survived to the present hour. It is certainly better than emulating Homer's heroes in personal abuse and gratuitous provocations. Paper does not blush, nor burn with passion, nor threaten a dowsing on the chops, nor a round of well-delivered fisticuffs.

These squibs were in Latin, but Beza concocted many less sparkling and telling in his vernacular. "The Pope indisposed" was one, "*Pape Malade.*" The Popish map of the world, "*Mappe Monde Papistique,*" is another, purporting to be written by Frangidelphus Flay-Mass, and printed by Briffaut Hunt-devil. The map is allegorical, and contains the province of Lay-papists ; that of clerks, monks, prelates, subject to the Pope. Next, the "Kingdom of Free-will ;" last of all, the "Kingdom of the Calvinists, governed by God, Justice, and Reason." This rare pamphlet is a small quarto, its date 1567—just three hundred years ago—valued now, like a mummy, rather for what it was than for what it is. None of these French *brochures* are equal in spirit or talent to Beza's Latin and Macaronic-burlesques. They want the salt of classicity, for Beza was nothing, if not a scholar. His genius lay in the production of scholarly works, and he could easily be exceeded by men of inferior parts in addresses to the popular passions in native tongue. Yet was he a genial soul, admired and courted and loved. Henry IV. called him his father, even after the king became recreant to Protestantism. Calvin was not so warmly liked—of a sterner, but, perhaps, not a more genuine piety. They used to say commonly at Geneva it were better

to accompany Beza to Tartarus than Calvin to Paradise.

Peter Viret belongs to the same school of controversialists, but was the Hugh Latimer of the trio. The son of a woolcomber, he retained in his pastorate the homely eloquence of his original station, and joked in the pulpit and the press like old Maillard and Menot. Bold, caustic, familiar, he at once awoke the mirth, and appealed to the good sense of his hearers. He possessed neither the nervous conciseness of Calvin, nor the pungent vivacity of Beza ; yet his vulgarity of tone and illustration aided by his earnest and lively manner wrought miracles of conviction. He and Favel by their declamations, honest and forceful, caused the banishment of the priests from Geneva, and prepared the way for the triumphant return of Calvin. Jokes, smart sayings, and amusing stories he retails provided they offended no sense of propriety ; nor did he disdain nickname or pun. He calls purgatory purge-purse, the origin perhaps of our Latimer's "pick-purse." He had a kind heart amid it all, and pitied, though he did not spare his foes. He rubbed in the alum and sulphur with the same benevolent intention as when he dressed his father's sheep. Lean, short, unimposing in appearance, he travelled on foot from Lausanne and Geneva into the wilds of Languedoc preaching the Gospel, and was received into the shepherd's hut and the mechanic's workshop like a very angel of God. Where he could not go himself his pamphlets reached—his "*Requiescat in Pace of Purgatory,*" his "*Papal Necromancy,*" his "*Christian satires on the 'Pope's Kitchen,'*" his "*Devil's World, and the World going to the Devil.*" The title of this last includes a pun—it is "*Le Monde à l'Empire,*" meaning "*Le Monde allant pire.*" This is a dialogue between four persons on the chemistry of purgatory—the office of the dead—anniversaries of the deceased—the youth of the Mass—hell—the requiescat in pace of purgatory. The dialogue is said to have been provoked by their hearing a Roman Catholic sermon wherein the preacher displayed a visitor's acquaintance with the infernal regions—not a hall, chamber, cabinet, stove, kitchen, cave,

chimney, pothook, copper, cauldron, chain, scales, or any other hellish utensil, but the preacher described with such minuteness as to put the whole vividly before the eyes of his hearers.

For this Viret's speakers take him unceremoniously to task. Purgatory after death, as a philosophical speculation, is by no means unworthy of careful examination; nor can it fail to awaken more or less interest in any thoughtful mind. It is the money that has been sought to extract from it that has discredited the notion. Henry Stephens describes one good priest averring that he heard the joyous cry of some soul escaped from purgatory in the chink of every coin in the collecting basin. Calvin denounced this belief with all his might, and shut down the gates of perdition for ever on the lost. He thus discredited at once the doctrine of works, his abomination, and dried up the resources of Rome. Hence Marot wrote :—

“ If souls that wont in purgatory dwell  
Are forced henceforth to pitch their  
tent in hell;  
Not only will *they* weep in their de-  
spair,  
The *Pope* will weep, whose income it  
will pare.”

In the “*Satire Menippée*,” to the same effect, Dr. Rose asks only for the chapter bread and purgatory for the maintenance of the clergy. Against this belief Viret fought tooth and nail. He traces its origin in Pagan dogmas and times, Homer and Virgil being his authorities for many statements. He recalls the grotto of Etna, the cave of Trophonius, the Lough Derg of Saint Patrick in Ireland. He compares the curates and corybantes with the celibate priests of Rome; holy water with the lustral waters; the lamp over the altar with the vestal fire. It was a dangerous line of comparison Viret pursued, but he thought more of present advantage in controversy than of future consequences. Viret, if of no great calibre, wrought much damage to the enemy by light and frequent attacks. A chicken will do more harm in a garden than a four-footed beast; so Viret picked down where the great master mason, Calvin, hurled down. Nothing is too small for Viret's little peck. The bells

suggest to him the fat bellies of the monks; holy water, capes, stoles, processions, wax-lights, chants, are but the trumpeteries of the lady of Babylon. He quotes to amusing purpose the old woman's logic who loved wine—“That good wine makes good blood, and good blood makes good soul, and good soul is in the way to heaven;” *ergo*, one ought to drink good wine in order to be saved. He recalls the time when bishops were gold, and the crosses wood: now, alas! the crosses were gold and the bishops wood. He quotes the priest who exhorted his hearers not to imitate that cursed Cain who would pay no tithes nor go to Mass, but rather that righteous Abel who paid his dues cheerfully and heard Mass every day: imagining one of his hearers to argue thus thereon—“There were only four persons in the world at that time, one was Cain, who neither sung Mass nor heard it; and Abel only heard it, but did not say it. Eve could not sing Mass, being a woman, wherein it follows that good man Adam was the priest, and priests were then married.” Such arguments as these told wonderfully, from their jocular tone and earnest intent, on the popular mind.

“The World going to the Devil” is a farrago of opinions on all subjects however remotely connected with morals or religion. The idea wrought out in it is that of perpetually increasing degeneracy, like that of Horace :—

“ *Aetas parentum pejor avis tulit  
Nos nequiores.*”

The work is marked with much good sense and practical wisdom. The Sancho Pança of the press is an unlettered peasant, Tobias, eager for instruction in the best things, and justly discontented with all the evil he sees around him. Perplexed, and unable to find remedies, he falls back upon the power of God and the grace of Jesus Christ.

Viret was a scholar, a man of large and varied acquisitions, though a popular preacher and pamphleteer. He borrows from history, philosophy, and the natural sciences, illustrations to serve his turn and commend his doctrine, hitting all round him in his zeal, and earning the name of the Protestant Voltaire by his indiscre-



tions. But there was no kin between him and the French scoffer except that of a common hatred of Rome. Viret possessed a wonderful charm for his contemporaries, amusing, instructive, ready for all questions, and preaching by the hour together to attentive hearers. To us he is tedious, wearisome, and nothing but his reputation for usefulness, and his surviving jokes keep his name from sinking in oblivion.

In the reere of these three great leaders of French religious satire follows a miscellaneous host of writers, good, bad, and indifferent, devoting their pens to the exposure of Popery, and not scrupulous as to the delicacy of their means. A terrible outcry was raised, for instance, against the Church of Rome, on the score of the work published by the Papal Court, called the "Tax-book of the Court of Rome" (*Taxatus curiae Romanae*), containing a tariff of indulgences for crime, from petty larceny up to murder and incest. This book with its admissions was laid hold of, and exposed in a volume called "The Pope's Bank."

As soon as Christianity became an organization, and undertook missionary movement, it needed money, much more so after it allied itself with the world, and its functionaries became princes. Its grandest and moral aspects were then too often sacrificed to concern for increased finances, and kings, and popes, and bishops, and clergy were found more anxious at times for tithes and benefices, than for the souls of the multitude. The process of the templars, the pragmatic sanction, and the concordat are proof of this degrading quest for money, on the part of those who by profession should be unworldly. The sale of indulgences arose from the fiscal needs of the Papal exchequer, and gave an impulse to the cause of Reformation under Luther. The little work that docketed the crimes of men, and the forfeitures attendant thereon; the cash equivalent that procured condonation for wrong, was published in 1517, with the sanction of Leo X., just in the nick of time to answer Luther's purpose; and the protesting laity of that day made a famous handle of its most damaging assumptions and admissions. The dispensations it allows, originated in a

harmless way enough, but yet lay open to great abuse in the course of time. The Church's theory was not that so much money relieved from the consequences of so much crime, but that repentance and reconciliation with the Church, effected, on the only valid grounds, some temporal sacrifice was called for besides, in proof of the better dispositions of the pardoned sinner. This evangelical view soon degenerated into a simple purchase and sale of immunities for wrong-doing, and culminated in the publication of that wretched book which John XXII., it is said, compiled; and the Medici sent forth under the seal of the Fisherman. Scarcely was it printed at Bologna, when alarmed at the noise it made and their own imprudence, the Papal court sought to recall the impressions, but in vain, for eager polemics had printed it forthwith at Venice, Leyden, Frankfort, and Paris. Pinet, the translator of Pliny, gave it in the vernacular to the French people. The Papal shop became thenceforth a popular text for denunciation of Rome and its adherents. The Reformation promised a cheap religion, which pleased the multitude; and the Reformation occasioned confiscation and secularisation of ecclesiastical possessions, and that pleased princes and great men; besides the gratification that all persons felt from the exercise of their free will. There was thus it must be confessed in the fact of Reformation and its accompaniments of spoliation, &c., much that chimed in with the lower as well as the higher instincts of man. Budeus discharged his bile against the morality of the Roman court, in his learned work "*De Ase*." The King was reluctant to see the money of his subjects go out of his kingdom, when his own royal necessities were open-mouthed enough to swallow it all. Erasmus and Rabelais attacked the system with irony—and, take it altogether, the Church must have felt that it made a false move when it offered for sale publicly its tariff of composition for crime.

The stinging pamphlet of the "Pope's Bank," sprang out of this Papal book of accounts, and an equally venomous book against the monks, took its origin from a superstitious and visionary work "The Conformities of St. Francis with Jesus Christ," some-

what blasphemous in its execution, but perfectly innocent in its design. "The Alcoran of the Cordeliers," was the name assumed by its travesty—a name and a subject well suited to the tastes of a sceptical and inquiring age. The world had outgrown in the sixteenth century the credulity of earlier ages, in which the fables of the Golden Legend were taken for truth.

That Iliad of mediæval times was now deposited on the same shelf as the achievements of Orlando, and the romance of King Arthur and his knights. The age of simple belief which in individuals rarely survives a few years, and in nations a few centuries, had given place to the spirit of critical inquiry and reasoning which demands evidences of facts and congruity in logic. Saint Francis, and the perfect conformity of that wretched but benevolent mendicant with the sublime Saviour of the world, was more than the men of the Reformation could swallow; and the book in which that proposition was affirmed with absurd miracle and silly zeal, afforded food for mirth rather than ground for conviction. Published in 1510, at Milan, men gave it no kinder reception than the "Taxary of the Roman Court." The Cordeliers sought to call the copies in when they found the universal scorn with which their *chef-d'œuvre* was received; but the mockers anticipated their purpose and re-published it in selections, adorned with caricatures, and furnished with satirical notes. Conrad Badins is the author of the "Alcoran of the Cordeliers," and scoffs at the attempt to make their frowzy saint, as the Turks do Mahommed, the rival of Christ:—

"Jesus fed five thousand men,  
Good St. Francis feedeth ten—  
Stuffs ten thousand every day,  
Hogs that neither work nor pray—  
Stuffs with best of meat and wine:  
How these fat Franciscans dine!"

The "Alcoran" did its work, and lived its day, but is now chiefly found on the shelves of bibliographers. We never found anything to interest us in it; but Luther prefaced it with a double preface, in his usual hearty style of denunciation. "The Book of Conformities," he says, "I keep and treasure in my house, to exhibit before the faces of the Papiats, this stinking, filthy, and detestable abomina-

tion, if ever they attempt to deny its existence, as they have already done in the full assembly of the empire.

Luther and others made sport of this same book of conformities in their sermons, as might have been expected.

The "Pope's Kitchen" also had its weight in the scale of theological satire in Reformation times, issuing from the press of Badius, who, like many learned men of the sixteenth century, was printer and author too. As Boileau, Racine, and Chapelle once amused themselves after dinner in parodying a scene from the "Cid," at the expense of Chapelain's wig, so may we conceive of a conclave of Genevese wits and reformers diverting themselves at the expense of the Pope and his "Kitchen." They represent to themselves a set of Popish doctors indulging over their glass in theological discussions, and intermingling these with reflections on the state of affairs in the religious world.

"Long live music, long live wine,  
And wholesome meats on which to dine:  
But what about this Luther's crew?  
Who will their sorry work undo?  
Yet courage, friends—be hope your stay—  
Even Luther's self will die some day."

Thus encouraged, the Papal revelers become tipsy over their pots, and roll under the table, when one exclaims:—

"By Jove, they one and all are drunk,  
I, too, am merry, and so—half a monk."

When on their revels intrudes a band of the reforming ministers, and pots, pans, and bottles fly at each others heads as freely as books in the Lutrin. The ministers remain masters of the field of battle, and sing over the defeated the song of Lizet:—

"Here laid at length in death doth lie  
The biggest beast in Christendy."

Other coins of the same mint are found in the "Shaver of Shavelings," 1562; the "Book of Merchants," showing what wares are to be avoided, 1534; the "Message of Lucifer to the Pope," 1562; the "Koran of the Roman Antichrist," 1563; the "Pot of Roses of the Priesthood Discovered," 1564. And the Pope himself was now to be put in the crucible and melted down, as the Antichrist, the great idol, the Apollyon, son of the Devil. A whole literature of satires, pictures, pain-

phlets, and placards was put in circulation to rob the person and authority of the Popes—the keystone of the Catholic arch—of its hold upon the respect and obedience of the world. An “Antithesis of the Acts of Jesus Christ and of the Pope” was spread far and wide, written in French verse, and set off with cuts:—

## CHRIST.

“Well may we the Saviour bless,  
For He sends the people peace.

Jesus gives His followers bread,  
And when in danger shields their head.

The gentle Shepherd knows to keep  
From ravening wolf his trusting sheep.”

## THE POPE.

“Well may we the Pope abhor,  
For his counsels lead to war.

Popeling beggars, full of sins,  
With muzzles red and double chins.

With pimpled nose and bloodshot eyes,  
Make God's poor their prey and prize.”

A facetious genealogy follows: Superstition engendered Hypocrisy the King, and Hypocrisy the King engendered Lucre, and Lucre engendered Purgatory, and Purgatory has engendered Anniversaries of the Dead, and Anniversaries of the Dead have engendered the Patrimony of the Church, and the Patrimony of the Church has engendered the Mammon of Iniquity, and from this noble lineage has sprung the Destroyer, Antichrist.

The “Genteel and True Description of the Great Idol” names him *John the White*, doubtless from the Pope's white robe. Prophecy was pressed into the service, and especially the predictions of the Apocalypse, all foretelling the ruin of Antichrist. The past gave disgraceful facts against the Papacy, and the future was full of evil omen for it, and from both these sources rained a continuous hail of pamphlets and libels on all that Rome held venerable. A fabulous “Life of Gregory VII.” defamed that Pope; the absurd fiction of “Pope Joan” found greedy believers amongst the common people, who recognised with wonder in the Popedom the prophetic features of the “Roman

Whore”—“*La Paillarde Romaine*.” Some of these productions were as unworthy of belief as they were of their authors, but they served a purpose, and were eagerly perused by a people who relished everything in the shape of clerical scandal.

Where Popes did not escape we may be assured the Mass came in for its share of vituperation, and a large share. It was provocative, it is to be feared, of secret irreverence. As the Pope is at the head of the hierarchy, the Mass is at the head of the ritual. It is the corner-stone of the great system of Catholic good works. The sacrifice of Christ on the cross, did it suffice to save men, or must it be renewed on the altar daily? Is the priest a mediator between God and men? Can he at will dispose of the grace of God by the oblation of the Host? Is the Eucharist a symbol or a sacrifice? Calvin changed his own views three times with respect to the Lord's Supper; and there is great variety of opinion still amongst Protestants, yet all agree in regarding the Mass as the most deplorable of superstitions—a sacrament without an object—a mystery without a secret—a miracle without evidence—a doctrine without Scripture basis. Its utility to the Romish Church, the very reverence it commanded, made it obnoxious to the Reformers. Catholics loved the Mass as the Jews the Sabbath, by habit, conviction, and early training. He who renounced the other sacraments still clung to the Mass. It was the Sunday rendezvous, the charm of the Sabbath hours of repose; young and old attended on it, and partook, as in the ancient court feasts of the consecrated bread. The chants, sung in common, the ceremony, the pomp, the sacrifice, had their fascination, and Protestant divines sought to break the charm. Their publications denounced this haughty and pompous Mass, the daughter of Belzebub. Calvin stigmatised it as this new Helen who had so many lovers, and awoke so many strifes. Viret exhausted all his repertory of bon mots and funny tales, to disparage it, and grossest parodies transformed an august ceremony into burlesque. An anonymous work appeared, called “The Anatomy of the Mass,” so coarse that it was suppressed; and

another work, quite different from it, is now known by that name. But a song remains of the original work, bad enough to leave little regret that the entire production has not survived. The wings of song have borne above the contagion of mortality a few of these irreverent verses, a sample of which we shall give. "The Song of the Mass" contains these two verses:—

"L'on sonne la cloche  
Dix ou douze coups;  
Le peuple s'approche,  
Se met à genoux:  
Le prêtre se vêt.  
Hari, hari, l'ane: le prêtre se vêt.  
Hari bouriquet!

"Du pain sur la nappe,  
Un calice d'or,  
Il met, prend sa chappe,  
Dit 'Confiteor.'  
Le peuple se tait.  
Hari, hari, l'ane; le prêtre se vêt,  
Hari bouriquet!"

The which we may render into a jingle of equal grace:—

"The bell will stop  
Its ding-dong tones,  
The people drop  
On their marrow bones,  
On the paving-stones.  
Gee up, Sir Ass! the priest robes for Mass  
Get along, donkey!

"Bread on a cloth  
And a chalice lay,  
Priest, bolt them both  
While the people pray,  
And "Confiteor" say.  
Gee up, Sir Ass! the priest robes for Mass,  
Get along, donkey!"

Of a graver and more commendable style is the song, a great favourite at this time, of the "Prophecy of Abuses," sung everywhere to the old psalm and hymn tunes, with which the people were familiar:—

"O shaveling crown,  
Thou soon must down,  
Thy altar cannot stand,  
The sceptre leaves thy hand,  
'Twill fall:  
Papist and Pharisee  
Must fail, for Christ shall be  
All in all."

The original is this:—

"O gras tondus!  
Vôtre autel est ruiné,  
Vôtre regne est bien miné,  
Il tombera.  
Papistes, Phariséens,  
Vôtre Christ et les siens  
Trebuchera."

We have given a different turn to the close, but rhyme is a king. The minstrels sang the Crusades into popularity, under the castle walls of many a reluctant knight and baron; and so did Calvin's minstrels at many a convent gate suggest matrimony as an estate more blessed than celibacy—

"O moines, moines, il faut vous marier."

These songs did more harm to the Romish cause than so many sermons. They were on every lip. Soldiers furbishing their arms sang them; children sang them as they danced and rattled about; pretty girls sang them over night; and their grand-sires sang them in the morning. All France rang with "Hee haw, hee haw, Sir Ass!" Nothing of Reformatist literature so wounded the susceptibilities of the Catholics, and they repaid it with the "Song of Marcel," and in the blood of St. Bartholomew. The "Song of Marcel" was ominous of slaughter:—

"Nos capitaines corporaux,  
Ont des corselets tout nouveaux,  
Dorés et beaux  
Et des conteaux  
Aussi longues comme un Voulge,  
Pour Huguenots' Egorgeter."

So they befouled one another and threatened, bending the muse to unsavoury work, but gaining more or less their ends by these rude rhymes on both sides. Prior to the conference of Poissy, pasquinades and epigrams prepared the way for grave debate and solid argument. That conference had no satisfactory issue. Three great harangues were delivered in it by Beza, the Cardinal Lorraine, and Lainez, the provincial of the Jesuits; but the assembly broke up with hootings and mutual discords. No common understanding could be arrived at, yet the Cardinal cried himself up as victor in the debate. The Protestants avenged themselves in a caricature, wherein they represented the Cardinal as a four-footed animal, with long ears, browsing the herbage, and Beza seated on his back, preaching the Gospel. In the opinion of the Reformers the Catholic doctors had declined the challenge of Beza, to argue their differences out of the Holy Scriptures. To every proposal of the kind they only lifted up their hands, and, like the Jewish High

Priest, cried blasphemy! The appearances of the two parties at the conference presented a remarkable contrast—the splendour of the Roman dignitaries, the plainness of the Huguenot pastors. Rome suffered in general opinion from the comparison, and Protestant poets rung the changes thereon:—

“These teach us mincing ways, the  
ways of courts,  
To dance, to dress, gambling, and  
wanton sports,  
But teach us not the wholesome laws  
of truth,  
That honour manhood, and that  
hallow youth.  
These craven priests, their ignorance  
confessed,  
Slunk from the .Poissy fray, and  
shunned the test.”

At that period, beyond a doubt the party of the Reformers had the advantage in eloquence, talent, and knowledge of the Scriptures. Half a century later St. Francis de Sales made the confession that it was so, deploring the neglect of the study of the Bible:—“It is by means of our own neglect of the Sacred Scriptures that that paltry Geneva has stolen a march upon us.”

It is not to be supposed that the Protestant controversialists had the field entirely to themselves in this warfare of words. It would be neither right nor expedient that they should, as all lovers of fairness and truth desire that both sides should be heard. But, truth to say, the Romish champions do not shine in their conflict with the young, eager, and able advocates of the assailing party. Defensive warfare can only follow and resist where assault is made—the assailant commands the field—the assailant possesses every advantage. The attack was made in the brilliant Latin of Erasmus, in merry macaronics, and better still, in the vulgar tongue, in which the new translations of the Holy Books were made, and thus endeared to every reader and hearer. The rusty armour of the divinity schools could avail little against these intellectual and spiritual charms that won both soul and ear. From its ancient intrenchments within the walls of custom and authority the Romish Church launched every now and then a worthless weapon—*telum imbellè sine ictu*—

that only proved the weakness of the arm that aimed it. For the most part the attempted explanations of the Romanists were couched in a Latin verbiage, which was, to say the best of it, neither graceful nor classical, only ecclesiastical. Nevertheless the style of the Romish champions improved, and they even condescended to print in the vulgar tongue. One passionate preacher, Peter Doré, the Doctor Doribus whom Rabelais introduces, explaining so pleasantly the origin of the river of the Gobelins, published in French, a manual of mystical devotion, under the affected title of “The Tinderbox of the Fire Divine,”—“*Allumettes du Feu divin*,” and another, called “The Turtle-dove of Widowhood,” “*La Tourterelle de Viduité*,” both worthy of figuring in the catalogue of the famous library of St. Victor. Such works as these were but a poor preservative from the mischief done their cause by the “Christian Institution,” of their opponents, the “Treatise of Relics,” and “The Passport,” or “Papal Necromancy.” But Doré aimed a direct attack at Calvin himself, the head of French heresy, in the work called “Anti-Calvin,” the title imitated from the “Anti-Luther” of Josse Clichtovius, a man of some pretensions to science, who had died canon of Chartres a few years before. This essay was written in Latin, possibly through the apprehension that the people might more fully learn Calvin’s errors from his refuter’s treatises. That it was used reluctantly one may judge from the dedication of Claude de Saintes of his refutation of *certain Atheisms* of Calvin and Beza, to Charles IX., wherein he apologises for the use of the vulgar tongue, saying he was obliged to do what the followers of Calvin do, namely, appeal to the people,—“*Tout Protestant est Pape, une Bible à la main*,”—hoping meanwhile that the dupes of the French Reformer may learn what Atheisms he teaches them. He considers Calvin and De Beza as mere Atheists and nothing else, a curious conclusion to arrive at in the presence of *Servetus*’ martyrdom, that misbeliever, put to death with Calvin’s assent on the ground of simple Deism, which falls infinitely short of Atheism. But Catholics acknowledge no

degrees of disbelief; one must be Romanist, and, in modern days, Ultramontane to the last degree, to deserve the name of Catholic at all; in that we do not wonder that in those days, Jeffry Vallée, Postal, Doletus, Calvin, and Beza were alike thought deserving of the scaffold or the stake. Such is the fact the doctrine of De Saintés, in his "*Methodus contra Sectas*," a logical and historical treatise justifying intolerance. The very sight of a heretic drives him mad; he speaks with horror of the impure and infernal work of Calvin, who had the presumption to dedicate his "Christian Institution" to Francis I, and of the audacity of those Huguenotists who ventured to Poissy to publish and maintain their impious opinions. Beza, who found De Saintés one of the rudest adversaries at Poissy, published one of those retorts which there is no refuting, though the adversary may reply. That reply was ventured on by De Saintés, in Latin, but it was a mere tissue of classical abuse. In his eyes Beza was a prodigy of eloquence, a second beast of the Apocalypse, a crocodile that weeps to slay, a roaring and devouring lion. *Lingua sua leonina et dicendi vehementia rugit, et circumit, et conquirit quo jure, quâve injuriâ illum affligit perdat, et assumat.* De Saintés also ventures on coarse insinuations against Beza, on the score of morality, quoting against him some light Latin verses published in his "*Juvenilia*," when he was only twenty years of age. This was an unjustifiable proceeding, the very man who brought the charge and all others disbelieving it. It may safely be averred of this and of all like cases, that the man who has most sported with amatory matters in verse, is the least likely to have been a transgressor of the *bienséances* in fact. But the coarseness of the accuser went further and made Beza the spiritual paramour of Calvin—*præposterus adulter*. These things are shocking to read, and are only quoted to show how far good manners and common decency were sacrificed to ecclesiastical preferences by the zealots of other days. Apart from his coarseness, De Saintés wrote well—the example of the Reformers was infectious, for they were scholars as well as divines. But De Saintés was unfortunate—

dying in prison, the victim of the hatreds he awakened. Mixed up with the excesses of the League, and an apologist of James Clement, the assassin, when the monarchical reaction arrived he was constrained to resign his bishopric of Evreux, to that Dr. Perron, the son of a heretic, whose moderation won more adherents to the Church of Rome than all the fiery zeal of his predecessor.

The Cardinal of Lorraine was a man of talent, and an indefatigable polemic, but moral weight was wanting. The worldly and dissipated life of the Cardinal and his intrigues and political adventures marred the effect of his eloquence. He was neither a Bernard nor a Bossuet. Besides his influence was nullified by the fact that the Cardinals Du Bellay and De Chatillon and a number of the bishops like George Spifame and John De Montluc did not conceal their sympathy with the new opinions. Thus the wisest and truest sons of the Church were against her, while her defences rested in insufficient or unworthy hands—unfrocked monks like Cathelan, needy scribblers, like Artus Désiré, religious adventurers like Baudouin and Villegagnon. These were but raw recruits, opposed to the thundering legion of Geneva, that filled the world with their preachings and their books. Cathelan opened the engagement with an answer to Beza's "*Passavant Papale*" with his "*Passavant Parisien*," the resemblance between the two *brochures* being confined to the title—for the one is sparkling, spiritual, lively; the other flat, gross, and ridiculous, unworthy the name of pasquinade. It is a mere scandalous chronicle of the supposed life of the Reformers in Geneva—the imaginary facts gleaned by Cathelan during a short residence amongst them, a sojourn soon curtailed by his own improprieties. Had he possessed sufficient ability, he might have drawn an amusing picture of the rivalries, pettinesses, and ambitions of the evangelical leaders which would have created a laugh against them as hearty as that which greeted their supper of Lizet; but he only broached absurdities or slanders, either alike damaging to his cause. Calvin, the dry and rigid Calvin! whom even Bossuet calls a man of sad disposition and solemn

style is metamorphosed into a *bon vivant* and a man of *bonnes fortunes* with the ladies. He is grand satrap of Geneva, and the greatest *paillard* alive. His first exploit is to marry off his hands his female attendant, who needed in law a visible father for her coming baby, and a spouse to hide her unconnubial maternity. His next adventure is with a kitchen-wench. A great admirer of masquerades, our satrap may be seen now attending one in the disguise of a postillion, with glazed hat and big boots—now as a gentleman of rank in a chariot and six, mingling soft declarations with sermons, stealing the souls and the wives of his neighbours; for this Calvin, you must understand, is a regular devil incarnate, as all must allow. Viret is drawn with the same scandalous pencil—ill-born, ill-bred, a braggart and a coward to boot; a cunning sharper who married widows to plunder them, and has *liaisons* with their chambermaids. He has a weakness also for purses and legacies when they drop in his way. Beza is a trimmer siding now with Luther, now with Calvin; as he once was wont to caress now his Camilla, now his Audebert. His honesty was on a par with Viret's, as witness the silver spoon stolen from a German hotel on his travels, and the precious reliquaries he abstracted when he resigned his Priory of Longjumeau. By these, their chiefs, he would have their following judged a tag rag and bobtail regiment that would disgrace Coventry. All that this defamer touches he blackens, not even sparing the ladies. Those of Lausanne and Geneva are as disreputable as the worst of the men, and as bad as female badness can be. The fair Margaret defamed by name, the beautiful Madeleine, the wife of the bell-ringer, the washer-woman, and the sister of Calvin surprised in adultery, with a citizen whose head therefore he caused to be brutally chopped off. Added to these gross slanders are reflections upon the money matters of Reformers, their preachings in their hog-stye churches, the diffusion of their works in France, and their incessant labour with the printing-press to infect all Europe with their venomous doctrine. All this the knave knew to be lies of his own or others invention; but the work itself is

curious as one of the first of a school of reckless calumny that has followed the same policy for two hundred years, assured that where much mud was pelted some would stick. Bolsec the recreant (and many besides) too faithfully copied his vile example—when he gave to the world his lying romances of the lives of Calvin and Beza.

Another combatant on the same side—when we speak thus of these unprincipled men, we mean to designate them as unworthy even of the cause they defended, which they damaged rather than served—was Artus Désiré, the starveling, who neither did his own fortunes nor the cause he advocated any good by his writings or his life. His *cacoëthes scribendi* was only equalled by his gift of invective. Half priest, half layman, theologian, libeller, versemaker, in the confidence of the Guises and the King of Spain at the same time; a runaway from convent and from prison, his antecedents were not respectable, and his achievements were of little avail to himself or to any one else. As a Norman, he was a fellow-countryman of Vauquelin and Malherbe, but the natal soil was all the duo had in common with him. He fought with his pen, as others with their sword, and gained sundry cuffs in his errant warfare. No one, not even Lizet, got so severely handled by the Huguenots, and the Catholics did not care to defend such a champion. Father Nicéron said he had neither education nor capacity, and yet he discoloured much paper with his pen on the side of the old orthodoxy, marked with an indelible strain of vulgarity. The titles of his works are queer, if not quaint. “The Looking-glass of the Free Blacks,” “*Le Miroir des Francs Taupins*, autrement dits anti-Chrétiens Lutheriens;” “The Monkey Tricks of the Huguenots,” “*La Singeries des Huguenots*, marmottes et guenons de la nouvelle dérision Theodobeziennne;” “The Conscientious Loyalty of the Tavern Bucks,” “*La Loyauté Conscienteuse des Taverniers*,” “The Review of Post Horses,” “*La revue des Chevaux de Louage*,” “The Disputes of Guillot, the Hog-driver, and the Shepherdess of Saint Denis,” “*Les Disputes de Guillot, porcher, et de la bergère de Saint Denis* en France, con-

tre John Calvin, *prédicant de Geneve.*" The style of these pieces is as absurd as their titles, a mish-mash of incongruous stuffs—a jumble of all tones and tongues, grossest buffooneries and pious exhortations—the language of the schools and of the fish market blended together in an unsightly mass. In "Guillot, the hog-driver," the hero comes to fisticuffs with Calvin in the derision [religion] Theodobezienné. The Huguenots, are transformed into rats and apes. In the "Taverniers" the vintners strive with the gossellers who shall best adulterate—the one their wine, the others their gospel. Désiré composed also a counter-poison to the fifty songs [psalms] of Marot, a wretched and impious parody. The grand chronicles of *Passe-partout*, with the origin of John Covin, falsely called Calvin, and the Battle of the faithful Papist, a Roman pilgrim, against the apostate anti-Papist, together with a description of the city of God besieged by heretics, 1552.

Before Désiré composed this, his capital work, he travelled to Geneva in order that he might the more faithfully portray the detestable life of these abandoned heretics. Had he but endeavoured to steal at the same time some of the wit of Beza, and the style of Calvin, he had gained none the less by his journey. As it is, his poem is as dull and long as Blackmore's "Arthur," or as the "Tourna-

ment of Anté-Christ," by Huon de Méry, to which the French critic compares it. It extends to six thousand lines—a tedious argument, an untrue history, a dispiriting war-song. Fancy a doctor of Sorbonne taking the lyre of Homer or of Tyrtæus with the genius and the poetry left out, and that is Désiré's production—a theological abortion and sectarian craze. Our Nat. Lee never conceived anything so absurd; the coach fly flutters around the bar of the chariot, and alights on the conductor's nose, and sings—

"Et vous, Saint Pere, allez devant  
Ainsi que fit le bon Urie,  
Et debandez l'artillerie  
Et vous, cardinaux, en bataille  
Manifestez vos grandes vertus—  
Vous êtes de rouge vêtus.  
Sus, sus, à la guerre, à la guerre !"

The minstrel gained little credit and no cash by his performance; he pined with envy as he saw benefice after benefice given away to gallant prelates and courtier priests, lazy and sceptical, while their champions starved on wretched poetry and hungry polemics. At last he died, ill-clad, ill-fed, ill-requited, like a dog in a ditch, his very name forgotten long ago, like his productions, save the plodding muse of chronology records it in her less public annals, and the curious bibliographer disinters it "to point a moral, or adorn a tale."



## SWEET ANNE PAGE.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## AN ELOPEMENT.

SWEET Anne Page was exceedingly dissatisfied with what she had done. She was a timorous creature, and had written to Humphrey in a fright, and now was in a fright as to the result. Anne was a parasitic plant—a clinging creature, unable to stand alone. Her heart was a treasure of sweetness, which she was glad to bestow on anyone who seemed to deserve it. Humphrey Morfill had accurately estimated her receptive and reflective character. With Stephen, she was thoughtful and dreamy; with Humphrey she was gay and vivacious; and at both times she was happy. But now her letter had filled her with remorse and terror. She thought of Stephen, whom her father had deemed worthy to wed her. With a pang of regret she thought of Humphrey, to whom she had offered herself in sudden fear, with utter dismay. What should she do? Of whom should she ask counsel? If Claudia had not left Kingsleat, I believe Anne would have thrown herself at her feet and confessed everything, for she had faith in her cousin, while she feared her; but for her uncle Walter and Winifred she had only fear, no faith.

She sat in the schoolroom at the Rectory, thinking of these things, in her hand some dreary volume of lessons, which she was supposed to be learning. Not a word was visible to her troubled eyes. Stiff Miss Marsden sat opposite her, doing some ridiculous feminine work. The forenoon was a bright one, softening towards spring; and poor little childish Anne, if there had been anybody to love and guide her, would have been as good and as happy a girl as you would wish to see on a spring morning. Immured in a schoolroom, tortured with long lessons, threatened with a marriage to some one she had never seen, she was thoroughly miserable. Anne always dreaded people she did not know, and always loved people whom she knew ever so little, if they would let her. If the Raphael

Branscombe who terrified her could have entered at this moment he might easily have won her from both her boyish wooers.

"Are you ready with your lesson, my dear?" asked the governess, in the chill voice of the species.

Anne started, conscious of her haughtiness. She did not even know what book was in her hand. It turned out to be a work by the ingenious M. Le Page, with this sort of thing in it—"*Joséphine, je viens d'inviter, M. L. à déjeuner, qu'as-tu à nous donner? Du jambon, des côtelettes, du fromage et de la crème avec le café. Il y a en bas des œufs tout frais, on peut ajouter une omelette.*" Breaking down over "*jambon*," Anne burst into tears.

"You are not well, my dear, I am afraid," said the governess. "Have you a headache? Would you like to go and lie down?"

Anne assented to the proposition, glad to obtain solitude. When she reached her own room she locked the door, and sat down and tried to think; but she was in no state to decide what she ought to do. Always trustful and irresolute, she was at this moment pliant as a reed. She could come to no decision. There was no one she could ask. She could only moan, and sob, and wish sometimes for Stephen, sometimes for Humphrey, sometimes even for Claudia—and often, ah, how often, poor child, for her lost father.

There came a tap at the door.

"They can't let me alone," she murmured fretfully. "I shall have to take some gruel, or some senna, or something. I am very wretched."

She opened the door, and there entered—not as she expected, her cousin or the governess—but the parlourmaid, Rebecca. She was a wonderfully smart young person, with a flyaway air, and a taste for cherry-coloured ribbons. Humphrey guessing that the wearer of such finery was corruptible, had made her

his messenger by occasional half-crowns, and on this occasion she brought Anne a letter from him.

"My poor little pet, I will save you. Come down into the garden this evening at eleven, or as soon after as you can. Becky will open the side-door for you. Don't be afraid. Put on your bonnet and shawl, as it is very cold."

"Just tell Becky to say—yes."

"Your loving Humphrey."

"Yes, Becky," said Anne, emphatically, so delighted with definite guidance that she did not hesitate a moment.

"You've been crying, Miss," said Becky, familiarly. "I wouldn't, if I were you. There's nobody dare put upon you, now Miss Claudia is gone. You're a better lady than any of 'em."

This well-meant speech was made in consequence of Humphrey's orders to Becky to advise Miss Page to keep up her spirits; but as she went down stairs the flighty *cameriste* said to herself,—

"Silly little chit! What does she want crying there like a baby? I'm sure I don't wonder at Miss Claudia's whipping her. I wonder what Mr. Humphrey can see in *her*—but *there*, she's got money."

And Becky tossed her cherry-coloured cap-ribbons, and thought, if *she* had money, how the young men would all be after her. And by-and-by she managed to slip out and convey the affirmative monosyllable to Morfill, who was lying perdu at a public-house near the Rectory, and who gave Becky a sovereign and certain directions to which she promised attention.

Humphrey, as we have said, had gone straight to Idlechester, and to Stephen's rooms. He found his old friend in a dreamy, melancholy mood.

"Well, old boy," he said, "you seem dull in these queer rooms of yours. Do you stay here all day? Why don't you wake up a little?"

"O I go out often enough," replied Stephen. "But I am rather dull, I confess."

"No wonder. And it's entirely your own fault; your money makes you independent. Why not go to college? you'll be jolly enough there."

"I don't want to be jolly," said Stephen. "But what brings you here in the middle of term? Anything the matter?"

"Well," said Humphrey, hesitatingly, "the fact is this. I want you to do me, if you can, a great favour. I want to borrow two hundred pounds for about three months. And you must trust to my honour; I cannot tell you what I want it for—only there's a lady in the case."

"You can have it to-morrow morning as soon as the bank opens," said Stephen. "And now, what shall we do this evening?"

"I'm going to stay here," said Morfill, "and what's more, I mean to sleep on your sofa, if you'll let me. I don't wish it generally known that I am not at Cambridge. And, by the way, if you are going out at all, stroll down to the Half Moon, and hear if anybody talks about me. I got off the coach half a mile from town, and don't think I was recognized." Stephen did as he was told, and found that Humphrey had not quite succeeded in maintaining his incognito.

"Why, there's an old friend of yours in town, Mr. Stephen," said Jack Winslow. "How is it he's not with you?"

"I have no friends, Miss Winslow, old or new," said Stephen, solemnly. "O don't talk such stuff! But you can't mean to say you haven't seen Mr. Morfill?"

"My dear Jack, I regret to find that you are losing your sanity. Is it incipient *D. F.*, and must I warn that respectable old gentleman whom you condescend to acknowledge as papa that it is time you were sent to the County Lunatic Asylum? Your head should be shaved, and you should be put in a straight waistcoat."

"What nonsense you are talking! I tell you Mr. Morfill came in by this evening's coach, and I want to know what he is come for."

"I should think you did. So should I if I thought he was here. Is it likely he'd leave Cambridge in the middle of term?"

"I don't know what's likely," said Jack. "I only know Harry Tipper says he saw him."

"Did you ever know Harry drive that last stage sober? Says he saw him! Saw old Vosper the butcher,

that weighs twenty stone, and thought he was such a genteel, young man, he must be fresh from the University."

Thus cunningly did Stephen attempt to conceal his rival from observation, little guessing the direction of Humphrey's designs. And the next morning he drew from the bank two hundred pounds, which he handed to his friend; and Humphrey got quietly away, leaving Stephen under the impression that he was going back to Cambridge. Instead of this, he made his way to Kingsleat, and entered into negotiations with his old ally of the cherry-coloured ribbons.

The evening was dull at the Rectory. The evenings always were so, now that the brilliant Claudia had departed, and there was no "swell" baronet dropping in to flirt with her. The Rector and his daughter lived *tête-à-tête*, and with the dessert entered our little friend Anne, demure and infantile, plump and *petite*, still in the short frocks and fringed pantaloons to which she had been relegated by the persecuting Panther. When they went to the drawingroom, Winifred was wont to sit by the fire and read some saintly book, while Anne looked out of the window till it became too dark to see anything. Then the Rector came and had his coffee, and read the London morning paper, which reached Idelcheater about eight o'clock. He was a taciturn man, who seldom found in his journal anything to talk about. Some children would have found pabulum in the books, illustrated and otherwise, in which the house abounded. Stephen, for example, would have been only too content to be thus let alone; but Anne was a social creature, who pined for a loving voice, and a protecting arm. She did not care to read; but would listen by the hour if anyone read to her. Her sweetness was like the fragrant spirit of the limon-cina tree, which yields itself to the caressing hand.

This evening seemed interminable. Anne thought the Rector would never come to the drawingroom—that he would never have finished his *Morning Chronicle*—that the time for prayers would never arrive. But it came at last; and, as the Rev. Walter

Branscombe's sonorous voice read the evening lesson, Anne was fascinated by the cherry-coloured cap ribbons gleaming amid the line of servants. But at last there was an end; and Anne, after the ordinary evening embraces, was according to custom accompanied to her room by Miss Marsden, who always made her kneel down and say a hymn in her presence. And in time the governess separated, and Anne waited in a frightful state of fidgettiness, of ineffable terror, for eleven o'clock to come, and for Becky to assure her that all was safe.

It was about five minutes past the hour when Becky cautiously opened the door, and found Anne in a terrible state of alarm and anticipation.

"Now, miss," she whispered energetic in the expectation of future sovereigns, "slip on your cloak and bonnet—it's a dreadfully frosty night. Mr. Humphrey's waiting."

Anne could do nothing for herself. Becky wrapped her up and led her trembling down the back stairs to a side door which opened on the garden. She could scarcely stand. But waiting at the door was Humphrey Morfill, who took her in his arms and kissed her.

"My darling!" he said, "I want you to come with me. I have a carriage waiting. I will make you my wife to-morrow."

She did not understand him. She lay almost insensible in his arms.

"It's no good talking to her, Mr. Humphrey," whispered the practical parlour-maid—"she's frightened to death almost. You put her in the coach and take her away—and that's what you do."

Humphrey acted on this excellent advice. He lifted Anne into the postchaise, and off it flew along the hard, frosty road. Becky went back to the house, fastened the side door with quiet deliberateness, and did not look at Morfill's parting gift till she reached her room. It was a ten-pound note, and she had expected only five.

"Well," she said, "he's a generous young fellow, and deserves a better wife than that poor thing. She is a baby, if I ever saw one."

Becky had locked the door of Anne's room, and removed the key. It was Miss Marsden's custom in the morning, when herself dressed, to go

to her pupil's room, and see that she was properly attired, and cause her to repeat another hymn—the most punctual of young persons, she never failed to be at Anne's door at eight precisely.

The door was locked, and Anne did not open it.

"The child must be ill," said the governess. "How silly of her to lock her door. I must tell Miss Branscombe."

But Winifred was in her bath, and did not mean to be disturbed for anything, and, when the governess reiterated her raps at the door, exclaimed in an unsaintly way—

"Wait, can't you?"

When her toilet was a trifle more advanced, she threw on a loose wrapper, and, appearing on the landing, said to the governess—

"Well, what is it?"

"Miss Page's door is locked, and we can't make her hear. I am afraid she's ill. She complained of headache yesterday."

"Pooh! There's nothing the matter with her—she's very sly. Tell her you'll punish her if she doesn't open the door."

Miss Marsden conveyed the threat, but of course nothing came of it, and at last the Rector was aroused by the unusual noise. He had the door forced open. We are already aware of what he was likely to find.

There was poor little Anne's bed, unalept in. The room was tidy as usual—just as tidy as when she had knelt down and said her hymn to the governess, the night before. There was nothing to prate of her whereabouts. Nor could any creature in the Rectory, except only the maiden of the cherry-coloured cap-ribbons, guess what had become of her. The Rector was utterly perplexed, and could not tell what in the world to do. He felt no disposition to publish abroad the fact that his ward was missing, so at length he determined to wait awhile, and see if she returned.

But during the morning the rumour of her disappearance travelled beyond the Rectory walls into the town of Kingsleat. And it encountered and coalesced with another rumour, which was that a post-chaise with four horses, from the Mitre, had taken Mr. Humphrey Morfill and a female

companion a stage out of Kingsleat, on the North road.

As when acid meets alkali, and neutral salt is formed, so these two rumours combined to form a third—that Mr. Morfill had run away with Miss Page. The Rector heard this, at last, and started for the Mitre to question the landlord of that ancient hotel and posting house. On his way he was joined by Dr. Winter, who had heard the same rumour, and had started on the same errand.

Stout old rubicund Dawson, when these two magnates of the town, both clergymen, and one a county magistrate, came to ask him what he knew of the matter, would have turned pale if it had been possible. He told them all he knew—which was that Mr. Morfill had engaged post horses late the previous evening, and that they started between eleven and twelve, and that they had since returned. A postboy was called in, and stated that they took Mr. Morfill and a lady to Radford, and that he got fresh horses at the Bell, and went on immediately.

"Didn't you think there was something wrong, Dawson," said Dr. Winter, "when a mere boy like my nephew ordered post horses?"

"No, sir," replied Dawson. "The young gentleman has always been so very steady, I took his order just as soon as if it was yours."

The two clergymen left the hotel, convinced that the thing was done, and that no interference could avail.

"You call your nephew a mere boy," said the Rector. "Is he of age?"

"He is twenty-two," said Winter. "This is a sad business for you, of course, but for me it is worse. That boy was my adopted son; I thought him incapable of meanness and dishonour; I hoped that he would have a noble career. Now I hope never to see him again. I thank God he is not my son."

"You are too harsh, my dear friend," replied the Rector. "He is a fine intelligent young man, and though his conduct has been inexcusable, I would not give him up altogether. Young men are not always amenable to reason when there is a lovely girl in the case. He may have a fine career before him yet."

"I cannot agree with you," said Dr. Winter, briefly.

The Rector went home, with a great deal of correspondence on his hands. He wrote to Mr. Drax and to Raphael. Winifred poured out her indignation to Claudia in a letter inexplicably crossed. The Panther's feelings on receiving it may easily be imagined. And Raphael was not at home that morning—had gone off to Richmond the previous afternoon, and had not returned—so that she could find nobody to sympathise with her, but walked up and down the Clarges-street drawingroom in impatient anger. The idea of that little Anne Page serving them such a trick—and with Humphrey Morfill, too, whom she had believed quite safe. And now Stephen Langton, who had rejected her, would be almost a rich man, with half Mr. Page's money. Claudia could not resist telling Sir Arthur Willesden of the affair, when the baronet paid a morning visit.

"Aw—by Jove!" said the baronet, "how interesting! Why, Miss Page—aw—was quite a child, I think—short frocks—aw—and all that sort of thing. I wish—aw—that I could be the hero—aw—of an elopement, Miss Branscombe."

"Do you? I wish I had the heroine of this elopement here," said the Panther, looking anything but amiable.

"Well—aw—let us hope she will never repent it."

"She will: she *shall*. She shall be sorry for it every day of her life."

Claudia did not quite see how to fulfil this tremendous threat, but felt that she should like to realize it. Sir Arthur, finding his charmer in rather a terrifying humour this morning, did not prolong his visit.

Raphael did not see his sister till late. He dined out, but found her awaiting him at eleven, when he returned. She brought out her news at once.

"Anne Page has run away with young Morfill, Raphael."

He looked rather pleased than otherwise.

"When did that happen?" he asked.

"The night before last. They must be married by this time."

"Of course. It does young Morfill credit. You see he was not quite such a fool as you thought him, Claudia. Well, I need not go down to Kingsleat, now."

"You take it very coolly."

"Why not? Morfill plays ace of trumps and I lose the trick. Am I to spoil my hair by tearing it? The cleverest of women, Claudia—and you are the cleverest I ever met—ruin their game by temper. You are angry now with everybody—with Mr. and Mrs. Morfill for beating you, with me for not going down in time to stop it, with yourself for not perceiving that the little girl had an understanding with Morfill. This is foolish; or rather, it is womanish, and you, my poor Claudia, cannot help being a woman."

"You are very provoking, Raphael."

"I am philosophical, that is all. Now I shall be spared the nuisance of going out of town just as the season is beginning. And I don't see that you need return, unless, indeed, you think of marrying that young Langton, who is really worth having now."

Claudia did not reply. She was always a little alarmed when Raphael approached this subject.

The news did not take long in travelling to Idlechester. Stephen, lounging past the Half Moon in the afternoon, was called in by the landlord, who had just heard the story from some of the Kingsleat folk. He was perfectly astounded. Himself trustful and worthy of trust, he could not believe in Morfill's having thus acted. And to borrow money of him for the purpose! It was incredible.

Alas, the incredible is too often the true—especially when human character is the basis of our incredulity. Stephen found the evidence too strong for him. He sat down in the inn-parlour, and drank a glass of port wine which kind-hearted Jack Winslow got for him.

"It can't be true," he said to himself.

"It's no good to take on so," said the bright-eyed barmaid, eager to console him. "There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"I shall never marry, Jack," he said. "I believed in Anne; I can never believe in anybody else. And I trusted Morfill, too; he was my friend. There is no such thing as friendship in the world, or love either."

"What ought I to do, Jack?" he

said, after a time. "I'm a mere boy, you know : I don't know what a man ought to do. I suppose Mr. Branscombe now would shoot him."

"Don't talk in that cruel way," she said. The Branscombes ain't men and women, from all I hear ; they've no hearts in their bodies. You leave Mr. Humphrey alone : you'd only break Miss Anne's heart if you were to kill him ; and perhaps you would be killed yourself."

"I should like that," said Stephen, calmly.

A day or two later, when letters had arrived from Humphrey—plausible letters, admirably concocted, but which deceived nobody—the great Mr. Drax fixed a time for reading the sealed codicil, and Stephen found himself the possessor of an additional two thousand a year. He wanted to decline it in favour of her whom we must now call Mrs. Morfill, but Mr. Drax assured him this was out of the question.

"Humphrey Morfill is better off than he deserves," said the lawyer, and his auditors fully agreed with him.

When the first shock was over, Stephen thought a great deal about Claudia. He recollected her threat, that he should never marry Anne Page. Had she contrived this elopement ? It seemed impossible, but he had learned to doubt impossibilities. And then he vividly recalled the Panther's beauty and brilliancy—and that strange moment when she flung herself into his arms—and wondered whether she really hated him now. The idea of being loved by such a creature—a woman wholly different from all other women of his experience—a woman whom he found himself comparing with those imperious and terrible beauties who lived in the maddening atmosphere of the Rome of the Cæsars—was in itself a fascination. He did not love her, as he had loved the honey-sweet girl who had been stolen from him : but how fine it would be to tame such a glorious creature, to possess her, to make a slave of one who seemed born to be mistress and queen. It was a cruel lust of conquest that he felt—not love.

And having ascertained that she was likely to remain in London, he resolved to go thither. Stephen had

never seen London ; his world lay within a radius of twenty miles or less, round Idlechester Cathedral. He would go to London. He communicated his intention to the great Mr. Drax, whom in his boyhood he had regarded with reverent awe, but who was now assiduously affable to his young client ; and Mr. Drax recommended him to go to the Chapter Coffee-house in St. Paul's Churchyard, and wrote down for him a few memoranda of guidance.

I suppose, in describing the effects of Anne Page's evasion, I have permitted time enough to elapse for her to reach Gretna, and become Mrs. Morfill. She was helpless when the postchaise started. Humphrey held her in his arms, and comforted her, and at Radford, where they first changed horses, he made her take a little brandy. He had no fear of pursuit, feeling pretty sure of about eight hours' start. At the first possible place, and after daylight had arrived, he purchased some additional wrappings for Anne ; he had taken her away with only a light cloak thrown over her ordinary dress. It was a cold, long, dreary ride ; but with hot coffee at every stage, he contrived to keep her from freezing ; and she slept in his arms like a child through a great part of the journey.

At last they crossed the Border, and reached the dwelling of the blacksmith priest, and were welded together in his rough fashion, Anne rather unresisting than consenting. In the presence of a strong will she was powerless. She was doing wrong, she knew ; she dreaded to think of Stephen, of Claudia ; but she could not oppose Humphrey. So Mr. and Mrs. Morfill duly reached the Bush Hotel at Carlisle, and sat down together to an excellent dinner, amid the suppressed amusement of chambermaids and the like. For be it remembered that Anne was still in frock and frilled *caleçons*, looking quite a child. But this was a trifle which by the landlady's kind help was soon amended.

Humphrey wrote a series of letters to the Rector, to Mr. Drax, to his uncle, to Stephen. The Rector replied formally and ceremoniously, expressing his extreme regret that his niece's character had been injured by a runaway marriage, and hoping that

Mr. Morfill's future conduct would in some degree atone for his imprudence. Mr. Drax communicated the contents of the codicil, whereat Humphrey was very angry, holding it a great shame that Stephen should have half the property. Dr. Winter wrote a curt severe letter, in which he disowned his nephew entirely, and requested him to refrain from writing to him. Stephen Langton made no answer.

From Carlisle Humphrey had gone to Wetheral, a beautiful village on the divine river Eden, where he found quiet lodgings. He was too shrewd to spend much money in travelling until he could grasp his wife's property. So he spent a few quiet weeks at this place, which Wordsworth has immortalized, and

which De Quincey loved. The red railway bridge over the Eden had not then been built; the only way across to Corby Castle was by Mr. Howard's ferry. Belted Will Howard has forded that river in the rare old days; and there have been border fights there; and perchance Sir William of Deloraine, good at need, has splashed into the roaring torrent.

"To the peers of Scotland woe! when the  
strong shafts fly like snow—  
Such the shout of long ago—  
Time of slaughter.

Ah, the dream is all forgot. One sole  
beauty of the spot,  
Changing ever, changes not—  
Eden water."

By whose marge let us leave the  
runaways to spend their honeymoon.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### STEPHEN IN LONDON.

STEPHEN went to town by the night mail. He took no leave of his relations, which caused Aunt Harriet, when she heard he was gone, to talk of his "black-hearted ingratitude;" but indeed his brain was in a whirl, Anne Page's unfaithfulness had been so sudden a shock, that he could not collect himself after it. He would hardly have taken formal leave of his kind-hearted *confidante*, Jack Winslow, if that young lady had not been on the spot when the coach started. Indeed Jack generally saw the mail off, and occasionally, as my readers are aware, drove a stage herself.

In a very dreamy state was Stephen Langton. Idlechester, with its beautiful river, its mighty minster, with patulous elms of immemorial growth about it; its picturesque High-street and Market Cross, in those days unrestored, for Gilbert Scott had not arisen; Mr. Page's house, with its gardens that seemed a fragment of Elysium; his grandfather's house and tanyard, and his grandfather himself, all these things seemed a part of his personal identity. But now, in the broad moonlight, on the box behind four horses, racing along the London road with wide stretches of undulating chalk down lying bare beneath the moon on either side, Stephen began to think that the

Cathedral City was a dream of the past—that there had been no reality in his visions of the Close, the river, the tanyard—that even Claudia Branscombe and Anne Page were creatures of the element. Here are four lines of a poem that the young gentleman had sent to *Fraser* (then in the vigour of its hot youth), which may show something of the state of his mind:—

"And I long through the gloomy gate of  
the unknown world to go,  
Where truth is whispered, perchance, by  
angels under their breath;  
For I know not whether the dreams I  
dream are dreams or no,  
Or whether to die is life, or whether to  
live is death."

Strange fancies had he nurtured in those quaint rooms in Little College Green, and he had read the opium-dreams of De Quincey, and the fever-fancies of Hoffman. And now, as the long panorama of down and woodland, of sleeping villages and towns, swept swiftly by, he looked upon Idlechester as a dream—upon the present as a dream—and marvelled whether he should still dream on without hope of waking.

Lo, a blush in the East—Aurora rising bathed in one tingling blush from the couch of Tithonus. Early, before the sordid smoke has had time to veil the beauty of the sleeping

city, the mail enters London. Stephen saw it as a great poet had seen it from Westminster Bridge, and thought with Wordsworth, that—

"Earth has not anything to show more fair."

The man who has not looked upon London when—

"The City, now, doth, like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning"—

when, in an intense calm that may be felt "all that mighty heart is lying still," has yet to see one of the most pathetic and majestic sights the world can show.

Stephen, dismounting at one of those dear old Holborn hostleries, was with his luggage rattled in a ramshackle hackney-coach to the Chapter Coffee-house, and, being cold and stiff, and having a fine healthy capacity for sleep, very wisely went to bed. Mr. Drax did well to send him to a place like the Chapter. Young men were seldom seen in that home of middle-aged clergymen and old port; there was nobody who could lead the verdant young visionary astray, whereas, if he had been landed in a Covent Garden hotel, he would soon have been introduced to the vulgar vice of the metropolis; and Stephen was of a temperament only too easily misled. The eye creates beauty, and music is the product of the ear. Stephen's imaginative faculty was of a quality to paralyse his judgment. Any clever *hetaïra* might ruin him.

He locked himself into his room with a feeling of intense satisfaction. He always felt a delight in the isolation and independence of the bed-chamber. There, without interruption, he could indulge in sleeping, or in waking dreams. Elia has devoted a delightful essay to the praises of *bed*; but the majority of us do not half enjoy that delicious locality. Thompson, perhaps, best understood its luxury, its infinite resources; and to read "The Castle of Indolence" in bed—the first part, I mean, before the vexatiously-virtuous knight arrives to disturb the enchantment of the place—is a great treat. Well, Stephen, within that quaint old comfortable den in the shadow of St. Paul's, built for himself a city within a city—a microscopic London of the imagination, widely different from the

real capital; and he dwelt with his visions till nearly one o'clock, when he descended to look for breakfast.

The coffee-room, amber in its prevailing hue, was deserted. A noble fire was burning; the morning papers lay on a table near it; Stephen contentedly seated himself thereby, and rang for breakfast. Frederic, the head waiter, the most urbane, not to say ecclesiastical of waiters, awaited his orders. Young gentlemen were rather out of place in this dignified atmosphere; but this young gentleman was recommended by Mr. Drax, of Idlechester, a good customer, an attorney that did business for bishops and deans, so Frederic patronised him. He gave him the hottest and strongest coffee in a silver ewer, the richest cream, the greenest watercresses, the freshest eggs, the thinnest slices of the ruddiest and most toothsome ham. Stephen took his ease in his inn with as much gusto as if he had been Jack Falstaff or Dr. Johnson.

"Would he dine at home?" asked Frederic. He would, and, on that affable waiter's suggestion, ordered dinner at six—a bit of fish and a rump steak and oyster sauce, and then he started to see London. His first few steps took him into the great Churchyard. Why should not he begin by seeing St. Paul's? He entered, and, by an expenditure of about five shillings, managed to see everything, from the catacombs to the hollow ball at the summit. As he climbed the rude staircase by which the visitor passes through the monstrous timber ribs on which the dome is constructed, he thought of Piranesi, the architect, who in his fever dreams imagined himself climbing endless staircases or through interminable heights of architecture. Stephen reached the ball, and looked from its rectangular openings upon the Lilliputian world below. Now that London is so overcrowded, why should not a colony find airy lodging in the skeleton of the dome of St. Paul's?

I scarcely know what places the young explorer did not see that day. He went eastward as far as the Tower; he went westward as far as Piccadilly. He returned to Faithfull's cosy quarters dead beat; so long a walk over pavement had thoroughly tired him. But Frederic had remembered him; his table was laid, and, by the



time he had eaten his steak and drunk for the first time some of the famous London stout, Stephen was himself again. The waiter, who had taken a fancy to him, actually allowed him to have a bottle of 15s. port; and our hero, sipping this nectar and cracking his filberts, almost forgot Anne Page and the tragical fact that his heart was broken.

Although the other occupants of the coffee-room were chiefly clergymen, they were not devoid of vivacity. Stephen watched with much interest a party of three who dined at a table near him. One of these, a man nearly fifty, but bearing his years as if they were a light load, was evidently facetious almost beyond endurance. When the sweet o' the night came on, and the duller folk retired, and the trio in question had begun to smoke, their laughter had scarcely any intermission. Every now and then Stephen caught snatches of strange rhyme, as thus—

"Sow your poetic oats—  
Not to say wild oats;  
Give up the petticoats  
On which this child dotes!"

By-and-by, these three gentlemen and Stephen were the sole occupants of the room: whereupon the Rhymer said,

"Frederic, bring the materials for a bowl of punch. And," he continued, addressing Stephen, "if you, young gentleman, are not afraid of a splitting headache in the morning, perhaps you'll come over and join us?"

Stephen expressed his pleasure.

"Youth," said the unknown, "sel-dom enters this mahogany-coloured room, or sees dignitaries of the Church drink good punch and make bad verses. But it may not be unprofitable to you, my young friend, of whose name I am ignorant—"

"Stephen Langton, sir," he interposed.

"An excellent ecclesiastical name—the name of a man to whom England owes much. It may not be unprofitable to you, Mr. Langton, to learn by actual observation that clergymen are human."

"Some clergymen," remarked one of his friends.

"A timely qualification, my worthy frere. The priesthood are indeed divisible into three classes: they are either men, women, or fiends. Now,

my fiendish brother would excommunicate me and send me—you all know where, for concocting this wonderful bowl of liquid headache: and my womanish brother would pray for me, hysterically, but you, my manly brethren, will right manfully help me to drink it."

The punch was worthy of its maker, whose humorous eye twinkled as he tasted it.

"Will it do, Mr. Langton?" he asked.

"I never tasted punch before," said Stephen, frankly. "It is delicious."

"Frederic," said the Rhymer, "see that the doors are shut, or my bass voice may wake some of my sleeping brethren. I am about to sing a song which I did into English from Béranger the other day. 'Tis called *The Keys of Paradise*."

He had a noble bass voice, and did justice to the rather heterodox lyric.

"Noble Saint Peter lost, of late,  
The golden keys of the heavenly gate;  
(Queerest story ever put in metre!)  
Pretty Margaret passed one day,  
And cunningly snatched the keys away.

'I say, Margot!

'Twon't do, you know:

Give me my keys!' exclaimed Saint Peter.

"Margaret lost not a moment's time,  
But opened the gates of the heavenly clime—

(Queerest story ever put in metre!)  
And devotees strict and sinners accurst  
All rushed in with a furious burst!

'I say, Margot!

'Twon't do, you know:

Give me my keys!' exclaimed Saint Peter.

"Singing together passed merrily through  
A Protestant, a Turk, a Jew—

(Queerest story ever put in metre!)  
Then came a Pope, the Poppedom's pride,  
Who, but for Maggy, would have stayed outside.

'I say, Margot!

'Twon't do, you know:

Give me my keys!' exclaimed Saint Peter.

"Jesuits, too, whom we all detest,  
Came for a seat among the blest,  
(Queerest story ever put in metre!)  
And without struggles, or shoves, or wrenches,  
Sat with the seraphs on the foremost benches.

'I say, Margot!

'Twon't do, you know:

Give me my keys!' exclaimed Saint Peter.

"Vainly did a fool exclaim,  
That such facility was downright blame,  
(Queerest story ever put in metre!)  
For Satan escaped from his hot restraint,  
And the beauty made him a horned saint.

'I say, Margot!

'Twon't do, you know:

Give me my keys!' exclaimed Saint Peter.

"The Devil being safe, 'twas then thought well

By royal edict to extinguish hell,  
(Queerest story ever put in metre!)

Such kindness quickly converted most,  
So that soon there was nobody left to roast.

'I say, Margot!

'Twon't do, you know:

Give me my keys!' exclaimed Saint Peter.

"Heaven was getting so extremely gay  
That Peter himself wished to pass that way;

(Queerest story ever put in metre!)

But he'd sent too many to a warmer place,

So Maggy shut the door in his apostolic face.

'I say, Margot!

That's too bad, you know:

My keys! my keys!' exclaimed Saint Peter."

"Much too bad," chorussed his companions.

"Oh, no doubt, Maggy relented in time," said one of them, "after she had frightened the apostolic suitor."

"I don't know," said Stephen.

"Young ladies are cruel creatures."

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed the Rhymer, "that's where you are, is it? A victim of feminine heartlessness.

*Perfida, sed quamvis perfida, cara tamen.*

Why not us tell your story? You need not name names, as the Speaker would say. It will do you good."

"I don't suppose," said Stephen, "it will do me any harm. The simple truth is that I was engaged to marry a young lady, with the approval of her father; that, on her father's death, her guardians declined to allow me to see her; and that my most intimate friend, having access to her, persuaded her to elope with him."

"You are laudably laconic," said the Rhymer. "I hope the event has not turned you into a Byronic misanthrope. How old was the lady?"

"Nearly seventeen."

"Ah, a child. You can't blame

her. She is too young to know her own mind. And the man you call your friend was not your friend. Friends are few, Mr. Langton. Be your own friend. Take your own part. That is the best advice I can give you. And now, if it is not too late, and nobody objects, and the punch is not exhausted, I'll tell you a short story."

The offer was received with enthusiasm.

"A young man whom I knew fell in love. He was the son of a perpetual curate—which happily does not mean a man doomed to perpetual curacy. The lady whom he loved was the only child of the Lord of the Manor, a many-acred baronet. She was beautiful beyond the imagination of man, of course. *Cela va sans dire*. When I last saw her she was a very puffy old personage."

"The hero of my story, whom I will call Smith to save trouble, was much given to dreaming. He dreamt one night that a Greek book in his father's library lay open before him, and that on one of the pages a single line stood out in red letters, and it was revealed to him that if he uttered that line thrice his lady-love would come to him wherever he was. But he could not, when he awoke, recollect the line; and as he knew exactly as much Greek as Byron's Donna Inez, it was not quite clear to him how to look for it. He felt sure, however, that if he saw the line he should recognize it.

"Now, though Smith was a dolt, Smith's father was very much the reverse, and was the possessor of a very fair library, wherein there was much Greek. Smith astounded his father by suddenly taking to the study of Greek. It was in a curious fashion though. He took the first Greek volume on a given shelf, seated himself (he was a lazy rascal) in an easy chair, and looked carefully through it for a certain line. Smith's father was amazed to see his son read Greek so rapidly. Being a very Low Churchman, and a firm believer in all manner of miracles, he began to think his son had the gift of tongues. Smith rattled away through *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Homer*, *Herodotus*, *Pindar*, and *Plato*, and a good many other fellows in the same line of business, at a pace unparalleled.

"But, as the Irish proverb hath it

'Patience and perseverance  
Found a wife for his Reverence ;'

which, as priests of the Latin schism can't by any possibility have wives, was rather a hard matter. And so at last the mighty line flashed upon Smith. This was it:—

ποῦ ποῦ 'στι, ποῦ ποῦ ποῦ 'στι, ποῦ ποῦ  
ποῦ 'στι, ποῦ

I'm not at all surprised at Smith's recognizing it.

"Having recognized it, he toiled hard to learn it by heart. This did not take him above an hour and a half. He carried away this famous line in his brain, and when he went to bed that night he uttered the spell.

"At the first utterance of the magical verse there was a sound as if water were being poured into a vessel.

"At the second utterance of the magical verse there was a strong smell of brown Windsor soap.

"At the third utterance of the magical verse the walls of the chamber opened, and the lady entered, sitting in her night-dress, with her feet in hot water."

Here the Rhymer made an obstinate pause.

"Did she speak?" asked Stephen. "What happened?"

"I know nothing more. The canon says, *Solus cum solâ non presumitur orare*. The young man is now a Bishop, and pretty often in hot water himself."

Soon after this queer tale had been told, they went to bed, the Rhymer telling Stephen that he should be glad to meet him at breakfast. The other two gentlemen were off by an early coach to distant country parsonages.

Stephen awoke the next morning with the great-grandfather of headaches. He was young, you know, and unaccustomed to punch. Much icy water scarcely removed the leaden oppression on his brow, and he felt thankful that the breakfast hour was late. His new acquaintance had appointed eleven.

And at eleven they met. Everybody else in that sedate hostelry had breakfasted long before. With the sagacity which experience confers, the Rhymer ordered Stephen to begin

with the soda and brandy, and then recommended him some anchovies done on toast. To his amazement, our young friend found he could eat. As to his companion, his appetite was Homeric.

And, having elicited from Stephen his position in the world, and his utterly indefinite designs, he proceeded to give him some excellent advice. As it turned out entirely useless, it is scarcely worth while to record it here. I am sure my readers would not take any of it.

They were long over their breakfast. The Rhymer, as I must continue to call him, for Stephen was unable to extract his name from Frederic or anybody else in the establishment of *the Faithfull*, had nothing to do all the morning, and so, as he said, could indulge his laziness. So the ripe and thoughtful clergyman, whose humour years had not destroyed, and the mere boy, dreamy and poetic, full of wonder as to what years might give him, gossipped loiteringly together over their coffee.

Amid their gossip entered a singularly handsome young man, of the middle height, dressed in the utmost fashion. The affable Frederic approached him, somewhat awed by an aristocratic apparition of an order that coffee-room seldom saw.

"Waiter," he said, "is Mr. Langton staying here?"

"This is Mr. Langton, sir," said Frederic.

Stephen came forward.

"Ah, Mr. Langton," said the stranger, "you have forgotten me, no doubt. You were a boy when we met. My name is Branscombe—Raphael Branscombe. I heard you were in town from our friend Drax, and I thought you might be puzzled sometimes how to spend your evenings, so I thought I'd ask you to look in upon us when you want amusement. Claudia and I are at No. — Clarges-street. Claudia told me to say she would always be glad to see you."

Which was quite true. When a note from Mr. Drax informed Raphael, among other things, that Stephen was in town, he at once said, "I shall look up that boy, Claudia!" "What for?" asked the Panther, well aware that her brother seldom did anything without a reason.

"Well, apart from the fact that he would be an exceedingly good match for a certain young lady whom it is my duty to get married (Claudia winced), there is never any harm in the acquaintance of verdant boys with money."

"Don't victimize him, Raphael," pleaded the Panther.

"You have still a *tendresse* for him, have you? Well, why should all old Page's money go out of the family? Send him a message, child."

"You may tell him I shall always be glad to see him."

"Very well. Don't be surprised if I bring him home to dinner."

Raphael drove his mail-phaeton eastward—specially to call on Stephen. And, after the speech already narrated, he sat down, and called for a pint of claret, and the three entered into desultory converse. Raphael perceived that the Rhymer, whoever he might be, belonged to a higher order of mind than he commonly encountered: while the Rhymer studied Raphael with much interest, as a variety of the human animal entirely new to him. I wish he had had to describe him rather than I.

"Let me give you a drive, Mr. Langton," said Raphael. "London is famous as possessing the most beautiful suburbs of any city in the world. I've a pair of horses outside that want exercise, and I've nothing in the world to do this morning, so you'll be doing me a service by accepting."

Stephen accepted. Raphael took him through Brompton and Fulham, across Putney Bridge, that villanous old structure, up the hill to the heath, and then away to the right through Richmond Park, across Richmond Bridge, and along the banks of the Thames, through Twickenham and Teddington and Hampton Wick to Hampton Court. He put his horses up at the Toy, and showed Stephen the Palace, and then they lounged into the Tennis Court.

"Do you play?" said Raphael.

"No."

"Ah, that's unlucky: 'twould have given you an appetite for a bit of luncheon. Here, marker, come and play."

Having beaten the marker with infinite ease—for, as I have said—Raphael was master of all games, he proposed that they should lunch. So

they returned to the Toy and refreshed themselves, Stephen all the while wondering at his companion's cool and skilful style of doing everything.

Returning, Raphael drove northward through Weston, getting into the Uxbridge Road somewhere near Hanwell, and making his way through Ealing and Acton to homewards. It was a long and pleasant drive; there was life on the great roads in those days before steam; and it was past five o'clock when Raphael pulled up in Clarges-street.

"We dine at six," he said to Stephen. "Come in. There will be no one but my sister, who'll forgive your dress. Come to my dressingroom and wash your hands."

Stephen presently found himself in the drawingroom alone, his companion having excused himself to look after the wine. "I'm always my own butler," he said, in his airy fashion. So Stephen lay back in a soft chair of ruddy velvet, and looked at the hot caverns of fire amid the coals in the grate, and dreamt. His heart was palpitating with a dread of Claudia, whose last words had told him that she hated him—and with a longing to subjugate and tame her, a wild and beautiful and queenly creature, with all the subtlety of womanhood, and all the strength of manhood. His quick brain went off in its usual way, combining, plotting, imagining scenes, and, with the vanity of inexperience, fancying the Victory won. He was a new Alnaschar. As he mentally revelled in a fine dramatic situation, in which the Panther was sobbing at his feet, the silence was disturbed by a rustle of silk, and a voice which he had never forgotten—a voice that he had heard imperious and imperial, that he had heard broken and beseeching, that he had heard whispering passionately in his ear the strong temptation of an offered love—said calmly,

"How do you do, Mr. Langton?"

And they were seated opposite each other and talked. And he looked in vain into those great black eyes for either the soft light of love or the angry glare of rage. And he thought to himself, "Ah, me, what do I here? This woman is wise. I am a child, I am a fool, I am lost." Yes, Stephen Langton was wise enough to think thus.

In the calmest and most commonplace way did Claudia Branscombe talk to Stephen concerning the news of Idlechester and Kingsleat. Lightly did she refer to Anne's elopement, quoting the ancient proverb anent marrying in haste and repenting at leisure, and saying—

"Poor child! A mere baby, and now Mrs. Morfill. I hope the young man will be kind to her; but his conduct shows that he is selfish, and selfish men have seldom much kindness."

"Only a brute could be unkind to her," said Stephen.

"What, are you in love with her still? You were very fortunate to lose her. Your own character—excuse my frankness—has not yet much stability, and if you had married her it would have been terrible for both. You would have been like—Well, comparisons are odious," she said, laughing. "But I think it was well for you."

"Possibly," said Stephen. "One is not always perfectly satisfied with what everybody else professes to think the best thing that could happen. I had a certain faith and loyalty which Mrs. Morfill's conduct has shattered. I have now to recommence the world on a new principle."

"Don't you think," asked Claudia, "that you may be hasty in condemning the whole of our sex because one little girl has been unfaithful?"

"Ah, I wish I could tell. Nothing except experience will enable me to correct an error of that kind. Can you wonder that I am in a state of utter uncertainty?"

"I don't wonder, but I think you would be wise not to come to hasty conclusions. However, it is an unimportant matter to everyone but yourself."

Raphael Branscombe presently joined them, and dinner was announced. A good dinner, we may be sure, at an establishment of which Raphael was the head. From the oysters and anchovy salad to the ice- pudding—from the Montrachet to the Chateau Yquem—everything was perfect. Stephen, whose capacity for enjoyment was enviably complete, dined like an Emperor.

By-and-by the Panther retired, and Raphael and Stephen were left alone. Their conversation was curious.

Neither understood the other. Raphael regarded Stephen as a mere green-horn, a foolish, inexperienced boy, who could be enticed into any kind of extravagance or absurdity, whereas Stephen had in him just so much of the poetic faculty as enabled him to detect what was false and forged, to shrink from what was ridiculous. Stephen thought Raphael a marvelous specimen of the human race, for beauty, for skill, for general cleverness—nor ever suspected in him that astucity which lay at the base of his other qualities. The game, therefore, which these two were playing, unconsciously, so far as one of these was concerned, was singular. Each imagined he knew the others cards and didn't.

"Do you intend to remain long in London?" asked Raphael, in the course of conversation.

"I really have no decided intention," said Stephen. "It seems to me that for a man without any definite object in life, London is about the best place to live."

"Well, I don't see why you should have no object in life," returned Raphael; "but that, of course, is your affair, only if you think of remaining in town, you should belong to a club, and I'll put your name down at the Chandos, if you like."

"I shall be very glad," said Stephen.

"And what are you going to do this evening?"

"This evening!" replied Stephen, in some amazement, looking at his watch. "Why, it is ten o'clock now. I thought of going back to the Chapter Coffee-house in about an hour."

"Just the time to begin the evening," said Raphael. "However, nobody can wonder at your inexperience, seeing that you are fresh from an old-world place like Idlechester. But if you don't mind making a night of it, you and I will turn out presently, after a cup of tea."

"I am at your service," said Stephen.

"And if you mean to remain in town, don't stay at that place in St. Paul's Churchyard. Let me find you rooms somewhere in this part of London."

Stephen assented, Raphael rang the bell, and sent for his valet. When Louis arrived, his master said—

"Find Mr. Langton rooms some-

where between this and St. James's Church. Let them be comfortable, but not extravagant. See that the cookery is good. And, if you know a fellow who would do as Mr. Langton's valet, tell me."

"I know precisely the man," said Louis. "His name is Auguste Lancel. He is just seeking employment."

"Very well. Let me see him tomorrow. I can judge," he said to Stephen, "whether he is fit for anything; and if he is, you can see him."

"I am sorry to give you so much trouble."

"You don't give me any. It amuses me. I am delighted to be able to help anybody so thoroughly ignorant of the world as you are."

"That's no great compliment," said Stephen.

"Well, I'd willingly change places with you. You're about ten years younger than I am; you're good-looking and clever, and tolerably well off; you've got the world before you, and are quite ignorant of both the bright and the dark side of it. You're an uncommonly lucky fellow. I should like to be in your position."

"Meanwhile," said Stephen, "I shall be laughed at for my ignorance."

"Why not? Those who laugh at you will be people who overestimate the value of their own knowledge. I think I know the world as well as most men, and I have long been of opinion that it is not worth knowing. Honestly," said Raphael, "I envy you."

They passed to the drawingroom, where the Panther gave them coffee; gave them also music and song: have we not heretofore heard the passionate melody throb through that white throat of hers? I don't quite know how she felt that evening. For this supercilious boy her kirtle had fallen in vain; he had refused her, he had pitied her. *Now*, the love which caused him to refuse and pity her was wholly frustrate. *Now*, he might think otherwise. *Now*, also, the plot to which for her father's sake she had pledged herself was frustrate. True, if she married this boy, there would be money enough to live at ease; and he would be a docile husband. But as I am analyzing a lady's thoughts, I must here remark that there arose to disturb her calculations a vision of

a handsome baronet, superbly apparelled, magnificent in moustache.

Strange to say, Sir Arthur Willesden had made an impression on Claudia. I really had hoped that my Panther was above womanish weaknesses—not so. You see, she wanted to be tamed, to be tyrannized over, to be lashed into obedience. The man to do this came not: she, with wistful eyes desiring a master, imagined strength of will and stern resolve in this Sir Arthur Willesden, simply because he was big and muscular and looked as if he could knock down an ox. 'Tis the way with womankind: if they cannot find the right man they endow some utterly wrong man with the requisite characteristics.

Well, this night Claudia was affable to Stephen, and sang and played for him, and chatted pleasantly with him, and expressed a hope that he would not let Raphael lead him into mischief. Raphael's practical reply was the production of some remarkably fine cavendish.

"By mischief, my sister means smoke," said Raphael; "but she doesn't object to it."

She did not, as we know.

"Is that wonderful old grandfather of yours still flourishing?" asked Raphael. "I remember his bringing you to see us one morning at Kings-leat, heaven knows how many years ago. Claudia petted you, and I scolded her afterwards for falling in love with you."

The Panther looked fierce.

"My grandfather is in very good condition," said Stephen, "though he is growing old, like the rest of us. I assure you, Mr. Branscombe, I have often great difficulty in assuring myself that I am the unfortunate little schoolboy whom your sister petted. Indeed I am sometimes doubtful as to the reality of even later events."

"He's not such a fool as he looks," thought the Seraph.

"He has not forgotten," thought the Panther.

No: he was not a fool, this Stephen Langton; nor had he forgotten. He could not comprehend Raphael Branscombe's friendly interest in him and his affairs; but he knew there must be some reason for it, and he waited for time to reveal that reason. And he had not forgotten even the flavour of the peach which the beautiful

Claudia had given him, so many years ago—or the touch of her lips when he lay in bed at Kingsleat, and she and the bishop's wife curvetted like a couple of young fillies, unrestrained by his childish presence—still less that moment when she had thrown herself into his arms, and he had rejected her. Nothing did he forget; but he could not understand on what terms they were to meet in future! Were they enemies or friends, or coldly neutral?

He did not know. Did she?

Stephen made a night of it. It was midnight when Raphael and he left the Panther to her own devices. They went away to the Chandos Club, where Raphael gave Stephen his first lesson in billiards, and introduced him to a very select circle of pleasant fellows, given to bad habits. It was exactly six when he reached the Chapter Coffee-house, and went to bed. It was two in the afternoon when he came down to breakfast the next day.

Raphael did not resign his office as guardian and guide. In a very few days Stephen found himself comfortably established in rooms in Jermyn-street, with Auguste Lancel in attendance; and he very much enjoyed his new style of life. He seemed to take to it naturally. Dressed by the most fashionable tailors, Stephen Langton, if he had suddenly appeared in the High-street of Idlechester, would scarcely have been recognised by Jack Winslow or his aunt Harriet. The Panther was quite amazed at his development.

And not the Panther only. Humphrey Morfill, having arranged all matters of business satisfactorily, came from Wetheral to London with full intent to conquer the world. He

had married Anne Page, as he intended; why should he not carry out his other intentions? True, he hadn't as much money with her as he expected; and for this he often, with a want of logic of which a Cambridge man should have been ashamed, blamed his unoffending little wife. But a couple of thousand a year was a good start, and Humphrey was resolved not to lose a single chance. His ambition was almost a mania.

He came to town, and took a house in Mesopotamia, which Lady Morley christened Cubitopolis. He entered himself at the Middle Temple, and took to the study of law with avidity. He left his wife a good deal alone, of necessity. When Stephen knew of their being in town, he called at once, and his unfaithful sweetheart was astounded to see him so complete a man of fashion. The Panther also called, under Raphael's orders, and found Humphrey, who chanced to be at home, excessively glad to find anybody who would occasionally entertain his wife in his absence; and the result was that, all previous occurrences apparently forgotten, Mr. and Mrs. Morfill, and Mr. and Miss Branscombe, and Mr. Langton, associated very freely and pleasantly. Raphael, however, did not call on the Morfills for some time after their arrival in London. When he did, and it was over, as Claudia and he were walking homeward, the Seraph said—

"What a devilish pretty little thing she is! I wish I had seen her in time."

Sweet Anne Morfill was at the same moment thinking that she had never seen so fascinating a man as Mr. Raphael Branscombe, but she did not mention this idea to her husband.

## CHAPTER XV.

### MR. AND MRS. MORFILL.

HUMPHREY MORFILL and his wife, in Mesopotamia, were not perhaps as happy as they ought to have been. And the reason was tolerably clear. Humphrey, to begin with, had never loved the pretty little infantile creature whom he had married. Indeed it may fairly be stated that he had never loved anyone except himself.

His sole object had been to obtain a wife with money, and in this he had succeeded. Sweet Anne Page, on the other hand, had lived all her life in a delicious dream of love; she was a child still, and did not know what love meant; but she assuredly expected a kind of chivalrous deference which Humphrey Morfill did not

give her. In truth, he gave her something very different. He was her tyrant. He had already regretted the position in which he had placed himself. More than once had he considered it an inexcusable blunder to have sacrificed that fine intellect of his for a couple of thousand a year. The thing was done, but he could not help behaving to his bride as if he thought she ought to be ashamed of herself. Of course the poor child, who at any rate fancied she loved him, could not comprehend his horrible baseness.

Still he managed to make her extremely unhappy. He treated her in a very childish fashion. The method of the marriage had made him master of the money, and he took the earliest possible opportunity of showing her that it was so. He soon taught her to consider herself dependent on him. Gladly would she have been dependent on any creature who showed her the love for which she craved eternally: but this Humphrey would show her none. Indeed he had none to show.

I do not blame this man. There are beings—I suppose. I must say *human* beings—who do not know the meaning of *love*—the utmost to which they can rise is *affection*. The passionate love wherewith a man (who is a man) can love a wife, or a sister, a son or a daughter, is to them unintelligible. So much the better for them perhaps; who knows? Never is there great love without great grief. I fancy Humphrey Morfill belonged to this class—to this pitiable or enviable class, I know not which. At any rate he was a man capable of being extremely affectionate, and quite incapable of loving. Ah me, that terrible incapacity! You who have loved, and have through your love been compelled to endure grief unutterable, torture such as would have maddened Prometheus,

"The vulture at his vitals and the links

Of the lame Lemnian festering in his  
flesh,"

take my word for it that this is infinitely better than not to have tested

"The cruel madness of love,

The honey of poison flowers, and all the  
measureless ill."

And you *affectionate* men—and wo-

men, if indeed there be any affectionate women—God help ye all! Why were ye not cows? ruminating animals? chewers of the cud?

Little Anne would, I think, have been happy enough with even an *affectionate* husband if only her husband had not been tyrannical. But Humphrey was a tyrant of the coolest order. He wore no glove over the steel gauntlet. He was her master, and took every opportunity of letting her know it. So Anne was wretched enough; and you cannot be surprised if she was extremely glad to see anybody who was not her husband. Especially as her husband spent long matutine hours at the Temple, with an eye to the Solicitor-Generalship—*et cetera*.

So she welcomed Claudia, whom in her babyhood she had feared. She had learned that a petticoated tyrant with a ridingwhip is more endurable than the tyrannic husband whose frown is torture. As to the Panther, it must be confessed that her first visit to the Mesopotamian-terrace was not satisfactory. She felt that she had been rather such to her little friend. She thought the best way of dealing with the matter was to laugh it off altogether. She managed pretty well, but there was a little preliminary shyness. It is not everybody who has the coolness of the Eton boy who happened to dine with Keate on a long-standing invitation on the very day when that best of head masters had had to administer a flogging.

"I have not seen you for a long time," said the Doctor.

"Not this side of me, sir," responded his promising alumnus.

But Anne, who had quite forgiven the Panther her trifling tyrannies was delighted to find anyone who would comfort her. Poor child, she wanted comfort. Naturally dull, the dreadful fact that Humphrey had married her merely as a matter of convenience had not yet occurred to her. Naturally obedient, she had not thought of rebelling against the routine to which he had condemned her. And here, I regret to say, Claudia was her accomplice—nay, her prompter—in naughtiness. Claudia told her that, as the actual owner of the property on which her penniless husband lived, she ought to have



plenty of enjoyment. Thereby Claudia gave a considerable amount of trouble to Mr. Humphrey Morfill, who spent a great deal of his time in proving to his wife that it was necessary to avoid extravagance. A little pleasure, pleasantly given, would have satisfied her. She was not exorbitant in her demands. If he had loved her, he could have supplied what she needed with infinite ease. But love teaches lessons not to be learnt elsewhere.

Stephen was too proud not to visit her. Between them there was no explanation. Indeed Stephen would not have listened to a word. He had made up his mind that love was a swindle, a sell. He had come to consider religion cant and morality a myth. It is a mental and moral disease, this, to which young men of any brain are subject, and which they take with special readiness if they happen to encounter a disappointment. They argue from the particular to the universal in delicious deference of Aldrich. My friend Stephen, having been jilted by a plump child of the most infantile character, came to the terribly tragical conclusion that *all women were false*. He had never known a woman. But, if ever he had been right in arguing, from sweet Anne Page to every creature that wears petticoats, would that have justified him in denying the inspiration of the New Testament? I am inclined to think not.

Raphael Branscombe saw a good deal of Mrs. Morfill. As thus Humphrey spent his mornings at the Temple, Anne, weary of her loneliness, took refuge with her friend the Panther. The Seraph, discovering this, and having a constitutional tendency to amuse himself, was wont to lounge into his sister's apartments, and talk to Anne. Claudia, we know, had plenty of morning visitors, so Raphael had ample time to flirt with this innocent child. And he did it. And it looked very much as if she liked it. One evening, as he was smoking alone in his *sanctum*, Claudia made her way thither. It showed the Panther's daring. Raphael had strictly prohibited all invasion there. But Claudia, at about midnight, majestic in a rustling purple silk, entered the room in which the Seraph sat. It almost surprised him: I cannot say more.

But he merely removed from his lips the amber mouthpiece of a hookah from which he had been drawing cool draughts of fragrant smoke, and said—

"Well?"

The Panther was not easily shut up. She settled herself tidily and gracefully in an easy chair, and said, very deliberately—

"I want to speak to you, Raphael."

"Talk away, child," he replied.

"What is there between you and Anne Page?" she asked peremptorily.

"A husband, my dear," he said. At least, if by Anne Page you mean your nice little friend, Mrs. Morfill."

"Raphael," she said, with eager earnestness, "I implore you to leave them alone. Poor little Anne! She has married a man who does not love her, and she has not learnt the meaning of love herself. Don't be cruel to them, Raphael. I know how dangerous you are. They have done you no harm?"

The Seraph rose from his seat, dropping the mouthpiece of his hookah, and stood with his back to the fire. He seemed to deliberate for a minute or two. Then he spoke.

"Claudia, I thought better of you. *They have done me no harm!* They have simply deprived me of a pleasant and ample income which I could have commanded. If I had seen Anne Page ten minutes before she ran away with this young fellow, do you think she would have gone? She's a mere child: a man need not be proud of winning her: she would have said yes to any man."

"Then why be vexed about it?" said the Panther. "She is not fit to be your wife. And there are plenty of girls with twice the money who would be glad to marry you. Why not leave her alone?"

"Are you a Branscombe, Claudia?" asked Raphael. "What, do you think I care for the silly child and her two thousand a year? Not but what, pretty as she is, I might have married her had I seen her in time—but I care no more about it than I care what I shall have for dinner to-morrow."

"Then," said Claudia, after a pause, "why do you waste so much time upon her? Why do you make her like you?"

Raphael gave utterance to a sardonic laugh, but made no reply.

"Tell me," said the Panther.

"Tell you what, child?"

"Why you flirt with that poor little Anne Morfill till she wishes her husband was hanged."

"My dear Claudia, I shall continue to think you *are* a Branscombe, even against the strong evidence to the contrary you have just given. But you are a strange girl, and I think you had better go to bed."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that you are losing that piquant perspicacity which used to distinguish you. Here you are asking me why I flirt with your little bride? Have you ever asked a cat why it chases mice; or, if that simile is not poetic enough for your taste, can you tell me why a falcon kills smaller birds? If you desire to remonstrate, Claudia, by all means lecture your frivolous, flippant, little friend. Cry *Ware hawk*. Give her the very best advice, moral, religious, social. I hope it will do her good."

"I can't think what you see in her," said the Panther, meditatingly.

"Dear me, can't you? Why, a plump morsel of flesh and blood and lovingness—that's all; and that's enough to tempt any man to delicious morsicunculæ. She's not a marvel of the jungle, like you—a terror to mild men—a creature to be tamed with a wrist of steel and a lash of wire. No, she's all love and melting sweetness, like a candied conserve of the East."

"Well, I shall warn her," said Claudia.

"Do, and discharge your conscience. If you warn her against me, and make her afraid of me, you will increase my amusement, and I doubt whether you will decrease her danger. That is an affair entirely for your consideration. Meanwhile, my dear Claudia, permit me to say that *I warn you*."

"Oh, you're not going to frighten me," said the Panther, frightened all the while.

"You mistake me. I do not wish to warn you against advising your friend. I wish you in that to do exactly what you deem wisest. But I warn you against too intimate a flirtation with that blockhead Willesden."

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed, indignantly.

"Be calm—that's a good girl. I

have not the least fear that you will do anything silly. The men of our family have always been *sans peur*, and the women, *sans reproche*—an excellent way of dividing the old motto. But Willesden can't marry, you know; and if you flirt too much with him there may be talk; and if any talk comes to my ears, you know I *must* shoot him, which would be devilish inconvenient for all parties. So be prudent; I don't see what there is to admire in such a large awkward mass of jewellery and Eau-de-Cologne—but that's your affair."

"Well, good night, Raphael," said Claudia; "I shall warn her."

And she did. She got her into her bedroom at her next visit, and told her it was very wrong to flirt so much with Raphael. Anne became mutinous.

"Flirt!" she said. "What do you mean by flirting? I merely talk to Mr. Branscombe, and not half as much as you do to Sir Arthur Willesden. You seem to forget that I am a married woman now."

"Mr. Morfill wouldn't like it," said the Panther, amused at her little friend's assumption of dignity.

"Then Mr. Morfill should not leave me alone all day, without any amusement, and come home to dinner as stupid and cross as he can be. He is living on my money, and he ought to know better."

The meekest little women in the world get a spirit in them when conscious of possessing money.

"I mean to do just as I like, Claudia," she continued. "Mr. Branscombe is very pleasant to talk to, and he won't eat me, I suppose, though he is your brother; and I really think you had better attend to your own affairs."

Claudia was both amused and amazed at her friend's rebellious spirit. Being a wife, the young lady considered herself in a rank above all unmarried women; she thought it impertinent of Claudia to venture to lecture her. Marriage had conferred a funny kind of dignity upon her; so the Panther's lecture had no effect, save perhaps to increase Anne's interest in her intercourse with Raphael, by reason of its appearing perilous.

As to Raphael, when Claudia left him on the evening of her lecture, he fell to soliloquy.

"I rather like the little girl," he said to himself. "She's a dainty pet. Emilia is a fine woman, no doubt; and Fiordilisa is a girl out of Shakespeare, as poetic as she is beautiful; and, by Jove! I wish I was back with her in Isola Rossa. But this little Morfill is such a lump of sweetness; she'd melt in a fellow's mouth like a very ripe greengage; and then that villain Morfill stole her—stole her from me, too, the unprincipled reprobate. 'Twould be a fine thing to revenge myself upon him by carrying off his wife."

So Claudia's remonstrance rather increased her brother's tendency to flirt with Mrs. Morfill. And, a few days later, he made a movement in advance. The scene was Claudia's drawingroom; the Panther was singing divinely for Sir Arthur's delectation; Raphael was talking in low tones to Anne.

"How delightfully your sister sings!" she had said.

"Not half so delightfully as you talk. I could listen to your pretty prattle for ever."

"You speak as if I was a child," she said.

"So you are, and a very charming child, too. Why, you are not ashamed of being young, surely?"

"If I am old enough to be married, I ought not to be treated like a child," she replied, with petty fretfulness.

"I never said you *were* old enough to be married. But never mind: I'll treat you with the greatest respect in future—just as if you were fifty."

"O, no! Don't do that."

"I shall not see you to-morrow morning, I suppose. Claudia is going to be out all day. By the way, can one ever find Mr. Morfill at home?"

"Very seldom; he generally goes to the Temple the moment breakfast is over."

"And you are all alone? Well, I think I shall call to-morrow morning, and see if I can find him."

"I don't think it will be any use," said Anne, "unless I tell him to wait at home for you."

"Don't on any account interfere with his business for me."

And she did not. By some curious caprice, Humphrey lounged longer over his breakfast than usual, that next morning. He found something

in the newspaper to interest him. Anne thought he was never going. But he went at last, after giving orders about the dinner two or three times over. He liked a good dinner after his work—not what Raphael would have called a good dinner, but something full flavoured and substantial. None of your delicate *entrées* and curious wines for Mr. Morfill: leg of mutton, sirloin, steak, Reid's stout, Carbonell's fruitiest port—these were his favourite eatables and drinkables. He was not refined. He liked onions.

In the course of the morning Raphael appeared, regretted that Mr. Morfill was not at home, and sat down for a chat with Mrs. Morfill. She was looking very nice. There was a rosy flush, and childish freshness, about her; a deal of pink in her print dress, of coral and cream in her complexion, of loving innocence in her soft glance. Raphael thought her the prettiest specimen of babyish beauty he had ever seen.

"I should like to put you under a glass case, Mrs. Morfill," he said, "and keep you in my own room to look at."

"Make me a prisoner, as Humphrey does. I'm sure I wish he was anything but a lawyer; he slaves at it night and day, and I get no pleasure at all."

"What would you like? You ought to be playing *Les Graces* with a dozen other little girls upon a green lawn under shady trees."

"That's the way with you all," she said, with a provoking pout. "You talk to me as if I was a baby. Humphrey always does. And Claudia used to, at Kingsleat; but I'm better off than she is; I *am* married, at least, and I don't think she ever will be."

"Don't you sometimes wish yourself unmarried?" said the Seraph, laughing.

"Indeed I do, every day of my life. What induced me to marry Humphrey I can't think. I should have been better off with Stephen."

"You should have waited for me."

"O, you're too old. And you think me a mere baby, I know."

"I think you the most beautiful creature I ever saw in my life," he said seriously. "And as I have said before, your youth is only too valu-

able a possession. We all get old fast enough. But you will always be young, I believe."

"You are laughing at me, Mr. Branscombe. You think I am not fit to be anybody's wife—only fit for a hoop or a skipping-rope."

"I wish you were my wife," he said. "I wish I had seen you in time."

"You vain being! So you really have conceit enough to fancy that I should have liked you better than Humphrey."

She sprung up from her seat, and danced round the room, laughing and clapping her hands.

"I am sure you would," he said. "More than that, I am sure you like me better now."

"Go away! go away! You are getting naughty. I shall ring the bell and order 'Mr. Branscombe's carriage.'"

"Don't you think you could be serious for a minute?" he said.

"No, not half a minute—not a second."

She had taken a long *scarf*, and was vainly trying to use it as a skipping-rope.

"Now, do sit down, just for a moment. I want to talk to you."

"But I don't in the least want to talk to you. I think I shall send out and buy a skipping-rope. I wonder what the dignified Mr. Morfill will say when he comes home to dinner if he finds me skipping in the Square."

Raphael rose from his seat, and tried to catch her arm, she ran away. He followed her. In a moment the chase had become exciting. The room was large, with much heavy furniture in it, in the regular Mesopotamian style; so there were plenty of opportunities for dodging. But the young lady's foot caught in a rug; she almost fell; and before she could recover herself, Raphael had overtaken her.

She was an infant in his grasp. He coolly took her hands in one of his, and returned to his chair, and made her sit upon his knee.

"Now, young lady," he said, "you are my prisoner, and I can punish you for all the trouble you have given me."

"O let me go, let me go, *please*. If Humphrey were to come! I'll scream, Mr. Branscombe, I will, positively."

"No, you won't. Come, I want a quiet talk, so sit still and let us have it."

"Let me go to my own seat, then."

"And run away again? Not exactly. No, you'll stay where you are. Come, let me put your hair back out of your eyes."

Her abundant hair had fallen over her brow amid their romp. He smoothed it gently back. Then he kissed her forehead, bringing up a blush to brighten all her beautiful young face.

"O, Mr. Branscombe, you are very very wicked! Let me go, do please let me go!"

"No, child. I want to ask you a question. Look at me now, and answer truly, just as if you were saying your catechism."

"Well, what is it? I will answer if you'll promise to let me go."

"Very well, I promise. Do you think," he asked, slowly and deliberately, "that if you had met me in time, you could have loved me?"

Anne's bright young beauty was reddened this time by a more vivid blush. Her long eyelashes drooped to veil her eyes. She did not speak.

"Answer!" he said in a passionate whisper.

She said not a word.

"Answer!" again he said, pressing her closely to his breast—so closely that it was almost pain.

For sole reply she hid her face on his shoulder, and burst into a passion of tears.

"O, my darling," he exclaimed. "My poor little pet! My sweet love!" And all the while he rained kisses on her brow, her eyelids, her lips. And all the while she clung to him, quivering with ecstasy. She did not want to escape, now. She lay in his arms like a bird in its nest.

"Kiss me!" he exclaimed, in the imperious tones of passion. "Kiss me! Speak to me! Call me by my name!"

She kissed him with clinging kisses, honey-sweet, fragrant as the jasmine's breath. And she looked at him with bright, loving, fearless eyes, from which all tears had passed. And she said, in a low voice like the coo of the doves that haunted her father's Idlechester garden, *made by Google*

"I love you, Raphael."

## SOCIAL LIFE IN MORAY, A CENTURY AND A HALF AGO.

BLESSED be the hands that preserve to aftertimes all sorts of interesting memoranda, letters, trifles, documents of the passing day, whether they illustrate the course of history, or social usages, or the business or the sports of country or district! In fifty years' time such notes and papers become very interesting, a hundred years later, most valuable to the historian or archæologist, and after the lapse of some centuries they become part and parcel of national treasures not to be parted with for any consideration.

In the archives of our old families lie neglected many curious pieces of information, which, if carefully copied and sent to magazines, or local newspapers, would greatly interest their readers, and contribute to the preservation of valuable material for history. Such good office has been done by E. Dunbar Dunbar, Esq., late Captain in 21st Fusiliers, for a north-eastern district of Scotland, under the circumstances thus described in the short preface to his valuable work:—\*

"When arranging the family papers at Duffus House, Gordonstown, and Lesmurdie Cottage, the residences respectively of my brother, Sir Archibald Dunbar, my cousin, Sir Alexander Gordon Cumming, and my kinsman, Captain James Stewart, I occasionally found documents which appeared to me to throw considerable light on old social life, or to be otherwise interesting, and which I therefore sent to the local press."

## THE WHEREABOUTS OF MORAY.

The province of Moray, to which the extracts chiefly refer, anciently included the counties of Murray or Elgin, and Nairn, and parts of Banff and Inverness. Looking on the map of Scotland the district is seen, traversed in a Northern direction by the Findhorn, West, and the Spey, East, these rivers towards the South being separated by the Monagh Lea (Gray Wood or Gray Bog) mountains. The soil generally is open and gravelly, with some deep loams and clays.

The coast running east and west, and the district thus facing the open Northern Sea, a casual map-inspector would be inclined to compassionate the inhabitants during the cold season; but they are not at all to be pitied. "The climate is mild and dry, and the county has been called the Devonshire of Scotland, the mountains of Aberdeenshire and Banffshire protecting it from the cold moist winds of the German Ocean."† West of the mouth of the Findhorn lie the sand dunes of Culbin (Fair Wood), occupying three square miles of extent, and some of them rising to the height of 118 feet. The chief products of this region are oats, wheat, and turnips; it exports grain, cattle, salmon, and timber. The inhabitants do not trouble themselves with manufactures of any extent except those of wool and malt liquors.

## EDUCATION.

The contents are subjected to a certain classification, the first subject being by right—EDUCATION. We are informed that King's College, Aberdeen, was the favoured Alma Mater of the youth of the province of Moray, the students being designated by the barbarous names of Bajans, Semies, Tertians, and Magistrands in succession, during their four years' stay in college. Dr. Reid, whose metaphysical works are still in favour, was elected in 1752 professor of moral philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen. He introduced some useful reforms, which, as we learn from the text, were afterwards neglected. The following extract is taken from a letter of his to Archibald Dunbar, Esq., of Newton, at Duffus:—

"Your concern that the behaviour of your sons be narrowly looked after is most natural. I can assure you that for some years past we have been using our best skill and application for that purpose. While the students were scattered over the town in private quarters, and might dis-

\* Social Life in Former Days, Chiefly in the Province of Moray. Illustrated by Letters and Family Papers. By E. Dunbar Dunbar, (late) Captain 21st Fusiliers. First and Second Series. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglass.

† Chambers's Cyclopædia—*Elginshire*.

pose of themselves as they pleased but at school hours, we found it impossible to keep them from low or bad company if they were so disposed. But they are on a very different footing since they lived within the college. We need but look out at our windows to see when they rise and go to bed. They are seen nine or ten times throughout the day stately by one or other of the masters. . . . They are shut up within walls by nine at night. We charge those that are trusty and diligent with the oversight of such as we suspect to be otherwise, and I verily believe there are few boys so narrowly lookt after, or so little exposed to temptations to vice at home as with us at present."

The expenses of college life were 50 merks\* per quarter at the first table, 40 shillings at second. A student paid 27 shillings for the season, his furniture being bedstead, tables, chimney grate, and fender, all other luxuries to be provided for by himself. The master's fee, was two guineas; that of the professors of Greek and philosophy, five shillings. Not very oppressive all this.

A letter from Dr. Falconar, Bishop of Moray, to Archibald Dunbar of Duffus, and dated Edinr, April 23rd, 1754, is characteristic. He scruples to recommend a Presbyterian tutor, and is no more loyal to George II. than is absolutely necessary.

"There is a young man, Mr. Alexr. Diack, just now governor to the master of Elphinstone's sons, who is well and fully recommended to me. . . . And as Mr. Elphinstone's sons have finished their home education, Mr. Diack leaves the family at Whitsunday next. He is a good scholar, of modest behaviour, and of virtuous character. He understands the learned languages, the French, mathematics, and writes a fine hand; so that so far I think he will fit your purpose. I believe he has not, nor, as I am informed, will he take the oaths, but I think you need not mind that qualification, as Mr. Elphinstone, who is an officer in the army, made no scruple as to that point, nor indeed does any gentleman in this country mind it at all, as they make those gentlemen who perform the part of pedagogues, pass under the name of clerk, or factor, or what they please. . . . He has twelve guineas a year where he now serves, and if he answers the good character I have heard of him, it will be money well laid out. I cannot in conscience recommend any of our new-fashioned blades. . . . So

I hope you will not take it amiss if I decline providing you in a Presbyterian Dominie or a Libertin Whig. I wish you and your family too well to do you such an ill offer."

The same gentleman, Archibald Dunbar, was evidently a considerate man. After entertaining a French master at his house, and allowing him a guinea a quarter for each of his five pupils, he declares that "any person of tolerable taste or skill in the French language will feel that there never will be such another man in his way in our country."

The good opinion which dancing masters, in later times appear to have entertained of themselves is either instinctive, or else was handed down to them from Mr. William Badhame, whose receipt to one of Lord Duffus's sons runs thus:—

"I William Badhame, dancing master in Edinburgh, be the tenor hereof, grant me to have received from Master James Sutherland, Advocat, the sum of fiftie pounds, Scots money, in full contentation and satisfaction for all due me for dancing on account of Mistris Elizabeth Sutherland, his sister, preceeding the date of thir presents. And by thir presents it is provided that in case the said Mistris Elizabeth shall at any time happen to come where I, the said William Badhame shall at any time be teaching dancinge, I oblidge myself upon the payment of sixteen pounds Scots, to perfect her, oblidging myself and my heirs to warrand thir presents good, valid, and effectuell of all that I can clame of the said Mrs. Elizabeth Sutherland, any manner of way, at all hands and against all deadly as law will. Consentin thir presents be insert and restrat in the books of council or session, or in any other Judge's Court books compitent within this realme, therein to remain ad futuram rei memoriam and constituts . . . my prors, &c.

"In witness whereof (wryten by George Keith writer in Edinburgh), I have subscribed thir presents in Edinburgh, the eightentday of Septer, Javij (1700) and four years, before witnesses, James Donaldson, merchant in Edinburgh and the said George Keith wryter hereof.

"WM. BADHAM."

"J. Donaldson, witness.  
Geo. Keith, witness.

If the great Mons. Mocquard or the greater Herr Bismark, wished to

\* The English mark was 13s. 4d., and as the Scotch shilling was only worth an English penny, the Aberdeen merk was consequently only 1s. 1½d.

incapacitate the other by a written document from doing his master any injury, could he have used more comprehensive or binding language? It is to be feared that the fee mentioned in next document (a governess's proposal) is to be measured by Scots', not by sterling money.

"TO THE MUCH HONOURED, THE LADY THUNDERTOWN—These:

"*Ranes, Huntley, Jan. 30, 1710.*

"MADAM: Robert Gordon has writ now twice to my father as (by your Ladyship's desire as I suppose) concerning me, if I be willing and fit for your service. In his last he desires I should writ to your Ladyship to show that I can sow white and coloured seam, dress head-suits, play on the Treble and Gambo, Viol, Vêginelles, and Manicords, which I can do, but on no other. He (her father) desires to know what fie (fee) I would have, which is threttie pound, and Gown, and Coat, or then fourtie, and Shoes, and Linnens, which is for a year. If those terms please your Ladyship, I am content to serve for half-a-year conform to try if I please your Ladyship. I expect an answer with the first occasion, and I am, Madam, your most humble servant,

"JEAN CHEIN."

#### THINGS MEDICAL.

We should very much like to see a letter or bill from any surgeon-apothecary (if such title exist) now in good practice at Elgin, to compare with the following mandates of Baillie Innes, who flourished there early in eighteenth century. How the student accustomed to the freaks and exploits of "Balbus et Ego," will turn up his nose at the books popular in 1711! The note is written to Mr. Archbald Dunbar of Thundertown, then on a visit in Edinburgh, and already burdened with commissions. It is dated 1705.

"DEAR SIR:—After my humble duty to your lady and sweet self I presume to give you the trouble to bestowe the inclosed thre shillings on ane book for my Jamie's use which can not be got nearer than Edinburgh. Its neam is John Leusden's Collections of the New Testament in Greek, done into thirty six lessons with the Analysis. I am told its prys is betwixt half ane croune and fourty pence, but if it be more pray send it. Withall if you have recovered payment of the Countess of Seafield of the twentie shilling she owed me, be pleased likewise to buye for me and send me by the bearer, 'Etmullerus his works compendised and Englihed,' the last editions

which I am told is ane most excellent marrowish piece of phisik, and is bought for about seven shillings English. . . . .

"ROB. INNES."

If mention had occurred three half centuries since, in a Scotch romance of a Baillie-apothecary commissioning a member of one of the first families of his county, to get payment of his little bill from a countess, and therewith buy a copy of that unremembered work *Etmullerus*, the author would probably undergo a merciless mobbing from the critics. It is probable that the practice of *phisik* has undergone some modifications since 1711 when Rob. Innes thus comforts and advises the "Laird of Thundertoun att Duffus" on the subject of his lady then in an interesting state—

"SIR:— . . . . If your lady's true and full tyme be come, I have sent ane hysteric cordial julep, which is provoking, and whereof she may take a third pairt when it comes, and the other third pairt (if she is not delivered in the tym), two hours thereafter, and what remains two hours after that. In the meintym let her walk, and take snuff, or what may provoke snezing. I wish her ane happie hour and safe deliverie, and continues still, sir, yours affectionately,

"ROB. INNES."

The good apothecary's wishes seem to have been fulfilled either by the agency of the hysteric julep, or the *snezing* article, for we find him soon after dispatching plumbcake, and sugar-bisket. He warrants them well done, and promises a visit at *thrie* in the afternoon.

Mr. Innes is as quaint and amusing when administering relief to "your daughter Bettie" as when his cares are directed to her mother.

§ "SIR:—Please receive seven small gilded pills in ane little box, whereof your daughter Bettie is to swallow five in the morning by themselves, tumbling them doune her throat with ane mouthful of cold ale, either one by one, or two together as she best can. And if this begin not to work two hours after taking them, lett her swallow doune the other two—observing ane phisical dyet all day. I mein keeping warm and dyning on fresh broath, and when disposed to drink, let it be table ale well warmed, and I am, sir, yours affectionately,

"ROB. INNES."

Kenneth MacKenzie, Chyr. Aporie (surgeon-apothecary), though resident

in Elgin, does not seem as disinterested a man of medicine as Baillie Rob. His bill is here quoted though no allusion is made to such a proceeding on the part of Dr. Innes. Kenneth's little bill amounts to £39 13s. Scots, and includes various items, of which we quote a few, the billed patient being the Laird of Thundertoun—

|                                                       | lbs.* | ss. | d. |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-------|-----|----|
| "Ane plaister for his cook, .                         | 10    | 0   |    |
| Phlebotomie of him (the cook) . . . . .               | 12    | 0   |    |
| Ane bottle bitters for his lady, . . . . .            | 10    | 0   |    |
| Three ounces hungary water camphorat for yourselfe, . | j†    | 14  | 0  |
| Ane bottle julep for your lady, . . . . .             | 3     | 4   | 0  |
| Ane hynotik (sleepy potion) for her . . . . .         | 7     | 0   | ." |

We do not like Dr. Walker's style at all, he is too intent on saying smart things, so smart as to be at times all but unintelligible; *e.g.* :—

"If you broil over the fire and fry the backs of your hams, he who mends your chilliness must change the comedians of natural things as far as you are concerned."

#### PRICES OF PROVISIONS.

From Captain Dunbar we learn that in the remote time with which we are concerned, "dealers in grain, meat," &c., were not allowed to charge, except at such rates as had been allowed by legal authority. Here is a portion of a proclamation to that effect.

"Att forres (see *Macbeth*), the seventeenth day of May, 1699, the Commissioners of Supply of the Sherifdome of Elgin, appoynted by Act of Council the last day of March last by post for stateing and setting the pryces of victual within the said shyre, &c., . . . have stated and settled, and hereby states and settles the highest pryces of the best victual and meal to be as follows."

There is no remarkable difference between the statute prices here mentioned and the valuation in our own days. It was to continue in

force for half a year, the mandate ending in this ungrammatical style.

"The said Commissioners ordained and ordains thir presents to be published at all the parish kirks of the said shyre, to be read this nixt Lord's day after devine service, and doubles thereof to be sent to the magistrates of the burghs within the shyre, to be by them proclaimed at their mercat-croces. This present settlement to take effect—and ordains the same to be recorded in the sederunt book of the said Commissioners, that none may pretend ignorance."

#### POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS, TRAVELLING, INN-KEEPERS' BILLS.

In 1700 the newspapers current in the province of Moray were the *Flying Post* and *Edinburgh Gazette* published twice a week, the post-master general "oblidging" himself to send them with punctuality. It would appear that numbers were not attached to houses in any of our great cities in the early part of the 18th century, otherwise we should not have fallen in with such grotesque directions as the following :—

"for

"Mr Archbald Dumbar of Thundertoun, to be left at Capt. Dumbar's writing chamber at the iron revell (rail, *qu.*), third storie below the cross, north end of the close at Edinr."

"for

"Mrs Mary Stowell of Whiteaker's in St. Andrew street, next door, save one to the blew balcony, near the sun dyal, near long aiker, London."

The clerks in the post office would make a grievous mistake occasionally as appears in an Edinburgh letter addressed to a Morayshire gentleman, 15th Aug., 1755.

"There is no news, our Edinburgh Mail being returned in a mistake for the London Mail, and vice versa."

It occupied only two days and a half in last century to go from Edinburgh to London. With the agreeable advantage (as the advertisement stated) of travelling mostly by daylight. Forty years since it required a day to bring a traveller from Dublin to Enniscorthy, say 60 miles.

\* The word *Pound* has come to be applied to a sum which represents neither a pound of silver nor copper. The Romans divided a pound (12 oz.) of silver into 240 Denari, each of which of course was worth 3 of our pennies (8, taking the comparative value of money under the Romans into account).

† One pound Scots.



We find from tavern bills that sack was a favourite drink with gentlemen and aquavitæ not despised, the term whiskey not being yet introduced. A pint of burnt wine or aquavitæ cost 2s. 10d. or 3s., and the landladies were not uniform in their spelling.

#### FISHING, PRESSING, AND SMUGGLING.

The great proprietors whose lands lay by sea-shore or river-bank, employed fishermen, provided them with salt, and then purchased the fish. The takes were generally abundant and the commodity found ready purchasers among the Continental Roman Catholics. As may be supposed a fishing adventure excited great interest. We take an illustration from a letter to the "Laird off Thunderton," with "Heast, heast!" on the outside.

"SIR:—You will not I hope be displeased when I tell you that Watt Stronoch, this forenoon, killed eighteen hundred salmon and grilse; but it is my misfortune that the boat is not yet returned from Inverness (nose or cape harbour), and I want salt. Therefore by all the ties of friendship send me on your own horses eight barrels of salt or more. . . . This in great heast from, dear Archie, yours,

"HARRIE INNES.

"I know not but they may kill as many before two in the morning, for tell then I have the Raick, and tomorrow the Pott.\* These twenty years past such a run was not, as has been these two past days in so short a time. Therefore heast, heast! spare not horse hyre. I would have sent my own horses, but they are all in the hill for peatta. Adieu, dear Archie."

The stranding of four whales in November, 1729, caused great excitement and much ado about converting their throat-brushes into whalebone, and their blubber into the oil of commerce. However, through mismanagement, the lairds who undertook the speculation lost £5513s. 11d. on an outlay of £168 8s. 10½d.

Press-gangs were not so much dreaded in the district, as there was a regulation that every sea-coast proprietor should deliver one out of every six of his fishermen for the service of the Government in time of war.

These being given up, protections were granted to the rest.

In Ireland during great part of last century wine was not highly taxed, and much of it was drunk. It was different in Moray. So the lairds connived at smuggling, and sometimes were directly concerned in it. We find Alexr. Erskine, *tydsurveyor* at Inverness, seizing seven casks of red wine in the cellar of William Crombie, vintner, in Elgin. Seizure being made, the officer gave up one key to Archibald Dunbar of Thunderton, keeping the other, but next day on returning he found one lock hanging off, Dunbar's fast on, and on entry being made, the seven casks filled with water tinted with red.

Great uproar ensued, and legal proceedings taken against laird and inn-keeper. Charles Eyre, solicitor for her Majesty's Customs in Scotland was the prosecutor, but he was as weak where sack was concerned as the immortal Falstaff himself. Ludovic Brodie, employed by the culprits, was well aware of his foible, and brought his clients out of the scrape at small cost. He thus writes to Thunderton:—

"Your affair with the exchequer has been advysed, and the bills are ordered to be re-delyvered, you peaying the officers costs who seized the wines—three or four guineas besyde what may be claimed for information-getting. . . . This matter has stood the most drinking (and also some considerable charges) that ever I drunk in any other, for tho Eyre be a Gentlemanie, prettie little fellow yet he drinks like a d—l, and I have had many sore heads with him."

#### ONE BAD WOMAN IN ELGINSHIRE.

The province of Moray was not exempt from the presence of extravagant wives no more than the kingdoms of Fife and Kerry. We quote a proclamation, issued against Katharine MacKenzie, spouse of James Dunbar of Inshbrok (badgers' or trouts' island), and appointed to be read at the "Mercat Croces of Elgin and flores":—

"Charles be the Grace &c., ffornameikle as it is humbly meined and shown to us be Our lovit James Dunbar of Inshbrok, that Katharine MacKenzie his spouse having

\* Two famous pools in the Spey.

casten off the fear of God, &c., daylie spends, abuses, and waists the said complainer his substance, and takes on debts and sowmes of money, which the said complainer is unable to pay, and sels and hypothecats (pledges) his household plenishing, whilk will tend to the ruin of himself, his wife, and children, and the little fortune whilk it has pleased God to bestow upon him, without remeid be provided as is alledged.

"OUR WILL IS THEREFOR . . . that incontinent thir our letters seen, ye inhibite the said Katharine MacKenzie, that she on nawayes sell, despone, hypothecat, nor put away any of the said complainer's plenishing, geir, abulziements, nor others pertaining to him. . . . and that ye inhibite be open proclamation at the mercat crooses of our burghs of Elgin and Forres, our leidges, so that they nor none of them presume to take or receave be dispositione or hypothecatione fra the said Katharine MacKenzie, any of the said complainer's household plenishing, abulziements, . . . nor yet lend to her sowmes of money upon bond, ticket, accompt, or otherwayes, nor furnish to her wine, aill, acquavite, brandee, baiken meat, nor other liquors (sic). . . . And the said complainer shall not be holdin to pay any debts, . . . after the publicatione of thir presents. . . . Given under our signet at Edinburgh, the third day of September, and of our reign the threttie fift yeir, 1683.\*

"*Ex deliberatione dominorum concilii.*"

"AND. YOUNG."

#### SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

Soldiers and constables were not abundant in Moray in the first half of the eighteenth century. The sheriff-depute of Elgin having to despatch to Inverness, in the early part of 1745, a woman accused of infanticide, ordered Alexander Petriken to summon twenty-two farmers, or farmers' servants, and at their head to conduct to the town of Nairn the said prisoner. They obeyed, and after getting a receipt from the "Sheriff Deput" of that town, and refreshing themselves, returned home. The Sheriff Depute of Nairn then forwarded the accused under a similar guard to Inverness, the tolbooth of which was surely a place of little ease to the wretched inmates.

Even as late as 1786, as we find by a declaration of the provost, magistrates, and town council of that Highland capital, there were only two

cells for criminals, and one miserable room for civil debtors; that these were only 13 feet square, and that there were commonly thirty persons in confinement. The considerate officials just named addressed an urgent appeal to the gentlemen of the northern counties for means to erect a suitable court-house and prison. They guaranteed five hundred pounds as their own contributions out of the fifteen hundred required. Captain Dunbar does not inform us whether the appeal was successful or not.

Little coal was then used in Moray, turf ("peats"), as in much of the interior area of Ireland, doing duty, and more healthy duty, too, by the inhabitants of castle and cottage. A supply of turf by tenants to their landlords formed one of the conditions in most leases.

Were it not that the clergyman (mentioned by Captain Dunbar) who wrote the following recommendation signed himself Will Leslie, we would guess him to be Rev. Sydney Smith's Great Grandfather.

"To all his Majesty's loving subjects, who can feel for a fellow sinner in distress, I beg to certify that the bearer, W. J. is the son of my old bellman, a man well known in this neighbourhood for his honest poverty and excessive sloth, and the son has inherited a full share of the father's poverty, and a double portion of his indolence. I cannot say that the bearer has many active virtues to boast of, but he is not altogether unmindful of scriptural injunctions, having striven, and with no small success, to replenish the earth, though he has done but little to subdue the same. It was his misfortune to lose his cow lately from too little care and too much berechaff; and that walking skeleton, which he calls his horse, having ceased to hear the oppressor's voice or dread the tyrants' load, the poor man has now no means of repairing his loss but the skins of the defunct, and the generosity of a benevolent public, whom he expects to be stimulated to greater liberality by this testimonial from their's, with respect,

"WILL LESLIE."

#### SPELLING AND COMPOSITION AS PRACTISED BY LADIES OF RANK.

Lady Margaret, daughter of Isobell, Countess of Seaforth, was married to James, second Lord Duffus. This nobleman having slain William Ross of Little Kindean, was obliged to fly

\* Charles II. dated his reign, of course, from the year of his father's execution.

the country, and abide privily in London till his pardon could be obtained. Subjoined is a letter of consolation addressed to him by his mother-in-law, in large, well formed characters.

"FOR MY LORD DUFFUS,—

"THEY,

"*Chanori, 8th Apryll, 1688.*

"MY DEAR DUFFUS:—We are mightily afayed of your health, and has sent this express to conjure you to be cairfull. As for what is done, Lord pardon you the sin of it, but no man thinks ye could have done less, or that ye could have born with what ye met with. I pray you have a cair of yourself, and goe on to doe your business, and let us know wher or to whom we shal derect your leters while ye are at Court. I think to my Keny (her son Kenneth) when ye are at London. Ye may write to Megg (his lady) with every oca-tion, to give her assurance of your health which she will still be doubting. We all think, and Siddy (MacKenzie of Suddy), who has better skill in such affairs, that after all the provocations ye met with, yet that it was in self defence what ye did for Certinly ye had been killed if it had not fallen out as it did. . . . Be careful of yourself for Megg's Caws and the babye. Many a one has fallen in such ane accedent warse than your circumstances was, yet has been at peace with God and all the world, and lived very happily for all that: The Lord's peace be with you. . . . I am your affectionat Mother,

"ISOBELL SEAFORT."

The letter of his wife is redolent of affection and deep feeling, but the spelling is so outrageously ludicrous that it throws an air of caricature over a picture of domestic virtue, and attachment.

The ladies of that day would not, of course, scruple to be present at a comedy of Congreve's or Wycherley's, nor blush very deeply at the hearing of a *double entendre*, nor lay down a book which no Christian parents of our day would allow their children to take up. The Duchess of Gordon, daughter of Dean Swift's "Earl of Peterboro'" thus wrote concerning a translation of the *Ars Amoris* of Ovid.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND:—I am glad the

'Art of Love' pleases you. I thought it very prety, and did not imagine a subject of that nature could be so modestly (!) expressed, as to be of so good use to us ladys as it really is."

The novels sent by the Duchess to her friends were the "Force of Friendship," the "Princess of Cleves," "Don Carlos," all of French origin.

From a letter of Miss Anne Stewart, dated 1723, we learn something of gay life in Edinburgh,—life not enjoyed without some misgivings and scruples.

"They have got an assembly at Edinburgh, where every Thursday they meet, and dance from four o'clock to eleven at night. It is half-a-crown the ticket, and whatever tea, coffee, chocalate, biscuit, &c., they call for, they must pay for as the managers direct, and they are the Countess of Panmure, Lady Newhall, the President's Lady, and the Lady Drummeller. The ministers are preaching against it, and say it will be another horn-order.\* It is an assembly for dancing only."

We quote the following letter of Lady Ann Dunbar to the Lady Thundertoun for the sake of our lady-readers; loyal subjects in matters of fashion to the Empresses of France and Austria. We do not profess to understand it—will they?

" . . . . Now for trifels. It was a great mistake when I wrote you—'No new fashions!' Mrs. Carlton has severals, all of which I am to have the looking-att, and patterns when next we meet. The morning caps are worn extremely full in the border and full behind, the hair and wiggs still curled. Lady Force's cap last from Edinburgh, the flowered lawn, the very newest fashion at London. All plain silk night-gowns worn with different coloured sattens sewed on the breast and aleeves, almost like Miss Brodie's yalla gown but not pucked, velvet clokes laced round with black lace, and made a little longer than they are here, and newer than capuhins, (capuchins, qu.)"

Abundant trimming was as dear to the ladies of 1763 as to those of 1867. Thus writes the Countess of Moray to Miss Dunbar at Mrs. Glase's, Edinburgh.

"Bespeak from Mrs. Fife as much of the green and purple as will trim a gown. She

\* In the Waverley Novels we have found the words "horning" and "caption," probably meaning the outlawing of a person, after the blowing of a horn at the "Mercat Crose," and then the capturing of him. But surely the Lady patronesses or the respectable man who owned the rooms would not have the indignity of horning (horrible word!) inflicted on them.

will know the quantity, but as I am of the broad and tall growth, she will make and send six yards more than the comen quantity, with a dozen and a half or two dozen of tassels. I would not have any gimp in them, but just the green and purple silk mixed."

#### THE ILL CONSEQUENCES OF CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

Harrie Innes of Innes, an ancestor of the present Duke of Roxburgh, despised in his heart a certain Presbyterian minister of Elgin, who so heartily hated the observance of holidays, Christmas included, that he paid domiciliary visits in order to detect the presence of a Christmas-goose. On December 23, 1702, he thus addressed Mr. Archibald Dunbar, "off Thunderton att Elgin."

"DEAR ARCHIE:—I am not so great a fool as to make feasts that wise men may eat them, nor yet so great a Presbyterian, but I can eat a leg of a goose, and play at umber (ombre) on Yool day. If you will come out here on Thursday's night, the doctor, and you, and I shall be as merry as we can, and if you bring Mess Jon (the Episcopal Clergyman, *qs.*) to be fool in the familie, and make us laugh, you shall have your revenge off your lost fifteen shillings, and mightily oblige your obliged friend and humble servant,  
"HARRIE INNES."

#### YOUNG GENTLEMEN BOUND APPRENTICES.

Before offices in India and our other colonial possessions became available for the young sons of the Scotch nobility, several of them served regular apprenticeships to merchants. Captain Dunbar has copied into his valuable collection the indentures of George Gordon, son of Sir Ludovic Gordon, who was grandson of the Earl of Sutherland, and direct descendant of Margaret, daughter of "The Bruce." The youth was bound to Mr. Robert Blaikwood, merchant, in Edinburgh, and by the deed of apprenticeship, engaged to make good to his master two pennies for every one lost by his neglect, and to serve him two days after his term for every one spent away from his business without the master's consent. Moreover, if he broke the laws of God, through desire of his neighbour's wife

or daughter (justly designated in the bond as a filthy crime), he was to serve the said Blaikwood three years after the expiration of the five covenanted for. In the instance quoted, George Gordon proved himself a leal and God-fearing youth, and Mr. Blaikwood got no extra service for nothing.

#### THE CLASSICS IN ELGIN.

We learn from our trustworthy authority, that there was a considerable import and export trade in the North of Scotland two hundred years since. Wine and other foreign produce were largely imported, and the mighty mass of exports included Aberdeen and Elgin plaiding, beef, salt hides, alumed leather, salmon, tallow, winter fox-skins, otter ditto, old brass and old copper. An Elgin firm, consisting of Sir James Calder of Muirtown, William King of Newmiln, and others, carried on a most extensive business.

Notwithstanding the lawless spelling so liberally practised, the merchants of the Moray burghs were not without considerable literary attainments. Captain Dunbar quotes a Macaronic poem relative to the conferring of some jocular degree on Mr. William Sutherland, Elgin merchant, familiarly known as Bogsie, which goes a long way to prove that he and his brother men in business were respectable Latinists.

"Viri Humani, salsi, et faceti, Gulielmi Sutherland, Multarum Artium et Scientiarum Doctoris Doctissimi Diploma.\*

"Ubique gentium et terrarum †  
From Sutherland to Padanarum,  
From those who have six months of day

Ad caput usque bonæ Spei, ‡  
And farther yet si forte tendat,  
Ne ignorantiam quis pretendat, §  
We Doctors of the merry meeting  
To all and sundry do send greeting,  
Ut omnes habeant compertum  
Per hanc presentem nostram chartam,  
Gulielmum Sutherlandum, Scotum,  
At home per nomen *Bogsie* notum,  
In multis artibus versatum,  
Nunc factum esse doctoratum.

\* The Diploma of the kind, witty, and facetious gentleman, William Sutherland, most learned Doctor of many arts and sciences.

† To every people and country.

‡ Even to the headland of the Good Spay.

§ If (space) farther extends. Lest anyone pretend ignorance.

Quoth Preses strictum post examen,  
'Nunc esto Doctor;' we said 'Amen!'

He vies if sober with Duns Scotus  
Sed multo magis si sit potus.†  
In disputando just as keen is  
Calvin, John Knox, or T. Aquinas  
In every question of theology,  
Versatus multus in trickologie  
Et in catalogis librorum ‡  
Frazer could never stand before him."

To a poem of considerable length was added the form of conferring the diploma. The new graduate drinking off a bumper and turning the glass down on his thumb nail was embraced by the jolly society, and the ceremony concluded by a short Latin glee.

#### HOW THE ELGIN BAILLIES REFRESHED THEMSELVES.

The wise town council of Elgin were not fond of dry conferences. We find Kenneth MacKenzie furnishing them with a bill of £268 17s. Scots, on 2nd of January, 1693. It would appear that the Provosts and Bailies could not ingadge Mr. John Mackean as schoolmaster without sacrificing ane pint of seck and ane gill of brandy; and on the conclusion of the bargain, ane pynt of claret, nea gill of brandee, and a pennie for pyps and T (*tobacco*). On proclaiming King William and Queen Mary they consumed four pynts of wyn claret. Kenneth charged them with 16 pynts at the townes bonfier, and 8 glasses broke ther. The fifteenth day of May they had to pawn their credit for 6 chopins (quarts) of mumbire (mulled beer, *qu.*) when entertaining the Provost, Bailies, and Sir Robert Gordone; and when the oath of alegence was tendered to the magistrates and the sheriff depute, "three chopins of seck" were found necessary to wash it down.

Besides these libations the common counsel was made amenable for "thrie pynts of bire," on one occasion, and on others for orang and lemon piels, cordecitron, sundry

chopyns of wyn and brandie, with foure unces of syrope of clovegilliflor, seven muchkins off allacants, and two muchkins of secke, the worthy Kenneth occasionally varying his spelling of the same word, but never by any chance hitting on the one now in use.

#### SMALL BEER CHRONICLES OF THE TOWN COUNCIL.

The heads of the corporation were as unskilful at working a *spel* as their tapster. We do not object to the mode of spelling adopted at any era and in any locality, but we expect uniformity in the practice. Thus they write to their treasurer to disburse some necessary charges.

"WILLIAM ROSE, TREASURER;

"Pay to the toun's officers for attending the sklaeters in repaireing of the church, and for chargeing the toun's people to red the run of Tayock (clear a water course, (?), and for guarding the marshall at the whiping of John Young's woeman (wife), fiftie sax shillings, Scots money (4s. 8d. sterling; very moderate demand). As also gieve the Marshall twentie shillings, Scots money, beysds what ye have advanced for tows (whip lashes) to him for whiping Jon Young's woeman. And theis are your warrant, given at Elgin, 5 July, 1693.

"JO. RUSSELL.  
ROB. INNES."

Our authority has not been able to ascertain the offence for which "Jon Young's woeman" was made a gazing stock and crying scandal. Were "the good old times" really quite so good as we are accustomed to fancy?

The burghers of Elgin were not devoid of "bowels of compassion" the above ghastly spectacle notwithstanding. George Hay, drummer to the burgh, being much stressed, and "threatened to prison ffor debts restand be me to them" for house mealls, &c., requested their Honors to come to his aid with part of his fees, including repairs of the "drum-heads broken on fryday's night by the rable of the said burgh of Elgin." Here are the minutes of the council—

\* That all may be assured by this our present charter that William Sutherland, Scot (by birth), known at home by the name *Bogsie*, and skilled in many arts, is now created Doctor. Said the President, after a strict examination, "Be then Doctor."

† But much more so if in liquor.

‡ Much practised in trickologie, and in catagues (cataloguing) of books.

§ The spelling in this account is copied from the original.

|| Pints Scots, we assume.

as honourable to them, as comforting to the breast of the poor drummer.

"30 Octr. 1693. The counsell appoynts the suplicant to compt with the thesurer before Baillie Russell, and to make report the next counsell-day.

"*Elgin ij Dec. 1693.* Baillie Russell reported that after compting with the suplicant, there is found resting to him, preceding Mertinmas last, 1693, the soun of fourtie-two pounds, eight shillings, four pennies, which the thesurer is appoynted to pay to him, and in tym coming, is appoynted pay to him eight pounds at each quarter's end.

"ROBERT ANDERSON,  
*Clk. at Command of the Counsell."*

The next transaction illustrates the system of pressing horses for the use of the troops. Four men, apparently constables, represent that they are cuffed and nearly killed by the soldiers when they cannot procure them horses in a moment, and are hated by the people, and yet cannot get their fees, nor their "stateter" meals, nor what will keep shoues to their feet." Yet they are only ordered twenty shillings Scots (1s. 8d. sterling) each, and fourteen shillings Scots, to the marshall (public whipper).

John Sinclair merchant of Elgin deputed to "journey throw" the kingdom of Scotland to collect money for improving the harbour of Lossie, had much trouble to defend himself from charges of extravagance, neglect, loitering, &c. Mr. Wm. Robertson master of the grammar school at Elgin, and apparently very popular, was called by the presbytery of the same town to subscribe their confession of faith. Having an objection to one or two of the items he thought better to send in his resignation to the town council. His letter does credit to his memory as a conscientious man, and one that spelled his English very creditably.

POETIC AND PROSE COMPOSITIONS—NOT ARNOLD'S.

Apollo seems to have not been more liberal to the epithalamium-writers of Moray, than to some Irish school-masters or the laureates of Moses and Sons. Will Whytte thus addressed Archibald Dunbar of Thundertoun,

and the pious, virtuous, and comlie Mrs. Rebeca Adamsons, now Mrs. Dunbar.

"Appollo come, and help me up the hill  
Of Helicon, that I may dip my quile  
Into its font, the fair Castalian streame,  
That I may wreate upon this worthy  
thesame,  
Upon the nuptials of them-good gallant  
paire  
Whose qualities are truly fine and rare.  
He is a sparke—neat, comlie, lovelie,  
good;  
In Albion ther's non of better blood.  
Now for to speake the due praise of  
his ladie,  
Her fame for good is broade and wyde  
alreadie.  
Her lovie face and her sweet pleasant  
eyes  
The best of men to love her might  
entice.  
Modest and meeke, frugal, wise, that  
is shee,  
Of common\* vice being altogether  
free.  
Now with what joy what pleasure and  
delight  
May them, briak paire goe leive both  
day and night!  
For briak Dunbare, the Laird of Thun-  
dertoun,  
Is a brave sparke of honour and re-  
nounge."

Captain Dunbar quotes some capital begging letters for which we cannot find place. Gavin Skeoch, the writer of the following, was in a rather hard case for a Highland man (as we presume he was), whose "passion is so near him."

"TO SIR ALEXANDER DUNBAR AT  
DUFFES.

"*Elgin Tolboth, Mays 18th, 1780.*

"HONBLE SIR;

"I had the misforton of giving a cheape to a man's nose in this please: he has given me a right to a stout dryy roum that one drop of reen has not touched me these tuo days. This day a court was hold on me, and fined in five shelings, and jeloris, which I am not able to pay. Pray, sir, be so good as to write any of your acquaintanss to relieve me, and your servant shall be ever oblidged.

"I shall direckly com a longe with your servant, and worke till you be cleaired of what the damage is, sir.

"GAVIN SKEOCH."

\* Defend us from our friends! The phrase ill-naturedly construed might imply the existence of uncommon vice in the subject, an idea a thousand miles away from the brain of the poor poet.

## THING'S CLERICAL.

Mr. Alexander Duff was appointed minister of Creich, the inhabitants of which knew no more English than he did Gaelic. Under these circumstances he renounced his cure and its privileges, but it is odd that the appointing synod did not take into account at an earlier hour the obvious necessity of a common language. Here is the extract from the Synod book.

"AT DORNACH,  
the 31st of August, 1623,

"Whilk day Mr. Alexander Duff, present titular of the Kirk of Creich, finding himself altogether unfit to serve at the said Kirk, because of his want of the Yrisch (Gaelic) toung, and the whole peopill having no other language, friellie dimittes, and overgoes all richt and tittell, that he has of the said Kirk; Likeas thir present Synod in respect of his non residence at the said Kirk, and want of the Yrisch language to serve the same, removes and transportes him from the said Kirk and cure thairof. And this present Synod having a Cair for the said Mr. Alexander that he be not altogether castin louse, ordaines that he shall imploy his talent at the Kirk of Kilmalie, at the whilk there is some that has the Scotische language, until the said Mr. Alexander be elswhair planted at ane uther Kirk. And for the mor Corroboratione of the said act, and his Consent thairto, he has subscriyvit the same.

"EXTRACT . . . the fyfteith  
day of November 1623.

(Signed) "MR. ALEXR. CUMING  
"Clerk to the Synod."

There is a very interesting correspondence extracted from the originals, in which the notorious Simon Lord Lovat bears a prominent part all connected with the election of a minister. Such writing of letters by Lovat and others, such canvassing, such interference by titled ladies, such treating of, and hospitality shown to ministers coming from a distance! Lord Lovat's letters, written on gilt paper and provided with envelopes, show a masterly hand in composition, not of course without oddities. Whenever he wishes to compliment any member of the presbytery, he calls him a "pretty fellow."

Some obloquy was cast on the Rev. Alexander Murray, the successful candidate in this case for Duffus, by a report that he had given secret information against the loyal gen-

tlemen of the "Forty-five," when they were in trouble. Some exculpatory letters were addressed to the Patron in his behalf,—one of a Roman Catholic priest among the number.

"ACHANASTY, June 5th, 1748.

"SIR:—Being told that Mr. Alexander Murray, some time helper in the parish of Keith, is by his enemies accused of having informed against the poor gentlemen in distress after the battle of Culloden, I who lived in the same parish, and was in distress, do certify that he was so averse from such ways of doing, that as far as it consisted with his own safety, he was willing or able to assist them. So that he is aspersed most maliciously, and without any grounds by his enemies, and you may have this for a certain truth. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"ALEXANDER GODSMAN."

William Paterson and William Stodhart, who had been at enmity with Mr. Murray, sent in their testimony to his kindness and good offices towards themselves when in trouble.

We find that the burgh of Elgin was in a state of spiritual destitution for some time—no pastor, no sacred functions discharged, and no ordained minister to whom application was made was found ready to enter the old burgh as its spiritual director. The uncertainty of an adequate provision was no doubt the cause. We find a letter written by Dr. Gadderar, Bishop of Aberdeen, to William King of Newmill, in which he insists upon the necessity of a decent provision for the clergyman of Elgin.

Mr. Bowyer, minister of Duffus dying in 1748, several curious applications were made to the patron, Archibald Dunbar. We should be sorry to think, however, that the candidate who offered to "marry any particular friend or relation" had many competitors so low, selfish, and sordid as himself.

The treatment of some miserable old women (looked on as witches) by the cannie folk of Pittenweem was so barbarous and disgraceful to humanity that we have not courage to go into the particulars. Neither have we space for the troublesome and affecting incidents attending the rebellions of 1715, 1745. Among the complaints addressed by the gentlemen of the country to their correspondents are frequent outbursts of

indignation against the Highlanders for intromitting with meal-arks, swine, cows, &c., but no ill-treatment of women or murder in cold blood.

POSSER ET FORCEUR JUS.

Relics of Feudalism endured till late times in the Moray, and under repulsive forms. We prefer to give the following in the words of Captain Dunbar:—

"Until the year 1747 every laird whose lands had been erected into a barony, was empowered to hold courts for the trial and punishment of offenders within his barony, and a dempster (hangman) was part of the laird's staff. At Gordonsdown, however, a gallows was considered an unnecessary expense, as the Loch of Spynie was but a mile from the house. In the case after quoted, the sentence was put into execution, and the said Janet went down execrating curses on her persecutors."

Alexander Young, wiver (weaver), of Drany, did accuse Janet Grant of taking two webs out of his house, one of Satinisgobe, and one other of Dornick; also two webs of linen, and also his money chest, which she did break open in the field, and therefrom took sundry rex-dollars, &c. Being taken red-handed with the webs, the Barron Court of the Right Worshipful Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonsdown was holden at Drany by John Gordon his Baillie, who nominated fourteen tenants as assysers (jurors, ?); and these having heard the case and the confession of the wretched woman, went into a room, and delivered their sealed "verdict" through their chancellor into the hands of the judge, who thereupon passed sentence, which was, that Janet should be taken back to prison, and thence on the next day be conducted to Loch Spynie, and there between the hours of two and four in the afternoon, drowned dead, which sentence was carried out to the letter on August 28, 1679, the poor wretch dying with curses on her tongue.

Our authority takes occasion in the second part of his work to declare that he would not have coveted the honour of a partnership with any nobleman in Moray in the matter of herrings, in the early part of last century Ludovic Gordon merchant in Elgin having grievously suffered from a partnership with Sir William Gordon of Inver Gordon, in the year

1712. There being £800 Scots due to the merchant, he called at his noble partner's house to adjust accounts, and receive payment. Instead thereof, as he afterwards swore, the nobleman and his servants violently fell on him, tore off his "cloaths," got him down to the ground, and by plain "southreiff and robbery did bereave him of all his writes and papers," the most part whereof concerned the partnership. The poor man applied for redress to the Supreme Court of Scotland, but Sir William being a member of Parliament they had no jurisdiction.

We have not been able to touch several subjects treated of in these amusing volumes, the chief being inter-relations of the head families—office of the Heritable Sheriff of Moray, the Incorporated Trades of Elgin, Parliamentary Expenses and Politics, Funerals and Funeral Letters, the power of the Earl of Sutherland, Submission of the Northern Clans to George III., Feuds between powerful families, Letters from the Courts of James VI. and Charles I., Church Discipline, Dresses and Marriage Preparations, Gipsies, Household Expenses, and Raising Men for the Army. In the Elgin elections we find Bailies and other eminent men kidnapped, carried over sea to Sutherland, and feasted royally, but still kept away; Highlanders by hundreds approaching the town, and feasting on Lady Ann Grant's lawn, townsmen arming to resist the men of the plaids, and nobles and citizens estranged for years.

In Captain Dunbar's laudable zeal to illustrate the social life of his portion of the British Empire at a certain period, by the publication of genuine documents, he has evidently ignored prejudices and partialities, which certain of his pages may possibly irritate in the descendants of some of the old noble families. He has thrown no cloak over the faults of his own ancestors or their connections, nor taken any pains to represent the characters of the clergymen, burghers, or peasants as other than they really were.

He has consequently produced a work most valuable to the historian, the writer whom politics delight, the social archæologist, even the concoctor of the historic romance, whose



labours we by no means undervalue. Had these volumes been published half a century earlier, the "Waverley Novels" would in all probability have been enlarged by a couple of excellent stories.

The compiler bestows very few remarks of any kind on his readers. He gives short explanations of difficult passages, acknowledges his inability to throw light upon others, and lets the letter, or bill, or memorandum, for the most part, tell its own tale. He never suggests where his audience should laugh, or where start back in horror, or raise their hands in indignation. He occasionally indulges in a bit of dry humour, but more often produces his curious and startling pieces of information without a vestige of a comment. If every district in the British Islands

were blessed with a collector combining the ability and patient research of Captain Dunbar, our literature would speedily be enriched by a treasure of authentic county chronicles and records of distinguished families, throwing true and interesting lights also upon archæology. If with access to such papers a writer of history or of historic romance failed to make his narrative correspond in colour and detail with the era selected, the history of the great families, the character of the people, their modes of life, and the commercial or political condition of the locality, the fault would be without excuse.

The work, we must add, is produced in the unexceptionable style of elegance which distinguishes books published by Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas.

## JOHN HALLER'S NIECE.

BY RUSSELL GRAY.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### THE OLD, OLD YEARS.

SIR Hugh Darrell stood once again on the stone terrace at Darrell, with his son, looking out over the fields, and away towards the Dower-house. His dream, his hope was well nigh fulfilled now.

And later in the evening, when dinner was over, when my lady sat waiting for him in the drawing-room, old Sir Hugh sat over his wine with Henry. Now but one day had elapsed since Henry Darrell had asked Ethel Haller to be his wife, and yet to him it seemed an age of time. There was a trouble lying heavy on his heart, a secret perplexing him.

I am not one of those people who believe in the new sensational world of secrets, where men and women, quite complacently, cut other men's and women's throats, and bury them in wells or coal-holes, and never feel a bit the worse. I am unromantic, I suppose; but I really cannot credit such things. And yet I do not deny that there are many people who have

secrets in their lives; very romantic, sorrowful secrets sometimes; but then, reader, believe me these are the exceptional cases. There is a man who had married two wives; well, I say very likely we read of such cases in the papers every day. But when do we read of a first wife suffering the second to reign undisturbed? Never, unless indeed in novels; but then I suppose it is necessary to keep up the interest of the story, that one wife should be ever on the *tapis*, ready to step forward and declare herself, and oust the injured innocent one. And this is the novelist's tale of life; and what do the men and women who read the tale say? They open their eyes and devour the book, and advise their friends to read it, and all because it is something new! When will the world tire of new things, I wonder? never, I believe. But although I do not believe in sensation secrets, yet I do believe in those dark corners which lie in many men's hearts, in the sorrows which are hid-

den away there; small secrets—a rash act, a few rash words, which have turned the currents of their lives, and made them miserable.

And Henry Darrell had one such passage in his life; but I am not going to tantalize your curiosity, my reader. The men and women who lived around this man knew nothing of that past story in his life, their curiosity was not piqued, and why should yours be? Mr. Darrell had not poisoned his grandmother, or murdered his wife; there was no stain of blood on his name; he had long ago, very long ago, been foolish, carried away by passion, by a selfish love, he had married a poor peasant girl far away in Italy. But he was not a man strong in love, he tired of his passion very soon, and then came the reaction, the remorse, the shame. The only son of a proud noble house, the heir to broad lands, his father's idol and hope; was it not natural that knowing all this, the man concealed that passage in his life, and felt ashamed of it? He told no one, but he left that far away foreign town, he came and lived a solitary life at Darrell, embittered with life, weary of the pleasures and excitements with no hope for the future. He had long ere this repented of his folly, and being an unscrupulous bad man, he had determined if possible to break the bonds which bound him to that peasant woman in Italy. He had not recourse to a dagger or prussic acid; he had went about it in a more diplomatic sensible way. He wrote to a great London lawyer, and bade him search, and pick a hole in that foreign marriage, find some weak place. A little mistake the big wig did discover, and in a couple of months he wrote, saying that Mr. Darrell might make himself easy, for that the foreign marriage was no marriage at all, only a mock ceremony, and that the Italian woman was no lawful wife. All this had happened more than a year ago, and still Mr. Darrell felt uneasy. In the exultation at finding himself once again free, he had made a hundred bright plans for the future; he had dreamt all those Arcadian dreams in which Ethel was mingled. Holding himself as free to marry anyone he had two days ago asked her to be his wife, but on this third morning he had got a letter

which made him uneasy. After all, what was the opinion of one man in such a case, and yet that one clever opinion had cost him a whole pocketful of money. He must have other advice. The best in the land; so conclusive that the fear of ever standing convicted before a judge of a terrible crime, could never haunt him. But how was all this to be accomplished without money; such a pile of money that his heart misgave him as he thought over it. But some way must be found, for he would not give up that dream of a new good life all in a minute; he could not fall back again on his old haunting terrors; if only those London wiseheads would hold consultation, and pronounce him free; then adieu to all such terrors, farewell for ever to that fond injured woman who had loved him so passionately, who still loved him so changelessly; there came no pity into his heart, only bitterness; this was some of the ruin and shipwrecked love over which he had to pass. Money he wanted, gold! gold! The key to which all locks open now-a-days; and gold he must have. And before him lay but one way; he must tell his idolizing, indulgent father, he must work upon Sir Hugh's ambition and love, and so be freed from his chains. On this autumn evening he told that secret to his father after dinner, sitting over their wine.

It was not a pleasant discovery for Sir Hugh to find that his only son, the future baronet, the man whom he had hoped was to retrieve all the fallen fortunes of the Darrells, by marrying a young lady who brought back with her all the goodly land which had passed away from their hands; that he was already married to a poor peasant woman; it was a blow to Sir Hugh. He had had such splendid hopes for this son of his, who had begun to settle down so early in life, who was so unlike the reckless generations of Darrells who were gone. The old man was stunned, terrified; it seemed the last blow, the breaking up, the ruin; for should his son be unable to prove his marriage false, then where was his hope? The old place, the house, the title, everything would pass away to a younger branch of the family; Victor's son, and son's son, and so on, for ever. And I am afraid this am-

bitious old man thought more in these days of lands and titles than of the death of a soul. He was not a good man; he had lived much of his life badly, and looking back there was much sin, much evil, and wrong, but there was no such thing as this; he was proud, and his pride would never have allowed him to stoop so low. But Henry was as different from his father as two men can well be; selfish and cunning, with none of the open-handed recklessness of his father, he was far-seeing and stern, he turned not aside for slight things when once set on an object; he was a cold-hearted, cruel man, wanting the pride and gentlemanlike uprightness which veiled so much of Sir Hugh's weakness and want of purpose. Henry Darrell was a firm, strongwilled man, and had he with this combined an honest heart he might have been a truly good man; but as it is the little flaw, the corrupt place in the fruit, that eats and knaws to the core and spoils the whole, so will one overruling passion corrupt the whole man and fill his heart with evil. Henry Darrell was selfish—so thoroughly selfish that he had no room for other passions; he lived his life entirely for himself, planning and hoping for himself, careless of others. Not so Sir Hugh. It is good for every man to have an object in his life, something to live for, some one dear to them whom they are ever putting before themselves in everything, for whom they deny themselves, giving up the best of everything—and this object is good for men, for it kills the selfishness and wakens the generosity in their hearts; it softens their natures, and makes them kindlier. In many things Sir Hugh was a changeable, fickle man, riding hobbies, having new schemes, but for long years he had always been faithful to his love for his son; he had dealt liberally with him, making him a handsome allowance, paying debts, too, when they came before him, forgiving them, and even forgetting them, because in his mind's eye he had before him the hope of a time to come, when great things should be accomplished through this same son. Where were his hopes now? All in a chance. But Henry kept reassuring him.

"It only wants money," he said, "to bring it all right. We only want to be assured of what we know already; money will do it."

Money! money!—the waste of which had well nigh brought ruin on this old house and place. Money!—for the which Sir Hugh had married a shopkeeping wife, sacrificing himself. Money!—which the rich waste, and the poor die for the want of. Of course it must be raised somehow. This consultation of lawyers and big-wigs must be had. What mattered the money, if only after it all his hope could be attained—his son married to rich John Haller's niece!

That night Sir Hugh Darrell and his son sat late in the library writing letters. Sir Hugh's face had grown old with care. The old man had taken the burthen off this young man's shoulders.

"And how about Miss Haller?" Sir Hugh asked, looking across the table, and speaking suddenly.

"I am engaged to her, you know, sir; we must wait—that is all."

Then Sir Hugh flushed a little. He was a gentleman at heart; weak and vacillating though he was, he was yet an honourable man, and he felt that it was not an honourable way of treating any girl.

"It is a very awkward position," he said, thoughtfully; "and in the end how if it does not come right?"

"It must come right—I know so much that will bring it right—if these fellows put their heads together; and men will do anything for money."

"But how if they give it against you?"

"They cannot; but even if they did, it would be time enough then to break off with her; I could not do it now."

Sir Hugh leant his head upon his hands; he spoke no more words; he sat thinking it was hard on the girl—very hard; he did not know how he could ever look her in the face, knowing how dishonestly his son had acted towards her. But he saw no way, he clung to that hope of his with such shipwrecking despair; and yet there was the chance money could bring everything right, his son had told him, and the money must be raised somehow.

They sat late into the night those two, planning, scheming. My lady

had a lonely evening in her faded drawingroom; of course she will never be told that secret. She knows nothing of Sir Hugh's hopes, and fears, and cares—perhaps it is as well for her that she doesn't—but she is sensitive, and this exclusion hurts

her, for she is sensible, good at figures, capable of calculating, with a clear head, and a great deal of patience. She might be of much use to Sir Hugh—but she is not likely to be consulted.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### THE SAME OLD STORY.

AND all this time where is Victor? we have seen very little of this hero for a long time. The leaves are all yellow and brown at Darrell and the Grange-house, the corn is cut, and the autumn is closing in, and Victor, ill-used Victor, has never seen or heard tidings of that violet-eyed girl, from whom he had parted on a summer morning long gone.

Is she well, and happy? has she forgotten him? has she got a new lover? certain rumours which Mr. Victor has been hearing casually from a chum of his, a certain Captain Stanley, confirm his opinion that Mr. Haller's niece is a terrible little flirt, a very heartless young lady indeed! and poor Victor is half broken-hearted. In his Irish barracks he is sitting, after mess, smoking, complaining to his friend Stanley—

"If I was any other fellow in the world, I should be able to get leave to-morrow and run over and see her, but I'm the most unlucky dog that ever lived, everything goes against me."

Captain Stanley puffs away complacently at a big cigar, it is nothing new to him to have a young Romeo confiding his hopes and fears to him. "Young fellows are always in love," the captain used to say. "They fall in love periodically, as children get the measles or hooping-cough, but they grow out of it in time."

The captain is jolly and bald, and unmarried, he may have had his little attacks of the malady long ago, in fact he still likes to look upon a pretty face, and is a very gallant gentleman, too, but falling in love is not in his line.

"Everything goes wrong with me," poor Victor is complaining at his elbow. He is sitting with his hands in his pockets, his good-looking young face saddened over, his handsome eyes bent on the floor, he is not smoking, he has been trying to give it up

lately; "it's such an expense you know; and when a fellow's thinking of marrying he oughtn't to be selfish." Thus would Victor argue, and he had brought himself down to an allowance of two cigars per diem.

"The course of true love, you know, never did run smooth." The captain says he is kindly, and he pities the disconsolate penniless young fellow at his side. He is not conscious of being the cause of a great misunderstanding, he is not a man who weighs his words much, he never remembers what he has said ten minutes before, careless and happy; a man with whom the world has dealt kindly, and consequently he likes the world, they get on well together.

Victor had asked so many questions about the captain's visit to Darrell; had he seen a certain Mr. Haller, a farming gentleman? No, the captain had no recollection of any such person, but he had seen a very pretty Miss Haller who seemed to be intimate at Darrell, a great friend of my lady's, a favourite with Mr. Darrell, too. This Captain Stanley did remember, very distinctly, and he said so in his bluff blundering way, not looking at his young friend. Poor Victor the red flooded his cheeks hotly, as it always did when he was angry, or hurt. But he spoke never a word. Oh, yes! Captain Stanley remembered very well a whole hour spent at Darrell, chatting with my lady over the fire, while Mr. Darrell and Miss Haller were "spooning over some music or something;" but then Victor started up—

"Are you sure, Stanley, are you quite sure?"

Captain Stanley turned his surprised face on his companion, up to this moment he had been a little at sea as to Victor's love affair.

"Well, I must say I thought, but

I may be mistaken, you know ; but, my good fellow, you don't mean to say—"

Here the captain paused ; there was a look in that good-looking young face beside him, which startled him.

"The villain! the low sneaking villain!" that was all Victor said then, he had stood up, such a fine, tall, manly fellow, so noble in his just indignation, his blue eyes flashing, his pleasant handsome face clouded over with anger. "He shall answer to me for this, by G—, he shall, the low villain."

Now, Captain Stanley was seriously alarmed ; "by gad I've put my foot in it as usual," he murmured ; but he said to Victor—

"Hollo, old fellow, what's up with you?"

And then Victor told him all his love-story, from beginning to end, every little clause in it, his hopes of better times—all! all the story ; and then he laid it before him.

"And what would you do, Stanley, as an honourable man, how would you deal with such a sneak; would you horsewhip him, or what?"

Victor's ideas of punishment were a little schoolboyish still, but they were honest straightforward ways, no underhand, sly dodging, or sneaking revenge, would do him. But Captain Stanley had other views. Now this *passé* captain had a certain mistrust of the fair sex in general, there was a frivolity and fickleness in them, which men knew nothing of, and certainly in this case things did not look very fair for Miss Haller. She was a regular little flirt, was his mental conclusion, as he thought over that evening at Darrell, and listened to Victor's story.

"I don't know much about such things," he said, after a pause, taking the cigar from his mouth, and holding it before him, between two fingers, looking on it fondly. "I don't pretend to understand women, or any such riddles, but I think if I were you, Darrell, I should write her a letter."

Victor was silent, he didn't say then that he had written many letters, and received no answer, he only said after a long, long pause,

"And what kind of letter would you write?"

Captain Stanley took a pull at his

cigar, and then puffed a cloud of smoke up into the air before he spoke.

"I would write and say, Polly, or Jinny, or whatever her name is, am I to believe that you are false to me," "or changed towards me?" suggested Victor, who had more highflown ideas of love letters ; "or changed towards me? Yes, perhaps that would be better, am I to believe that you are changed towards me? people tell me that you are."

"Yes, something of that kind, by George! I will write to her."

Victor had sat down once again beside his friend ; old Stanley was a brick.

"And then if you get no answer to that," and the captain took another pull at the cigar, and sent another cloud of smoke sailing away.

"And then? What then?" asked Victor.

"Why, then, there being a certain good old song which says, 'If she be not fair for me, what care I for whom she be?' I would think no more about her."

"Stanley," and the goodlooking young subaltern laid his hand on the captain's arm, "you talk of thinking or not thinking, as if such things were only a matter of will; I can no more help thinking of her, than I can help feeling pain, or even dying, if it comes to that."

The comfortable easy-going gentleman with the cigar, looked a little puzzled, this was a very bad case of the boyish disease of which he had seen so many cases.

"You think so now," he said, "but get a couple of weeks leave, by-and-by, and run over to Paris, and see some fun there, and I'm very much mistaken in you, Darrell, if you haven't forgotten her in a fortnight."

Then did the sunny face flush once again, the blue eyes shot angry lightnings, and poor ill-used Victor spoke warmly—

"You do not know me, Stanley, if you can think such things of me, time will make no difference, I shall never forget her ; if I find I am mistaken in her, then—yes, even then, it will be my misfortune to love her still, I know it, but I cannot help myself."

More surprise on the part of the captain, this was indeed a very exceptional case.

"Well well," he said, "write the

letter, and then see what comes of it."

And with this sage advice, he chucked his used-up cigar stump into the grate, and stood up and stretched himself, "And—and if I can be of any use, you know, anything, let me know; count on me, Darrell, mind you do now; I wish you well indeed, 'pon my soul I do, and try the letter—mind you try the letter."

And Victor did try the letter; he went away to his own little room, and wrote so many letters, and none of them would please him, and at last he wrote one, and it ran thus:—

"ETHEL,

"Am I to believe from your silence that you are changed towards me? I think I have a right to ask you this question, and I think you are bound to answer me one way or another; if so, if you wish everything to be over between us, then let this letter be my goodbye, and may God bless you, Ethel; but if I am wronging you, if you are still the same, then, darling, forgive me, and believe me ever to be

"Your own true lover,

"VICTOR DARRELL."

And that last love-letter of Victor's went away to Darrell, and in the midst of his troubles and difficulties it came before Mr. Darrell, like the phantom of some buried sorrow and sin, coming to upbraid him.

He had almost forgotten those torn letters, which the autumn winds had borne away out of the little western garden; it was so long since Victor had written to Ethel, but he watched the bag carefully; every morning he opened it and examined the letters, although Ethel Haller had long ceased to look for one from her false lover; but now before him, like a ghost, came this letter, and he opened it and read it. There was so much that was base and treacherous in this new scheme of his, that one such action counted as nothing, and yet it was such an act as any honourable man would have shuddered at, it was so base; and then he sat down and wrote a short cold note to Victor, enclosing the love-letter, and saying—

"You cannot be aware that Ethel Haller is engaged to me, she bids me return your letter, which I have not read, and begs that you will now cease to think more of her, as

she has ceased to think of you. I am sorry that between us, there should have arisen this unpleasantness, but you will see yourself, that it is no fault of mine, and forgive me."

And this Victor read, and reading his true heart grew cold and sick; such a world of falseness and wickedness, he had never before even dreamt of; he stood a long time with those two letters in his hands, stunned bewildered, and then he folded them up together, and put them away, in an old writing-desk, where in his school days his treasures and little moneys had lain. And he told himself while he so acted, that some day he would confront her with her falseness, he would make her own that she had treated him as no honest man should ever be treated by the woman he loved. And then he went about his duties broken-hearted; he didn't want any leave now, he didn't want ever to return to Darrell, to see that farm-house, perhaps even to see Ethel, he couldn't have borne it, he still loved her so desperately.

When Henry Darrell had written that letter he had calculated well on the proud spirit which he knew his cousin to possess, which would prevent his ever again trying to approach Ethel; he knew the young hot-headed fellow, he knew that he would rather die than do an unmanly action, and so he wrote that letter. Between him and Victor there could never more be friendship: they must be as strangers now, and this Mr. Darrell knew; but if he could once accomplish his object what cared he for such a thing. He didn't know how bitterly his cousin felt towards him; how angry he was as he read that letter; how contemptuously he thought of such conduct; he didn't know either of the angry words, "by Jove, I will make him answer to me for this, or else I will flog him within an inch of his life."

Mr. Darrell never knew of those words: had he heard them he would very likely have smiled at Victor's boyish violence, feeling no uneasiness, because he knew that such conduct would have been out of the question; and yet Victor had made up his mind that if ever this man did come in his way, he would so treat him that everyone should know what a villain and sneak he held him to be.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

"THE VIRTUES" WHICH "WE WRITE IN WATER."

AT the Dower-house Ethel Haller was living her old life just the same, from day to day.

A very odd, proud girl she must have been, for she was able to take an interest in her old occupations just the same—her garden, the farm-yard, and, above all, her books : more than ever Ethel held sweet converse with these old friends. She spent many hours, daily, in John Haller's sombre library, in the wide window—reading, trying to lose her own identity, trying to mingle with those story-people and forget herself, but this was the hardest task of all: this forgetting was an impossibility. For she could not forget past things, strive and hope as she would. In the garden, among the flowers, she thought of *him*, not of her affianced husband, but of Victor, big, golden-haired, smiling Victor, of past summer days when he, too, had stood among the flowers in the fields, in the woods, in the meadow : it was all the same, she couldn't forget him, and yet she was angry with herself for remembering.

"When I am married," she thought, "then, of course, it will be different." And the poor little soul, living in this delusion, was almost thankful that such marrying was in her power, such chance of beginning over again what had now grown to be a very sorrowful life.

Mr. Darrell was away in London, on some business. Daily he saw strange gentlemen in their chambers in the Temple, and talked long and earnestly with them, and while he was away Ethel spent her days quite alone.

It was a busy time for farmers, gathering in the harvest, inspecting the barns, preparing for the winter, and all day John Haller was away.

It was evening, dusk and chill, and Ethel sat in old Sally Bird's (house-keeper's) room. A pleasant bright fire sparkled in the grate. Sally was busy preparing a cup of tea for her pet : a snug little kettle was singing on the fire that half-gay, half-sad song which kettles do sing always in the minor key ; there was the

rattle of teacups, and Ethel sat in the window with a book open on her knees—Tennyson's "*May Queen*"—and she had just read—

"To-night I saw the sun set : he set and left behind

The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind."

She was looking out into the fading light, thinking ; she was not looking back into any good old time ; she was beginning to think herself a very ungrateful girl ; she was thinking of a walk in the garden, which she had taken the day before with her promised husband, before he went to London ; she was thinking of some words which she had then spoken to him.

"There is something I want to tell you," she had said ; "something which I think you ought to know."

And he had guessed what that something was, he didn't want to hear her say it ; his vanity recoiled from it, and he had answered—

"If there is anything troubling you, love, never mind telling me now. Keep it till you feel that you can tell it me from love, that will be time enough, but don't worry yourself about it now."

And this Ethel had thought very, very thoughtful.

"Everyone is so good to me," the poor little soul thought, as she sat in the window watching for the first sight of John Haller's tall figure coming through the fields.

That evening Ethel Haller and her uncle spent together in the library. A big wood fire blazed and crackled in the wide hearth, and flashes of light danced on the gold and red of many rows of books on oak shelves, red curtains hung across the wide window, and hid Ethel's favourite seat. John Haller sat in his arm-chair by the fire, and Ethel sat playing the organ in a distant corner of the room. She had been singing a sweet old ballad rather out of date now—one which Victor had often listened to in this same library. And John Haller sitting in that far corner of the fire-lit room was dreaming of many things.

A little pale-faced girl, with violet eyes and auburn hair, she came before him, in her seedy black frock, with her smiles and sweet laughter; he felt the clinging of her arms about his neck still. The blessing which had come into his life in lonely days, a wayward, noble, generous girl; the same eyes and smiles, the same fond arms about his neck, but John Haller is only dreaming, for she is sitting over there by the organ in the shadow singing, in a sweet plaintive voice. Why do his thoughts fly back while she sings to him? Why is there a kind of regret in his voice as he goes over and stands beside her, and says—

"My little puss, thank God, she is so free from care!"

She is before him now, his picture. The eyes, the hair, the intelligent face.

"Ah, Uncle John, I know what you are thinking. You are thinking that I am the oddest, most heartless girl in all the world."

But Mr. Haller interrupted her.

"No, indeed, darling," he said; gravely. "I am only wondering whether my little puss is quite happy."

"If I am not I ought to be," Ethel answered, "everyone is so good to me. Henry is so kind and thoughtful to me." And once again she remembered his words to her, and she did think him very, very thoughtful. "And I have you, the best, the kindest uncle that ever was." And not in a dream, but in a reality, John Haller feels the clinging arms about his neck once again. "And if I am not happy I must be the most ungrateful girl in the whole world."

And he made answer, and said—

"Darling, I thank God that you have been spared all sorrow and heart-breaking."

And then Ethel nestled her head closer on her guardian's neck, and whispered—

"Ah, Uncle John, you mustn't think very badly of me; but indeed, indeed I have not forgotten all that. I don't believe I can ever love anyone again."

There was surprise and even horror in honest John Haller's face. He had not suspected all this; he had been labouring under a great mistake, misunderstanding this queer little niece

of his, believing her to be a wonderfully cold little person; but now he held her before him, surprised, sorry.

"Oh, Ethel, is this honest to Mr. Darrell!"

"I have told him," Ethel whispered once again, and then in truth did he feel a great contempt for that grave, polished gentleman, with his cold heart and worldly experience, who could so bring himself to marry any woman; but he only said—

"God grant you may be happy, darling."

But he trembled for that happiness. He almost wished the past week's work undone.

"Uncle John, do you think I shall ever learn to love him, if I try? Do you think such a thing is possible?"

"You know best, my darling; you are the best judge of that." And then Ethel said—

"Sometimes I am ashamed of myself and my foolishness; I feel so spiritless, so weak. I ought to be braver; I ought to force myself to forget."

There was the bright colour, the light in the eyes—all that John Haller remembered of a passionate, proud little girl, determined not to be weak. It was not so that people should fight against a sorrow.

"Those are hard things to accomplish sometimes," he said. "There are some trials which crush brave spirits, and humble proud ones."

He was not a good comforter, this blunt, straightforward farmer; and Ethel said, hotly—

"But I have determined to forget. I have determined to give up ever thinking of him, and I will; I will do it!"

And then all at once she broke out crying—crying and sobbing, and all the bitterness and all the anger melted away while she cried—and she wept only as she had wept on that summer day, because her lover was gone from her, while she cried she forgot her anger against him, there was only sorrow in her heart. And I think those tears did her good.

And then John Haller spoke; his; like the voice which cried unto the tempest—"Peace, be still;" for with his words came the calm and soothing, his good patient words, which spoke comforting things. Oh! kinder he



seemed then, a thousand times kinder than in the old days when he had comforted so many childish troubles, showing a way out of them all; kinder far than on that old, old day when he had come to her, when she stood at a strange station a lonely little girl, all alone in the wide wide world; when he had taken her to his heart and kissed her face, and spoken the first kind words which she had heard for a long time. Ethel had been doing him an injustice when she thought that he was so quiet and patient that he couldn't understand her; but he did understand her, as only people who have suffered in like manner can. The weak, the timid, the sick, all sympathise with each other, and in like manner do the heart-sick and sorrowful. He had known the bitterness, he had felt the anger, and he knew the sorrow; and so he took her to his heart, he pressed her close to him, and while she wept he spoke so gently to her, so wisely, talking of patience and long-suffering, so kindly telling of the peace and change and healing of wounds which comes with time, that he stilled the troubled spirit, he brought peace into the restless heart. It was a kind of surprise and wonder that made Ethel break off in her passion and look into his face. He was not the same quiet man of few words whom she knew so well, the grave man, who sighed over her faults, the proud, brave-hearted man, who was so strong in his purpose to outlive a love; he was a new man, not brave or cold, but a tender-hearted man, whose voice faltered while he spoke, whose eyes filled up with tears as though he had heard sad news. Oh, how she had wronged him when she told herself that his mind was set on lower things, that he could not have understood her! It is thus that the martyr-spirits of the world are mis-

judged often—the sensitive, retiring people, who keep in the back-ground, who make no protestations, who make no gratuitous demonstrations of love. We judge them idly, looking only at what is uppermost, and we say, "He is cold-hearted." And then comes the hour of trial and need, and one whom we knew not before comes softly to us, and takes us by the hand and leads us into the light, and sorrows with us, and is as a new-found friend, and then we are surprised and remorseful. We remember a thousand little wrongs, all lost in the waste of years, which we have heaped upon that true, tender heart. We remember a thousand bitter, angry thoughts which we have cherished against our comforter, and we take the hand, and our tears fall regretfully, and our hearts speak out and say, "Forgive me." And this comes after long years, often at the end of all, and so much love is wasted and lost to the world. Alas! for this waste. Alas! for the hundreds of hearts which are filled to overflowing with such unspoken, unacknowledged love. And, oh! for the tremendous waste of love which comes flooding into many hearts too late!

While the world is, while there are such things as sorrow, and parting, and death, this same lesson should come home to us all. But I am not going to preach a sermon, or re-write somebody else's sermon for aught I know; I am only telling of a man who was so thoughtful and soft-hearted that he could not bear to see anyone in pain or trouble; he was one of those sensitive retiring people. But on this evening, while Ethel stood before him, while she listened to his words, and looked into his true sad eyes, through which it seemed that his very soul shone, her heart was crying out, "Oh, forgive me," because she had been wronging him for long years.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### OUT ON THE TERRACE.

OLD Sir Hugh, with a great suspense and uncertainty lying on his mind, became restless and peevish in these days; he roamed about by himself uneasily, while Henry, away in Lon-

don, was consulting and planning, laden with care, living in a terrible dread of this great calamity coming upon him, trembling lest his hopes might all be shattered, a man bowed

down by an unexpected blow—there was a weight on his mind ; and Sir Hugh Darrell looked older and more infirm now. He stood daily on the terrace, sometimes for a long time together, always looking towards the red-brick house among the trees ; dearer far was that patch of hill land and the snug farm-house to him now—dearer far that pleasant waste of field, and meadow, and valley, now that his hope was beginning to fall from him.

"If he fails it will break my heart," Sir Hugh told himself always, and he was not a man to live on long after such heart-breaking, his life had been so bound up in his hopes for that son who was away in London, he had so little else to live for now.

"One man in his time plays many parts,"

Shakespeare says ; and Sir Hugh Darrell, who had had his share of the world's ages, was beginning to weary of the oft-recurring exits and entrances. He had crept up to the sixth stage in man's career ; he had played his parts of infant, boy, and lover—ay, and of the noisy, ambitious, bubble, reputation-seeking worldling, and in the sixth part behold him "fallen into the sere and yellow leaf," the wreck of a man. A few more years and Sir Hugh Darrell will have passed into that stage of "mere oblivion, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything"—the seventh and last act of man's life.

More than a week had Mr. Darrell been away on his errand, and many letters Sir Hugh had got from London, but they were not satisfactory ones ; he had put his name to many cheques, and signed papers, and these had all travelled to London. "When will the good news come ?" Sir Hugh kept asking day after day, as he roamed about, now in the house, now out among the trees in the park, and again in the library, with the door shut, and his head buried in his two hands. All his other small schemes and plans were forgotten ; his whole soul lay in this one, all his hopes, his very life. Timid Lady Darrell watched him in these days, but never spoke ; she saw that there was something on his mind ; he eat little, he slept badly, he was absent in thought ; she knew that he had some secret trouble. But she had lived long

enough at Darrell, to learn that Sir Hugh did not care to be questioned about his private affairs, so she only watched him, in the mornings, when he looked anxiously for the post, when he left his untasted breakfast, if the letters were late, and scolded the boy angrily ; when he took them and read them, and grew troubled and testy when the good news never came. And she watched him still when he wandered off into the grounds among the trees, but never in the direction of the farm-yard ; she saw the tall spare solitary figure on the terrace often, sometimes leaning over the stone parapet looking over the fields. And at such times a flood of pity very nearly akin to love would fill my lady's gentle heart, she would half rise from her chair ; and think, "shall I go to him ?" Women have such an instinctive impulse towards comforting and soothing. The hardest hearted woman will feel that impulse strong upon her sometimes ; her mission upon earth. And the pink colour would come flushing into poor Lady Darrell's pale face at her own boldness, and she would sink back again into her easy chair, feeling that such conduct would be useless ; her husband didn't care for any demonstrations of the kind ; he never knew the pity and yearning which his poor overlooked wife felt for him in these days.

And the good news was a long time in coming ; so long, that old Sir Hugh, who watched, and waited, began to fear lest such news would never come. And if it did not, then the heart breaking and the wreck of hopes ; and I don't think the old man was strong enough to bear up against all that. Lady Darrell was very patient in those days ; many women stung by that curiosity which is so commonly believed to belong to them in particular, might have grown cross, and snappish, but she never did ; she was one slow to anger ; all her ways were ways of peace, she never spoke hurtful things.

Iago's ideal perfect woman—

"She that was fair and never proud,  
Had tongue at will, and yet never was loud.  
She that being angered, her revenge being  
nigh,  
Bade him wrong stay, and her displeasure  
fly"—

was very nearly such a one as my

lady; a weak, gentle, thoroughly womanly woman, so feeble, so meek, so wonderfully tame and spiritless, that of such the sarcastic soldier adds—

"She was a wight, if ever such wight were,  
To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."

Now, although people in general feel a contempt for such gentle, humble souls, yet at times there is also an almost respect for them. When an angry word is spoken, and instead of answering back in wrath, they bow their heads, their eyes fill up with tears, and they are crushed. They are so full of that true Christian spirit which, receiving a blow on one cheek, straightway turns the other. And we should respect, too, the forgiving generosity which makes them forget little wrongs and slights. Blessed are the meek in spirit; and if ever there was a truly meek spirit in the world, that spirit was my Lady Darrell. The gentle manufacturing lady, whom Sir Hugh had married for money.

She sat in her accustomed seat in the drawingroom window, with her many coloured wools, and long strip of canvas. She would have been admirably suited for those old-world nunnery lives, where women spent their days stitching the valiant deeds and great battles of the men in canvas, and seemed never to have tired of their work. She was admirably adapted for such a life; a thoroughly womanly life, when ladies never rode across country, or talked slang; it is a pity she didn't live a few centuries back, when her excellent virtues would have been appreciated, when she could have stitched herself into the good graces of some industrious Queen Margaret: these womanly graces are not appreciated now-a-days. She wasn't a lady whom young ladies thought "charming," or whom young men called "jolly!" She was rather a dull lady; she had been disappointed in her life, and being gentle, she succumbed to her fate, and lived a quiet nun-like life in this triste solemn house of Darrell. The poor timid soul! When I think of her calmly giving up all her dreams of fashion, and importance, and resignedly settling down into a dull solitary country life, I almost respect her for

her patience and long suffering. She sat among her wools as usual, all alone in her big faded drawingroom. It was four o'clock, my lady had been for an airing in her open carriage; only a short drive along lonely roads, and now she was back again among her stitches. There was a fog over the mountains; Sir Hugh's favourite Turner-esque view was faded and misty; along the terrace walk faint sunbeams fell aslant, and tiny pebbles glittered in the light; it was a still close day, and the window stood open while my lady sat working.

Presently she heard steps on the gravel, and looking up she saw the tall stooped figure of her husband crossing the terrace; something prompted her on a sudden, and she leant forward and spoke to him.

"Hugh," she said, and then her courage failed her; she didn't know what to say.

"Well," and Sir Hugh stood close to the window, "did you want to speak to me; have you any news?"

He looked worried and changed, she thought; not in a good temper either, and so she only said—

"No; I only thought that you might like to take a turn in the place, or to the garden before dinner."

"I think it's a little too damp for you, my dear, you had better stay indoors with your work. I'll take a walk by-and-by."

She saw that she wasn't wanted. She was sensitive, and so she didn't press the point.

And then she saw Sir Hugh walk over and stand by the stone railing, looking as usual over the fields. The mist was beginning to clear away off the mountains, the sun, near setting, shone with a faint mellow light over the autumn trees; and through her window, Lady Darrell looked out upon that figure of a man standing all alone by the balustrade where two had stood a few days ago. She sighed. She had not many incidents in her life, many changes in the monotonous repetition of day after day, and there were a few such pictures fixed and graven on her memory. A goodly young man's face—blue eyes, golden hair, and a passionate light over all the face, and with this picture came the words ringing in her ear, "You know I love her, Aunt Mary." And poor, gentle Lady Dar-

rell sighed. And then one other picture : a girl's face pale, and sad, a girl's slight figure, and sunny hair, another handsome man's face, with a strange pleading in it—two lovers standing in the sunlight, and she sighed even deeper, and then she looked out on the terrace. Sir Hugh leaning against the stone parapet, Sir Hugh, with his gray head bent, looking no longer over the fields, his hands over his face, an old man bowed down with some great care, and the womanly instinct came strong into this tender woman's heart. She forgot to be timid ; she forgot her sensitiveness, and her husband's coldness and indifference ; she saw him in trouble, and she dropped her work, she hurried out of the room, along the dim corridor under the picture faces, thinking ever of the bowed figure, and then she stepped out on the gravel. Still the same, still standing all alone in the sunlight. She went over to him—

"Hugh."

He started like a man waking from a dream.

"Oh ! Mary, it's you. Why, child, you'll get cold, where's your hat ?"

His voice was gentler than usual ; he looked kindly on her, she was emboldened.

"Are you well, Hugh ?"

"I am as well as a man can be who is living always in a terrible uncertainty." And he looked again into the mist.

"Are you in any trouble—is there anything about money, or — ?"

But he interrupted her.

"If you mean debts, my dear, no, certainly not."

There was a little pause, and then she said again—

"I have been watching you, Hugh, for many days, and I know you are not happy."

Then Sir Hugh laughed shortly.

"Happy !" he said. "If I had all the money in all the manufactories and shops, and places where money is to be found in these times, I couldn't be happy to-day."

She passed over the sneer, she only said,

"Why, Hugh ?"

"My dear, you couldn't understand."

But then his wife came closer to him ; she slipped her hand under his

"I think you mistake me sometimes—indeed I think you do. I daresay I could help you ; will you let me try ?"

But the proud old man's face flushed then. Should he tell his sorrow to this humble shopkeeping wife ? No, indeed : he was irritated by her interference. She had never tried to gain his confidence before, and why now ? Now, when he was such a broken-hearted, ruined man ; he didn't want pity ; he couldn't bear to think that his sorrow was known to any.

"Don't talk folly, Mary. Women never can understand anything."

"Let me try, Hugh," she pleaded still.

"No," he answered, shortly. "If you can't talk on pleasant subjects don't talk at all, but never grow curious."

But the meek lady spoke warmly.

"It's not that indeed," she said.

"It's only because I wish to join in your interests, and understand you better."

"Nonsense," he said, angrily. "We understand each other well enough. You never could interest yourself in the same things as I do, it's impossible. Don't talk any more."

Then the meek lady subsided ; but she still stood beside him, although her hand no longer lay on his arm.

"Hugh," she said, at last, "if money can do anything —"

But he spoke, and this time his voice was loud in anger.

"Money ! Do you think I would accept money from anyone. No, not though the house lay in ruins, though every field and every acre of land was passing from my hands ; but a gift of money, and from such men —"

"I don't mean a gift, only a loan," his wife said.

"No, nor a loan either. I don't want money, Mary ;" and his voice grew soft all at once. "Don't talk any more to me just now ; go back to your work. I'm cross, and out of sorts, but I don't want to be rude or unkind to you—you're a good wife. There, run in, it's cold and damp."

She spoke not, she only looked into his face with, oh ! such a yearning look. I think she was beginning to love him, because he was in trouble.

"There, run in—God bless you !"

lady's pale face between his hands and kissed it.

And my lady's own maid, Miss Simpson, looking out of a top-room window, stood looking on admiringly, wondering why her ladyship took Sir Hugh's little gallantry so coolly, only

gathering up her dress and gliding away over the gravel, with tears in her eyes, although her heart was lighter, and she was glad that she had left her work and gone out on the terrace in the fog.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### THE WILDERNESS!

HENRY DARRELL was a very model lover. He wrote to Ethel every day while he was away; real love-letters, such letters as no young lady could have pronounced either cold or weak, but warm, tender letters; and yet they were written when he was harassed and hunted—when his days were spent in dreary rooms over papers, writing notes, consulting, and living in a great dread. Surely he was a very devoted lover.

And yet, when those letters came, Ethel's pretty face never flushed; her heart did not stand still; she didn't watch the post-bag. No, Miss Haller never runs out now to meet the post; she sits at the breakfast-table eating her breakfast and watching the boy trudging up the avenue, but her heart doesn't beat a bit quicker; and when her letters are handed to her on a little salver she takes them in such an indifferent, careless way, laying them by her plate, never touching them until breakfast is over, and then she turns to them.

What a very strong-minded young lady she must have been. Few girls, I think, would have had nerve enough to eat a tolerably comfortable breakfast slowly, with such tempting objects as letters—letters for themselves—lying unopened under their very noses, robbing everything of all flavour, and not pounce on them, even though they be only dull little scrawls from Mary, or Lily; all about the new bonnets, and what Lady — wore at the flower-show. Young ladies' letters are things looked forward to so eagerly. And then, if one of those letters is from *him*!—the one "*him*" in the whole world—how slyly it is slipped into the apron pocket; how red the cheeks grow; how nervously the apron is clutched; how quickly the breakfast is swallowed down, and how palpable it becomes to everyone that that rather scrubby

envelope, which was tossed so carelessly out of the post-bag, contains, for one young lady at least, the interests of the whole universe. Yes, Ethel Haller must have been a very strong-minded girl, indeed, to be able to sit by her unopened letter all breakfast time, and yet the letter was a love-letter, too, and she knew it—a tender, loving letter, such as most young ladies revel in—full of endearing adjectives; a pleading letter, such as it is the fate of few women to receive in these wonderfully cool business-like times; an humble, prayerful letter, begging to be remembered—praying for a hope which was long in coming; a letter written by an anxious, persevering man—a man carried away by his hope, who thought of nothing, felt nothing but that one all-engrossing dream of his. For Henry Darrell did love Ethel, not with the fierce, hot-headed passion with which he had once loved long ago, but with a purer love. She was his hope of better things; his idol, his heaven—the light of a new, good life, which he had promised to himself. Hitherto his life had been such an aimless, useless one—a troubled dream, darkened and haunted by a past error. He was weary of the excitement and folly of that old time; he wanted to put it all behind him, and begin over again. With Ethel such a good, honest life opened before him—a life devoid of trouble and anxiety, a quiet, peaceful country life, with her pretty, smiling innocent face always near him, and a hundred new interests and hopes around him. He longed for this peace and repose; he longed with such a heart-aching sense of weariness for the rest which that time promised him. The settling down, and being metamorphosed into a steady, domestic character, to which

many men looked forward with a kind of anxious trepidation, as a necessary evil, an event which fate has arranged for them, was a thing to which he looked forward with a sense of such longing hope.

Long was the good news in coming; so long that old Sir Hugh had well-nigh despaired of its ever coming at all, and then at last it did come.

Those wise men in London had one and all pronounced Mr. Darrell quite as free to take to himself a wife, as though he had never seen that Italian woman to whom he had plighted his troth long, long ago; and then Henry returned to Darrell with this good news. He had been away but one week, and yet what an age of time that week had seemed to Sir Hugh; the suspense had aged him like many years; even the good news could not give him back the peace of mind and hopefulness which that past week had robbed him of. Now, Sir Hugh Darrell was a gentleman, so far as gentleman-like ideas and a sense of what is honest and honourable can make a man a true gentleman; and even while he held his son's hand, and listened to his good news, he felt that he still stood as far as ever from his hope, and he said—

"Have you told all this to Ethel Haller?" And while he asked this question, he felt that if Miss Haller did know of that passage in her lover's life, she was a very loving, faithful girl if she still held to her determination of marrying him.

"Tell Ethel!" and Henry's face darkened. There was surprise and almost anger in it. "Am I mad? Why the girl would never look at me again."

Now had Mr. Darrell known that this pretty, tender-hearted girl really loved him, I think he might have gone to her and told her the story of his past life, and asked her to forgive him the evil which that life held, for the love which she bore him; and you men and women who have lived in the world, who know how much of love the world contains, you know that a woman's love, if it be real heartfelt love, will sometimes conquer such things and overlook them; will carry them on blindly to the end. But Henry Darrell knew that Ethel Haller did not love him in such a

way, and so he said, "Am I mad? Why the girl would never look at me again."

And then Sir Hugh spoke—

"I think she ought to know," he said.

Henry Darrell's pale face grew darker still with anger, but he was a man who was able to control his passions always when it was well that he should do so; and he only spoke quietly, in a suppressed voice—

"That does not follow. What is done is done; let the dead past bury its dead; but there is no reason why a man should try and rake up all his boyish follies and sins for the edification of his lady-love. She won't expect it."

"But such a thing as this," Sir Hugh argued still, "when the woman yet lives, and may turn up any day; but if Ethel loves you, Henry, depend upon it, such women's love is strong and brave enough to endure even this."

Vain man as Henry Darrell was, he couldn't bear to tell his father then that with Ethel there was no such love for him; and so he only said, impatiently—

"I will not try her. I will not try and make her miserable sooner than need be; 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

And Sir Hugh saw that arguing here was useless. He was a weak man, accustomed to be led by his son in all important things; and he only said, "Be it so, then."

And so that day, when Mr. Darrell went over to the Grange to see his love, he never told her any of the business which had kept him in London for a whole week away from her.

Ethel was sitting all alone in her pretty cheery drawingroom, near the window, working. It was a bright, fresh autumn day, and although a fire burnt cheerily in the room, the French window stood open. Outside in the garden many of the bright summer flowers were faded and gone, but still the leaves were on the trees and shrubs, although many of them had changed their bright green colour for yellow and brown; but it was a fresh, joyous day. The birds were all singing and chirping, and the sparrows in the ivy on the farmhouse wall were keeping up quite a perpetual shrill clatter, while Ethel

sat working and thinking, with her pretty sunny head bent—knitting a pair of comfortable red worsted mittens which are destined to keep Mr. Haller's hands very warm when the cold frosty days come, and thinking, let us hope, of her affianced husband, who was hurrying back to her.

To do her justice, Ethel did often think of the devoted gentleman whom she did not love, but whom she had promised to marry ; and her thoughts of him were always sad, for this Ethel Haller was a generous, true-hearted girl, and she felt that she was treating him badly in being so indifferent to him. He was so tender and thoughtful with her, he didn't distress her with questions or upbraidings, as many men would have done ; he only strove in so many little ways to show her that his love was so strong and patient, that he was ready to wait any time for her. Had he pursued her with protestations and demonstrative avowals of passion, the chances are, Ethel would have grown to hate him ; for when a woman loves one man honestly, the admiration of another fills her with disgust. It is impossible to love two people at once, and Miss Haller still loved her first love, although she strove to convince herself that she did *not* love him. But Henry knew all this, and he also knew that he must go carefully and gently to work, if he wished ever to accomplish that which he had sworn to himself that he would accomplish. He had begun this thing in an evil, vain way, telling himself that for him there was no danger ; telling himself that woman's love is so light a thing, so easily won ; but he was judging women by a very low standard when he so thought. He was judging them by that type of woman which belongs to other countries and habits—the southern passionate, fickle women, whose lives are made up of half a dozen loves ; whose hearts are so accessible, so easily stirred up—and he had then determined to make this girl love him only to gratify his vanity, only to take a revenge from his handsome cousin. But now he was punished for all this, by feeling every pulse of his heart, every fibre thrilled with a love to which he had thought it a stranger ; a yearning,

despairing love, so strong, so fierce, that he felt nothing else, he cared for nothing else ; he was ready to sacrifice everything he possessed to gratify that love.

The spirit of contradiction is very strong in some people, and it was this same spirit which was probing Henry's heart. He had thought himself incapable of ever loving any woman honestly and tenderly ; and this was because his experience of women had been so poor ; he had never been baulked or denied any love ; he had never before met with an honest, proud, pure-minded girl, with whom love was such a sacred thing that passion had no place in it ; but with this good, true-hearted English girl, he had a new experience. With her love was such a slow-growing thing, so hard to call into life. She was so obdurate, so cold, he couldn't understand her, but he could love her as he had never before loved any one, and all because she was so indifferent to him. He had made a vow that he would make her like him, that he would wait, and wait for that liking to come, so that his vanity might be gratified, and now he was punished, by knowing that *he* was the slave, and not *she* ; that the liking lay all on *his* side. His revenge was forgotten, his envy and jealousy ; the waste and ruin and shipwrecked happiness over which he had to pass before reaching her, had lent her a charm in his eyes, which all the beauty and all the love in the world could not have made up for to him.

And yet at times there came such a hopelessness into his soul, such a flood of yearning, despairing love, that he began to feel that unless Ethel did, in the end, come to like him, he would be made miserable for the rest of his life. No such love could she ever give ; if she married him, it would be simply because she was disappointed in her life ; because she thought him a good, patient man, and that there are few such in the world, merely because she wanted to forget some past things, and begin a new life ; but love, she had none to give, and he knew all this, and had known it from the beginning. But his punishment was that he now loved her as he had then thought it impossible that he could ever grow to love any woman.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

NEVER IN FARNET NOW.

ETHEL HALLER sat working and thinking by the open window, and Mr. Darrell came quickly up the gravel walk: she started. I am afraid she had not been thinking of him; she had certainly not been watching for his coming, else she might have seen him many minutes ago, as he crossed the yard.

"Oh, Mr. Darrell!"

So different a greeting from the "Oh, Mr. Darrell," which had greeted Victor many weeks ago. She had stood up to meet him; the red worsted and knitting needles fell on the ground, but it was not Victor's picture of loving eyes, and smiling red lips, that stood before Henry then. A sad passionless face, and oh! such an apology for a smile; she was not pleased to see him, and she couldn't pretend to be so; but he was glad to see her, glad to look upon her, and hold her hand, and know that she was more his than she had been one little week ago; no one could come between them now.

He came forward to greet her. What was it made her face pale, and a shadow come over her eyes, as he took her by both hands, and held her before him, and bent down and kissed her forehead? Ah! bitter, bitter awakening from a dream. It was the first time he had ever kissed her, and while he did so Ethel's heart bounded up, not with joy, not with love, but with a shock, a terrible, sudden discovery, that she was his, to touch or not to touch, as seemed good in his eyes, she couldn't forbid him to kiss her, she was as much his property as the dog which he caressed, or the horse that he beat. Where were her resolutions now, where were her vain hopeless resolves to forget Victor? Clear as ever he came before her then; vivid as ever came the memory of the first kiss which he had given her in the meadow field below the hill. She almost started from Henry Darrell; she disengaged her hands, the hot colour came to her cheek, the old light into her eyes; she turned upon him as though he had insulted her. "Don't, don't!" she said, and she dis-

engaged her hands, tears came swelling up in her eyes; and yet he had only done what he had a full right to do, for she was his promised wife. He dropped her hands; he stood silently before her; he didn't flush or grow angry, as many another man would have done. The handsome olive-tinted face only grew a shade paler; he pressed his lips together, he looked full upon her with his dark eyes, those sullen dreamy eyes, in which there now shone a light, it might have been of anger, or, as Ethel thought, reproach, and she was penitent.

"Forgive me," she said. The colour was still in her face, and through those unshed tears she looked out upon him.

"I didn't mean it, but—but——"

No explanation, but he spoke quietly.

"Never mind," he said, "it's no matter," and even while he spoke a fierce angry battle was raging in his heart. This was a part of his punishment.

"Henry, forgive me; I am so wicked, so cruel; oh, forget it; I didn't mean it; forgive me," and she was sorry, really, heartily sorry, for to her eyes this generous man was hurt, wounded, and by her! Not angry; he spoke no bitter words to her, although she well deserved such words, she knew she did; but he stood there playing her with such a strange reproach. "Oh, forgive me," she cried again. She forgot Victor then, she only remembered that one wrong act of hers—but he spoke so softly to her.

"Never mind," he said, "don't think about it; of course you didn't mean it, dear."

He was so kind! so thoughtful! so forgiving! and I think that kiss had done him a service which months of devotion could never have done.

And then he came and sat near Ethel, on a low chair, looking so saddened, care-worn, too; ill, and worried. How cruel she was. Ethel felt that in truth she was very unworthy of his patient love. He looked changed she thought, troubled, and she



spoke to him presently, not tenderly, not lovingly, but yet hers was one of those sweet, womanly voices, low, gentle, and sweet, which Shakespeare terms "an excellent thing in woman," and she said—

"You look tired, you don't look well either, you are not yourself?"

"I have had a racking, worrying week of business; I am tired!"

He wasn't looking at her; he was busy winding up the red wool which had all tangled itself into such a web, and she looked at him and her heart softened still more. Why hadn't she allowed him to kiss her, as he had a perfect right to do, without making such a fuss? Why? oh! why? but she was passionate, and hasty, and these things stood in her way.

"A few days' quiet will make you all right again,"

She said; she wanted to say something kind, but she found it hard, there was an awkwardness. She couldn't speak tender loving things such as she knew would have cheered his soul. She was no hypocrite was Ethel; she looked and spoke always in a straightforward, honest way, as she felt what she really meant, and she couldn't dissemble.

"I hope so," he answered dejectedly, still busy with the tangled wool. And then he roused himself, he made an effort—

"I came to ask you to walk over to Darrell, and dine. The governor says you are a very bad visitor, he has never seen you since I left."

"I did mean to run over yesterday," Ethel answered, "but one thing after another prevented me. Mrs. Tully paid me one of her long gossiping visits, and then Miss Bell came, and wanted to put my name down as an annual subscriber to the fund for clothing destitute charwomen, or something of the kind; and the whole afternoon went over, and the days are so short; and so I didn't go."

"Well, you'll come to-night?"

"Oh yes,"

Ethel answered; she was growing more obedient now, some of her proud spirit was humbled.

"You had better get your things, then," Henry said, still speaking in that suppressed voice; "it's half-past four now, and they dine at seven."

"Very well," Ethel said, obedient still, and she stood up and put the work aside and turned to go.

"Do you like to come?" he asked, looking at her, and still speaking in that new grave way which made Ethel feel so strangely unhappy, it was such a sad, subdued way; "because if you don't—"

"Of course I do," she answered quickly; then looking full upon him with her truthful eyes, "Henry, don't speak that way to me: I'm sorry, have patience with me."

The clear deep eyes filled with tears, as they often did now. Ethel was sensitive, and some one says that "the truest natures, like the truest metals, are always easiest melted." She was sorry for having roughly wounded this man, who was so gentle and true to her. But she couldn't have said to him "Kiss me now, Henry, and I will not put you away; kiss me always whenever you wish, because I have promised to marry you, and you are right to expect love from me." She couldn't have said any of these words, because her heart still rebelled at that insult. Had he obeyed the loving instinct in his heart then, he would have put cautiousness and everything of the kind away from him. Had he been frank, and warm, and true, like Victor, those tears would have made him forget himself, but he wasn't, he knew how slight his hold was, and he only took her hand while he said—

"Ethel, dear, don't worry yourself about all that, it's over, it can't be helped, next time you'll act differently."

And then Ethel spoke out, and said—

"When I love you, Henry, I will let you know that I do, and that will be time enough for such things."

"And has the love not yet begun?" he asked, looking down upon her.

"Not yet," she said; but while she spoke she pressed closer his hand, she felt so guilty of having acted wrongly on that evening at Darrell, when she had promised to be his wife.

"But it will come, Ethel, it must come in time!"

And then the contrite little girl said—

"I hope it will!"

She was so brave in her purpose to forget all past things.

"And I will wait for that time," Mr. Darrell said, still holding her hand, "it must come soon."

And when Ethel went away to prepare for her walk to Darrell he still stood by the window looking out into the fading light, and saying—

"It must come, it must come soon!" but not in the same quiet, gentle way in which he had said it to her. He looked out into the lonely garden with his sullen, evil eyes full of such an angry light, with his white lips almost trembling, with his hand clutching tightly the back of the chair upon which it rested. His punishment came so heavily on him, he scarcely knew himself, he had grown so different, so miserable, and all through a strange fascination—the beauty of a girl's face, the newness and quaintness of a little day-dreaming girl's originality and pleasant talk, her frankness and guileless ways, and, above all, her cold indifference for him. Changed! oh, so changed! he was no longer the selfish indolent man who had idled away his days, who had lived altogether for himself; he was a new man, living a new life, a life of agony and suspense. He loved this girl so recklessly, he had done so much for her, he had been enabled to reach her at last only through such ruin and deceit. He had made her the object of his life, the light, the hope of better things; and her strange coldness only made him love her more, made him more resolute in his determination to win her liking in the end.

"It must come, it shall come!" he kept telling himself over and over again, he who had known so little of real love in all his life, and who yet felt the want of such pure gentle influence.

Henry Darrell, this bad, selfish man, who had done so much that was wrong, had some excuses for his faults; a child with no mother's care or love, with none of the atmosphere of warmth and love which can mould children's natures for good; a spoilt, lonely boy, who had moped away his youth in that cold, solemn house of Darrell, with no other companion than the grave reserved tutor who had kept

him so close to his books, shutting him off from all intercourse with other boys, and who had been so little of a companion to him ever. How this young heir of Darrell had envied his good-looking, manly cousin, Victor, his school career and boundless liberty. But he went to no school; he lived alone with his tutor at Darrell, and his father kept racing horses, and led a fast life, and spent ten months out of the twelve every year abroad, and only saw his little pale-faced son and heir very seldom. A young man the pride and hope of an ambitious weak-minded old one; a young man whose life still lacked the element of love; around whom no pretty affectionate sisters grew, and for whom no fatherly or motherly affection had ever lived; a young man whose life had been ever cold and loveless. And where was it that he first found such love? in a strange country, in a passionate warm-hearted woman, who had fallen down and worshipped him, kissing the hem of his garment, loving him as he had never before been loved. And yet this the one warm genuine period in his life had been the ruin of him; for he had been rash, binding himself, wedding himself to that wild, hot-headed love for ever. It was an unfortunate life, untoward from the beginning, and likely to continue so to the end; for the current of people's lives seldom changes for slight things, it begins and flows along either rapidly, pleasantly, or sluggishly, sometimes through fair flowery plains, by gardens and palaces, and through the world's green meads, and pleasant places, and sometimes rushing headlong over stony, uneven grounds, over mountains and crooked ways into the great sea beyond. And such a life was Henry Darrell's, full of stony places, through lonely unlovely ways; and for such lives, the gentle among us should feel pity, and not anger, should think to themselves—"Had my life been set in such a cold world, might not I, too, have sinned even as he did?" And with this thought in our hearts say—"Lord, I thank Thee; because I have not been led into temptation, because so much of the pure, and good, and lovable, have been the elements of my young life."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## AFTER THE HOUNDS.

WHEN Victor Darrell had left Ethel, many weeks ago, he had gone away determined to work his way "some how or another," as he had told her then ; but he was not a sanguine man, not one of those who built up great *chateaux Espagnes*, which come tumbling down again all in a breath ; he was a clear-minded young fellow ; he saw how hard a battle he would have to fight before he could stand independent in the world, his own master, with money, and a home to bring a wife into ; but he was one of those men who love largely ; his was a very generous nature ; everything he did he did magnificently, putting his whole mind to it for the time, and he loved Ethel with such a love. He had gone away from her determined to find some road of action, new, toilsome, away from his usual duties. He had many friends ; men like Victor, always have, and these were real friends, not those mere butterfly acquaintances who term themselves so, but real true friends, who would do him a good turn.

"I shall speak to my governor, Darrell, I'm sure he would know of something," young Spavells had said, who was the honorable and only son of a peer, a downy young cornet, who loved his brother officer with a warm boyish affection, which had begun long ago in old Rugby days, and Victor had said in answer—

"Thank you, Fanny."

Fanny was the Honorable Reginald Spavell's nickname at school, because he was such a pink-and-white faced young Adonis, and the name clung to him still.

Many weeks were gone since then, and Victor had since heard news which made him determine not to trouble any of his friends about his future plans.

It was a bright October morning, very early, and Mr. Victor, who was a sportsman, was being toolled along the bright Irish roads, in his honorable friend's trap, to meet the hounds, some miles off. Pink-cheeked Fanny was a good whip, and drove a tidy pair of smart grays,

and he and Victor were spinning along the roads, over the stones and ruts, with which Irish roads abound ; and Mr. Spavells, said suddenly,

"Oh ! by-the-by, Darrell, I wrote to my governor about you, that thing we were speaking of, you know, and he says that he can——"

"I forgot to tell you I've changed my mind about all that, Spavells," Mr. Darrell said, interrupting him. "I've quite changed my mind. I mean to go abroad with the regiment ; thank you all the same. It was very good of you to remember me, old fellow."

"Going abroad with the regiment !" the honorable Fanny cried in consternation, for "the regiment" was going to a very nasty hot place, which abounded in agues and yellow fevers, and all sorts of horrors. "You don't mean to tell me so. By gad, Darrell, it'll be the death of you ; you mustn't go ; no, by George ! you mustn't. Why the governor would no more think of letting *me* go than he would think of flying.

"That's all very well, Spavells, but we're very different, you and I ; you've got a jolly place, and home, and sisters, and all that, while I——," Victor sighed ; "why it doesn't matter where I go."

Spavells was a soft-hearted young fellow ; he had a very happy home, and all the blessings which Victor described were his in great fulness. He touched up the grays gently.

"Why, there's your uncle and cousin, and Darrell's a very nice place," he said, encouragingly ; not as nice as his own fair inheritance, of course, but still a nice place, where he had had some pleasant cock-shooting last December, "and they all seem so fond of you, there."

"That's all changed now," Victor said in a short quick way ; "my cousin's going to be married, and—and—the fact is, I'm unhappy, Fanny, and I think I'd be better out of the country, anywhere, far away ; everything's changed."

Again Fanny brushed one of the grays tenderly with the whip,

He began to see light at last. Poor Darrell had got dipped, that was all.

"If it's nothing very serious, Darrell," he said. "If a hundred or so would help you out of it, I think I could manage it, and—and—any time will do me, you know." This was one of Victor's real friends. This good-hearted boyish cornet, who was really anxious to help his old school chum in his difficulty.

Victor smiled.

"Thank you again, old fellow," he said, very heartily. "You're a real friend, but I'm not dipped; I don't owe one-half of that; I can pay up Poole, and my little account at Benson's to-morrow, if I like; it's not anything of that kind."

And before those two friends had come to their journey's end, Victor had told the whole of his unfortunate story to this good-natured, boyish brother officer, who sympathised with him, and fully agreed with him in thinking that that cousin of his was a snob and a sneak, and wanted a jolly good licking.

"And so you see it doesn't much matter what becomes of me now."

Poor Victor said at the end of his story "No one cares what happens to me," and his young friend tried to comfort him after his rough, school-boyish fashion, half bullying him out of his fit of the blues. It was a hard day with the hounds, this one in October, and Victor rode at everything, and took everything, for he had a fleet-limbed, clean little beast of his own, and but for this same sagacious little animal's agility I think it would have gone hard with Mr. Darrell's collar-bone many times that day.

"That fellow rides as if he wanted to break his neck," a certain sporting Irish squire said to Spavells as the bright heels of Victor's little mare disappeared over a stone wall; "He's the hardest man to ride I ever saw."

And then the discreet squire, who had been in many fields, over many fences, and who knew the danger of stone walls as well as any man, showed nervous young Spavells a daisy cut through a boggy lane, and Victor went his reckless way over fences and hedges, and ~~the~~ stone walls, although he

knew no more of the country than the man in the moon, though I dare say the latter gentleman, who looked down nightly on that great waste of uneven land, would not have cared to follow in Mr. Darrell's wake.

Reckless men are seldom killed, when they are careless as to whether they are so or not; and Victor was in at the death!

Young Spavells drove his friend back again after that hard day with the hounds, back to the dull, dirty town, and big stone barrack prison. It was evening as the two sportsmen drove through the streets; lights were shining in the shop windows, and Victor and his friend were smoking. This same Victor was very unhappy in these days, very miserable and hopeless because his life, and the tone of his life had utterly changed for him, he was very sad and heart-broken, but this heart-breaking is a different thing with men, from women; women's lives are so quiet and monotonous compared with men's; their sorrows grow and magnify themselves so enormously. A heart-broken woman is a woman who has lost all her interest in life, but a heart-broken man is different; men cannot sit down, and brood over their sorrows, they must live and work, and this same sense of action it is that saves them half the bitterness. The saddest words ever written, the saddest thoughts ever in man's or woman's mind are these, "It might have been," and Victor was troubled with these thoughts, "It might have been;" but for his great poverty it would certainly have been; for she had loved him, let who would win her, she had been his the first; this he knew, this he kept repeating to himself often, so often, and this it was that made his trouble such a great one, so hard to bear.

They drove quickly through the bright gas-lit streets, all alive with cars and carriages, and hurrying foot passengers, and they were silent now. Victor was smoking and thinking. He had talked long and vehemently to his friend all the way, from those far away green fields where they had left the hounds, long and eloquently, and all about his love, and his misfortunes, and his reckless plans for the future.

"I will go abroad," he said. "I don't want ever to see her again. I will go, and stay for all the time that the regiment is there; and then, if I am not carried off by fever, or eaten by a tiger, or something of the kind, in ten years I will come back. She will have quite forgotten me by that time, and I shall be so bronzed and bearded, and changed, that no one will know me. I think when that time comes I should like to see her once again. I would like to visit the old house and place, all alone in the night time, perhaps: like that poor fellow Enock Arden, you know, that you read about the other day. I could look in upon her from the terrace, but—but I wouldn't trust myself near him."

And young Spavells said, rather doubtfully,

"She'll be awfully altered by that time, you know. Ten years makes a terrible change in a girl."

The young comforter spoke so frankly, Victor, pleasant, merry Victor, had to laugh; and, considering how very ill-used and broken-hearted he was, Mr. Victor had a very light laugh.

"She won't have grown young, will she? She'll have changed, too, and yet—and yet——"

Mr. Darrell didn't conclude his sentence. He held his half-used cigar between his two fingers, and looked away along the long line of white silent road. He had laughed one of his old pleasant laughs, but he was half broken-hearted while he so looked on before him, and thought of those long dreary years of which he had spoken so lightly.

And the Honorable Reginald Spavells had his own private opinion concerning that young lady who had treated his handsome friend so badly. Through the streets, over the clattering pavements, by the bright shops, Victor had thrown away his cigar-stump now. He was leaning back, looking away sadly; his bright, manly face and pleasant shadowed eyes young Spavells saw in the gaslight looking gloomy. He pitied his young friend; he began once again in his kind, clumsy way to sooth and comfort.

"Never mind, old fellow," he said cheerily, giving a smart jerk of the

whip in the air. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. You're sure to see some one you'll like by-and-by just as well;" but then Victor's heart smote him sore.

"Don't talk like that," he said; and in the light his goodly young face flushed very hotly. "That time will never come; it's impossible. I shall never care for anyone again. All women are flirts and coquettes; girls never have any hearts." Ill-used Victor was judging all girls after the model of that one heartless little one who had treated him so badly.

"By gad, no, Darrell," young Fanny cried now. "I know some very jolly girls not a bit flirty. You mustn't say that; you mustn't, indeed."

Perhaps Mr. Spavells was thinking of those rosy-faced innocent country sisters of his; of their round, honest faces, and great wealth of healthy blushes; or perhaps he was calling to mind some new Irish faces which belonged to Irish girls. "Very jolly good girls," as he was wont to tell his brother officers; and those wicked, evil-minded gentlemen used to laugh over poor little pink-cheeked Fanny's devotion to those "good girls," and say that some day the innocent-minded fellow would find himself "booked" to one of those bouncing "garrison hacks," if he didn't mind.

Just in time for mess! Ten minutes to get out of all the muddy, sporting gear, and scramble into uniform. And then the noise and clatter, and dozens of voices; the questioning and laughing, and this was some of the life that grew around Victor—these were some of the active things which led his thoughts away from Ethel sometimes.

But there came still hours in the night when the voices were hushed, and the lights all out in many windows—when only the tramp! tramp! tramp! of the sentry in the yard broke the great solemn stillness; and then Victor, sitting all alone, would take a photograph from his breast pocket—a picture of a pretty soft face, and gaze on it, and kiss it, as no lover-letter or relic had ever been kissed before; and in these dead hours of the night Victor would tell himself passionately, "I will see her before I go. I must see her—my darling!"

and Spavells went to bed with his good, kind heart troubled for his friend, "poor old Victor," who was so awfully spoony! "I will introduce him to the Sewells, by Jove! I will—they're such jolly good girls,

they'll be kind to him." And then this good-hearted simple-minded little officer fell into a gentle sleep, and dreamt of the Sewell girls, and smiled in his sleep.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

NOT YET!

HENRY walked through the fields with Ethel on that bright autumn evening, from the Grange to Darrell. There was but the one way, through the meadow field over the stile, into the woods by the wooden gate; and all that way was so familiar to Ethel. In her dreams she stood among the grass and wild sorrel leaves often; by the wooden steps, feeling the touch of the long wet grass about her feet. He helped her over the stile; they had spoken but few words to one another since they left the house, but now Ethel spoke to him. Before her lay the long line of meadow-path. She stood by the little stile, and she looked away towards the woods and the wooden gate, and her eyes looked far off and strange as though she saw a vision; and she said—

"Henry, there is something I want to tell you—something which I ought to tell you, and I think I could do it best here."

But his dread rose up before him. He spoke—

"No," he said. "If you have any secrets keep them until we are married, dear, then you can tell them."

He knew so well what this one was, and he didn't want to hear her tell it; but she spoke again—

"It is something I ought to tell you," she said. "I am not acting honestly in hiding it from you."

"Ethel, I trust you. I do not want to hear it."

He stood before her. He looked into her face, and in the far-off-looking eyes he read the whole secret; but she spoke hotly, the colour came to her face, and those frank, truthful eyes flashed upon him with such a look of pain.

"You must not trust me, Henry. I am a very wicked, dishonest girl. I have been keeping something from

you which I should have told you that night when I accepted you."

He laid his hand on her arm; he came a step nearer to her, but she went on speaking in the same quick, impatient way.

"I should have told you then that I did not love you, because I love some one else."

He took his hand off her arm, he took a step back; he had known all this, in his heart of hearts he had known it all. But here was a test for his vanity, here was a bitter, bitter drop in his cup; he could have borne to have waited and hoped, knowing that she was striving to live down that love, but it was the hardest part of all his punishment to hear her telling him that she still loved that "some one else."

"But I won't deceive you any longer," she went on, passionately. "I have been very wicked and cruel; I have been trifling with your honest love; I was very wicked when I said I would be your wife, I knew when I said it such a thing never could be."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I cannot love you."

"I am willing to wait," he said, "I don't want to hurry you."

"You are so good to me—so patient with me," spoke out poor little Ethel, and her voice failed her, big tears stole into her eyes, and yet the old despair was in her breast. "You are so good to me; but, oh! Henry, I am afraid that love will never come," and then she put her two hands over her face, and covered it; she turned her head away, she dreaded to look upon him, or read the reproach or anger in his eyes, she felt so guilty. And he! why he stood still near her, still silent, for a sword had entered his heart, and made a wound there which nothing else could have made; a voice was crying "Never, never!"

His dreams and plans all lay so ruined and shattered. He didn't flush, or speak any angry bitter words, no reproach came from his lips, his pale closed lips, he stood like a man sentenced to some terrible judgment, and when he did speak, his voice was like the voice of a man pleading for his life.

"I can wait, I will wait any time, but, Ethel, I could not live without you now."

And this man, to whom the love of woman had been such a light thing, felt that without her his life would be unbearable to him.

She was crying now, crying and sobbing, and he spoke still; he grew reckless, he laid bare all his wounds, "I couldn't live without you, Ethel, I couldn't; will you marry me and let the love come after?" This man pleaded, this man who was so passionless in his nature, to whom such a thing as a *grand passion* was strange. His voice failed him, his pale face had a wild pained look in it, but he didn't touch her, he dared not have tried to soothe her, he only waited for an answer to his question. "Let me try, I will be so patient with you, Ethel, I will do my best to make you happy, darling; I will be so careful of you, and then—then, I think, the love must come—let me try, it will be only just of you after all."

"Would you take me like that?" Ethel asked, she took her hands away from her face, her great eyes looked out upon him through unshed tears. Was it something in the girl's own frank proud nature that made her look with an almost contempt on the man who spoke to her so, something of that same feeling which had come into John Haller's heart when he had talked with him in the churchyard among the graves? But Ethel was simple-minded, honest, and true, and looking into his face then, she told herself that this was a new kind of love, such a great love, as she had never even read of in her romances. "Would you take me like that?" she asked, and then when he answered her, "Indeed I would," the good, generous part of her nature was touched.

"How generous you are," she said. She forgave him the sin of loving her; she forgot her repugnance and

anger then. She put out her hands to him, "Wait," she said; "wait a little longer; when two months are gone I will marry you, if you still wish it."

And then she broke out crying again; she put up her hands over her face, and she stood there where Victor had bid her good-bye, in the long grass by the stile, crying as she had never cried before the day when he had waved his farewell to her over the wooden gate.

He didn't try to comfort her; he didn't speak to her; he stood before her, with his dark eyes bent on the ground. The object for which he had plotted and lived for so many weeks was as far as ever from his grasp. Was he beginning to repent of that hope which had led him on into sin, and deceit, and cruelty? That hope which was so frail and weak, was it worth the toil and trouble which he had taken to gain it; but he couldn't turn back over the waste and ruin and shipwrecked love he had well nigh passed; he was able even now to take her hands and know that she would be his in the end; but what good was that knowledge while her love remained estranged from him?

Poor, weak, inconsistent little Ethel! her pride was bending more and more, her foolish romance and day dream was all melting before the stern realities of life. She had been unfortunate in that story which had begun for her many months ago; she had been very unfortunate in her love; and now she saw all this, she was beginning to learn the value of real love, and this she told herself Henry had for her. In none of her romances had any man so spoken; this was a new type of love. Could any love be truer love than such a love as this? He was willing to take her to him, to hold her, and cherish her, and wait, wait ever so patiently, until she should learn to love him in return. And should such love never come? What matter, there would grow up affection, she would learn to respect him, to know his worth, and the depth of feeling which was in him; the great love which passed all her understanding now, would grow into her nature, and fill all her heart; and gratitude would turn to love, and

so she bade him wait a little, and that wait was only to enable her to bury some past things, to hide away her dead hopes, and smother them up and forget them. "Wait," she said; "wait a little longer; when two months are gone I will marry you, if you still wish it;" and she only cried because she felt that she was wronging him, treating him very

badly, and that she had done wickedly in accepting him for her husband in a fit of anger and wounded pride, not knowing him; and oh! not knowing herself. But now she did, now she was changed, and any self sacrifice she could make, it was only her duty to make, because this good, patient man loved her so!

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### AMONG THE FAIRIES.

I DARE say you are wondering, reader, why this heroine of mine was so easily won. I dare say you are thinking that she is a terribly inconsistent young lady, very unnatural in that it came so easy to her to think of marrying one man while she loved another. If she is unnatural and inconsistent I cannot help it, she is not a child of my own imagination, she is a living, reasoning, passionate girl of flesh and blood, and this, the story of her life, is true to her life. I know her; my life has been very closely set with hers, I have known all the sorrow and joy which she has known, and if she is not a pleasing picture I cannot help it. I only suppose that I am a bad artist, incapable of drawing well from nature. I cannot, like those rare masters of the art, with a few bold touches, give the whole character to my picture the life and colour; I must paint carefully, a kind of mosaic work, little by little; if I exaggerate some things, and but half draw others, it is only my want of skill, for this study which I have given myself is one very rich in beauty, and if it has faults they are small ones. Ethel Haller lived a strangely lonely life in this farmhouse of her uncle's, a lonely country life. It is one thing to live lonely in the country, and quite another thing to live lonely in the town. Strange it is to sit daily in a city window, all alone, as I have done for hours together, looking out on scores of strange faces, on many carriages and cars, on hundreds of human beings, each one with their separate little world of hopes and plans, each one with a separate sphere of life and action, and not one with the same interests and plans as my own. My life may

have been set in lonelier, sadder ways than most, but however that may be, I know that to look out so into a crowded city street, on many, many strange faces, has made me feel more intensely alone, more solitary and insignificant, than anything else in all the world; and this is what makes hours in a great, busy, thronged city like London, far, far lonelier than any country life, no matter how far removed from all intercourse with our fellow-men. In the long ago days of my life I lived in the still country, but there came not the heavy oppressive sense of utter loneliness to me then. I remember "the little window where the sun came peeping in at morn," the great calm sense of peace, the chirp of birds, the scent of hay, the song of the ocean, the breaking of waves over rocks and shingle, the rustle of trees, and the far away monotonous lowing of cows. Ah, me! when I think of it all; the bright, joyous, sunshiny days, the still soft evenings, the peaceful old times, living now in a great smoky city, looking out daily on no better view than a grove of opposite chimneys, seeing nothing more picturesque than a string of Pickford's waggons, or an occasional bright bonnet, my heart grows sick with longing for the old lonely country days which, after all, were never, oh, never, in their intensest stillness, half so lonely as these new noisy busy ones in a London street. An old-fashioned primitive home this of Ethel's—a farmhouse: vast meadows stretching eastward, pastures for many flocks, dikes, and hedges, and English fences, corn fields, and clusters of old trees, and then the barns and stables, and the cozy



farmyard from which came the shrill clear clarion call of the cock in the early morning. The pretty old Grange House, with its jessamine porch, and ivy-grown walls, and its little lattice windows, like laughing eyes, shining among the leaves. A home to grow fond of surely—a picture of a sweet, snug old house, such as haunts our memories for ever. It must take a great deal of care and sorrow to rob such a home as this of its sunshine and pleasantness; and Ethel Haller must have been a very odd little girl when she preferred the great cold stone house of Darrell to this peaceablest of all peaceful old places, the Dower House. But Ethel was proud—so intensely proud that this sacrifice she would make, let it cost her what it would; she would show her false lover how slightly she thought of him. How pride still rules people, smothering their good gentle qualities, hardening their natures; but there is a good old saying which says that “pride shall have a fall.” And already this foolish impetuous little girl was beginning to find out that her pride failed her often. She was losing much of it, by slow degrees.

“Sweet are the uses of adversity,” said one who always spoke truths in pleasant words, for such uses soften hard natures, and break proud spirits. They humble the mighty, and kill that which is hard and cold, and Ethel’s sorrow was creeping slowly into her heart, and filling it with a sadness, and although the pride still lived, it was a smaller, weaker passion than before.

Ethel was not what some one calls “a perfect woman nobly planned;” she had many faults, but this hot pride was the worst of all—it carried her away, it rose up and prevented her thinking charitably, it made her act wrongly; but the uses of the adversity which my heroine half made for herself bore good fruit in the end.

Poor, erring, foolish Ethel! I wonder whether I am drawing a very unpleasant picture of you, my pretty little heroine! I am afraid I am too fond of harping on your faults; I am telling many things which were better let be.

And now it is far into autumn, dead leaves lie on the flower beds

and gravel walks, the days are short and chill, the evenings are long, and the nights are longest of all; the sun is chancier of his warmth, rain falls often now, and the still soft summer days are gone, and Ethel is still living her old quiet life at the Grange; but it is a quieter lonelier life now, for Mr. Darrell is away in London. He is not to see his *fiancée* again until those two weary months are gone. This Ethel has arranged; she has allowed herself those eight weeks of freedom and peace, and in them she is to learn to forget that handsome young officer who is always thinking of her, who kisses her photograph, and tells himself often that he must see her before he goes away, who, in a dreary Irish barrack is pining for a sight of her face, a word from her lips. What a world it is to be sure! what a curiously unhappy turn the things belonging to it take sometimes.

It is autumn, and Ethel Haller, lonelier than ever, because she has tasted of the sweetness of companionship, lives once more among her books, the old, dangerous, dreamy life. Here is the routine of this strange little girl’s life. An early breakfast, such as country gentlemen must habituate themselves to, in the fresh morning; the arrival of the post-bag from Darrell; the letters, the uninteresting letters; always that one square envelope; the seal, the post-mark, the almost feminine handwriting; those uninteresting, scorned love-letters, which morning after morning lie among the crumbs on the breakfast table at the Dower House, then the long morning; John Haller away at the farm riding a young horse, or trying somebody else’s young horse; placing some new fences and walls; buying and selling after the manner of such country gentlemen who put their whole minds to their profession, and Ethel all alone with her books. These mornings were the hours which Ethel really and truly devoted to her books. The long golden summer mornings, the four or five hours when she used to wander off among the fields, “far from the busy haunts of men;” through fields and woods, and summer places, over carpets of primroses and violets, yellow and blue; through fields thick with bright young grass, and

the white and gold of millions of daisies and buttercups; through scenes lovely as "the blissful seats of Eden," into the still sequestered places where she could be alone, to enjoy "the sober hour"

— "which books bestow  
To sooth the heart, and blunt its woe!"

with some one of her quaint old volumes. There ran a mill stream through the valley, below the garden, and on the still sunny days of summer Ethel roamed and lingered by the brook for hours together. Many times would she sit and dream there of a thousand things; a hundred voices would mingle with the whisper and uneven singing of the water. Sometimes it was of sad things that she thought at such times; sometimes her visions were those of little Ondine, of drowning Ophelia, of that strange lady of Shalot, who floated down to Camelot, on such another lonely stream. Ophelia's river-grave she had found, searching for that willow which grew "aslant the brook," and then, picturing the whole scene—the splash, the sob, a smothered cry, a white form drifted away by the fast-rushing water; and then in her panorama as she wandered on, lived Ondine's island, broke tiny silver waves; against a mossy, pebbly shore rang the clear laughter of the little water-maiden. And when the moon was in the sky; when the long shadows of the trees lay upon the water; when the light shone in a thousand little silver ripples, then it was that Ethel stole out through the garden, and, standing by the river, thought of Anderson's "little mermaid," and almost fancied that she heard her song, and saw her white arms waving among the shadows of the trees. That little siren of Hans Anderson's was one of Ethel's heroines. So many of her sad salt tears had fallen for the fate of that poor pretty, brave-hearted little fairy maiden, whose life had all wrapt itself up in an unfortunate love. These were Ethel's sad thoughts, but she had others. Many times when the flood rose in the river, when it was no longer Ophelia's "glassy brook," or Ondine's silver sea; when no more that confined lady floated through the long rushes and sedges, Ethel sat reading; and sometimes it

was those knights—tales of Chaucer's, of Palamon, and Arcite, in their prison; and again of Tasso in his dismal cell at Ferrara, writing always those wondrous scenes of his "Jerusalem;" and these things would stir my heroine's heart strangely. Once, on one silent summer's day, had she sat through a long morning by the brook reading that pretty old world tale of chivalry, "The Magic Ring," and, dreaming always, Ethel saw the whole picture pageant floating before her in the water, Otto and Bertha sitting lover-like on the pleasant river-bound bank, talking quaintly of knights and crusaders, and then the tramp of horses and armed men; the flash of blood-red torches in the sombre night; the charge, the hush, and then the crashing fall of horse and rider, and broken lance on the green sward. And dreaming still, she listened to young Otto's brave words of promise, and she saw the sad tears coursing each other down loving Bertha's pale cheeks; and the noble words had thrilled her, firing her soul with such great pride. She was a very odd girl, certainly, this niece of John Haller's; but "it is not always he who reads most that knows the most," says Southey; and although Ethel Haller read so many strange things, still on many subjects this heroine of mine was more ignorant than most girls. It is not every girl who has read such books as Miss Haller read often; but this little girl was better versed in such book-lore than in any of the conventional works which are in all girls' hands. With such she was not at home. "Robinson Crusoe," and Kingsley's "Water Babies" were among the few which may have been read by other young ladies; but although her strange readings had made her romantic, and perhaps a little too dreamy and quaint in her ideas, still they did her no harm. But Ethel did not dream away all her days so; she was a pleasant, cheery little soul sometimes; hers was one of those elastic natures which has its merry-making times and periods, and although Ethel had no regular young lady friends, still she was on visiting, gossiping terms with all the Nante ladies; and these visits made breaks in her solitary life. She had interests, too, such interests as all country ladies

should have. Few were the cottages, no matter how poor and humble, that knew her not; few were the faces which did not brighten at her approach, for she was one of those people who seem to be born to popularity—who have that blessed gift of finding a way to every heart. Little children held out their round plump arms to her, and smiled as they looked into her pleasant eyes. Good-natured, motherly women felt their simple hearts warm towards the gentle, gracious girl who loved their little ones. Ethel had soft, pleasant hands, made to caress and fondle children, and there were none too poor to share in those caresses. That little dying boy who lived in a

lonely cottage away in the glen was only one among a hundred children to whom Ethel's coming was as the visit of an angel; but for that one pale-faced, golden-haired boy there was more love in her heart. That law of nature which is one of the most beautiful, the sympathy with everything weak and frail, had made her love the little dying child with a tenderer love than any other. To him alone were those stories told—those fairy tales and others—and he was the one among them all whose place she would miss the most should the reaper with the "sickle keen" gather *him* among the flowers which are taken "not in anger or in wrath."

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## SOME NEW VOICES.

"YOU'RE sure to like them, Darrell. They're the jolliest girls I ever met," cries young Spavells, quite heated with his own eloquence, for he had been haranguing Victor on the subject of the "Sewell girls" for the last half hour. He was smoking the pipe of peace with his friend in that friend's little barrack-room, after mess.

Poor disconsolate Victor. "Jolly girls" delight not him. He puffs away a thick volume of smoke, and says—

"I dare say they're very nice, and all that kind of thing, but I never went in for being a lady's man. I don't suppose we'd get on."

But Spavells interrupted—

"Oh, humbug!" he cried. "I defy any fellow not to get on with the Sewells. They're up to everything; they hunt and fish, and dance like anything. Irish girls are much jollier than English girls. Don't you think so, Darrell?"

"I dare say," Victor answers. He is glaring moodily into the red fire.

"Much more go in them you know," young Fanny continued, looking also into the warm coals. "Why Georgina—I mean Miss Sewell—goes at anything in the field; right across the country, I wish you could see her—as straight as an arrow. She's an awfully jolly girl."

"I'm sure she is," Victor answers; but his young friend who admires

him, and dresses after him, and respects his opinions, and who has studied his good-looking face, so that he understands every light and change in it, sees, or fancies he sees, the blue eyes full of merriment. He flushes a pink girlish blush.

"Why are you laughing, Darrell?" he says, rather hurt.

Victor takes the cigar from his mouth, he turns his bright eyes on his friend, his face has not lost its old pleasant light, and he laughs—

"Why, Fanny, old fellow, I verily believe you're spoony on this 'wild Irish girl.'"

The girlish blush grows deeper and hotter, and spreads over the modest Fanny's neck and temples, but he denies the accusation.

"No, I'm not," he says, but Victor, still laughing, goes on—

"Oh, but yes, you are," he cries. He is very fond of this boyish brother officer, who is so innocent and kindly. "You're over head and ears in love with her, Fanny, you know you are."

"I wish you could see her, Darrell," little Fanny says again, through his blushes, "she's so handsome and jolly. I know you'd admire her."

"You're making me quite curious," Victor said, taking another long pull at the cigar. "Suppose I go in, and cut you out, eh?"

Spavells feels his weakness and inferiority at once. He says humbly—

"Of course you could if you liked."

"But I won't like; no, I'm not that kind of fellow, am I? I'm not a sneak."

He is frowning into the coals, and Fanny knows what he is thinking of.

"I shouldn't be afraid to trust you, Darrell, but I do wish you knew her, you'd be sure to get on."

Victor doesn't answer, he isn't sanguine on that point; somehow he has got into a habit of judging all women after a standard of his own.

"I wish you would let me tool you over there to-morrow," Spavells continues, "they'd be so glad to see you, I know they would; Irish people are so hospitable, and—and I should like you to see her, and give me your opinion."

"I'll go," Victor says suddenly, he has been living such a strange life for the last week—a solitary kind of life, not mixing in any society, wandering off into the lonely country by himself, finding out new ways, travelling about all by himself—he is growing morose and moody, and now he is seized with a new idea. He will mingle with other people, men and women; he will compare the women with one whom he has lost, and try whether the world contains one anything like her, and if it does, why Victor's thoughts don't go any further!

"Oh do; do come!"

Spavells cries with an ingenious enthusiasm—

"I'll tool you over in my 'tea car.'" He is beginning to have hopes now of his friend. "He'll be certain to fall in love with Anna Maria," Spavells thought. Now Anna Maria was the second Miss Sewell—a very inferior person to her sister; but next to that one beautiful siren, young Spavells thought her the "nicest girl in the world." And so he arranged that Victor was to fall in love with her at once.

"How nice it would be," poor, simple-minded Fanny thought vaguely, as he sat dreaming over Victor's fire. Of course he was in love with Miss Sewell, but he had misgivings as to how his "papa" would approve of his love. He was young, "awfully young," as he acknowledged to himself only; and papas, particularly

titled papas, don't like to see their sons settle down in a hurry.

And so Victor had made up his mind to break the ice at last. He had been subject of speculation in this Irish garrison town for a long time; this good-looking, manly young fellow, who was so poor, but who was yet heir presumptive to a good old English baronetage, and might any day be a rich man, a *bon parti* for a portionless girl.

"Ask him to dinner," Mrs. O'Loughlen had said to her husband, one morning as he rode off in the direction of the town. Mrs. O'Loughlen was the fond mother of seven healthy penniless girls, and Victor was heir presumptive to a baronetage.

"Of course his cousin will never marry," some one had said to the mother of the O'Loughlen girls—"He is fifty, and a bachelor, and hates all women." And so Victor was asked to dine at the "Lindens." But he didn't go; those were the days wherein he lived the life of a recluse, and he never saw those seven blooming girls who were wasting their sweetness on the desert air of their secluded country home.

"We're at home every Friday," confidential, smiling Mrs. Little had said repeatedly to Victor Darrell, when she met him in the principal street of the smoky little Irish town, and Victor always smiled his bright, winning smile, and said, "Oh, thanks, I shall be sure to make time to run over and see you." But somehow he had never been able to get up the steam for this visit either. There were two *passée* Miss Littles, and we who know Victor, know how distasteful ladies' society was to him.

Spinning over the uneven sloppy roads, the Hon. Reginald Spavells and his chum, Victor Darrell, drove off in the direction of the suburban villa where Mrs. Sewell (relict of the late General Sewell) and her two daughters lived. Those Miss Sewells, the "jolly girls," were *par excellence* the belles of this garrison town. They "went down" better with the officers than any of the other girls. They were better dressed, better educated, had seen more of "life," and, in fact, had more "go" in them, as innocent Fanny had remarked, unkind people called them "garrison hacks," and "fast girls,"

and "bad style;" but let us hope that the "green-eyed monster" had something to say to the unpopularity which the Misses Sewell certainly had in this gossiping town.

Spinning along, big, unsusceptible Victor, smoking as usual, with his thoughts far, far away, he was called back to a sense of his situation suddenly by the grays coming to a halt as if of their own accord before the white pillars of a gateway—probably the grays were familiar with those white posts—up a narrow avenue, laurel-hedged, and then once again Mr. Spavells' "tea car" came to a halt before the white steps, and whiter front of a smart stucco villa. From behind muslin curtains, the sporting Miss Georgina beheld the arrival; it was nothing uncommon to her to see smart equipages, and military "lions" before the steps of the stucco villa.

"It's only Spavells," she said to her sister; "and no—yes—the good-looking man with the sandy hair who rode so at the last meet."

Miss Georgina had little time to make her reconnoitre from the drawingroom window, to twist her head a couple of times before the glass, and then to sink into a graceful attitude on the sofa with the third volume of a new novel in her hand, before the door opened, and the familiar boyish figure, and his friend, who had come to be introduced to the Miss Sewells, entered the room.

A pleasant, dimly-lighted room, like a little fairy palace, such profusion of china and glass, and small chairs, and smaller tables, and the heavy, soothing scent of many flowers. This was Victor's first impression of the drawingroom at the stucco villa. And then he felt himself plucked by the sleeve, he heard Fanny's shy voice saying—"Darrell, this is Miss Sewell," and Victor turned his eyes full upon a rather tall, well-made, showy girl, with a general effect of eyes, and fuzzy hair, and graceful draperies—a calm, matronly-looking young woman, a little *en bon point*, who said good-humoredly—

"We're very glad to see you," in that genuinely honest bluff way which belongs to the Irish only. And Victor knew that this was Fanny's love. And then he found himself being introduced to Miss Anna Maria

Sewell, the young lady to whom he was expected to become devoted at once.

The pleasant shaded light, the perfume of the flowers, all the charm of these things was borrowed surely from the pretty fairy little creature who looked up with such soft dove eyes into Victor's face then. Why hadn't Fanny fallen in love with this one instead of the other? Victor kept wondering, as he just touched the whitest, fairest fingers in the world with his own big clumsy ones, and heard a silver-bell voice say, "How do you do?" None of the frank greeting which had come from the elder sister. "Mamma" was up-stairs with "one of her racking headaches." But this didn't interfere with a very pleasant tea-drinking and chat in the pretty drawingroom; tea poured out by Miss Sewell's plump soft white hands—cake handed round by Victor, who, in his way, was beginning to fall into the habits of the place; big, shy, handsome Victor, who spoke little, and grew red and hot on very slight provocation. Miss Sewell certainly was a jolly girl—jolly in the smiling, noisy, manly sense of the word; she was the kind of woman who, had she been a man, men would have termed him a "good fellow." There was honest, rollicking, good nature about her. She was quite at home with Victor in half an hour, chattering, laughing, flirting boisterously with little Spavells, flashing her fine eyes upon him, quizzing him, and making him do a thousand little trifling services for her; quite at home with him, too, and Miss Anna Maria, who lacked the bouncing, carrying-by-storm qualities of her sister, she sat demure, mouse-like, grave, on a corner of the sofa. People say that Anna Maria is the greatest flirt of the two in her quiet way, and I dare say they are right, for although she speaks but little, still when she does speak her words come cooing out, her voice has such a tender, bell-like sweetness, and what she says is always to the point; she has fine eyes, not as brilliant and bold as her sister's but they are soft and dove-like, and she had a way of giving a side glance, and then looking down. It takes longer to know Anna Maria, but when you do get to know her thoroughly you find

that she has a great deal in her ; she can ridicule her friends, and imitate them to perfection. Why it was only last evening, when the O'Loughlen girls came to tea, that Miss Anna Maria "took off" poor simple girlish Spavells to perfection, corking two tiny mustaches on her lip, screwing her mouth into a cherry shape, sitting on the sofa twisting her thumbs, and imitating his shy way of speaking. She is a little rogue, never really in earnest, always de-

ceiving people as to her real character. No one knows her, or understands her thoroughly ; she is a little actress ; her frank, noisy sister says sometimes "Annie, you're the oddest girl in the world," and she thinks so, too, for she cannot understand her ; but Victor thinks her stupid, he is so clumsy ; he has broached half a dozen subjects, but little demure monosyllables have been her only replies ; she is studying him, she wants to read him off before she begins to captivate him.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### POUR PASSER LE TEMPS.

MRS. SEWELL, up stairs with her racking headache, thought the young people very quiet to-day, and Spavells, who always carried away a hazy remembrance of noise, and chattering a ventriloquist's entertainment by Miss Anna Maria, or *tableaux vivants* by the same young lady, was puzzled by the new decorous way things were going to-day. The little actress sat mute as a statue on the sofa, her soft eyes seemed as though they scarcely dared to look up at all ; she spoke in a *soto voce*, and looked a new person altogether. He glanced often at her in surprise.

"How quiet she is to-day," he said to Georgina, who shrugged her shoulders ; "she's never the same for two days running ; she's the oddest girl in the whole world, I really believe ; she's not a bit like you," little Fanny continued, he found it so much easier to talk to his love when he had her all to himself. "You're always the same."

Miss Sewell smiled on her little lover a frank encouraging smile, as if to say, "You'll do in time. You're getting on."

"I'm one of those people who take the world very easy," she said. I let it wag on in its own way ; my wants are few."

The fine eyes flashed upon him good humouredly. What a wife she would make, Spavells thought, looking and listening rapturously ; what a born soldier's wife she was, made to be knocked about, he sighed.

Some ten minutes later the head-sachey lady up stairs heard Georgina's fine voice raised in song, "All is lost," the old familiar tune, little Spavells

had heard it murdered long ago by his innocent plodding sisters, and he listened in a rapture, and Victor, too, knew the song, and while Miss Sewell sang he was away in a dream in a quaint old library room, listening to organ notes and a sweet thrilling voice.

The Italians say that "of the hundred requisites to make a singer, he who has a fine voice has ninety-nine ;" and Miss Sewell had a fine voice, a rich, strong voice. "All is lost," that hackneyed, beautiful song—and Victor's heart swelled up within him in a passion of regret. He looked at the singer, but there was a charm wanting which the fine voice could not give ; he glanced at the demure, nunlike little figure on the sofa, who sat working at a pair of dog-slippers, fairy fingers listlessly twisting about, "partly work and partly play," and he said to himself "There is no one like *her*," and his heart was full of a great despair. "No one like Ethel." He was comparing her with these new friends ; he was comparing her bright graceful manners with the noisy, clumsy manners of the elder Miss Sewell, and her gentle, pleasant ways with the shy, missyish ways of the younger. No other girl had such sweet, beautiful eyes, such smiling lips, such glorious hair, and oh ! no other girl in all the world had her quaint ideas, her odd ways, and store of pleasant words ; she stood alone, there was no one like her.

And back through an autumn fog Victor drove with his friend, still thinking of all this.

"How do you like them, Darrell?"

Spavells inquired as they turned out from the white gates, on to the misty road.

"Oh, very well," Victor answered; but he sighed shortly, "They seem good-natured and cheery."

"So they are, so they are, indeed, awfully good-hearted, and — and what do you think of *her*?"

"Which?" great, stupid Victor asks, looking ahead with his wide blue eyes over the tops of the grays' heads.

"Why, Georgina, the eldest, don't you think she's awfully handsome?"

"Well, yes, I should say decidedly handsome; but I'm no judge of beauty, you know, Fanny."

"And the other, the little one, Annie, she's nice, isn't she?"

"I don't care for her," Victor answers sullenly; he is such a faithful young fellow, so true a lover, that he feels as if it was a kind of treason in him to admire any woman but the one.

"Why not?" Spavells asks uncomfortably; he gives one of the grays a sharp cut over the neck, and then plucks up his head. He is disappointed, he has been in such hopes that his friend would "fall in" at once with the Sewell girls.

"Oh! I don't know; I told you, Fanny, that I don't care for girls."

"Such humbug, Darrell, a good-looking fellow like you talking that way."

Victor laughed, a short, genuine little laugh.

"Good looking!" he said, "you're the only person in the world who ever thought so, Fanny."

"By George, I'm not; why, on my life, Darrell, old Mrs. Little asked me only the other day who the tall, handsome young cornet was, meaning you, and why he didn't go out like our other fellows."

"And I hope you told her that he is one of the most unlucky fellows that ever lived; that he is miserable and heart-broken, and tired of his life."

In a quick, almost passionate voice Victor spoke, sitting looking away over the horses' heads, into the mist. "Tell her all this when next she questions you about me or my affairs, and tell her as well that these are some of the reasons which make me stop at home when the other

fellows are waltzing and flirting and making fools of themselves."

Simple-minded little Spavells didn't say anything more then; he glanced at the good-looking young face at his side, and couldn't understand his friend at all.

"He doesn't seem to have enjoyed his visit," Fanny thought, and had he?

When he crossed the barrack-square half an hour later, and scaled the little narrow stairs, poor faithful Victor still kept saying to himself, "There is no one like *her*." And again, when he stood alone in his tiny room, when he held a little smiling photographed face before him, "Oh, my darling, there is no one, no one like you;" and, as he had done many, many times before, he kissed the picture, not once, but half a dozen times in his own passionate, despairing way.

And yet Victor went again and again to the stucco villa and fairy drawingroom. He was trying to get over his foolish, boyish passion for the pretty, heartless little flirt who had well nigh broken his heart, and every time he went to the villa he liked Miss Georgina Sewell better and better. To be sure she was not a very refined young lady, she talked slang, and rode across country, and flirted, but with all that she was good-hearted, and in a manly kind of way sympathised with any trouble. She saw that there was something amiss with her little lover's friend, "He has either run himself hard up or else he's in love," she said one day to Fanny, when that young gentleman paid a solitary visit to the Misses Sewell. "We must try and cheer him up a bit, whichever it is," and Spavells gushed up with rapture and gratitude while he listened to her.

"Do; oh do!" he said, "I wish you would; it would be so good of you, he is down, awfully down in the mouth; he'll be sure to tell you all about it when he knows you better."

And so Miss Georgina Sewell set about trying to console and cheer the hero of the golden mustaches, not in the little, delicate, gentle ways which women comforters so often use. She didn't seek his confidence, but she set about rousing him from his apathy and sadness in a frank, boisterous way, which was all her own.

She sang to him bright joyous songs, in a rich strong voice ; she took him in hand and carried him by storm. It was the only way she could ever win over men to like her ; she used none of the little dodges and quiet ways which many women use in their sieges of this kind ; she laid no trains of gunpowder under unsuspecting feet ; she came boldly to the front, face to face, with flying colours and sounding bugles ; and columns fled before her, castles and strongholds threw open their gates and welcomed her, because they couldn't resist her ; she may have been "fast" as many people said she was ; she may have been "a garrison hack," or "bad style," but she was good-hearted, with that true sympathetic nature which belongs only to really soft-hearted people, and so she laid herself out to

rally the disconsolate Victor. Victor was one of those men who believe and trust in a generous way, loving so largely, and to such men women's sympathy is always given ; and so Miss Sewell did her best to console the disconsolate young fellow, and Anna Maria found that he was careless of her demure, devotional manners and ways, he wasn't to be captivated, and so she only shrugged her shoulders, and told her mamma that of course "that great donkey of a fellow, young Darrell," had attached himself to Georgina's apron-strings ; big men always did, heavy, unsusceptible men most of all ; and Victor was beginning to think that, after all, the Honorable Reginald Spavells might do worse than marry that noisy, large-hearted young lady who lived in this out-of-the-way Irish town.

## CHAPTER XL.

## FACE TO FACE.

HITHERTO my water-colour sketches have all been very tame little pictures. I have kept very humbly to a line of pictures of very out-of-the-way sequestered places. I have attempted no brilliant Turner-esque colouring, no Claudian lights and shadows ; I have only drawn quiet scenes ; but now I want to show you a new picture, readers, and this new scene is one which I ought to know how to paint, if constant study of an object, if continual watching and observing can help the study I ought to be able to draw this picture with a surer, bolder hand than any of the others.

Long wastes of yellow sand, huge rocks, headlands, and green lanes rich sloping land, fields, and homesteads, a fair English patch of ground, and stretching away in a great plain of blue green surface lies the sea ! The great, mysterious, beautiful sea, with its depths and fathomless places, its blue lights and wondrous shadows, its little silver waves, its crystal spray, its never ceasing song and story, and this sea gives the whole character to my new picture.

I think that nowhere in all England is there a more glorious, natural sea-coast than this southern one, a rough-outlined, unfrequented fishing village, lying on that desert of golden sand. I have seen but one other such pic-

ture of wild beautiful sea and land, and that picture lies in the rich Connemara side of Ireland.

Scattered houses, scattered trees, and marvellous crowding rocks, it would take a freer, bolder hand than mine to do this picture justice ; I want Turner's brave colour-valour to enable me to paint it properly ; I want the Claudian stream of light, which would gild the great sea, and touch the white homesteads, and light up the sky. I lay down my brush with a sigh, for I have not the power of those great painters.

There is an old song-book tale with which I dare say many of my readers are familiar, a story of a certain Eastern lady who travelled from far countries into English land in search of her lover, and the only words of our dear mother tongue which she could speak were the two which he had taught her long ago, "London," the name of his home, and "Gilbert," his own beloved name, and these two words had led her to him. And now I am going to tell of another foreign woman, whose great love had made her, too, to leave her home and friends, and everything, so that she might find *him*, the man who had loved her long ago.

The sunny south of England ! The blue sea ! She had come so far,



and his name could now guide her to the end of her journey easily, for that great name of "Darrell" was one famous in this southern English county, as Gilbert & Békct's was in his London merchant home.

Here was the *bête noire* of Henry Darrell's life ; here was the shadow which lay across his fair, sunshiny path, darkening it all ; and the end was drawing on ; the crisis was close at hand, that crisis which he had been warding off so long, which he feared and shrank from like a guilty man.

"I must see her," he kept telling himself, with an agony in his face and voice, as he paced his room with an open letter in his hand. "I must see her, and end it all. She shall know, she shall see those written judgments." He was not a brave man, and he shrank from that scene ; he dreaded it with a kind of horror.

It was this resolve which now led the pale-faced gentleman who was heir to an old English baronetage and demesne, to visit this out-of-the-way fishing village. He had come hastening in the train ; he had driven many miles, and now he walked rapidly along the road in the direction of the little groups of white cottages, which was called a town. Strangely anxious did he feel ; strangely did his face pale, and his heart beat as he hurried along. People looked at him with surprised, curious faces. The men and women who passed him on the lonely roads turned and paused to look after him. His face told such a story ; his evil, handsome face spoke such a strange story. He knew this little sea-side village ; he knew every house and cottage in it, and he hurried along through the narrow streets, out to the outskirts at the far end ; a few scattered cottages shining in the evening light. Standing solitary on a white cliff slope stood one such tiny house—a fisherman's home—and here Mr. Darrell's journey ended.

A tap at the door ; a few murmured words ; the housewife, primitive and innocent in all her ideas, thinks no evil, and the strangely-anxious gentleman is let in, quite as a matter of course, to pay his respects to a foreign lady who lodges in this cottage by the sea.

"Who shall I say, sir ?" the simple-minded, rosy fisher's wife asked, as

she stands in the tiny passage, looking up into the white, careworn face.

"Never mind," he says, a little impatiently, tapping his foot on the floor. "I can find my way myself. Leave me."

The round eyes of the village matron look up into his in an innocent bewilderment.

"Very well, sir," she says ; and she bows a little courtesy, and leaves him, as he bade her.

He stood there by the parlour door, like a man in a dream. Once he put out his hand as though to turn the handle of the door, and still he hesitated. He had set out on this journey in an impetuous mood, as though rushing on to his ruin, plunging his hand into the fire, but now he hesitated.

The crisis had come at last, and he stood now at the turning-point of his life ; one step and he had committed himself irrevocably. The whole course of his future stretched away before him. He laid his hand upon the door and pushed it open, and his hand trembled strangely as he did so. There stole an awe and fear over him as he thus lifted the cloth, as it were, from some dead object, and looked upon past things.

A low-ceilinged, bright-papered cottage room, after the manner of all cottage best rooms in England. This tiny parlour was the guest-chamber in that primitive dwelling. A wild flashing fire, such as our huge piles of half-dried wood alone can make. And in the corner near the fire sat, or rather crouched, the loneliest, frightenedest figure of a woman, gipsy-like, with the hair and eyes of such wild races. We all know the strange, hunted look which gleams from such eyes ; the wild, half-angry, half-pleading glance. The panther crouching in the long grass ; the brave stag turned to bay upon the hounds, and this was how Henry Darrell came face to face with the love of his boyish days—the sorrow and shame of his manhood. He came a step into the room, and closed the door behind him. Like a vision, like a dream, stood that image of a beautiful woman who had stood up now in all the beauty of form and colour, flashing eyes, passionate lips, white arms and throat ; but he looked not in love on her, only in sorrow and shame, and

sullen anger, for, handsome as she was, she was not one to be proud of; not one to hold up as a model to other women; she was only a beautiful statue—soulless, wanting the pure womanly spirit which a man learns to love in a wife, in the mother of his children. And yet, although his soul shrank from her—although he had renounced her, and striven to break all the strong ties between them, while he stood there, something prompted him, and he held out his two arms to her. He looked with those dreamy Italian eyes of his full upon this image of his old love; and how was it that, in so looking on past things, some chord in his heart was touched? and he spoke, and said—

"Come to me, Mignon. Which of us has seen the wild bird first soar far in air, with its proud head raised defiantly; and then, wounded, conquered, flutter to its slayer's feet, to die?"

She had stood up at his entry, proud, injured, defiant, ready to battle with him; but at his words the angry spirit flashed no more in her face; in the great gipsy eyes lived something of the old soul-stirring love which may have glorified them in past days in other lands.

"Henri! oh, Henri!"

And she had flown to him; her arms were about him, and I think in that one moment this bad, cruel man forgot the purpose of his journey; forgot the present, lived only in the past.

Had he come to tell her bad news? Had he come to demand some tremendous favour at her hands? If he had, he had done wisely in so taking her to him and clasping her lovingly to his heart. Love can work what nothing else can accomplish.

Were there passionate questionings and upbraidings? Were there wild words spoken? If there were it is nothing to us. Surely that loving foreign woman had a right to question so; but Mr. Darrell was not a man to be carried away by such things. He only forgot his mission for one little moment—just the one moment while she clung to him, while their lips met; and he looked into those splendid passionate eyes; and then he put her from him, he held her before him.

"Why have you followed me?" he asked; and in his voice was that strange harshness and bitterness which was its habitual tone.

"Have I not a right to follow?" she answered. She stood free of his arms now, and the old fierce hunted light lived once again in her eyes.

"Am I not your wife?"

He was not a passionate man, no deep angry colour dyed his cheeks, no bright light shone in his eyes; if he wanted to do battle with this wild savage woman, he must go cunningly to work, clipping the lion's claws; he made no angry retort to that proud defiant speech, although he had told her weeks ago that she was not his wife; he only held out his hands and took her own, and looked into the angry eyes, and drew her near to him again, and said—

"Tell me, you love me——?"

Not passionately or eagerly, as a man would were he asking the woman he loved to make such a confession, but sternly, with a quiet command in his voice. And for all answer, she put her arms about his neck, white, clinging arms, she laid her face upon his shoulder, a beautiful passionate face, the great wild eyes looked into his, and seemed to burn into his very soul.

"Henri, can you ask me?"

In such rare dulcet tones, such sweet cooing accents, so tender the voice.

"Then why have you followed me, to ruin me?"

"God forbid."

And then he put his arms about her, and while he held her close to him, he told her all; he told her the story of that false marriage of long ago; not bravely speaking in a manly way, but falteringly, not daring to take his arms from about her. But she scarcely listened, she struggled free again, she stood before him the old defiant panther beauty, she gazed into his face with such wild agonized eyes, such eyes as are raised to heaven from wrecking ships when "the sea yawns round them like a hell;" she held his hand with the fierce despair with which we hold a dying hand which grows cold, and ever colder, in our own; she clung so to him as a drowning man will cling to some lone raft, while the ship wherein lie all his loves and hopes, slowly sinks "below the verge."

"It is a lie—a wicked, cruel lie! Henri, speak to me! Tell me you know the truth; it's written in the

book ; and in God's own book of books."

No more the strange hunted light ; no more the fierce defiant glance ; she was kneeling to him now, with clasped praying hands ; the shipwrecked eyes looked up in anguish, through a mist of tears.

"You loved me once. Henri, for the memory of that love, be honest with me now. I am weak—powerless—have mercy on me."

Never before had human being prayed for life in more agonized words than did this terrified ignorant woman now for mercy.

"If I have done wrong in following you, tell me so, Henri, and I will return, and wait ; wait still, as I have waited always, but don't deny me ; don't try to put me away from you ; don't kill me."

It was a terrible voice, so wild in its sorrow, he almost trembled.

"Hush !" he said, "some one will hear."

"Henri, have mercy on me ; don't put me away."

Not to be hushed, not to be stifled, the voice spoke still in its great pleading—

"Have mercy on me !"

Such a prayer as few men, or women, ever utter in the earnestness of despair, even to their God.

He stood looking down upon her, where she knelt ; and in his face there was no softness, no pity, it was a pale, cruel face, with closely-set lips, and steady dark eyes ; souls shine through eyes, I believe, if so, it was an evil angry soul that shone in those dark pitiless eyes, which gazed down on that kneeling, pleading woman ; it was not the first time that he had been so pleaded to, other agonized eyes had turned their wild pleadings up to him, other pitiful voices had cried for mercy ; but he was a cold-hearted cruel man.

"I am not to blame," he said ; "I have been as much deceived as you, we were both fools."

She still knelt before him, the same humbled, praying figure and face.

"We have been mistaken, but we have found out our mistake, and now we cannot recall past things ;" but she cried, "We can. Marry me now, Henri, it is not too late even now ; I will be a good true wife to you, you will never repent it, marry me now."

For a moment he was silent, lost in thought ; he looked down on the kneeling figure, on the wild passionate face, and while he looked a whole world of regret and bitterness flooded his heart ; behind him, in those dead years, lay such a waste of folly and ill-used time and opportunity ; before him, in the as yet unborn years was such good promise ; and yet this great love, this strong woman's love, which had ever been the only true element in his life, almost tempted him to renounce his new life. No one else loved him like this one infatuated woman, and after all it is something to be beloved, even by an unworthy object, something to be first with some one person ; but then before him, came his dream of Ethel, and he said—

"Such marrying is out of the question now."

Then very slowly she rose from her attitude of prayer ; slowly with her eyes still fixed upon his face, those strange searching gipsy eyes, until she stood before him. "Why?" she questioned—"why cannot you marry me ? answer me, speak to me."

But he gave no answer, he stood still looking down upon the place where she had knelt, his sullen eyes dreaming there.

"Because I cannot," he said at last ; and then he did look full upon her, as though to read in her face the effect of his words. "I am no longer free ; I wrote you all this—you know it all ; Mignon, we must part here."

"Henri, you have deceived me, but you cannot so shake me off ;" almost whispered came the words, and such a light of wicked passion lit up the handsome foreign face ; "you have played traitor to me, but you cannot put me away ; go now, leave me ; go where you will, far away, to the world's end, and I will follow you ; hide, and I will find you out ; love anyone else, and I will kill her."

This was the shadow which darkened Henry Darrell's hopes, and blighted his life ; this was the wicked evil love which had taken the place of the pure love which should have lived around him ; and a kind of horror and fear filled his soul while he listened, for he had lived long enough among such a revengeful passionate people to know the strong purpose of their natures.

## CHAPTER XII.

## "OH! DEATH IN LIFE."

WHEN I began to write this, the story of a few lives, it seemed to me a very easy task to take up my pen and write it all literally and simply just as it had been told to me. The story of half a dozen lives, some good, some bad, it all seemed such a new thing then; and yet, now half-way through it, I pause and think, that after all it is but the one old-world history of life, the old, old picture of light and shadow; I pause and look back, and back into the past away years, and I muster up all the little events, the days and years, and I see these few faces coming before me again, even as they were then, the young beautiful faces, the pleasant careful ones, and the two or three cruel wicked faces which have grown around me, like bad weeds in a garden of flowers. And I group them together here, they are all in my picture gallery. There is John Haller's grave earnest face, with broad forehead and truthful eyes; there is Victor Darrell in his sunny manly youth, "fair-haired, azure-eyed," with his bright smile and big figure; and these two stand ever in the light, side by side; and then before me comes another image—a sullen olive-tinted bad face, a cruel mouth and haunting eyes; and while I look I seem to see before me in this magic mirror which I have raised, the whole story of that man's strange life. I see the lonely neglected little boy, moping away his days in a cruel solitude, learning none of the manly honest ways which mould boy's natures into brave straightforward shapes. I see the young man, homeless, solitary still, in strange countries, led away by his own selfishness and passion, living such an aimless loveless life, carried away by an unworthy love; and still I see him when the years are gliding by, forming one hope, one real pure hope of better things; I see him striving to begin again newly, honestly treading new ways; and then I look on, on, far on into chapters of his story as yet unwritten, and seeing things in my magic mirror which you cannot see, I sigh, and pity him from the

bottom of my heart, for his is one of those unfortunate harsh lives, which never end well. But if there are dark shadowy places in my picture, there are also brighter beautiful bits. I have two faces, fair as the angel faces in heaven, and they are those of little day-dreaming Ethel and her gentle boy-friend. The Cenci face, beautiful in its sadness; the great intelligent eyes, the glory of sunny hair, rippling away in true Titian style of wave and colour. And again, the same wondrous girl's face, smiles such as no painter ever drew, blushes warmer, brighter, rosier blushes than ever Madame Rachel sold; hair which Mr. Truefit could never match in tint or richness, a face which one of the great old artists might have studied for a Madonna, so true the beauty, so gentle the smiles, so heavenly the eyes, that face might have lived and smiled upon us from one of Raphael's holy pictures in the days of old, in such faces the glory of the angels of light is reflected; and with this angel picture comes another, a child's face, a little waxen baby face, blue eyes, such as the French say, "*vout aux cieux*," and this is Ethel's little protégé, her dreamy humble boy-friend, he whose little life and great adoring love, daily grows more and more like a sad sweet dream. And these two were often together in the days of which I am writing, in Ethel's loneliest, saddest days. Bright autumn sunsets dyed the skies of evenings, that rich amber light which shines only in such autumnal skies, and Freddy's golden city was still to be seen in the clear quiet evenings.

All day the boy sat in his big chair almost always alone; in the cottage-garden the basil and mint were faded, the leaves grown sere and yellow; the jessamine, no longer laden with its sweet clustering flowers, swayed droopingly from the trellis-work on the wall. Poor little Freddy!—it seemed a fate with him, that he was ever to be alone; his young life, separated from other children's lives, was an exceptional one. Day after

day he sat and looked into the changing scene outside, and in his own quaint moralizing thoughts, the boy remembered other changes in things and people; for ten long years this pale-faced sickly child had lain always in that lounge chair near the window; he had seen the spring leaves come upon the trees, the tiny-crown heads peeping above ground, the flocks of swallows winging their way from far countries; and, again, the long warm summer days when the lattice window lay open, and the breath of flowers and new-mown hay filled the room with a sweet scent; and still the long autumn months, the leafless trees, the faded flowers, and the dull leaden skies raining tears. And after all this, the cold harsh winter, when the trees and shrubs and garden-palings were shrouded with snow; when the harsh March winds drove angrily against his tiny window, when his cough and pain grew worse; and, like the changing seasons, came other new things, other old things passing away; new baby voices had wailed their entrance into the world in distant rooms, and, as the years went by, those little mortals had come to be familiar beings in his home—their voices mingled in the music of the laughing, singing, child-voices which broke the stillness of his solitude, their pattering feet over the boards and on the gravel, their round, rosy, wondering young faces, were all customary, familiar things with him; but how was it that while these baby forms grew and strengthened, while their voices sounded stronger, year after year, their footsteps firmer and surer, *he* never changed? No new life or strength came to him. He had seen a coffin borne slowly through the snow; the one human being, who, unlike the others, had never seemed to change the one kind strong nature which had sympathized with his weakness, the soft-hearted, hard-working father, for whose coming home, evening after evening, he had looked forward joyfully—the change had come to him in another way, that great mysterious change which comes to all in turn; and through his lattice window the little lonely boy had seen that one, strong, true spirit carried away on its long journey to “the

undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.” And this great sorrow weighed upon him, as few sorrows ever weigh upon children, leaving a lasting impression. He had watched the sober train winding slowly along the white road in the cold morning, little snow flakes feathering over the black coffin, and he had stretched out his two thin tiny hands and cried—“Good-bye! oh, father, father! good-bye!” with such a world of yearning, despairing sorrow in his heart, as only the weak and helpless can ever feel. For so he parted from all trace or sight of that which he had loved; he could not, like the other children, wander off in the still sweet evenings to the quiet, lonely churchyard which he had often heard of but never seen; he could not steal away to that quiet place all by himself, and lay his head down in the long summer grass, above a mound of earth, and whisper, “Speak a little,” and fancy that the dead heard, that he, who was “but clay and ashes,” knew and heard; that while he so knelt and pressed his lips to the cold silent ground, he was near to his beloved—he was with him undivided in death.

No such comfort had this lonely little boy, but yet he had consolation, truer, more perfect consolation still; he looked away to the golden city of the sunset, and he thought, “He is there.” He remembered all that Ethel had told him of that city with the jasper gates, and streets of light, and he thought, “He is there.” He thought of her words when she told him that in that promised land such things as sorrow and sickness and parting are unknown; it was of that blessed city that she had spoken when she said that there “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,” there the crooked are made straight, and the sick whole, and that there the chosen of the Lord dwell in peace for ever and ever. And he thought still, “He is there.” And Ethel’s comforting words gave him a hope, and when he so thought of that promised “land of the hereafter,” he told himself, “And I shall go to him although he cannot return to me.”

Little Freddy! your sweet pale face, and sad eyes, your child-voice, and gentle loving words, your pre-

sence is ever with me ; although yours is one of the dream-lives which belong to dead years, although "the angel with the amaranthine wreath," who whispers "a word that has a sound like death," has long ago gathered you in his arms and carried you beyond the "home of the dying sun" into that garden of Paradise, where among the reapers' flowers

you bloom now and forever. Yet, little Freddy, as the years go by, as other children grow up round me into men and women, I still have you with me, a child always ; I still look into your young innocent eyes ; I still hear your pretty childish words ; and you never change ; you will still remain a child to the end ! and "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

### CIVIL, CANON, AND COMMON LAW.

THE adoption or creation of a system of law is the starting-point in the real history of every nation. Only at that point does history become worthy of record, and therefore possible.

Modern research has discovered that languages may exist before civilization. Many kingdoms have had fixed languages of whose history we have no records until they adopted some system of law. That point, therefore, is clearly the starting-point of a new period—a period of real, practical, historic existence in the career of every nation.

The successive periods of history are thus distinguished from the time when the nationality of the Jews began under Moses to the successive developments of Greek and Roman culture, all, as far as history is concerned, start from this point ; so was it when the new nations fell into their separate forms after the breaking up of the Roman Empire and its division amongst the barbarian rulers ; the concrete nationality of each new kingdom was based upon the assumption of a system of law.

In the middle of the sixth century an event took place which perhaps more than any other has had a vital influence upon the social, political, and moral life of every European kingdom. That was the collection under the auspices of the Emperor Justinian of what remained in those times of the ancient Roman law as a legacy to those new nations just consolidating themselves in the two divisions of the Roman Empire.

It has been clearly shown that the

laws adopted by the Visigoths, the Ostrogoths, the Burgundians, the Franks, were nothing more than modifications of this body of ancient Roman law ;\* and in the twelfth century, the age when learning was revived by the general foundation of universities in different parts of Europe, law became one of the chief studies ; and the system of law so studied was this same Roman law as revived at the University of Bologna, and thence promulgated to all the sister institutions. Nor was its influence confined to the state policy of the rising nations. It exerted an influence upon Christianity—that is, upon Christianity not as a religion, but as an organized institution ; for we shall endeavour to show hereafter that the canon law, when it was reduced to a complete body, drew its forms from those of the Roman civil law, and was to the discipline of the Church just what the civil law was to that of the state ; and that as the civil law had its digest, code, novels, and institutions, so the canon law was arranged in similar forms, and had its decrees or decretals, Clementines, extravagants, and institutions.

We shall first give a brief review of the early state of Roman law to the time of Justinian, and then trace its development down to the point where it became the civil law of modern nations.

The earliest form of Roman government was that of a king chosen by election, who was assisted by a senate and general assembly of the people.

\* For details of each nation see "*Savigny Geschichte des Römischen Rechts im Mittelalter.*" Vol. I.

The members of the senate, first 100 (afterwards increased to 300), consisted of nobles and persons of rank, wealth, and talent. The chief magistrates were elected in the general assembly of the people, and that body had the right of rejecting or confirming the measures prepared by the senate. The laws passed in this way by the king through the senate, with the consent of the people, were collected in a body in the reign of Tarquin the Proud by Sextus Papirius, and styled from his name the *Jus Civile Papirianum*.

Then came the republic, with two consuls chosen annually by the people from the patrician order, and about the year 450 B.C., another modification was made in the government by the election of the decemvirs.

According to Livy these first-chosen decemvirs sent three legates to Athens, who, besides general orders, had a special one to collect what would be likely to be useful for a regeneration of the Roman law. On their return they compiled ten sets of laws, and a year afterwards two more, which were inscribed on tables and placed in the Forum. These laws are mentioned by the Roman writers as the *Laws of the Twelve Tables*, and are much praised by Cicero, Livy, and Tacitus.

From fragments which have been preserved we can glean that they enacted severe measures against insolvent debtors, who might be imprisoned, kept in chains, and even sold into slavery. Marriage was prohibited between patricians and plebeians. Slander in the shape of lampoons was visited by forfeiture of civil rights. An appeal against all sentences might be made, and no citizen could be tried for his life save by the *Comitia Centuriata*.

As necessity required, there was during the republic a further gradual development of law. The people assembled in the *Campus Martius* by *Centuries*,\* and the magistrates pro-

posed new laws which were received or rejected by the general voice, such laws being called "*Leges Populi*," and the assembly the *Comitia Centuriata*. A law might be proposed by the Tribunes and be discussed at an assembly of the tribes, when, if accepted, it was binding on the state, and bore the name of the proposer, such as *Cassia Lex*, *Sempronia Lex*, *Licinia Lex*.

Originally the power of the senate was limited to the passing a veto or accepting the laws which had been approved by the people; but during the republic, although the power of the people was enlarged, still the authority of the senate was respected, and few laws were passed in opposition to it.

Under the Empire a change came over the jurisdiction. It was concentrated in the emperor, who, after a time, when his position became firm, issued his Imperial Constitutions, which were of three kinds: edicts or general laws; rescripts or replies made by the emperor to those who consulted him; and decrees or judgments pronounced by him in cases, or appeals from former decisions brought before him. These decisions, however, were not completely arbitrary on the part of the emperor. Some noted lawyers were generally consulted, who formed what was called the "*Auditorium Principis*."

The fifth century was a great age for jurisprudence; it was the age of Pomponius, Cervidius Scaevola, Gaius Ulpian, and Papinian. Commentaries were being continually written, and digests compiled.

In the year 438, Theodosius directed a number of lawyers, under the supervision of Antiochus, to collect the constitutions from the time of Constantine to his own. This was called the *Theodosian code*, and was at once adopted by the Western Empire under Valentinian II.

We pass on to the next century, when, under the guidance of Justinian, the whole body of Roman

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\* There were three great assemblies for the discussion of public matters—the *Comitia Centuriata*, *Curia*, and *Tributa*. The people were divided into thirty *curiæ*. They held their meetings in the *Comitium*, a large open space in the Forum. In the *Comitia Centuriata* the people were divided into six classes, subdivided into 193 centuries, and met in the *Campus Martius*. The *Comitia Tributa* were the assemblies of the tribes, held in various places in the *Comitium*, the *Campus Martius*, and in the Capitol.

law then in use, was to be collected and settled for ever. And when we consider that in this body of Roman law thus arranged lay the germ of the legislation of modern Europe, we can scarcely overestimate the importance of that event. The first step taken was the selection of ten jurist-consults, who, under the presidency of Tribonian, an eminent civilian, were to collect the imperial constitutions that were extant, and arrange them in order. Fourteen months were spent over this work, and the codex, as it was called, was published in the year 529.

The next year the emperor appointed sixteen qualified persons to make a collection of extracts from the works of all the most noted commentators and writers on Roman law, which selections were to be called the pandects. In three years the task was completed: and we are informed that thirty-nine of the best authors were ransacked, whose works comprised about 2,000 treatises, the principal selections being made from those of Ulpian. The pandects were divided into fifty books, and each book into titles.

Shortly after the issue of the pandects, in the year 534, Justinian ordered four noted jurists to revise the original codex issued in 529, to harmonize it with the new digest. This code was finished the same year, and published under the title of "*Codex Repetitæ Prelectionis*."

The year before the revision of the original codex, Justinian caused two noted lawyers, Dorotheus and Theophilus, to compile the celebrated work which bears his name, "*The Institutions*." This, like the others, was done under the superintendence of Tribonian. It was a hand-book of the Roman law, consisting of four books, divided into 199 titles, and it remains to us as a precious treasure of legal lore.

Another work of Justinian was "*The Novels*," being a collection of ordinances.

This body of Roman law, as it has come down to us, is in the form as revised and issued at Bologna in the twelfth century, and called the "*Corpus Juris Civilis*."

We have already noticed that the Roman law was really never extinct, even through the dense night of the

Dark Ages it formed the whole legislation of the Western Empire before its decline, and afterwards was assimilated into that of the Gothic, Burgundian, Lombardic, and Carlovingian kingdoms; so that the traditional story of a long extinction of the Roman law, until a mysterious discovery of a copy of the pandects in the city of the Amalfi, during the twelfth century, may be abandoned. Its revival began in the earliest Italian cities, but principally in the school of Irnerius, established at Bologna, 1120.

The occupation of the early jurists was confined to "glossing"—a species of literary labour which requires a few words of explanation, as it was the first step towards original composition. The earlier form of glossing was confined to the mere interlinear placing of explanations of foreign or difficult words of the text, then whole phrases were interpolated, until at last it developed itself into an interlinear commentary upon the entire text. In the ninth century it was applied to the Scriptures, and later, after the revival of law studies, to the MSS. of the codex, pandects, &c. These glosses were collected, revised, and published in a form by Accursius in or about the year 1220. His collection, enriched by many original observations, though full of gross errors and anachronisms, yet became the standard work on Roman law; the earlier glosses were discarded, everybody bought or borrowed "*Accursius*." His collection was not merely glossed, but the greatest diligence had been used to condense and purify the text.

So great an impetus did this work of Accursius give to the use of glosses, that they were at length regarded as more valuable than texts.

This body of law, such as it was, collected and revised by the school of Bologna, was introduced at Oxford by Vacarius, through the medium of Archbishop Theobald of Canterbury. We shall hereafter endeavour to describe its career at that university, and in the country generally; but we must at this point turn our attention to that other phase of early mediæval culture, the canon law.

An apostolical authority has been claimed for the canon law, based upon the collection of apostolical



canons, asserted to have been decreed by the apostles. They are contained in a codex, consisting of eight books, comprising eighty-five canons, the last of which settling the authority of the Old and New Testament speaks of "The Acts of *us* the Apostles." It is quite certain that many of them could not have been passed until two or three centuries after the true apostles, as they refer to customs of which they were ignorant. Hierarchical efforts are frequent which do not indicate apostolical authority. It is thought that Eusebius, Athanasius, and Epiphanius refer to them, but the fathers of the first three centuries are silent concerning them. Had they been apostolical, they would have most surely been incorporated in the canon of the New Testament. The question has been thoroughly investigated by Otto Karsten Krabbe,\* who endeavours to assign the date to each canon, and he comes to the conclusion that they were enacted at early periods, and subsequently to the fourth century were collected and published as a code.

It has been suggested that the canon was developed out of the civil law, but although in later times it borrowed much from the civil codes, yet we shall be able to show that it sprung quite naturally from the Church to which it belonged.

In the very earliest ages, after the rise of Episcopacy, two or three dioceses were accustomed to meet together to make decrees and canons by vote, to which, in addition to those of general councils they applied in disputed matters. For instance, in the provincial diocese of Asia, Pontus, the East, there were several canons published by the Councils of Ancyra, Neocesarea, Gangrena, Antioch, and Laodicea. Ultimately all the eastern bishops were bound by the Council of Constantinople.

But the Council of Nice is the point from which the history of canon law starts. After that great assembly had dispersed, all the extant decrees and canons were collected, revised, arranged, and with those of

Nice, published in a body called the *Codex Canonum*, or by the Latin Church *Corpus Canonum*. There is no satisfactory evidence as to who was the compiler of this codex: it has been, however, attributed to Stephen of Ephesus. The earliest form contains 138 canons. It was increased at the time of the Council of Chalcedon (451) to 207 canons, by the addition of 25 of the Council of Antioch, 7 of Constantinople, 8 of Ephesus, and 29 of Chalcedon. A century after this code was confirmed by the Emperor Justinian, in the 131st Novel, cap. 1.

The African Church, though using the general code, still compiled one for itself, more adapted to its peculiar wants. This was composed of the canons of the Council of Hippo, the first six Councils of Carthage, the seventh to the fifteenth, and those of the Council of Miletum. In the first instance this code, consisting of 138 canons, was written in Latin, confirmed by the Council of Carthage, 419, and then translated into Greek, when it was not only inserted in the code of the Oriental Church, but received by Dionysius Exiguus into the "*Codex Canonum*" of the Roman Church.†

The codex of the Roman Church contained also the Apostolical canons, and those of the Eastern Councils, translated into Latin, in addition to the decrees of several Popes, such as Siricius, Innocent, Zosimus, Boniface I., Celestine, Leo I., Hilary, Simplicius, Hormisdas, and Gregory.

Its literary history may be thus summarized:—Leo IV. and others have appealed to this code. Cresconius, an African bishop, who lived about 690, made an abridgment of it in 300 canons, omitting many canons of councils and decrees of Popes. Dionysius Exiguus, in the sixth century, under Theodoric, King of the Goths, compiled a code by translating the Greek canons into Latin, at the instigation of Stephen, Bishop of Salona. Soon afterwards an additional collection was made and appended to this, containing the decrees of the Popes from the time of

\* Krabbe's book is rare in England, but an abstract of it may be seen in Townsend's *Ecclesiastical and Civil History*. Vol I., p. 355.

† Justellus *Præf. ad Biblioth. Juris*.

Siricius to Anastasius, and then to Julian the Presbyter, who lived towards the end of the sixth century.

This code of Dionysius was received by the Roman Church, and by Pope Adrian I. offered to Charlemagne, when he was at Rome, for the ordination of the western churches.

We have seen that some of the churches in arranging their code discarded the decrees of the Popes, and a struggle ensued to fix them as an integral part of the canon law. It was natural and, no doubt, beneficial that the Church should make a stand to reserve to herself the administration of her own discipline, and this effort gave rise to a portion of the canon law which has been called the *Jus Pontificum*, the law of the Popes.

The times were dark. The kings of the various countries into which the Roman Empire had been broken up were semi-barbarians. Still a state power was springing up in each. Before the time of Justinian the Gauls, the Spaniards, the Germans, and soon after his death the Italians had formed themselves into separate states, under the respective dominion of Franks, Goths, and Lombards. It was then absolutely necessary to the security of the Church that in the confusion of the continual struggles between these peoples to maintain their frontiers, she should keep the administration of her own affairs in her own hands. The way had gradually been paved for an independent ecclesiastical law. In cases where the usual Laws were unavailable, an application was made to the Popes, who, like the Roman emperor in similar emergencies, wrote their decisions, which were called decretals, rescripts, or epistles. These decisions formed the foundation of the *Jus Pontificum*, which was ultimately absorbed as an integral portion of the canon law, and which first received imperial sanction under Justinian, who ordained\* that the decrees of the four first general councils should be held and esteemed as the Holy Scriptures themselves—namely, the Councils of Nice, Constantinople, the first of Ephesus and that of Chalcedon, and that their canons should be observed as laws in the Christian Church.

The decisions of the Popes then increased, and became soon the dominant law of Christendom in matters ecclesiastical. Numerous collections of these were made, the most important being the *Decretum*, or *Decretals* of Gregory IX. The sixth book of the *Decretals*, the *Clementines*, by Pope Clement, the *Extravagants* of Pope John XXII., and the *Extravagantes Communes*. The *Decretum* was compiled after the manner of the pandects of the Roman civil law, and the *Decretals* after the form of the code. The sixth book of the *Decretals*, the *Clementines*, and the *Extravagants*, were formed after the model of the *Novels* of Justinian.

In the year 1151 the whole body of canon law underwent a revisal by Gratian; and Gratian's code was adopted generally through the period of its ascendancy, when it was studied side by side with the civil law in the great European universities. In addition to this Pope Paul, in the year 1555, caused John Launcellot to write a handbook of canon law, to be called after that work of Justinian which was its model as to form, "*The Institutions*." It contained four books, was printed at Rome during the papacy of Gregory XIII., in 1572, and added to the body of the canon law.

As the time rolled on the code of Gratian became corrupted, and after the Council of Trent (1563) Pius V. chose certain cardinals who were assisted by some doctors of law to restore the code to its original purity. Their labours finished, the Pope added two other decrees, and at length under the Papacy of Gregory XIII., in the year 1580, it was published by him as the authorized body of canon law.

The lectures of Vacarius at Oxford, upon civil law, drew many students, both native and foreign, and a jealousy soon sprang up between the old faculties of arts and philosophy and this new teaching. An application was made to the king, who interdicted Vacarius from lecturing, and forbade anyone to retain in his possession the books of the law. This, however, only in-

\* Novel. 131.

cited men more to the study, and if effectual for a time, the interdiction must have been removed by Stephen himself, or by his successor, for we find that Vacarius was still lecturing at Oxford some years after. There are many evidences on record as to the great zeal manifested for this study of the Roman law; we shall examine that of two or three of the most prominent personages in England, John of Salisbury, who died in 1185, Peter of Blois who lived in the twelfth century (d. 1202), and Roger Bacon in the latter end of the following century (1284).

John of Salisbury in his "Polycraticus,"\* tells us that in the time of King Stephen, the Roman laws introduced to the country by Archbishop Theobald had been suppressed. An edict from the king had forbidden anyone to keep the law books in his possession, and had imposed silence upon Vacarius, "but that through God's assistance the virtue of the law flourished in spite of human impiety which would have exterminated it."

From Peter of Blois we learn that the study of law flourished even in the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury; he says—

"In the house of my lord of Canterbury are certain learned men, amongst whom are found all rectitude, all justice, and every form of learning. These men, after prayer and before dinner, exercised themselves in reading and disputation, and in *decision of causes*. All difficult and knotty questions concerning the kingdom are referred to us, and introduced to our notice when we assemble together, and then each one in order, without bitterness or contention, gives his opinion as to what is just and equitable in the matter."<sup>†</sup>

We find that the phraseology of civil law crept into the pulpit, for Peter himself was accustomed to use legal language in his disquisitions, which practice drew a remonstrance from a certain officious prior, to whom Peter thus replies—

"You reproach me with using in my sermons words which are redolent of the civil law, but the civil law is sacred and just, and approved of by

all the constitutions of the orthodox Fathers. I, therefore, speaking of equity, alluded to that terrible last judgment against which I said there was no appeal, which could not be set aside by any 'supplicationis suffragio,' or any 'restitutionis beneficio,' and I added that they would be punished with a double punishment who had deferred the confession of their sins through shame or contempt, just as in the civil law a charge to which a plea of non-guilty has been made is doubly increased."

The style of question generally submitted in the canon law, may be illustrated by a specimen given by Peter in reply to a certain friend R., who was an ardent student of canon law, and had submitted the question to him—

"A certain woman believing her husband to be dead, entered the monastic life; the husband suddenly reappeared, can the wife rejoin him?" Peter replies, "Let those who wish to inquire into this matter inquire at Paris, where the most intricate difficulties are resolved; they will find a more ready solution amongst those who are continually engaged in the investigation of such matters."<sup>‡</sup>

Some compunction however appears to have come over Peter's conscience about his love of law, for in another epistle to a certain friend, he tells us—

"The secular law has indeed attracted me vehemently, with its suavity of speech, completely seduced me and intoxicated my mind; no one can at the same time be prayed to and pray, give and demand, exercise the office of minister of Christ and that of an advocate, lest whilst he hastens to excel in both he may not be successful in either."<sup>§</sup>

He throws some light upon the state of law in his time—

"I do not disavow nor deny that it is good to know the laws, but not for the sake of mere litigation or unjust perversion, but for the inquisition after the truth and equity of justice, if perchance it should ever be my lot to act as a judge and administer justice. To-day, however, pleaders of causes strive only from avarice, and

\* Lib. viii., c. 22.

† Epis. vi.

‡ Epis. xix.  
§ Epis. xxvi.

that once venerable name, and glorious profession of advocate, is vilified and debased by the most notable venality, whilst the lost degraded man sells his tongue, buys his causes, dissolves honourable marriages, upsets friendships, and rekindles the smouldering cinders of old contentions, winks at bargains, delays business, breaks through privileges, and to make money spreads snares and nets, and perverts all law and justice."

At length he who used to quote law in his sermons is brought to see the error of his ways, and thus writes to a certain Peter, a clerk in the service of the king of England, advising him to abandon the study of civil law, and attend only to the divine :—

"For you know, that the divine law is immaculate, and converts souls, but the Justinian is a perverter of many, and makes them sons of Gehenna. You see what an inscrutable abyss, what a bramble-wood, what an impassable sea, is the collection of pandects in which the civil law is contained, for which a whole human lifetime is not sufficient, and the fruit of which is only self-elation and selfish ambition."\*

In the next century Roger Bacon raised his voice against the study of law, and objected to the subjecting Englishmen to the dominion of the laws of the Lombards.

Still the study went on at Oxford with great success as regards its academical importance, but neither the civil nor the canon law exercised any material influence upon the legislation or administration of justice in England, though both were in full vogue at Oxford, the civil law from the introduction by Vacarius, and the canon law from about the same time, when it was revived by the publication of Gratian's "*Decretum*." That the interdiction of Stephen was of no avail is clear, from the fact that the Benedictines of St. Maur speak of the existence of a flourishing school of canon law at Oxford towards the end of the twelfth century, to which the Paris students often repaired. But it and the civil law pursued their course amid continual opposition. Sylvester Gerald, in 1171, drew attention to the folly of studying civil law without a

previous course of arts. Martin said they allowed laws to supersede science. Stephen Langton in the same century abuses the philosophers and theologians for allowing the study of Roman and canon law to engross their whole attention. Daniel Marley, in 1189, asserts that when he was abroad in Spain, and intended to return to his native country, he was told that the arts were silenced at Oxford, and that Titius and Seyus had displaced Aristotle and Plato. "*Venient dies et vae illis, quibus leges obliterabunt scientiam literarum*," was an old prediction, and the fatal day had arrived.

But although these remonstrances were repeatedly made against the study of civil law at Oxford that study was still continued and flourished. Mention is made of two great lawyers living in the time of Henry III. (circa 1216), Meckanius and Longtonius. There was also a renowned professor at Oxford, Aldricus, whose works are cited by Francis Accursius in his collections.

This Francis Accursius appears prominently among the English lawyers of that period, and requires a little notice. He was the son of the renowned glosser Accursius, of whom we have already spoken, whose glosses excelled all others, and formed the starting-point of a new period in the history of jurisprudence.

This son Francis was born at Bologna, 1225, and introduced to Edward I. in 1273, when he passed through that city on his way to the Holy Land. The king engaged him in his employ, probably at first as secretary, since he is spoken of in the documents of the time as the king's "*conciliarius, familiaris, secretarius and clericus*." He returned to England with Edward, and was sent on two embassies, first as ambassador to the French Court, and secondly to Pope Nicholas, in 1278.

When Alexander of Scotland died Edward I. summoned all the civil and canon lawyers to the Parliament, held at Norham, on the Tweed, to decide the dispute between the English and Scotch as to the "*dominium directum*" of all Britain.

John Andrews mentions two other

celebrated professors of law at Oxford, Ricardus Anglus, who compiled a "Summa Ordinis Judiciorum," and William dede Dororeda, who wrote a work "De Ordine Judiciorum." To these succeeded Alanus Gulielmus and John Severleus, who published their lectures. These men were followed by Stephanus Anglus, Mylius, and many others.

In the reign of Edward II., 1327, an event occurred which brought the Oxford lawyers again into prominence. The Chapter of Winchester elected William Raleigh as their Bishop, against the wish of the king, who immediately appealed to the Pope, and consulted the civil lawyers of Oxford upon the matter, who decided on the justness of the appeal. Perhaps the crisis of the old quarrel between the arts and law at Oxford came to pass in the reign of Edward II.

The artists and theologians who were in the majority, ventured so far as to pass statutes respecting the responsa of the doctors and bachelors of laws, and followed it with a sentence of prescription against all who should refuse to obey. The faculty of laws appealed to the king, who appointed delegates to inquire into the dispute. Amongst these delegates were the Bishops of London and Ely. After hearing both sides, they decided in favour of the lawyers, made void the statutes passed by the opponents, and revoked the sentence of prescription—a decision which was subsequently ratified by the royal charter, and confirmed by another of Richard II.

The day, however, was rapidly approaching when another change was to come over the university and its pursuits—when a study was to be introduced at Oxford which should ultimately absorb all jealousies and controversies, and eclipse both the arts and laws.

But we must pause here to show how far this Roman civil law and Roman canon law affected the civil and ecclesiastical legislation of England. Although it would be almost impossible for any nation to escape the influence of such a system as that of the Roman civil law, or the canon law which sprang up beside it, yet we may

boast that vitally the civil and canon laws of England have not been wholly based upon a foreign system, but have been built up by the free genius of the race as its necessities required.

Traces of the Roman civil law may be discovered in the codes of the Saxons, and the Normans introduced more; but under William the Conqueror the first independent phase of English law was inaugurated by the establishment of the Court of Chancery, not exactly in the form of later times, but the same in spirit. Some verses of John of Salisbury give us a clear notion of what they understood by the term Chancellor, and what was his duty:—

Querendus Regni tibi Cancellarius Angli,  
Primus sollicita mente petendus erit,  
*Hic est qui Regni leges cancellat iniquas*  
Et mandata pii principis æqua facit  
Si quid obest populo vel moribus est inimicum  
Quicquid id est per eum desinit esse nocens.

It was quite an original creation, and invented as we see for the well-being of the people; not based upon any system of law in vogue at that time. It was also a prerogative court of the crown, as well as a court for the decision of feudal disputes. Its object was to give by virtue of the king's authority relief to subjects in cases which the ordinary law failed to meet.\* The proceedings in this court, where the chancellor or keeper of the king's conscience sits, are without jury, but by bill and decree. Witnesses are not examined *viâ voce* as once, but by the means of sworn affidavits. The chancellor is the sole judge. In the old time he and all the subordinate officers were ecclesiastics, the assistant masters were doctors of law and in holy orders, the keeper of the privy seal was also a doctor and clerk, but Henry VIII. inaugurated a different state of things when, for the first time in the history of Chancery, he raised a common lawyer to the dignity of Chancellor.

We shall hereafter show how the system of common law—that system so peculiar to England, arose, and prevented the establishing of the Roman civil law in England. The

only influence of that Roman law was simply in form. Our statutes are the counterpart of the imperial constitutions; and our collections of precedents or reports of cases are the same forms as the Roman *responsa prudentium* of the pandects.

The progress of the common law of England forms one of our struggles after liberty, and is vitally important to the complete history of the constitution. We shall endeavour to investigate it as a conclusion to this paper; but as it also had an influence upon the canon law of the country, and prevented the establishment of the Roman canon law, we must trace the rise and development of this phase of ecclesiastical legislature as it existed in England.

The introduction of the canon law into England may be traced to Augustine, although no collections of his time are extant. But the reference to the Pope in the disputes which arose between him and the British bishops, concerning Easter ceremonies and jurisdiction, was the first step to introduce into the country the decision of a foreign power, and give it the force of law.

The object of Augustine and his clergy was to retain a certain position in the civil organization of the country, without prejudice to their obedience to the See of Rome. To this feeling of servility to Rome all Saxon national prejudices were opposed, the object then was to steer between the two dangers; not to violate their obedience to the Roman See, nor to arouse the determined opposition of Saxon nationality. How well he succeeded in this matter is proved by the subsequent imposition of the whole Roman hierarchical system. He was too good a politician to arouse any jealousy on the part of the Saxons, but managed so as to preserve the municipal laws as they were, with some slight modification in favour of the canon law, just sufficient to pave the way for subsequent innovations, and persuaded the Saxons that, as they had become Christians, they must necessarily pay some deference to the laws imposed by the Church of

Christ, and that a Christian commonwealth without a canon law, would be a body without a soul. This, if we consider a moment, was after all no great innovation upon Saxon customs. As pagans they had always tolerated the presence of their priests in the general assembly, so that the claim of Augustine for a similar privilege for Christian bishops and Papal law was not viewed by them as a direct violation of national custom. The point was ceded, but the Saxons soon saw that the Roman Church would not rest content with this concession.

In the year 680 Ethelred and three other Saxon kings, Egfrid of Northumbria, Aldwulf of East Anglia, and Lothaire of Kent, in conjunction with Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, summoned a council which met at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, in which the canons of five general councils, Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus, Chalcedon, and the second of Constantinople, as arranged by Martin of Rome, under Pope Agatho, 648, were accepted and received as the canon law of England.\* Egbert of York, in the latter half of the eighth century, made a collection of the canon laws, from the sources then extant, and wrote a book in the shape of a dialogue on ecclesiastical institutions, which in 1040 was abstracted by the Deacon Hukarius, and with Archbishop Theodore's book on Penances, and that of Egbert, "*De Remediis Peccatorum*," obtained a large popularity at about a hundred years later. At this time (eighth century) a collection of canon law was made in Ireland, consisting of sixty-five books, comprising the Dionysian collection,† with the Roman, Gallican, and Irish councils.

The canonical decrees of Rome, however, could never be successfully enforced in England, not even in those times when Roman supremacy was in its greatest degree of ascendancy. Never do we find such laws enforced in England as that "a woman should not be admitted as a witness against a presbyter," nor that "no sentence of condemnation should be pronounced against a bishop unless

\* Wilkins's *Concilia*, p. 101; and for the *Canons*, Bede *Ecc. Hist.* iv., cap. 2.

† Colquhoun. Vol. I., p. 277.

founded upon the evidence of seventy-two witnesses." The first blow struck at the Romish canon law was by Henry I. who enacted that—

I. All controversies between the clergy and laity should be tried in the king's court.

II. That no bishop or clerk should go out of the country without the licence of the king; and if allowed to go, should swear to do no damage to the kingdom.

III. That no appeals should be made to the Pope, but that all pleas made in the consistory should be made and removed—

i. To the archdeacon's court.

ii. From that to the bishop's court.

iii. Then to the archbishop's court.

iv. And lastly to the king's court.

IV. That Peter's Pence be paid to the king.

V. That ecclesiastics guilty of treason be hanged, drawn, and quartered; and such as were guilty of felony should be hanged.

VI. That all persons who are found in the act of bringing any excommunications or interdicts from Rome to England to be dealt with as traitors.

Then came the struggle of Henry II. with Æ Becket when he strove to maintain and confirm these laws under the title of *Avitæ Leges*, his grandfather's laws.

In 1215 John confirmed to the bishops and barons of the kingdom, by *Magna Charta*, the freedom of election of the clergy, which was virtually an acknowledgment of ecclesiastical rights. Then ensued the corrupting influence of the ordinances afterwards issued by Otho, the legate of Gregory IX., in 1230, and Othobon, legate of Clement IV., in 1268. These interpolations of Romish ecclesiastical law threatened a re-establishment of Romish spiritual jurisprudence in England. During the reign of Henry III., about 1260, Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury, enacted several canons in opposition to the laws of the realm; in 1258, as to the trials of the boundaries of parishes and right of patronage; against the

trial of tithes; against writs to a bishop upon a recovery in the king's court, and that none of the possessions or liberties which any of the clergy had in right of the Church should be tried before a secular judge. Also, concerning distresses and attachments within the bishops' sees, in order that the action of the writ *quo warranto* might be barred.\*

He also issued an injunction to the bishops to exhort the king to interdict the lands and revenues of, and to excommunicate such judges as ventured to act in disobedience to these decrees; and also against sheriffs so acting, and their underlings.

In the time of Richard II. another onset was made to throw off this yoke of Roman canon law. The nobles unanimously declared to the king that the realm of England never had been nor ever should be governed by the Romish canon law. Another source of the national canon law is to be found in the decrees of the provincial councils, held under the Archbishops of Canterbury from Stephen Langton to Chicheley, and closed by William Linwood, the official to the Court of Canterbury, under Henry, 1422, which were received in York 1463. Also during the same time several statutes were enacted by the kings of England, concerning the relations between the ecclesiastical and secular jurisdiction, by Henry IV. in 1272, by Edward I. in 1307; also articles concerning the clergy, handed by the English bishops to Edward II., 1316,† and the charter of Edward V., upon the same subject, granted in the year 1463.

Henry VIII. completed the emancipation of the canon law of England from Romish influence, by enacting that the only canon laws to be received in England should be such as were not in opposition to the laws of the realm, nor likely to damage the king's prerogative (25 Hen. VIII., cap. 19.)

Then, by another Act of Parliament (25 Hen. VIII. cap. 16), certain persons were selected to construct a code of ecclesiastical law which was called "*Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticorum*." The Synod of London,

\* "*Colquhoun's Summary*." I., 178. by Google

† "*Wilkins's Concil.*" II., 406.

held in 1571, dealt with it as also the one in London in 1584. In the thirty-fourth year of the reign of Elizabeth, on the 25th of October, another synod was held in London, when the ecclesiastical canons were drawn up, submitted to the approval of the Queen, transcribed, and under the Great Seal of England sent to the two provinces of Canterbury and York, to be there published as the English canon law.

The common law differs from the other systems in being a *lex non scripta*, the *lex scripta* being statutes or Acts of Parliament which have been committed to writing and preserved in their original form, but the common law is properly the law of custom, and though a *lex non scripta*, that is, not reduced to a set form of rules and injunctions, is nevertheless not merely an oral law, but a law based upon former decisions and the precedents of former cases. These decisions and cases are preserved in records of pleas, proceedings, judgments, cases, books of reports, judicial decisions, and treatises of men learned in the law. They are therefore quite consistently called the unwritten law, because they are not formal statements of law like Acts of Parliament, or the decrees and institutions of the civil system, but are the result of growth, and have insensibly acquired the authority of long usage, or, as it may be more clearly defined, the materials of the common law are written, but the law itself is unwritten—latent in those materials awaiting the declaration of the judge.

The common law of England is, therefore, the accumulation of an immense mass of manuscripts, printed records, reports of decisions, &c., made by judges on different occasions, for centuries past. There are no defined rules as in what we call the written law, but decisions are come to according to the circumstances of the case, and according to former decisions, so that what is called the *fiction* of the law, is the recognized supposition that these laws have existed as customs from olden times, and are only now declared. Therefore the common law consists of a law which has become patent through custom, and a law which is latent not declared, but which is liable to be declared at any moment when new cases arise, or unknown portions of ancient law are discovered.

This declaration of the latent law, arises naturally out of the mode of procedure. The judges, who alone decide, when a new case comes before them, inquire what the custom has been in other times, and decide according to the similarity between the new cases and any old ones that may be discovered bearing upon the question. Hence this law, which is the law of England, has been called judges' law, because it rests upon the judgment of the judges; and it has always been a subject of debate as to whether this mode of leaving decisions to the judge, is advantageous to the administration of justice. But in the case of the written law there is an equal difficulty, arising from the various modes of interpretation, one judge frequently interpreting the law differently from another—a peculiarity which has given rise to the saying that no Act of Parliament has ever yet been drawn, between whose provisions a coach-and-four might not be easily driven by a skilful hand. To a certain extent this difficulty is avoided in the common law, where the judge is guided in his decision by the analogies of former cases.

Many attempts have been made, and proposed to be made, to collect the extant common law of England into something like a body, to restore order to this vast legal chaos. For years past, and only recently, that undertaking has been mooted; but to accomplish it would require an age, for this disembodied law has been accumulating from the remotest periods of our history, and has been influenced by all the races who have peopled the country—by Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans.

Many portions of the Saxon laws have been preserved in it. In fact the starting-point of our national common law as a system may be traced to the confirmation of the Saxon laws made by William the Conqueror, with the assistance of Archbishop Lanfranc. True he introduced the feudal law, when the landed estates of England were redistributed, but even that law was modified, to meet national requirements. In one of the best works extant upon ecclesiastical and civil history, there occurs the following note, which throws much light upon the influence William exerted to bar



the influence of Roman law, especially the ecclesiastical, upon the law of England.\*

"Though many of the changes introduced into the administration of the English Church, by the Norman king and his chosen metropolitan, Lanfranc, were for the purpose of supplanting the more ancient Saxon customs, yet William and the Primate seem to have been aware of the impolicy of permitting the power which had fallen into their hands, to pass over into the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome. Under the Saxons, the authorities of Church and State had gone on hand-in-hand. By the laws of Athelstan, Edgar, and Edward the Confessor, in the county courts the united presence of the bishop of the diocese, and of the magistrate of the county were required—the former to explain the laws of God, and the latter those of the realm (Spelman's *Præf. ad Concil. Brit.*, citing Lambord, *Leg. Athelst.* pp. 45–53, *Leg. Edgar*, pp. 62, 101, 111, 138). William and Lanfranc caused the ecclesiastical and civil appeals to be separated; and a law was enacted by which bishops and archdeacons were forbidden to hear ecclesiastical causes in the civil courts, and by which consistory courts were ordered to be held for the time to come, in the respective dioceses (*Concil. Brit.*, ii. 14.)

"By this change it became necessary also for the government to provide for civil appeals by the periodical attendance of itinerant judges, to hold county courts and hundred courts; and for business of the more weighty kind, the King's Bench, the Exchequer, and the Common Pleas, were established.

"The unwillingness of William and Lanfranc to be curbed by Gregory VII. (Hildebrand), and the desire of the English episcopacy afterwards to assert an independence of pontifical control, were great barriers to the progress of the spiritual monarchy of Rome."

This was a great step towards the emancipation of the common law of England from foreign control.

One of the principal inconveniences of this system of judge law, or decision by precedent, is, that the discovery of an old unrepealed statute may at any time upset all previous decisions, and furnish a new subject of debate. For in our law custom, though its authority is admitted in matters of dispute, yet it is of no avail against a statute, so that if any statute can be discovered which is contrary to the usual custom, even though supported by the precedents of many cases hitherto adjudged, the preference is always given to the statute. Some amusing instances are on record, even within late years, of the efficacy of these old statutes against the common law.†

There were at one time a series of acts in vogue called the Button Acts, made for the protection of the Birmingham button manufacturers when metal buttons had gone out of fashion. These acts provided "That no person should make, sell, or set on clothes or wearing garments any buttons made of cloth, serge, drugget, frieze, or any stuffs of which clothes and garments were usually made, and that all buttons were to be made of metal, although they might be covered when so made." The penalty for the infringement of these acts was, "that the maker of the garments could not claim any debt for such articles." But these acts had long gone out of date and become obsolete, were even forgotten, though they had never been repealed, when as late as 1849, some one who was sued by a tailor for debt pleaded that these prohibited buttons were placed on the garments by the tailor, and claimed exemption on account of the illegality of the act. The plea was drawn up by Mr. Thomas Chitty, and the judge was compelled to admit it.‡

A still more extraordinary instance occurred in a case where a murderer appealed against his condemnation, and astonished the judge by seriously offering to "wage his battle," a custom which was supposed to have been introduced at the Conquest, and was confirmed by statute (3 Henry

\* Townsend, "Ecclesiastical and Civil History." II. p. 815, note.

† These cases are cited by Patrick Colquhoun in his admirable work, "The Summary of the Roman Law," to which I have frequently referred.

‡ The case was *Goodman v. Morrell*, 1 Dorol. N. S., 283.

VIII., 1.); but the practice at the time of this case had so far fallen into desuetude as to be regarded quite as a relic of barbarianism; but upon inquiry it was found that the act had never been repealed, and the law was compelled to give way before its authority. The claim was allowed, and as the accuser declined to accept the alternative, the prisoner escaped; but in order to avoid the repetition of such a mischance, an especial act was passed to abolish that mode for the future (46 Geo. III.). The distinctive peculiarities of these three systems of law have been thus aptly summarized.† The civil law favoured the Crown, the canon law the Pope, and the common law the people. A favourite maxim in the civil law was—"The pleasure of the prince has the force of the law (*quod princeps placet, legis habet vigorem*)."

The superior advantages of the common law over the civil or canon law are more apparent upon comparison. By the civil law illegitimate children became legitimate if their parents happened to marry; by the common law they remained bastards and could not become heirs. This principle of the civil law was adopted by the canonists, who struggled but ineffectually to engraft it on the common law. By the civil law, however, bastards could not claim even a maintenance from father or mother; and in that it was more severe against them than the common law.

A slave who had been manumitted, and afterwards had become ungrateful to his former owner, might be reclaimed and captured, but by the common law of England a slave once made free was free for ever.

The civil law both fettered and freed the actions of woman. According to its enactments, a woman could not be a witness to a will—could not be surety for another—could not be tutela or guardian for any but her own children—could not hold any office; but, on the other hand, it provided that she might buy and sell independently of any consent of her husband, so that as a necessary consequence neither husband nor wife was responsible for the other's debts

or contracts. But the common law respected the sanctity of matrimony; and by regarding man and wife as one flesh was more in keeping with the dictates of nature, and the laws of God, and did more towards preserving the security of the social foundation.

In the civil law a marriage might be dissolved through adultery; or if either party lost liberty, which might happen through fraudulent conspiracy to be sold as a slave, for the purpose of sharing the purchase money. It was not an uncommon custom for a freeman to sell himself as a slave, share the purchase money, and claim his liberty, which was not affected by the contract; or liberty might be lost by the law of *diminutio capitis*. A member of a family was degraded for some crime, and as every family was supposed to consist of a certain number of heads, the degradation of a member was therefore the loss of a head—*diminutio capitis*. Marriage, however, by the common law, could only be dissolved in cases of adultery.

The civil law gave the father a right of property in the acquisitions of his son, and it was so in England in the time of Henry I., but it was afterwards altered.

Under the civil law a tutor or guardian was provided for a minor's person, and a curator for his estate, and such guardianship was intrusted to the next in blood, that is, to the person who, if the orphan died, would inherit the estate. The common law fully appreciated the folly of such an arrangement and the evils to which it would give rise, and stigmatized it by a well-known maxim that to hand over the minor to the tender mercies of the next heir-at-law, was as it were to intrust a lamb to the wolf to be devoured—"quasi agnum lupo committere ad devorandum."

In the civil law there was no notion of trial by jury, but in the common law courts that mode was adopted taken beyond question from Saxon customs.

In civil actions amongst the plaintiff procured the-

\* Ashford v. Thornton, 1 B. and Ald., 405.

† Crabbe's "History of Common Law."

Lord Ellenborough's j

dence he could, and if satisfactory the case was decided upon it. In the event of an assertion being made unsupported by testimony on either side, the party making such assertion was put on his oath, and not only so, but had to bring forward a certain number of respectable people to swear as to his character for truthfulness. These were called compurgators. But they had also a custom of choosing twelve strangers in addition to the compurgators to try a case, and these were the same for all ranks, for a royal thane, for a landowner, for a ceorl. They were selected in addition to the twelve compurgators, with this difference, that the compurgators were for the purpose of swearing to the veracity of the person, and the twelve strangers for the purpose of a fair and impartial investigation. The law was thus worded—

"If a king's thane deny a charge, let him take twelve of his kindred and twelve strangers, and if he fail let him pay for his breach of law twelve half marca. If a landowner deny a charge let as many of his class and *as many strangers* be taken as for a royal thane, and if he fail let him pay six half marca. If a ceorl, let as many of his class, and as many strangers be taken for him as for the others, and if he fail let him pay twelve oræ for his breach of law."\*

Before proceeding to the investigation of the origin of our English common law, we must here remark that although the Roman civil and canon law never obtained any lasting authority in England, still we have to this day civil and ecclesiastical courts.

But in these courts the civil and ecclesiastical laws are subject to the restrictions of the state, are not the Roman laws, and are not independent of the state. Their authority, especially that of the ecclesiastical, is continually subject to limitations, and they may be divided into three courts—two of the civil law, the admiralty, and the court-martial, and one ecclesiastical court.

Now turn to the origin of the English common law. It has often been stated by the defenders of the common law, that even the com-

mon law of England owes its existence to that system. The first efforts made to collect the common law into a body, were made in the reign of Henry II. and Henry III., by two men who are prominent in the history of English law as the fathers of this system.

Ranulph de Glanville, the Chief Justiciary to Henry II., began the task by compiling his great work called "*Tractatus de Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ*." He died fighting at the siege of Acre in 1190.

The work was taken up and completed by Henry de Bracton, and as this work, which was also called "*De Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ*," has always been referred to as the corner-stone of our common law, it becomes evident that it alone can settle the dispute which is often mooted as to whether the common law of England is of native origin, or is rooted in the Roman civil law. It was remarked by Hallam that no greater service could be rendered to the history of the common law of this country than the compilation of a summary of this work of Bracton, with a view to show whether his precedents are taken from the Roman civil law, or are based upon English precedents and the decisions of English judges.

It is utterly impossible for us to do more here than quote a few instances culled from the work of Bracton, by which we shall see the probability that such a compilation would at once settle the question as to the sources of our common law, and prove that they lie far back in ancient English precedents, as collected by this great lawyer.

Before doing so, we will first give an account of what little is known of this Henry de Bracton, and what he tells us himself of his own work, and the motive he had for compiling it. Then we shall bring forward a few instances as to the point in question.

He was born in Devonshire, and studied at Oxford. In the year 1244, he was made one of the judges itinerant under Henry III. During his life he spent his leisure in compiling this great work, the first edition of which was published in folio, 1569,

\* Townsend,

† These cases are of the Roman Law,  
‡ The case was G.

and in 1640, an edition in quarto was brought out, especial care being taken to collate the text with the various manuscripts then extant. It was fortunate that such care was taken, for the most authentic manuscripts of Bracton's work were destroyed in that fatal fire which broke out on October 23rd, 1731, and destroyed a considerable portion of the Cottonian Library.

This work of Bracton gives a complete view of the common law of England as it stood in his day arranged under titles, a mode which certainly may have been taken from the plan adopted in the compilations of the civil law; and we are inclined to believe, from a careful examination of his work, that these forms of arrangement are the only points where he coheres to the civil law—simply in matters of arrangement.

As a specimen of ancient law it is most interesting and valuable: there are in it choice materials for the historian which would assist him to a clear comprehension of the machinery of the social life of the times; it is full of terse wisdom; strange quaint old laws; valuable information as to the system of administration of justice in the country towns and villages; duties of coroners, and accounts of ancient disputes. It is divided into five books, which are subdivided into tracts and chapters. Sentences occur now and then, and allusions are made to the Roman civil law, and that has given rise to the idea that he has borrowed from the Roman code, a slander readily adopted by those who were eager for the establishment of that system, but an impartial examination would show that the slander is unfounded.

Reeves, in his *History of English Law*, has observed on this point: "The passages, to which these persons take exception, if put together would not fill *three pages of his book*; and it may be doubted whether they are such as can mislead the reader. Upon second consideration of those places where the Roman law is stated it will seem to be rather alluded to for *illustration and ornament* than adduced as authority."

We will appeal to Bracton himself as to his motives for compiling the work and as to its sources.

In the first chapter of the first book he tells us that although in

nearly every region where laws are used, there is a written law, yet England is alone in her practice of using an unwritten law based upon custom. So that justice springs not from what is written but what custom has authorized. But although the English common laws are not written, yet it is not absurd to call them laws, since anything which has been admitted by the counsel and consent of magnates of the republic, or the authority of the king, has the power of law. But there are different customs in England, according to difference of locality; for the English have many things from custom which they have not by law, as it were in different counties, cities, towns, and villages where it must always be inquired—*What is the custom of the place? What mode has been used?*

"But since the laws and customs of this kind have been frequently abused by the foolish and unlearned, and because they are doubtful and being subject to divers opinions, have been perverted by our forefathers, who decided cases rather according to the dictates of their own will than according to authority, I, Henry de Bracton, for the instruction of those who come after me, have given my attention to the diligent and careful investigation of all the old judgments (*vetera judicia*) of just men, not without much care and labour; and have collected the determinations and responses made by them, and whatever I have found worthy of note, and reduced them to a sum in order, under titles and paragraphs and committed it to writing, that it might be handed down to perpetuity."

In the second chapter he says, "that his intention was to treat of these *old cases*, and to instruct and teach all who were anxious to be taught how and in what order disputes and settlements were arranged according to *English laws and customs*."

In the third chapter he defines law and custom:—"Law is what *can be read*; but its especial meaning just sanction which orders what is honest, and prohibits the *contrary*. A custom, however, is something served for law, in parts in accordance with the *reasons* of users and from long *usage* has acquired the *force of law* takes the place of

We shall now proceed to give a few extracts, to prove that although the mere forms of civil law were adopted by Bracton in arranging his matter, yet the sources of the common law, as compiled by him, are drawn from ancient English statutes and judicial decisions.

From him we learn the mode of administration of the law in the country by the judges itinerant.

Before the arrival of the judges a general summons was issued for all persons to attend at a certain place and time. When they arrived the first step was to read the writs on commissions under which they acted; after this one of them, as Bracton says, the "major et discretior," pronounced the cause of their coming, namely, to take notice of all violence, of justice, of murders, robbery, &c.

Then they withdrew to some private place, and called four or six more of the principal men of the county (*maiores comitatus*) together, to confer with them, and show them how provision was made by the king and his council for all persons being 15 years of age, to make oath that they would not harbour outlaws, robbers, murderers, &c., and if they knew of any would cause them to be attached, and report it to the sheriffs. The principal persons of the county were also sworn to do this.

Then they returned to the open court for business, and the next step was the calling over the sergeants and bailiffs of the hundreds, each of whom was to swear to choose out of his hundred four knights, who were to come before the justices, and swear to select twelve other knights, or if knights could not be had, to take twelve freemen. When they had been gathered, these twelve men were sworn: the *capitula itineris* (lists of cases) were read, and they were sworn to answer with their verdict upon every article.

The cases inquired into, according to Bracton, were the old pleas of the *tynn*, which had been begun before the former justices but not commenced, and then the new pleas which Englande arisen, the king's wards, the king's churches, the king's sergeancies, measures

and weights, concerning sheriffs and bailiffs who held places under the crown, of usurers deceased and their chattels, of the chattels of Jews deceased, of counterfeiters of coin, of burglars, fugitives, outlaws, of those who had not given information of offenders, of new pretended customs, of escape of thieves, of wrecks, of offenders in parks.\*

When a thief was taken in the act, with the thing upon him, it was called "handhabende," and "bache-rende," and might be tried in the inferior courts. Lords of franchises had cognizance of such crimes under the titles of sok and sak, tol and team, infangthef and utfangthef. Infangthef was when a thief was taken with the thing stolen upon him within the lands of the lord, being himself one of his tenants. Utfangthef was when a stranger was so taken. If anyone killed a thief by night he would not be subject to any punishment, provided he could not save himself but by so doing; and if a person killed a "hamsoken" (burglar) he was not to be prosecuted.† In illustration of this law Bracton quotes a case, and the judge who heard it:—"Sicut coram rege apud Windsore de quodam hcmine de Cocham coram W. de Raleghe tunc justitiario cui dominus Rex in tali casu pdonavit mortem."

Proselytism was forbidden to the Jews, who were allowed to circumcise their own sons, but if they did so to a man of another religion "castrati poena irrogatur."

The constitution, duty, and laws of coronerships are fully investigated. Secs. 121, 122.

The cases he quotes are all English. In lib. ii., cap. 5, sec. 4, on "quis donare possit?" he gives an illustration of the rule that anyone who was 16 years old might make a donation as a minor, "ex consuetudine speciali." The case was one heard "in villa de Gipwico."

Another case is quoted thus:—"Et de hac materia inveniri poterit de termino Sancti Michaelis anno regni Regis H. quarto incipiente quinto in comitatu Suffolk. De Rogero de Kerken et hærede de Ver." English judges are frequently

\* Townsend,

† These cases are of the Roman Law, Leg. et Consuet. Angliæ 116 and 116 (b), 117 and 117 (b).

‡ The case was G. (b).

quoted and their decisions alluded to, as "Sicut in itinere M. de Pateshull in comitatu Lincoln, de Thomas de Rasne."

A case of disputed heirship is thus quoted:—"Et de hac materia inveniri poterit in Rotulo termino Paschæ anno regis Henrici quinto in comitatu Norfolk de Petro constabulario de Manton et Muriella quæ fuit uxor Wilhelmi de Manton."

A case concerning homage is thus cited:—"Et quod homagium atornare non poterit nisi in casibus superi exceptis habetis de termino P. anno regis H. Septimo in comitatu Hereford: de itinere et uno tenemento in comitatu Cant. de Wilhelmo filio Benedicti cive London et Galfrido de Luci tenente et Wilhelmo de Mandeville comite capitali dominis de tenemento N. de Gingesnyle."—Lib. ii., fo. 82.

The references might be easily multiplied, but sufficient has been said to show that this compilation is purely English, based on the English cases extant in the records of the time.

We must conclude this paper by a

short resumé. We have seen that the study of law at Oxford, as at all other universities, interfered with the old arts' study, and that of such theology as was then read. In Paris the difference grew so general that Honorius III., in 1220, forbade the study of civil law at Paris, but the injunction was evaded, and though permission was never again given until 1679, the study went on. At Oxford the students of law ventured so far as to accept benefices until the practice was prohibited by Pope Innocent III. But these law studies were soon after eclipsed by the advent of the next phase of culture, which forms an epoch in the development of nearly all the great countries of Europe. For ages men had been labouring over words; they had passed out of that to the study of laws, and they were now advancing towards the study of thought, life, being, towards the investigation of natural phenomena, and the solution of those problems which have always occupied the human mind at certain stages of its career.

#### STEP GENTLY !

STEP gently ! speak softly !

She comes—she is nigh,  
With a blush on her cheek  
And a light in her eye,  
With the smile on her lips  
And the flash of her hair,  
For never, oh never !  
Was woman so fair !

Step gently ! speak softly !

She stands in the light,  
Her eyes and her blushes,  
Her hair golden bright,  
With a smile on her face  
As she stands near me there,  
For never, oh never !  
Was woman so fair !

Step gently ! speak softly !

She comes—she is nigh,  
With a calm on her face  
And a light in her eye,  
With a seal on her lips  
And a halo of hair,  
And never, oh never !  
Was vision so fair !

## EARLY IRISH BUILDINGS AND THEIR ARCHITECTS.

## WHO THE CUTHITES WERE.

THE enigmas connected with the Round Towers and the other stone relics left us by our ancestors, were examined and sifted with some diligence in the last century. Discussions on their uses and their comparative antiquity have been kept up during the present century, nor is a theory which the two chief parties would adopt, likely to be promulgated at this side the year of grace 1900. Meanwhile we have before us a volume\* brought out at much expense, in which no half measure is adopted. Not only are the Round Towers, and our most ancient churches, and our stone crosses ascribed to the workmanship of the Tuath de Danaans, whom the author considers as the descendants of Cush, son of Ham, but he inclines to think that our early hagiographers imposed on the world a considerable number of saints, who not only bore the names of some of the Pagan gods and demigods, but were made to figure in legends properly appertaining to these disreputable beings. His theory generally coincides with that advanced by the ingenious and deeply-read Henry O'Brien, and if he fails to convert many to his peculiar

opinions, it will not be owing to the want of research or earnestness or skill in the arrangement of his facts to bear out his enunciations.

"The race of Ham seem to have exercised the chief dominion in the earth from the days of Nimrod till about the time of Abraham. Justice was delayed till their iniquity was full. Thenceforth they seem to have become everywhere a proscribed race, and the religion which they had made corrupt became expunged, leaving only slight traditional legends, and ruins of magnificent edifices to attest their former greatness. This period of Cuthite rule may be reckoned an era of the world's history, followed by a dark age, out of which arose the literature and civilisation usually denominated ancient. The Cuthites dealt in mysteries: the facts of the past were concealed by them under symbols and words of double meaning, out of which, when the Cuthites themselves had passed away, arose all the absurd mythology of the so-called ancient world which succeeded them."

As much as can be known or guessed concerning these children of Cush is found in the "Analysis of Ancient Mythology," by Bryant, published in 1774. Bryant himself laid under contribution the Doric Hymns, the fragments of Berosus,† of Sanchoniathon,‡ and of the Sibylline§ poetry preserved in the ancient

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\* The Towers and Temples of Ancient Ireland: their Origin and History, discussed from a new Point of View. By Marcus Keane, M.R.I.A. Illustrated with one hundred and eighty-six Engravings on wood, chiefly from Photographs and Original Drawings. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

† This writer was a Babylonian priest, who wrote in Greek three books of Chaldean History about 260 B.C. He used the old temple archives of Babylon, but unfortunately his work has perished except some fragments preserved by Josephus, Eusebius, Syncellus, and others. Even these fragments are very valuable as dwelling on the most obscure portions of Eastern History.

‡ We are in worse plight with regard to this than the last-mentioned writer. Philo of Byblus, a Greek scribe of second century A.D., translated his History of Phœnicia into Greek, but except some fragments of the translation preserved by Eusebius in his controversy with Porphyry, both works have perished. Some critics say that Sanchoniathon was contemporary with Semiramis. Some say that he existed before the Trojan War, say 1250 B.C.; sounder critics, a short time B.C., but others of a cautious character, say that he was a mere myth, and that Philo advanced his own work as a translation of a very ancient one to give it authority, and to set Phœnician literature above that of the Hebrews. The portions preserved relate to the Cosmogony.

§ Some of the ancient writers allowed only four prophetesses of the Sibylline family, others ten. The reader must be content with a few of the names of Virgil's Sibyl—Herophile, Phemonœ, Deiphobe, Amalthea. Tarquin having purchased her three unburnt books, they were diligently watched in a subterranean chamber of the temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline. This temple and the books being destroyed by fire, 84 B.C., deputies were sent eastwards to collect all extant fragments, which being copied out were deposited in the rebuilt fane. Towards the close of the republic, spurious Sibyllines in-

classica. Bryant took no interest in Celtic archæology, and treated not of it at all, and our author is the better pleased therefor, as he finds coincidences and analogies between the Cuthite and the ancient Irish relics undreamed of by Bryant, and therefore the more curious and the more useful to his theory.

Bryant attributes to these Cushites or Cuthites some of the enterprises and expeditions related of the Phœnicians.\* They not only traded to the west;—these restless people settled colonies in the far East. Mr. Keane says, "They stood their ground at the general migration of families, but were at last scattered over the face of the earth. They were all of the line of Ham, who was held by his posterity in the highest veneration. They called him Amon, and having in time raised him to a divinity, they worshipped him as the sun, and from this worship they were styled Amonians." Bryant says, "They were a people who carefully preserved memorials of their ancestors, and of those events which had preceded their dispersion. . . It is mentioned of Sanchoniathon, the most ancient of all Greek writers, that he obtained all his knowledge from the writings of the Amonians."

Bryant, on the authorities mentioned above, says that after the dispersion of these favourites of his from Chaldea, they formed settlements on the Northern borders of the Black Sea, Crete, Sicily, Egypt, and Spain. Keating, depending on the Irish MS., the "Book of Invasions," describes the Milesians as having made settlements or at least touched at these places. Bryant and Keating not having consulted each other's authorities, and having described the same facts, they are evidently the more likely to be true.

We are told that these terrible Cuthites were indifferently denominated Giants, Titans, Centaurs, Cyclopians, Japetiæ, Scuthi, Hyperboreans, Lamie, Dæmons, Cabiri, and Shepherd Kings. Every student of mythology knows that the Titans were banished to Tartarus, which the Greeks placed under the dreary vein of rocks on the west side of the ocean stream beyond the Pillars of Hercules (see *Odyssey*). This is a sort of confirmation of the Cuthites being obliged to seek the west, and instead of the dreary Tartarus their enemies, intended for them, finding the isle of Irin, with its green meadows, fine rivers, ancient woods, and soft climate. A short confirmatory extract from Josephus will not be here out of place:—

"After the ruin of the tower, the priests who escaped from that calamity, saved the implements of their idolatry, and whatever related to the worship of their Deity, and brought them to the city of Senaar, in Babylonia. But they were again driven from hence by a second dispersion."

We make the next extract the more willingly that it confirms the justness of some observations which may be found in the late archæological papers of this Magazine.

#### THE CORRUPTION OF PRIMEVAL REVELATIONS.

"The policy of the first apostates from the patriarchal religion seems to have been to convert the primeval prophecies of a future Redeemer into fables of past incarnations of Divinity, preserving the facts communicated by God, but so distorting them as to render them wholly useless for the purposes for which they were revealed. From the schisms which arose out of this apostasy sprang (after the building of the Tower of Babel) the widely-spread and diversified legends of heathenism."

In another portion of his book

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created as fast as the quasi Colum Cille prophecies. Augustus, foreseeing the abuse of the institution, got together all that were procurable, burned the greater part, and kept the rest under lock and key in the temple of Apollo on the Palatine. This and its treasures being burned in the great fire of Nero's reign, there was an end of even the second-hand predictions. We give only a slight adhesion to all later collections. Within a score of years an Irish scholar took on himself to add prophecies of things just accomplished, to the mass, of predictions attributed to the old saint, but in reality concocted by learned and unprincipled seers of past centuries, and adapted to things which had taken place in their own day.

\* According to the best authorities, the Phœnicians were descendants of Shem. Preserved scraps of their history describe the earliest known to have removed to the neighbourhood of Sidon from the shores of the Persian Gulf. Such fragments of their language as have been preserved exhibit a relationship to the Hebrew.



the author thus enlarges on the subject:—

“Abundant revelations were made by God to the Patriarchs, Noah and his predecessors, and all the subsequent abominations of heathenism were founded upon the perversions of such revelations. As men grew in years and in wickedness, their religion became more and more corrupted, until after the days of Abraham, when the intelligent nations of the earth who knew most of the origin of these traditions, and had done the most to corrupt them, began to be cut off by God's providential decree, leaving the other descendants of Noah in darkness and ignorance, but in a condition to learn the newly-revealed truths, if they would, from Abraham and his descendants.”

Later on he applies this condition of things to the confirming of his theory that our old crosses, and sculptures representing modifications of the crucifixion, were the productions of Pagan brains and hands. This theory supposes that revelations of the future Saviour of the world dying on a cross, thus crushing the serpent's head, his being born of a Virgin, and other mysteries of the Christian dispensation, were made to our first parents, and by them transmitted to the antediluvian patriarchs; that from Noah they were passed on to his descendants, and in a debased form they were known to the after heathen peoples of the East. This accounts for the Cross being a revered symbol among the Egyptians, Thibetians, Hindoos, Persians, &c. No child that has opened a missionary tract will ever forget the figure of the radiant Krishna trampling on the Serpent.

THE AUTHOR'S THEORY AT VARIANCE WITH KEATING'S.

It has evidently been a labour of love to Mr. Bryant and Mr. Keane to magnify the deeds and the importance of their favourite Cuthites at the expense of the descendants of Japhet, from whom the Indo-Europeans rejoice to claim descent. No doubt, Ham's posterity, though suffering under the malediction of their great ancestor Noah, performed mighty works;—witness the exploits of Nimrod, his architectural achievements,

and the mighty piles, and rare sculptures, and literary relics,—the productions of the descendants of Misraim in Egypt. Granting all this, why make the Milesians—the undoubted descendants of Japhet, so inferior to the posterity of the accursed race? We learn from our authority that the sons of Milidh the Spanish warrior having subjected these Cuthites, known to Irish historians as the “Tuath de Danaans” and appointed them tutors to their own children, and learned from them the true account of the wanderings of their forefathers from the cradle of the human race in Chaldea, employed their own fables and seanachies to make up a wonderful story to which they transferred all the peril, and skill, and heroism of the Cuthite wanderers, for the glorification of their own ancestors.

It is only right that we should point out in what the narratives of Dr. Keating and Mr. Keane differ, the elder historian merely quoting the ancient chronicle, the “Book of Invasions.”

The African pirates the Fomorach who indeed nearly resembled the Cuthites in some respects, won a severely contested victory over the settled colony of Nemidh at Tory Island, and the survivors departed in different directions. One portion settled in Cumberland under Simon Breac, another returned to Greece the mother country, the third betook themselves to South Sweden and Denmark. The Grecian immigrants being badly treated by their cousins, returned to Ireland under the name of Fírbolgs,\* drove away the Fomorach, and lived in peace and plenty till disturbed by an unwelcome visit from their relatives the Danish colony who brought back with them to Ireland the Lia Fáil (Stone of Destiny) now in St. Edward's Chair in Westminster Abbey, a magic cauldron, a magic glaive, and a magic spear. There was a terrible conflict at the Plain of the Towers near Cong, and the last visitors, now bearing the name of Danaans, having conquered the prior possessors, suffered them to retire beyond the Shannon, and occupy the western maritime district. The great

\* While in Greece they had been obliged to carry manure to the tops of hills in leather bags;—hence the name: *Fír*, pl. of *Fear* (man); *Bolg*, bag.

fortress of Dun Aengus in Arranmore arose from their strength and skill, and many a living peasant and farmer in the west and centre of the country, owes his existence to the brave Firbolgs who fought at Southern Moytura. In Keating's story, the Firbolgs and Danaans and the contemporary dwellers in the North of Britain were all of one stock, viz., children of Nemidh. The Milesians were their cousins, say of forty removes, but the Fomorach, the African sea-rovers, would be obliged to ascend to Noah and his children to trace relationship.

We find our native historians consistently carrying out their idea of the relationship of the Firbolgs, Danaans, and Milesians, in making their tongues merely dialects of the same old Gaelic language. The theory adopted in Mr. Keane's book somewhat jars with this, as we cannot expect to find much in common between the Japhetic and Cushite tongues.

#### OUR SUPPOSED OBLIGATIONS TO THE DANAANS.

Among the multifarious pieces of rare information on Archæological subjects communicated in this book, the presence of the one idea uniformly prevails, viz., that our ancient churches, stone crosses, round towers, superstitions, legends (saintly ones not excepted), festivals, &c., have been bequeathed to us from the Danaans or Cuthites. There can scarcely be a doubt as to the origin of the festivals, superstitions, respect for Holy wells, St. John's bonfires, and Hallowtide-auguries. Mr. Keane quotes a curious passage from M. De Beugnot, whom he calls a very learned Roman Catholic writer, accounting for the ease with which Christianity was embraced by the heathens.

"After the Council of Ephesus the Churches of the East and West offered to the adoration of the faithful the Virgin Mary. They received this new worship with an enthusiasm sometimes too great, since for many Christians this worship became the whole of Christianity. The heathen did not endeavour to defend their altars against the progress of this worship of the Mother of God. They opened to Mary the temples which they had shut against JESUS CHRIST and confessed themselves conquered. It is true they often mixed with the adoration of Mary those heathen ideas, those vain practices, those

ridiculous superstitions from which they seemed unable to separate themselves. The Church was however delighted to see them enter into her bosom, because she knew well it would be easy for her with the help of time, to purify from its alloy, a worship whose essence was purity itself."

#### INTRUSION OF SATAN INTO THE SANCTUARY.

It is to be feared that our author has used some force on nearly similar names and on derivations in his eagerness to show that the Cuthite divinities in the early times of Christian Ireland were invested (even without the trouble of changing their names) with the qualities of Christian saints, and still retained their superstitious legends under the new dispensation. Baal or Bel was a great, perhaps the greatest deity with the Pagan Irish. Our author says they spoke of him as Dia-Baal (God-Baal), and one of the compromises made with the converts in order to render the change more pleasant, was to allow him to be revered still under the name *Di(ch)ul*. We need not remind the reader that in Gaelic *Diul* (correctly *Diabhal*) is the title of the arch-fiend himself. The early missionaries of Rome certainly allowed their converts to retain all their usages which were not absolutely inconsistent with the forms of Christianity, but such an indulgence as the above-mentioned would fit none but the devil-worshippers of Africa. Besides it is not probable that any modification of the root  $\Theta\epsilon\omicron\varsigma$  was applied to their idea of divinity by the Pagan Irish. Let us charitably suppose that good Saint Dichul borrowed his appellation from the innocent root *Dichill*, protection.

We confess to a doubt also, that our early missionaries allowed the sacred epithet "saint" to be applied to Satan. This would be worse than the misadventure of the pious man who selected for each of his new-born children the first name which greeted his eye on opening his Bible. On one occasion the horrible word "Beelzebub" met his terrified gaze, and his annoyance was but little diminished by the remark of a neighbour, "Well that is the devil's own name for a Christian!" The word "Satan" was not known to the heathen Gael. They were acquainted with *sath*, food, plenty;

*saoth*, life, existence, a prince; *saoithe*, a tutor, guardian, and had no occasion as converts to resort to fetish worship. In the instance of St. Mogue we are inclined to think that our author has made a mistake in supposing the name identical with *Maideog*, an attribute of a chaste woman. *Mogue* is a masculine name, a contraction of *Mo Aodh Oge*, My (Lord) young Hugh.

THE ANTE-CHRISTIAN REVERENCE OF THE CROSS.

Recurring to the predominant idea of the work, we take up the subject apparently the most paradoxical, viz., that of the stone crosses and representations of the crucifixion having existed in Ireland before the time of St. Patrick. We quote the subjoined extract in connexion with what has been already said on the subject of the after corruption of the primeval revelation:—

“Larger revelations of God’s future dealings with the earth were given to the patriarchal saints, Noah and his predecessors than we are informed of in the brief record of such revelations contained in the book of Genesis; and these communications having been intrusted to the care of oral tradition, or in other words, intrusted to the keeping of man without a written record, became corrupted by an ungodly race, and their original sacredness only tended to the people’s veneration for the false systems of religion, which originated in the corrupted traditions of such primeval revelations.

“These patriarchal revelations became in time corrupted into the myths, now associated with such names as Vishnu, Budh, Hercules, Apollo, whose mythological exploits, in my opinion, must be construed as corruptions of primeval tradition rather than absolutely human inventions.

“Numerous quotations from different authors have led me to conclude beyond any question or doubt, that most ancient heathen nations not only venerated the Cross long before the advent of CHRIST, but also must have been instructed through the traditions of patriarchal revelations on many other subjects, such as the Incarnation of the Son of God, His Birth of a Virgin, Infants being slain at His Birth, Christ’s Contest with the mystical Snake, His Death by Crucifixion, the Doctrines of the Trinity and of Regeneration, Christ’s Second Coming on a White Horse to execute Judgment,” &c.

Then quoting from Rev. Mr. Maurice’s “History of Hindostan”

he instances the cross decorating the hands of the images of Egypt and the shrines of the deities of India. On the Barberini Obelisk the figures of Osiris and Isis bear the cross in their hands; and in the British Museum the symbol may be found on many of the sculptures, and in the hands of the statues. The Hermetic Cross is found attached to each of the Hindoo symbols of the sun, moon, and planets.

The Druids as we learn from Schedius “*De Moribus Germanorum*,” having discovered an oak with two branches nearly horizontal cut on the bark of the right branch the name *Hesus*, upon the left branch *Belenus*, on the stem beneath the arms *Tarames* and on its upper portion *Thau*, which last word was also cut under each of the other names.

In Ezekiel, chap. 9, verse 6, we read, “Slay utterly old and young, maids, and little children, and women, but come not near any man upon whom is the mark (*Tau*), and begin at my sanctuary.” On which O’Brien remarks (page 313)—“Now this mark in the ancient Hebrew original was the cross X. St. Jerome, the most learned by far of those Fathers, has admitted the circumstance. . . . The cross was worshipped in Mexico for ages before the Roman Catholic missionaries set foot there, large stone crosses being erected probably to the god of rain (‘Conquest of Mexico,’ vol. 1, page 242). A cross was found sculptured among the ruins of Palenque in Central America.”

This passage is illustrated by the figure of the Egyptian Tau in the fashion of a human body, stumps of arms, and head and face surmounted by a conical horned cap. Another plate presents the cross in eight different fashions—all but one inscribed in circles—and all copied from Stephens’ ruins of Palenque and Copan, vol. 2, p. 345.

On O’Brien’s authority, *Sullivhana* is the name given in the Hindoo sacred writings to the crucified God. He says, “the meaning of the name is Treeborne.” He was also called *Dhanandhara*, “Sacred Almoner,” and his fame reached even to the sacred island in the sea of milk, or *Dochda* the tutelary goddess of Ireland. Mr. Keane prefers the name to imply

the "Seed of the Woman" (*sol* seed, and *a-van* woman). We should much prefer this explanation, but correctly it would be *sol mna*, the last word being the genitive case of *bean* woman.\* The following quotation from Abulpharagius† would be very important if we were sure of the absence of all interpolation. He says the following instruction was given by Zeraduscht‡ (Zoroaster) to the Persian Magi.

"In the latter days a pure virgin shall conceive, and as soon as the child is born, a star will appear blazing at noon with undiminished lustre. You, my sons, will perceive its rising before any other nation. As soon therefore as you shall behold the star, follow it whithersoever it shall lead you, and adore that mysterious child, offering your gifts to him with profound humility. He is the Almighty Word which created the heavens." (Abulpharagius, *apud Hyde, de religione Veterum Persarum*, c. 81.)

#### THE SERPENT GETS HIS DUE.

It was only natural that whenever the history recorded in Genesis was known, in however distorted a form, the serpent would not be forgotten. Hence we find him figuring in the sculptures belonging to every mythology. The sun was even typified by a ring of snakes with tails pointed outwards to indicate the rays. In some instances the evil spirit contrived to get his symbol raised from the abject position it would rightly hold in these representations, and exalted it to the place of honour. Among the relics of Irish sculpture, the crosses included, the serpent is actively employed. On the cross of Killamery, county Kilkenny, figured on page 157, two pair of wicked-looking reptiles of this kind having formed a piece of lace work on the shaft of the cross, and a sort

of crozier above, are determinedly striving to bite off each other's heads from the right and left arms. Our island having probably never been infested with these reptiles, their representations must have had a foreign source. Mr. Keane's remarks on this point are well worthy of attention.

"Is it not a singular coincidence, that in Ireland, where no living serpent exists, such numerous legends of serpents should abound, and that figures of serpents should be so profusely used to ornament Irish sculpture? There is scarcely a cross or a handsome piece of ancient Irish ornamental work, which has not got its serpent or dragon."

#### THE IRISH STONE CROSSES AND THEIR SCULPTURES.

Whoever can secure Henry O'Neil's fine work on the sculptured Irish crosses, may employ himself if such be his pleasure, in examining for Christian symbols or scenes taken from the history of the New Testament. He will find in abundance winged and nondescript quadrupeds, centaurs discharging arrows at other centaurs who are provided with horns on head, and trident in hand, birds standing on the backs of the archer centaurs, and pecking at their heads; quadrupeds and fishes side by side, and turtle doves standing on backs of fish and beast, and lovingly billing and cooing over them, and men kneeling before oxen (*cross of Kells*).

On the base of Kilclispeen Cross, county Tipperary, a man second in a procession holds a model of an Irish stone cross in his hand; while the next behind him bearing a shepherd's crook, leads a beast of burden on which a headless man lies, his two legs projecting forward at each side of the animal's neck, and his eyes, if his head had been left with him, in-

\* The O'Sullivans, who ought to be expert at the derivation of their own patronymic, assert that it means "Bright Eye."

† This writer, the son of a Jewish physician, was born at Malasia in Armenia 1226, and died in 1286. His chief work was a universal history in Syriac commencing with Adam. He wrote in Arabic an abridgment of this work, which with a Latin translation was published by Pococke at Oxford, 1663. Having embraced Christianity, he acquired the dignity of Jacobite Bishop of Aleppo. Many of his MSS. are preserved in the Vatican.

‡ This ancient sage was king of Bactria, but the time in which he lived continues a vexed question, some asserting that he was prior to Abraham, others that he lived in the reign of Darius the First. The Magi were his pupils. A book under the title of "Revelations," ascribed to him, is still venerated by the Guebres and Hindoos. His followers were fire-worshippers, the living representatives of whom are the Merchant Parsees, and the poorest and most trustworthy of the inhabitants of Ispahan.

specting the tail of his steed. Our author pronounces the sack-like trunk and stumpy legs to have belonged to Belus: we suspect the artist to have had Silenus and his ass in view, the want of a head symbolic of the absence of understanding in that disreputable follower of Bacchus. A double man or two individuals close beside each other, stooping forward seem to scan the place where the head ought to be, one hand being solemnly laid on the stumpy tail. Then we have the palm tree unmistakably presented, a man below it apparently in the act of adoration, two dogs standing on their hind legs playfully biting at each other's mouths, with their fore paws interlaced, and then sheep, dogs, horses, and big fowl apparently standing for their portraits. This last compartment might certainly be intended for the Garden of Eden such as a pagan artist might idealise it.

There are groups formed of two sinister-looking nondescript animals, attacking the head of a human being standing upright between them, on the cross of Kells, of Monasterboyce, of Moone Abbey, county Kildare, and of Arboe, county Tyrone. A variety of the same action is presented on friezes at Glendaloch, where a strange-looking pair of lizards are preparing to devour a man's head. A brace of conventional wolves are at the same unholy work in another portion of the frieze. The man on the cross of Kells, adorned with a pair of horns and a well dressed pair of moustaches, seems to despise the evil intentions of his enemies, but the figure on Monasterboyce cross has a long and sad looking countenance. There is a delightful, naive-looking pair of cats on the base of Monasterboyce cross. A bird between the fore paws of one is holding up its head in a confiding manner to be licked, the protégé of the other is a frog. A most ingenious piece of interlacing is formed in one compartment of the cross of Kells by the legs and arms of three rather well-formed human figures, the central one presenting her (?) back to the spectator. On the crosses of Monasterboyce, Kells, and Kilcullen, a youth is represented kneeling on the back of a wolf, and thrusting his hand into its mouth either to stifle it, or pull out its tongue. This is probably

typical of the future Saviour or Good Pastor, destroying the power of the Evil One in defence of his flock. In another sense the design may represent the loss of the hand of Tyr, the German deity, son of the Supreme God, or the Sun-god of the Hindoos losing his hand at a sacrifice. The pagan legends may thus have shadowed out the loss or humiliation of the Son of God in assuming human nature. On the crosses of Clonmacnois and Monasterboyce there are finely formed hands placed on a disk as of the sun.

The last cross-sculpture which we can afford to notice is that of an upright fish on the cross of Kells, with figures at each side in attitudes of adoration. A "Heathen" Archæologist looking on it will be reminded of Dagon the Fish-god of the Philistines; a Christian savant will recall the fish as a type of Our Saviour from the five letters ΙΧΘΥΣ (fish) being the initials of *Ιεσους Χριστος, Θεου Υιος, Σωτηρ*,—JESUS CHRIST, SON OF GOD, THE SAVIOUR.

Why the Danaans or Irish Cushites should present these crosses in connexion with the circle may be known by consulting our present authority, or O'Brien's work on the Round Towers. It would require more judgment or second sight than we happen to possess, to prove the correctness or incorrectness of the theory, and we have no prospect of edifying our readers by entering on its examination. However the connexion between the Cross and the Circle may be explained, "the figures of centaurs (we quote the text), war-chariots, serpents, and bulls, presented as objects of worship, and the variety of other devices already explained as consistent with ancient Heathen Mythology, are *primâ facie* evidence of the Heathen origin of all these crosses."

#### ANTICIPATED CRUCIFIXIONS.

Passing from the crosses to the scene of the crucifixion, "This," in the words of our author, "has some peculiarities common to them all, but these peculiarities stand in contrast with the Bible account, and with the ordinary modern representation of our Saviour's crucifixion."

In sculptures illustrative of the great act of redemption, the figure of the Saviour is represented with

the arms extended in a slightly depressed direction, so that the palms are on a line with the lower part of the breast; and bandages secure the legs at the angle. This is the character of the sculptures on the crosses at Clonmacnois, and Monasterboyce. On this last mentioned structure two figures on each side hold spears or poles, the points of which touch the arm-pits of the figure.

The figure on the cross at Tuam has a mural crown on its head, its arms extended horizontally, a beard accurately curled in the Assyrian fashion, and an ornamented waist-cloth. In the Nubian crucifixion placed beside it on page 166, the figure provided with a Fez head-piece, and Calmuck features, extends its arms horizontally, the feet rest on a ledge, and another ledge gives a slight degree of repose to the wearied sufferer. This plate is taken from Monsieur Rifaud's "*Voyage en Egypte et en Nubie*," &c. The Frenchman mentions that he copied it from the façade of the little temple of Kalabsche. An Irish bronze relic illustrating Henry O'Brien's work and the "Dublin Penny Journal" is represented on page 167, with a mural crown again, the ribs rather too strongly marked, an ornamented skirt hanging round the loins, and drapery of a striped pattern enveloping the thighs. The legs are secured by bands as in the other examples. The airy and triumphant figure of Krishna is set beside it, with his feathered crown, his strings of pearls, his ornamented scarf, and his graceful action, one arm slightly raised and the other depressed, holding the snake at two distant points, and trampling on its neck with his bare feet, whose ankles are girt with a chaplet of pearls. There is a striped piece of drapery depending from the loins, and clothing the thighs, precisely as in the Irish bronze figure, but there is an indescribable air of lightness and

grace around the figure, contrasting very strongly with the angularity of the Irish image.\* We extract Mr. Keane's conclusions, drawn from these and similar facts:

"The veneration entertained for the cross in the most remote ages of the world's history, the numerous figures on the cross found in every variety of form on ancient Heathen Sculptures, all over the world, and the tradition among the Buddhists of the God *Thot* having been crucified, . . . all confirm the fact of this primeval prophecy of the Crucifixion."

After referring to the downward sloping position of the arms, and the tying of the legs at the ankles, he mentions other figures similarly distinguished at Duleek, Durrow, Tarmon-Fechen, Castle Dermot, &c., and a cord passing round the breast and under the arms of one of the figures at Monasterboyce, so that the arms are allowed to hang. He then proceeds—

"Such a mode of representing the Crucifixion never could have occurred to the early Irish Christian Missionaries and Bishops, who are universally allowed to have made the Scriptures their chief study, and who consequently could not have been unacquainted with the distinctive particulars of that solemn event."

Strong instances are given of this fact by the writer:

"The most ancient relics of unmistakably Christian times represent the Saviour as suspended by the arms, and fastened to the cross with nails. I shall notice three well-known Christian relics, upon which the Crucifixion scene is so represented. The first is a brazen box supposed to have been used for preserving a portion of the Holy Scriptures. It is called *Meeshac* (*Maiseach*, beautiful, *qu.*) by Sir William Betham, and bears on it the date CCCCIII. The other is the case called the *Caah* (*Cathach*, warlike), in which St. Columba's copy of the Psalms was preserved. It is a box of the same style as the former, but is probably more modern. The third is called St. Dimma's Box.

"These ancient Irish relics, richly embossed, represent the Crucifixion scene according to the Scriptural account, while

\* This illustration is copied from one in Rev. Mr. Maurice's work on the Hindoos and their Mythology.

+ The copying of the Sacred Volume, and the dispute in which it involved St. Columb Cille, and the consequent battle have already appeared in our Archaeological papers (D.U.M.) To ensure success to a battle fought by the saint's relatives, the Clann Chenail, the book was carried by a sinless deacon round the camp. Hence the name.

upon every stone cross in Ireland on which the design appears, it is represented with ankle cords, and without suspension from the hands. This would seem to prove that the device on the stone crosses was not grounded on the Scripture narrative, and therefore must have had its origin in that traditional prophecy of a crucifixion frequently mentioned elsewhere."

Another distinctive peculiarity in the Irish stone crosses is—

"The absence in every instance of the two thieves crucified with Our Lord. This cannot be accounted for by want of space to introduce them, as there is in every case a number of heterogeneous figures introduced, entirely out of character with the scene recorded in the Bible. Besides a variety of human figures, the sculptors have depicted dogs and monsters of various forms. In one case a man is represented as standing on his head (cross, street of Kells) in the space which might have been appropriated to one of the two thieves."

From the inferiority of execution of the heads on these crosses, compared with other parts, Mr. Keane suspects some indifferent Christian artists to have tried their unskilled hands at rubbing away the mural crown or other inappropriate head gear. The winged quadrupeds on these crosses, generally supposed to represent cherubim, are quoted by our author as attendants on some of the pagan deities connected with this subject. An engraving copied from Thevenot's travels is introduced, representing a winged deity seated on a rainbow, a man kneeling on one side in adoration, a round tower on the spectator's left surmounted by an ox's head, two like towers on the right, with a fire blazing on one in honour as it were of the sun depicted above it, and a row of acrobats supporting another row whose feet rest on a piece of wood supported by the shoulders of the first. Mr. Keane judges the winged figure to be *Baal Berith*, Lord of the Covenant (Judges viii. 33), identical with Thammuz or Adonis, and supposes the rows of figures as presenting a crucifixion scene. But nothing in the attitudes of the men who have their arms interlocked in a horizontal position, gives an idea of crucifixion or suffering in any way. Everything in the picture suggests a ritual function, and we know that *tours de force* were essential portions of some pagan devotional rites.

Having devoted as much space as was at our disposal to the examination of this interesting work, we merely add that, whether our readers are satisfied with Mr. Keane's conclusions or not, his work is a very valuable one, for all the information it affords concerning the architectural remains of our country, and for the accurate and finished engravings of the still existing specimens. They are not only accurate as to outline and detail, but most of them charming little pictures in which the light and shade are skilfully distributed, and the picturesque carefully attended to. The book is finely printed in antique type, on toned paper, and is a very worthy addition to those richly-got-out works relative to Ireland already published by the eminent Dublin firm whose names are on the title page. The information extracted from old authors known only to scholars and archæologists is immense, whether its application to the author's views, in all instances be considered strikingly correct or not. In one point the author is favourably distinguished from some of his brother archæologists. Though extreme in his theory of our towers, temples, crosses, and even the names of our early saints, boasting of an origin anterior to the building of Solomon's temple, his mode of asserting his opinions is singularly modest. He adduces his proofs, combines them skilfully, and leaves his readers to determine their just value and force. He does justice in every case to, and mentions with high respect the exertions of his fellow-labourers whose theory is opposed to his, while contending for the soundness of his own. The points of difference between the Christian and the Pagan archæologists are not likely to be adjusted to the satisfaction of both parties in a day. Sound scholars are enlisted on both sides, and our early authorities preserved such silence, or spoke so vaguely on the matters in dispute, that nothing better can now be used than circumstantial arguments, derived from analogy and very indirect evidence. Meantime existing discussions have a tendency to the better preservation of our ancient relics in architecture and ornament, and to keeping awake a spirit of archæological investigation.

Every partisan will produce some facts worth remembering, or point out some valuable relics hitherto undiscovered, or at least unmentioned. The grand point controverted may remain undecided, but we shall get somewhat clearer information on modes of life, social usages, and religious beliefs of ancient times in our country. The patient and enterprising alchemists did not light on the philosopher's stone or the elixir vitæ, but in their researches they made valuable discoveries in chemistry, which later

scholars, unimpeded by foregone conclusions, have employed for the advancement and enlargement of science. A similar result may be reasonably expected in favour of antiquarian knowledge. The controversy may be kept up in some instances at the expense of temper and courtesy, but the field of archæological knowledge will be enlarged, and its limits better defined.

In the present paper we have been unable to notice the so-called Norman Churches and the Round Towers.

#### ENGLAND AND HER FENIAN ENEMY.

FOR some two years or more a novel form of war has been waged against Great Britain by an enemy wholly unlike any former foe our nation has encountered. At first this enemy was contemned. Ridicule was the lath with which he was to beslain. Fenianism was hardly more than a joke. Of the existence of a single flesh and blood Fenian sagacious persons had doubts. This enemy, however, quickly made his peculiar power to annoy known. He taxed the efforts of Viceroy's in Canada and in Ireland, and engaged the attention of judges, juries, jailers, and journalists, as often baffling as being baffled. He got mysteriously out of prison. He made speeches from the dock of a character more than to counteract all the moral advantage of verdicts and sentences. He worried the police until the men resigned in disgust. He gave evidence of audacity by a daring attempt on Chester Castle, with its complement of a plan to seize the mail-boat at Holyhead and land in Ireland. He broke into insurrection and led flying columns for six weeks through frost and snow, after a will-o'-the-wisp. He found victory to a certain extent even in defeat; raising international questions, which teased the American Minister, brought sharp letters from Mr. Seward, and ultimately, in more than one instance, caused inglorious surrender of British independence. And when supposed to be destroyed, the irrepressible Fenian burst again upon the scene, rescuing his leaders at Manchester

with a defiance showing his backers to be numerous and desperate. Nay, even when justice, which had limped long, boldly put down her foot—to use an American phrase—in full resolve to crush him, the result was to develop a seeming Fenian strength which, in the form of Funeral Processions, startled the Empire and exposed the panic of the Irish Government. Further, when outraged public opinion demanded that those demonstrations should be suppressed, the Fenians yielded only to open a new campaign in the diabolical form of Gunpowder Treason and Plot, of arson and assassination! What is this Fenian Enemy? Whence has he come? What are his purposes? Of what political or social upheaving is his existence an evidence? What is the full extent of the danger he causes; and how may he best be met?

To all these interrogatories the answers have been very various. Something of what we shall say cannot be expected to be new. Our survey, however, may have fresh and important points. Fenianism originated among the Irish in America. It certainly did not spring up first in Ireland. The Ireland of the interval 1855-60 was freer from seditious impulses than perhaps in any period of her history. The St. Patrick Brotherhood, the parent of Fenianism, started up in America so suddenly, and with so perfect an organization as to create a suspicion that the movement was deliberately plotted, and was not an ex-



pression of any spontaneous popular sentiment. It was planned with the double idea of producing irritation in the relations of England with America, and of ultimately exciting sedition in Ireland and England, wherever an Irish population could be found in sufficient numbers to give hope of success. The plan was antecedent to the American civil war, and it is well to bear this in mind, as the statement has been made that the Fenianism of America is mainly a retaliation upon England for favouring the cause of the Southern Confederacy. The Fenians were an organization previous to the civil war. They had buried M'Manus in Ireland before that struggle opened. They had established the nucleus of their order in the west of the county of Cork before Bull Run. Their society was not created by that conflict, though taken advantage of for recruiting purposes, and though it did serve the Northern cause, and lay the "United States" under an obligation. It is quite an error, however, to say that the principal part of the fighting against the South was done by the Irish, the Germans and the native Americans themselves having fought with as great bravery, and sent quite as large a proportion of their numbers into the field. The heritage of hate laid up for herself in America by England—inevitably—gave the Fenian leaders an opportunity of working upon the American mind in a spirit of hostility towards Great Britain, when attention was removed from war; and this opportunity was used with an activity and skill suggesting once more very powerfully that the movement was no accidental thing, but planned somewhere secretly, by able and unscrupulous men, calculating upon humiliating and torturing England, rather than upon conquering her. Of these conspirators, whoever they were, such batches of Fenian pirates as those who crossed the ocean in the *Jacknall*—such Fenian madmen as attempted to lead an insurrectionary mob at Limerick Junction—such Fenians as "Colonel" Kelly and "Colonel" Burke were the dupes. Those fanatics have the hands to war, but others who never intend to fling a bottle of Greek fire, or light a fusee, far less to grasp a

pike, or put themselves at all in the way of Dublin detectives, were the heads to think. No one can shut his eyes to the fact that a large class glory in anything that damages the reputation or shakes the stability of Great Britain, even though their own fortunes may be involved in her prosperity; and that these feelings, in their concentration, may have found embodiment in some knot of combinatorians, who coolly believe that they see their way to an end, is not surely a view at all romantic or improbable.

It is extremely unlikely that persons of this character favour Democracy in the abstract. The success of their operations, and the theory of their system, depend too much on government by a few, and implicit obedience from the many, to allow them to adopt the American idea in its simplicity; but they see a tendency in Great Britain to acknowledgment of the democratic influence which cannot be resisted, and they hope, by increasing alarm as to the consequences, and operating upon those fears to gain their ends, *before* a democratic wave has rolled over the land which may bring them no good. Hence the hurry to put forward a large variety of claims of an extreme nature, and the urgency with which they apply the argument of American Fenian and Irish Fenian menace as a means to extort compliance. If a great deal is not accomplished in 1868, and before the Reformed Parliament assembles, they shall apprehend that their chances afterwards may be much less promising. We know that Fenianism at its start in America was fed by this influence; that its foundation-stone was laid with benedictions; that as the structure rose such a "go on and prosper" swelled its ranks and coffers; and that at this day, there, as here, the condemnations at times pronounced against it are of a description to produce an opposite idea among its adherents as to the real sentiments of many who affect to hate it. The patrons of Fenianism have another reason for active hostility to England in the circumstance that it is a cry which fills their own purses. He who wishes to have a fat benefice under the voluntary system, can only gain popularity by humour-

ing the fancy, fostering the delusion, or flattering the vice, of the American public as it happens to show itself. The American Catholic Church is not less tinged with Fenian sympathies than that Church in Ireland, which has we must say, been lowered in estimation by the absence of clerical propriety evinced during the funeral processions by some of its ministers.

If Fenianism have this origin and character, it may be inferred that we are not soon to get rid of the torment of it. It will be too useful in the States to be honestly discouraged. The knowledge that England is being harassed is a sweet morsel to roll under the tongue. Americans as Republicans may hate Great Britain, but the Fenianism even of America has root in a hope that there may be substituted in Ireland first, and eventually in Great Britain, one form of national faith for another—has its root in an ambition to cancel the Reformation, and bring back in these lands the domination thrown off at the Revolution. This is confessed almost in words to be the aim underlying many open and sanguine manifestations in these countries, in connection with which there is always a looking beyond the ocean to the avenging Ireland of the west, before which Protestant England is, of course, to succumb.

At the same time, it is only too plain that it is not the Irish Fenian in America that England has more reason to fear, but the American Democracy, to whom Fenianism is useful as a party instrument. The Fenian organization, now that we have got past the sharp crisis of the landing amongst us of the "Captains"—Fenian tramps thrown out of work after the civil war—would be troublesome, but could not become formidable—would commit isolated outrages, but could cause no serious insurrectionary movement or international complication, if it were only Irish sedition in America, halloed by narrow ecclesiastical sanctions. American partisans, however, find a use for it, and American Ministers of State more than wink at it, and of the whole American people there is but a small party, and these men that eschew politics, who do not read with satisfaction the rhodomontades of New York Celtic spouters,

paid per speech by the showmen, and when a good point seems made against Great Britain do not applaud it. The Americans ought to get full credit for the moral influences which have sway among them. We do not forget that the police authorities of New York sided with the cause of authority in England in the matter of the Manchester executions. But the ravenous native pride takes such forms, as the speech, for example, of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher some few days ago in New York; and his language points to an anomaly on which we have somewhat to say.

"Politically," declared Mr. Beecher, "they (the Americans) were now by their position, by their territory, and by the character of their population, almost wholly independent of Europe. America exerted far more influence on Europe than she received from it. America is now the moral instructor of all European peoples. We are, so to speak, the *mischief-maker of the whole world*. So long as we prosper we are a standing threat against thrones everywhere. Thirty millions of concrete statements of personal liberty are unanswerable. There is no nation on the globe, this side of India, that does not feel the moral influence of the American Government. The Reform Bill in England is among the first fruits of the influence of the American Government over Europe. One victory in behalf of free government has already been achieved by another victory for human rights in England. Whatever may be the use made of suffrage in England—and it will probably be in support of the established order of things—the inevitable result will be the destruction of some of the characteristic laws and social institutions of that country."

There are few who will dispute Mr. Beecher's dictum that America is become the "mischief-maker" of the world, or refuse to himself the representative character in that respect which he has done much to earn. But what is extraordinary is the circumstance that in the general struggle that is being waged in these countries by free men, sustaining free institutions, the parent of American free institutions, against a religio-political system, and a conspiracy, in deadly opposition to freedom, we should fail

to obtain the sympathy of this "moral instructor of the peoples." She openly takes the side of her own and our enemy. If that arises from mere national jealousy it is a petty feeling, to which her very predominance, so loudly boasted of, should render her superior. Should we not expect better things from the leaders of American opinion? Why should the harangues of O'Mahony the Head-Centre, and Beecher the Evangelist, when the latter touches upon the politics of the world, amount to the same thing? What is the natural affinity? Does Mr. Beecher approve of the Manchester rescue, the Chester raid, the Irish shootings, or the explosion of Clerkenwell? He would say not; and yet he, too, "talks Fenian" when he invokes all the power of America as a mischief-maker to influence England to change the laws that are proper to her, as America's are to America. If we were able to make choice in the matter, with a view to securing future peace for England, we should rather silence the divine than the piratical orator. When O'Mahony, or Savage, or Colonel Kelly tells the New Yorkers that Ireland is an "oppressed nation," there is some chance of their judgment coming into play to correct the statement; but all that Beecher says is gospel, and the result is that Fenianism is distinctly promoted.

If Americans are to gain the respect of England, which after all they are known much to value, they must secure us fair play from their pulpit orators of this class. Let Fenians rave on. We do not ask them to stop the mouths of such. But we do appeal to those Americans who are reasonable, to reprove the idle vaunting, the glorying in "mischief-making," which pulpit orators on the strain for popularity exhibit. They complain that Englishmen do not respect American institutions and principles; but if American institutions and principles are to be thus aggressive, and thus menacingly shaken in the face of the world, we cannot accord that respect, but must consider the Beechers of New York little better than the ultramontane ecclesiastics of this country, who thrust themselves into politics with factitious designs.

We can see but one palliation for

this aggressive Americanism, and it is, that some English Nonconformist Ministers who go as deputations to America—and deputationizing to the States is rather a popular pastime—minister to the vanity of Republicanism, and not understanding either the institutions of their own country or those of the States, find it a certain path to transatlantic fame to laud the time and the people present. Thus the Rev. Newman Hall has been lecturing at Washington on the relations between America and England during the late war, and was introduced under the sponsorship of Mr. Bright, by Chief Justice Chase, who had received a letter commending Mr. Hall to his regard as an Englishman of the American type. From this single circumstance every one may know what sort of England his lectures presented to American audiences. It was Beecher's England—an England passing away before the advent of Americanism. A representation of our national condition so unfounded, and calculated to excite false expectations, must in its way stimulate Fenianism. The American enemy of England, it will therefore be seen is not only the enthusiastic Kerry or Cork man, who fixes a green rosette on his breast and marches to Jones's Wood to head a gathering of "Circles" at a mass meeting to receive a fugitive murderer with plaudits. England has other enemies, whose work appears in events as distinctly as does that of any "colonel" of them all.

Unless every symptom of opinion belies its indications, the Irish Fenian enemy of England has overshot the mark. The Fenian gunpowder treason and incendiarisms have produced an amazing reaction in England, both against the America of democracy and the America of Irish aggression. The masses do not reason from principles, but from events. We might have been preaching long enough on the evils of republicanism, to find closed ears and a dogged preference for the something better unknown, the promises of dishonest agitators or theorists; but the illustrations given of Irish-Americanism since Burke and Casey were laid in jail are not of a character to need argument, or to be capable of being misunderstood by the populace. They see in those

occurrences Ireland and Irish-America —places henceforth which will have, the first, we fear, less sympathy from, and the latter less attractions for the English workman of the new suffrage. The Irish journalists of an extreme school, have, indeed, ever since the blowing-up at Clerkenwell, been declaring that "the cause" has been flung back long years by that fiendish exploit. It has set up the Irish Church again, says one. It has crushed the Irish Reform Bill, speculates another. Coming hot after the Fenian Processions, it has dissolved the alliance between the Liberals of England and Ireland, adds a third. Now, the English Liberals are more Conservative than the Conservatives, and Mr. Gladstone seems on a backward track to constitutionalism. "Confidence will not soon be restored. It may take a generation to bring us back to where we stood before the Manchester rescue." Then, Democracy was the grand discovery, and the Goldwin Smiths and Mills were sounding its praises. England was to be Americanized, and the Irish disaffected to get all their demands conceded. If they wished to govern Ireland in a particular manner they ought to have their way, it was argued, for peace sake, if for nothing else. The cure was Mr. Bright's and Cardinal Cullen's. They were the sign-posts at the political cross-roads, where the nation had arrived, and were leading off the march of legislation in the true direction. No one, however, can shut his eyes to the change that has occurred. The enemy of England having disclosed himself, England is aware of her danger. She cannot buy peace from America short of allowing the "colonels" and "captains" from the Fenian headquarters to establish themselves at her very heart. She cannot buy it from Ireland except by surrendering all government to the organizers of seditious processions. Her enemy is a real not a sham foe. He is desperately in earnest. Either he will slay or be slain. England must conquer him or he England; and in the warfare he will use any and every weapon, however deadly and diabolical. The problem for Englishmen is how to meet a garotter, and it is

well formed and nearly unanimous on the point. An able writer in the *Pall-Mall Gazette* sees the political change that results from the displaying of Irish Fenianism and American Democracy in their true colours, and says, "For many years we were shocked from time to time by the hideous murders, now happily become far more rare, which were perpetrated under the orders of secret societies in Ireland, but the Fenian conspiracy is probably the first case in which such an association, having political objects in view, has been established in England. It is a dreadful disease to have caught, and it is one which may probably annoy us for years, and at intervals produce catastrophes like the Clerkenwell explosion. It is, however, in a certain sense matter for congratulation that this atrocious system should have displayed itself amongst us in its true colours. There is no fear that English people in general will take too indulgent a view of such a crime. It is useless to represent people as interesting patriots who are opposed to nothing but an oppressive and alien Government, who blow up a row of houses inhabited by people who had never injured them in any way whatever, and who in so doing horribly mutilate some fifty or sixty men, women, and children." This being the character of the enemy, the same writer scouts all parley with him: "If we allow ourselves to be insulted, if we allow crimes to pass unpunished, if we temporize with mobs, or treat seditious newspapers with real fear, under an affectation of contempt, we at once put conspiracy and rebellion in a superior position, and give them all the prestige which attaches to having the upper hand."

It is useless to suppose that weakness will conciliate Fenians, or that those whom it is meant to conciliate will call it by any other than its true name — fear; or draw from it any other than the natural conclusion, that it is safe to presume and encroach. The plain line of policy is this. Conspirators against the integrity of the United Kingdom are public enemies. Every attempt by word or deed to dismember the United Kingdom, or to promote or propagate the opinion that it would be desirable to dis-

with such severity as circumstances may justify. If the number and audacity of the criminals increase, the severity used for their punishment must increase, until, if it should become necessary, the utmost force of the whole nation and empire, in men and money, are employed for that purpose. There is no passage that we have met with in the daily writings called forth by the Fenian Enemy which more simply describes what he is, and so completely disposes of the folly of any attempt to bribe him into quiet.

England, then, both as towards the Irish-American and the pure Irish Fenian, stands in a position of one repelling a mortal attack. Whoso is thus engaged looks neither to the right nor the left, but strikes boldly out, in front, against the foe. He holds no discussion — can suggest no accommodation, seeing that his life, and nothing less, is sought. If England will act otherwise than in this simple manner, it will be to her deep hurt. She may depend upon it that although those with Irish names accused of the Clerkenwell atrocity are not to be considered such

specimens of Irishmen in general as to justify the severe epithet of the *Times* for Ireland, "mother of assassins," Fenian Greek-fire throwing, and jail-breaking, are Fenian Irish-American vices, and part and parcel of Fenianism as an organization.

Unfortunately, the Irish Government is in the hands of the weakest of ministers, from whose vacillation the Fenian enemy has derived much encouragement. If we do not enter here upon any dissertation as to the miserable manner in which the seditious manifestations of the last month have been dealt with, it is because we, too, feel, not only bewildered, but humiliated. For such weakness there is no precedent. For the ruinous inconsistency which pronounced processions "within the law" that, a few days after, when the public had refused to accept this definition of the law, against common sense, and the interests of the public safety, were pronounced both an offence against the common law and the Party Processions Act, there is certainly no parallel in the records of administrative imbecility.

# DUBLIN

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### ANCIENT, MEDIEVAL, AND MODERN PREACHING.\*

THERE can be no higher destiny accorded to a man in this world than to preach the Gospel: no matter in what part of the vineyard that man labours, whether in the Roman, Anglican, Lutheran, Calvinistic, or Dissenting quarter, he is equally honoured by his work, is appointed by the same divine Master, who will watch over him, guide him, and finally give him his reward.

So that it would appear that no office requires more especial fitness than this sacred one of preacher. We say here nothing about the divine call, which is a matter for the conscience of every man who devotes himself to the work of preaching; but we speak of it in its merely human aspect, and we repeat, that no office requires more especial training than this highest and most important one of preaching the Gospel.

Under such a view the anomaly which exists in the training of the clergy of our own Church strikes us more forcibly. What are our clergy? A body of men trained in scholarship, whose minds have been subjected to the refining influence of the greatest intellects of antiquity, who have studied philosophy, and, to a certain degree, science; but who have listened only to a few exegetical lectures on the Old and New Testament, and

still fewer on theology: a vast number of scholarly, good, honest, Christian men, anxious to do their Master's work, but who have never been taught to preach!

That the clergy should be trained as scholars, is in these days, more than ever necessary; that they should spend some years in studying classics, that they should be trained in mathematical accuracy, that even no little time should be spent in excavating that vast intellectual mine of Aristotle, we maintain; but that men should be sent into the pulpit, who have never had an hour's training in the art of public speaking, is an inconsistency which is becoming more striking every day; which presses upon us the more severely when we hear the continual discontent expressed on all sides of the state of public preaching, and when we see those, who are without the pale of the national Church, training their ministers for years to the work and rapidly carrying away the palm of sacred eloquence.

Still there is no want of complaint; we are continually expressing our discontent at the monotonous imbecility of our preachers; but we forget to make a fair allowance for those men whom we are yearly sending by hundreds into the pulpit without any

\* Lampe, Pitchers, and Trumpets, by E. Paxton Hood. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, Paternoster-row, London.

special training for the task, and whom we expect to become spontaneous orators—men furnished in every other way with all possible requisites, but utterly destitute of this most vital and important qualification.

We are induced to make these observations by the appearance of a book, which we cordially recommend to all who take any interest in preaching; more especially we recommend it to our fellow Churchmen, though it is written by one who is outside the pale of our Church to our loss, for he is one who has himself gained no small fame as a preacher, a scholar, and a Christian.

The title of the book is a strange but suggestive one—"Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets." It refers to the story of Gideon, who divided his three hundred men into three companies, putting in every man's right hand a trumpet, and in the left a pitcher containing a lamp.

"And he said unto them, Look on me, and do likewise: and behold when I come outside the camp it shall be that as I do, so shall ye do. When I blow with a trumpet, blow ye with your trumpets and exclaim, The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon. So Gideon and the three hundred men that were with him came unto the outside of the camp in the beginning of the middle watch, and they blew the trumpets and brake the pitchers that were in their hands. And all the host ran, and cried, and fled."

"This history," says the author, "seems to me to be a parable of the 'foolishness of preaching;' an illustration of the genius and the success of the pulpit—its method and power."

However much we may prefer a clearer title, the book is a most valuable one, interesting as a romance, and quite unique in its kind. Before dipping into it, we will first give a brief outline of its contents.

It is a series of fourteen lectures, written in a consecutive order, containing eight "pulpit monographs," selected from the Jewish, the early Christian, the Mediæval, the Puritan, and the modern Churches; sketched with the greatest fairness, with specimens of style, and enlivened by anecdote. Interspersed with these monographs are excellently written

chapters on the subject of training for the pulpit—such as, "Wit, humour, and coarseness in the Pulpit," "The use and abuse of Imagination," "Formation of Style," "Written and Extemporary Sermons," &c.

We have said that its author is a Dissenter, and we add to this, that his book is a credit to his order, and a type of that rapid but silent advance which Dissent, in its broad meaning, has been making in the country during the last fifty years. A statistical fact which, if we interpret foreshadowings of event aright, will soon become a vital subject of consideration.

We submit the book to our readers in evidence of what we are about to say, that, appearing in a time of violent religious agitation, it is written in the most impartial Christianlike spirit—equally impartial in its views of some of the great mediæval saints, the lights of the Reformation, the enthusiasts of the Puritan Church, the great Anglican preachers, or the contemporary celebrities of sects differing from that of the author.

We say that this is an evidence of advance and a proof that the Dissenters of England are proving themselves worthy of that right which has only recently been restored to them, after being withheld for centuries, of entering the universities.

We can imagine what would have been the horror, the speechless horror, at such a proposition, which would have come over any of those great lights of the Oxford Common Rooms of the early part of this century, who are now nearly all famous, some in our own Church, and some, alas! severed from us, whom we still contemplate with jealous admiration as they look down upon us from their elevated seats in the Church of Rome.

Fortunately these great men were spared the shock of such a proposition, and it has been reserved for our times to accomplish the miracle of restoring to this great class of Englishmen their right to enter into the bosom of the *alma mater* of the country. Much as there may be yet to do, this however is a great step, and will have its significance in the future relation in which the two sections of the Protestantism of England will stand in regard to each other.

There can be no danger, and it is but bare justice to admit all the sons of Englishmen to share in the benefits of the great national academies. Truth can never suffer from liberty, it is its life. Truth and liberty go hand in hand together: they love the light, and avoid the darkness of tyranny, bigotry, and superstition.

The book before us opens with a chapter on preaching in general, and after some sensible remarks on itinerant preaching, the author observes:—

“To many, perhaps to some among my readers, my remarks of admiration upon this soul-searching preaching will seem simply contemptible. In none of the men to whom I have referred was the pitcher of much importance compared with the lamp. With us all our attention goes to the pitcher: there is great attention to the shape of it; it must be a vase—Etruscan—with a copious amplitude of decoration. Some cannot even talk plain English, cannot even avail themselves of intelligible decorations. One describes a tear as “that small particle of aqueous fluid trickling from the visual organ over the lineaments of the countenance, denoting grief.” I have heard one talking in the pulpit of “the deep intuitive glance of the soul penetrating beyond the surface of the superficial phenomena to the remotest recesses of absolute entity.”

The folly of using fine language to poor ignorant people, and the strange mistakes it gives rise to sometimes, are thus illustrated—

“A clergyman was sent for the other day. The man was rather deaf to whom he was called. ‘What induced you to send for me?’ pompously said the clergyman. ‘Eh?’ ‘What induced you,’ he repeated, ‘to send for me?’ ‘What does he say?’ said the man to his wife. ‘He says, what the *deuce* did ye send for him for?’”

The first monograph sketched is from the Apostolic age, and of that age who else could be selected than Paul? That greatest and first emancipator of Christianity from the trammels of human error, type of all purifiers and reformers of the religion of Christ when that religion has become corrupted by human interpolations and restrictions.

All the great reform crises in the

history of Christianity have been nothing but revivals of what is sometimes called the Pauline faith, that is justification not by mere works, but by hearty faith in Christ, the evidence and sure result of which will be works. When the unity of the apostolic faith had been shattered by three centuries of schism, by Gnostic corruptions which followed in the very footsteps of the Apostles, and by the terrible schism of Arius; when in the West Pelagianism had sprung up, it was Augustine who, aroused to the truth by a deep and sincere study of the writings of Paul, was destined to be the next reviver of the Pauline faith. So, throughout the history of the Church, St. Bernard, Wiclif, Luther, Latimer, Knox, are all revivifications of the spirit and teaching of the greatest of the Apostles. The author observes here with some force:—“I have sometimes thought that, even not excepting the life of Christ, a sceptical mind would be more likely to yield, give way, and be prostrate before the life of Paul than before any other presentation. We are certain, not only from the build and architecture of his character throughout life, but from what is implied as belonging to him before conversion, that it must have been a most overwhelming evidence which could have carried his convictions captive. Rare have been the instances, if any, which combined a character in such equal, not to say marvellous proportions, the processes of a careful, slow, but accumulating logical faculty, with such triumphant wing of the mystical and the imaginative, and all fused in the fires of a dominant grasping and far-reaching passion, or say rather ardent spiritual affection.”

Of his works the author writes with enthusiasm:—

“What requiem equals the close of the 15th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians! What rapture the 8th chapter of Romans! What a grand resumé of contemplation the Ephesians! It avails little to us that criticism cannot prove the Epistle to the Hebrews to be his. We *know* it must be his. We feel Paul in every line. It is all along his grand logic on fire, his accumulating crowd of images, until they all rush together in their fiery pomp and illumination at the close in the



unparalleled splendour of expression in the 11th and 12th chapters."

The early Church was rich in preachers, including such names as Origen, Tertullian, Gregory of Nazianzen, Athanasius, Basil, Augustine, but the great preacher was John the "golden-mouthed"—Chrysostom, whose vicissitudes form a romantic chapter in ecclesiastical history.

Having reproved the court fashions, he incurred the displeasure of the Empress Eudoxia, and having also not spared the clergy, they too were incited against him; forty-six charges were brought against him, and he was deposed by the Synod of the Oak. The Emperor ratified this unjust decree, and Chrysostom was banished from Constantinople. The people were aroused; they raged around the palace; they insisted on the immediate return of their bishop; the Empress even fell upon her knees in terror, and begged the Emperor to recall him. He yielded, and the return of the exiled bishop was a national triumph; the shores of Europe and Asia were illuminated; the Bosphorus was crowded with boats to the mouth of the Propontis, and the whole population led the bishop with flaming torches from the port to his cathedral. Shortly after this happy return a proposition was made to place a silver statue of the Empress Eudoxia on a pillar in the street close to the church of St. Sophia. Its elevation was accompanied with Manichæan or semi-idolatrous ceremonies, and Chrysostom once more thundered forth his denunciations. The times were critical; Paganism still hovered about in the outskirts of the Christian Church; no compromise could be made, and the only duty left to a Christian bishop was to act at once with firmness and vigour.

He was again persecuted; the clergy who were with him were seized, beaten, and wounded; the waters of the baptistery were stained with blood; he was again deposed and banished, never more to see his beloved city.

He retired to a solitary cell in the mountains of Caucasus, and then wandered from place to place. On one of his journeys, when they came to Comana, in Cappadocia, they would not let him lodge in the town, but hurried him on to the oratory of St.

Basil, where, sinking under fatigue and ill health, he died. He was buried in the same tomb with Basil, the martyr; but when the Emperor Arcadius and his wife had gone to their account, and Theodosius, who had been baptized by Chrysostom, reigned in their stead, the people clamoured for the remains of their bishop to be brought to the city. When the body arrived at the shore, the young Emperor and Empress approached it, and the Emperor covering it with his cloak implored the mercy and forgiveness of Heaven for the wrongs done to that holy man.

His eloquence was of the highest order. On his return from exile in his first oration, he said:—

"Blessed be the Lord! I said it when I departed. On my return I repeat it, and I ceased not from saying it in my absence. You remember that on the last day I recalled to you the image of Job and his words, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord for ever.' It is the pledge that I left with you as I was departing; it is the thanksgiving that I bring back to you. The situations are different, the hymn of gratitude is the same. Blessed be the Lord who unchains the tempest, blessed be God who stills it and has made a calm. It is not the enemies that I thank for their change of mind, but God who has turned their injustice to my honour. The Jews crucified the Lord, and the world is saved; yet it is not the Jews that I thank but the Crucified. May they see that which our God sees: the peace, the glory, that their snares have been worth to me. At other times the church used to be filled; now the public square has become the church. All heads are as immovable as if they were one. All are silent though no one orders silence. All are contrite too. There are games in the circus to-day; but no one assists at them. All flow to the temple like a torrent. The torrent is your multitude. The river's murmur is your voices, that rise up to Heaven and tell of the love you bear to your Father. Your prayers are to me a brighter crown than all the diadems of earth."

He had frequently to reprove his hearers for applauding him. They used to cry out "Hear him! O brave Chrysostom!" and he would

reply, "The church is not a theatre in which we listen to be amused. Of what avail to me are those shouts, this applause, this tumult? The praise I seek is that you show forth in your works the things I have spoken to you."

His sermons are full of incidents which illustrate how great was the affection between this great preacher and his flock. In one we recollect a reproof was administered to them with the gentleness of a father. During his discourse the man had lit the lamps, and the attention of the people being attracted by it, Chrysostom called upon them to turn from the lamp which would only burn for a time, to the lamp of truth which he was about to kindle, and which would burn for ever.

On another occasion when he appeared in the church there was a buzz of applause amongst the vast mass of persons who used to crowd to his preaching. In his discourse he alludes to it in the most tender manner, and we think the passage is the most beautifully simple and most touching of the many exquisite passages which might be collected from his sermons. He drew the picture of a nest full of young birds awaiting with eagerness the return of their parents with their food. "When they see them coming in the distance they beat their little wings on the air, chirping and rejoicing. So also do you, my children, sit in the nest of the church, and eagerly await my coming with the food of the Gospel."

We pass on to Mediæval times, and the author says:—

"Great preachers in those days were regarded with the enthusiasm which waits on great conquerors—they received the highest honours, and wealthy cities contended for the honour of hearing them. They were often great and marvellous missionaries too, and a halo of splendour and holy mysticism surrounds the memory of such men as St. Adalbert, the apostle of Prussia; or John of Corvino, the missionary to the Tartars, or St. Gall. The words of such men were so persuasive and eloquent that voices, it is said, were heard over the tops of the tall mountains, and mournful elegies through the woods and forests in the silence of the night, as if the broken idols were wailing amid the acclamations of the people who had cast them into the fire at the call

of the preachers. Such were the effects which, in later years, followed the words of the great preachers of the middle ages as they appeared in the rude or rich cathedrals, or the market-places and great broadways of French, Italian, or German cities. It was so with Bernardine of Sienna. At Bologna, it is said, all the dice-tables were brought out and thrown into a vast fire in the centre of the square, and after preaching in Florence, in the great square of Santa Croce, the listeners erected a monument on the spot, on which was inscribed only the name of Jesus. And so it was with Antony of Padua, a name associated in our memory with much superstition; but who, after preaching in Padua, burnt in one fire objects of licentiousness to the value of two thousand pieces of gold. It is marvellous to hear of twenty thousand persons assembling to hear him; rising by night, and hastening by the light of lanterns to secure good places in the field in which he was to preach, while the shops of the cities were closed, and all business suspended."

Thomas à Kempis, Philip Neri, Fra Rocco, St. Bernardine, and Aretinus are mentioned by the author as great mediæval preachers; but he omits one of the greatest, Fulk, or Fulco, who lived in the twelfth century at Neuilly sur Marne, of which parish he was the curé. He was a simple-minded man, fond of his quiet little parish, and yet endowed with a sort of rude eloquence. Not being possessed of a very good knowledge of the Scriptures, Fulk became inspired with an ardent desire to improve himself by studying in some of the public schools. He went daily to Paris and attended the lectures of Peter the Chanter; his object was not to plunge into the dialectical studies then in vogue; but, notebook in hand, he took down all the passages of Scripture which the lecturer illustrated, and committed the comments to memory. These notes formed the material for his parish preaching; he shared his spiritual food with his flock. Peter at length observed him, sought him out, and appreciated him.

He then insisted on Fulk preaching before himself and the students, and the result of the sermon was that he became famous, and people began to flock to his church from all quarters, saying to one another, "Come and hear Fulco; he is another Paul."

On one occasion, when preaching in the Place de Champeaux, the listeners were so moved by his oratory that they fell at his feet and begged him to chastise them with rods for their sins. He inspired men with a furore for preaching. The doctors, to whom he had listened, submitted themselves to him and accompanied him as commissioners to the surrounding towns and villages.—Peter the Chanter, Alberic de Saon, afterwards Archbishop of Rheims, Robert de Courcon, and Stephen Langton.

He preached the fifth Crusade, and nearly drained France and Flanders of their sons. A grand tournament was announced to be held by Count Thibault of Champagne, and when all the chivalry and beauty of France were present, there appeared in the midst of the glittering scene this simple priest, who begged them to listen to him first, and he so filled them with holy ardour that they took the cross from him at once, and after the tournament prepared to set out on the Crusade.\*

Mr. Hood concludes his review of mediæval preaching by a monograph on St. Bernard, who certainly was the most prominent character of his time, a time too of great intellectual activity, when William of Champeaux raised the Paris University to a prominent position, and Abelard led on the march of heresy. Bernard might have taken his place amongst the foremost, but at twenty-two he retired from the world and hid himself in the monastery of Cîteaux, over which presided Stephen Harding, a native of Sherborne. The rule was strict. Harding's work was to reform the Benedictine Order, who had grown wealthy and fat, whose monks spent their time in elegant literary occupations, lived well, and whose abbots were to be seen riding about on richly caparisoned steeds, accompanied by a retinue of servants.

At Cîteaux the fare was scanty—one meal a day, after having risen twelve hours, worked in the fields, and sung their psalms; fish, meat, grease, eggs, were forbidden to them, and they wore only three coarse garments.

So strong was the ascetic feeling

upon Bernard that he regarded this life as sinfully luxurious, and, with the consent of his abbot, left the monastery with twelve monks to seek a home in the wilderness. In a dense forest, near La Ferte, they found a valley, and upon this wild spot built a rude shelter, which afterwards became the celebrated Abbey of Clairvaux. The monks' beds were bins of planks of wood only long enough to lie down in, and their beds were a few dried leaves, with a little chaff strewn over the bare board. Their diet in summer consisted of leaves and grain, and in winter, roots and nuts.

After recovering from a long illness he set out on his travels, to get converts for his community. He visited Paris, but was soon glad to escape to his quiet valley. He then set about reforming abbots, barons, and bishops. He was especially severe upon the luxury of the Cluniacs, and thus describes one of their dinners:

"Who could say, to speak of nothing else, in how many forms eggs are cooked and worked up? With what care they are turned in and out, made hard or soft, or chopped fine; now fried, now roasted, now stuffed; now they are mixed with other things, now by themselves; even the external appearance of the dishes is such that the eye as well as the taste is charmed; and when even the stomach complains that it is full, curiosity is still alive." He even satirizes the greediness of his own hungry brethren who, to his fancy, ate too many beans, for he exclaims—"Again with our bellies full of beans and our minds of pride, we condemn those who are full of meat, as if it were not better to eat a little fat on occasion than to be gorged with vegetables."

This great mediæval saint was far in advance of his age. He censured the vices of the clergy of his time more severely than any Protestant fanatic has done since; he was the most influential personage of his day, the friend and adviser of kings. After a career of much usefulness and unceasing activity, he died at the age of sixty-two.

"As he was dying, even ecclesiastics gathered round his bed to talk of public

\* See *Christian Schools and Scholars*, Vol. II.

affairs; but they could not interest him. 'Marvel not,' said he, 'I am already no longer of this world;' and he died in the faith and practice of his great and memorable saying—'So far from being able to answer for my sins I cannot answer even for my righteousness.'"

We pass on from the mediæval period to that of the Reformation, a movement which infused new life into preaching. It was a great age. Scholasticism was dying out after three centuries of unfruitful disputation; there was a general revival of learning; the study of Greek commenced; the printing press had been rapidly multiplying exemplars of great works which had hitherto been locked up in manuscript; translations of the Bible and Testament were being secretly and largely circulated; it was the revolt of intellect against superstition, the emancipation of God's Word from the fetters of human inventions. That such a mighty movement brought some evils with it is not to be wondered at. It engendered free inquiry, and, an almost necessary result from such a change, it stimulated scepticism. In breaking away from a Church which had become a tyranny it resolved itself into sects; it dissolved the unity of creed, but it made religion more plastic, gave it an opportunity of exercising its power of adaptability to all human events and feelings. The sectarianism of the Reformed faith is often retorted against Protestantism by those who must admit that the vitality of faith has been still preserved unaffected by variety of forms, and who in political matters would readily admit that freedom of opinion, though it may be an avenue to many evils, is far more beneficial to the best interests of humanity than spiritual or civil slavery.

The old famous pulpit at Paul's Cross was a favourite spot for the great men of the Reform movement, or as Mr. Hood describes it:—"No rood-loft, no richly carved or gilded woodwork or screen, no paraphernalia of Popish idolatry or corruption met the eye; it realized the often-acted scene of the churchyard cross, in which the old friar was wont to deliver his single sermon when perchance denied the pulpit of the church; but it was the whispering-gallery of the nation."

The whisperings of that old pulpit

reverberated all over England, especially when it was mounted by such men as Latimer, Hooper, Ridley, Playfere, and Stoughton.

Dr. Thomas Playfere was a professor of divinity in the University of Cambridge. His style of preaching was peculiar, foolish to our modern tastes, but eminently adapted to catch the popular favour and to win the attention of people who had been long unaccustomed to hear preaching, or to understand what little they could hear. We subjoin a specimen:—

"Beloved in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ it is a verie monstrous thing that any man should have more tongues than hands. For God hath given us two hands and but one tongue that we might doe much and say but little. Yet many say so much and doe so little as though they had two tongues and but one hand; nay three tongues and never a hand. Such as these teaching others to doe well and to doe much but doing no whit themselves may be resembled to divers things. To a whetstone which being blunt itself makes a knife sharpe. To a painter which being deformed himself makes a picture faire. To a bell which being deafe and hearing not itself calls the people into the church to heare. Whereas we might easilie avoid all such irregularitie and make true congruities between the tongue and the hand if we would make this text of Holy Scripture the rule of our life. For then I assure you we should every one of us play our parts so well that in the ende, the tragedie of this woful life being once finished we should have an applause and a *plaudite* of the whole theatre, not only of men and angels but even of God himself who doth always behold us."

Some excellent illustrations might be gathered from these ancient popular sermons of customs and dress of the times. Here is a passage which gives us a glimpse of female fashions. It is from a sermon preached before "the King's majesty at Whitehall, at the Nuptials of an honorable Lord and his Lady." The text was—"She is like a merchant ship, she bringeth her goods from afar;" and it was preached by Robert Wilkinson of Cambridge.

"But of the qualities, a woman must not have one quality of a ship; and that is too much rigging. O what a wonder is it to see a ship under sail with her tacklings and her masts and her tops and top-gallants, with her streamers, flags, and ensignes, and I know not what; yea what a world of wonders it is to see a woman created in

God's image so miscreate sometimes and deformed with her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions, that He that made her when He looks upon her shall hardly know her with her plumes, her fans, her silken vizard, with a ruff like a sail, yea a ruff like a rainbow; with a feather in her cap like a flag in her top, to tell which way the wind will blow. Isaiah made a profer in the third of his prophecy to set out by enumeration the shop of these vanities; their bonnets and their bracelets and their tablets, their slippers and their mufflers, their vails and their wimples and their crimping-pins; whereof if anyone should say to me (as Philip to the Eunuch) understandest thou what thou readest? I might ask—'How can I without a guide? *that is unless some gentlewoman would comment on the text.*'"

When we approach Puritan times this eccentricity in the style of preaching becomes more marked, not only (as the general impression runs) amongst Puritans, but with the preachers of the Established Church. In fact there are instances on record where Puritan sermons found their way into cathedral pulpits. "Odd fate," exclaims Robinson, "of a Puritanical sermon, studied in a gaol, preached under a hedge, printed in a garret, sold at a pedlar's stall, bought by a priest's footman, uttered from a pulpit in a cathedral, applauded by a bishop, and ordered to the press by a procession of gentry."

It is more than probable that when the labours of the Record Office upon the historical materials of the Puritan period are published, our opinions upon the relative position of the parties will be modified; we shall probably find that both bore the impression of their age upon them; that the Puritan was an Englishman of the seventeenth century, like the Anglican, not a mere fanatical ascetic, and that much of the eccentricity which history has attributed wholly to him will have to be taken also to the credit of his brother. We must remember that the Puritans came out from the bosom of the Church; they were not a foreign element, and therefore Puritanism was not an external schism, but was generated within the pale.

The monograph selected by the author to illustrate the Puritan pulpit is a case in point. He was a Churchman—*Puritan Adams*, who, in 1618, held the preachship of St. Gregory's

under St. Paul's cathedral, and was "observant chaplain" to Sir Henry Montague, the Lord Chief Justice of England. "His sermons have all the marks of the transition age. They have all the mannerisms of the Puritan theology, while, in his ideas of government, he had all the traces of absolute Toryism. Like most of the Low Church party of the present day he held no doubt to Puritanism in doctrine, and Whitgiftism in prelacy, rubric, and general Church symbolism."

We give a quotation from a sermon on a sentence from 2 Pet. i., 17—"Such a voice:"—

"Tully commends voices—Socrates' for sweetness, Lyaias' for subtlety, Hyperides' for sharpness, Æschines' for shrillness, Demosthenes' for powerfulness, gravity in Africanus, smoothness in Lælius—rare voices! In Holy Writ we admire a sanctified boldness in Peter, profoundness in Paul, loftiness in John, vehemency in him and his brother James, fervency in Simon. Among ecclesiastical writers we admire weight in Tertullian, a gracious composure in Lactantius, a flowing speech in Cyrian, a familiar stateliness in Chrysostom, a conscionable delight in Bernard, and all the good graces in good St. Augustine. Some construed the Scriptures allegorically as Origen, some literally as Jerome, some morally as Gregory, others pathetically as Chrysostom, others dogmatically as Augustine. Thus new writers have their several voices: Peter Martyr copiously judicious, Zanchius judiciously copious. Luther wrote with a coal on the walls of his chamber '*Re set verba Philippus, res sine verbis Lutherus, verba sine re Erasmus, nec res nec verba Carolstadinus.*' One is happy in expounding the words; another in delivering the matter; a third for cases of conscience; a fourth to determine the school doubts. But now put all these together: a hundred Peters and Pauls; a thousand Bernards and Augustines; a million of Calvins and Melancthons. Let not their voices be once named with this voice; they all spake like children. This is the voice of the *Ancient of Days.*"

They were fond of interlarding their sermons with bits of Latin. In a sermon on "Take thou thy son," the preacher said:—

"Not to preface away any more time please you to call to mind these four generals observable in the text.—I. *Victima*, the Host or Sacrifice, described here by a double name—(1.) proper, Isaac; (2.) appellative, or a name of relation son, which likewise is illustrated by two other attributes, the one taken *ab electione divina*, the other *ab affectione humana*. II. *Sacerdos*, the priest which

was to offer up this sacrifice. III. *Altare*, the altar or place where this was to be offered. IV. *Ritus*, the rite and manner. *Holocaustum*, a whole-burnt offering."

One more skeleton sermon on "Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them :"—

"In which prayer and supplication of His these six things are observable—1. *Quando*, the time when. 2. *Quis*, the party praying—*Dixit Jesus*, it was Christ Jesus. 3. *Cui* or *ad quem*, that is, to God his Father. 4. *Quid*, the matter. 5. *Pro quibus*, for whom He prayeth—*illis*, them, His enemies. 6. *Quare*, the ground and reason of the petition."

With all the faults of the Puritans we must respect their zeal and their love of liberty; it is to them to a great extent the present age of freedom of opinion owes its emancipation from the fetters of authority. We repeat, the day will come when we shall know more about the Puritans, when, perhaps, the virulent language of Dr. South, one of the most foul-mouthed of theologians, not excepting Jerome, will be reversed.

"God," said he, "will not accept their barn worship nor their hogsty worship. All Puritans are sly sanctified cheats; they are all a company of cobblers, tailors, draymen, drunkards, whoremongers, and broken tradesmen." Almost the very language used in the second century by Celsus against the Christians.

Although genius has spoken the blessed word of the Gospel with all the choice excellences of rhetoric, it has also been spoken by rude rugged men, rough uncultivated minds, yet spoken with power, their roughness and ruggedness purified and sanctified by the influence of the Holy Spirit and crowned with success. Some striking instances are given from the sermons of Abraham Sancta Clara, court preacher to Leopold I., 1669; Antony of Vieira, a Spanish orator, celebrated for his sermon to fishes; Jacob Kruber, and Rowland Hill, of the latter of whom we must append an anecdote or two.

"On a wet day, when a number of persons took shelter in his chapel during a heavy shower, while he was in the pulpit, he said—'Many people are greatly blamed for making their religion a cloak; but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella.'"

When told he did not preach to the elect; upon an early opportunity in the pulpit, he said—"I don't know them or I would preach to them. Have the goodness to mark them with a bit of chalk and then I'll talk to them." This reminds us of Rabelais—"Gens de bien, Dieu vous salue et guard. Ou estes vous? Je ne vous peulx veoir. Attendez que je chausse mes lunettes. Ha! ha! Bien et beau s'en va quareame, je vous voy."

But we must pass on to the modern pulpit. A few chapters intervene upon "The use and abuse of the Imagination," on the "Formation of Style," &c. The author speaks fairly of the superior zeal shown in the missions of the Roman Catholic Church.

Whatever we may think of the noble efforts made by our own Church in that field of evangelization, we must always bear in mind that the first missionary who went to India was a Baptist, and that no one was more bitterly satirical upon the movement than one of the contemporary ornaments of our Church, Sidney Smith, who drew a vivid picture of the said missionary being served up for the chief's supper.

Of Catholic missions, Mr. Hood says :—

"Protestantism in England has lost the art of converting souls. My readers will not suspect me of Papal bearings and tendencies, but it is in that Church which numbers, assuredly holy, blessed, and devoted men amongst its members, we must look for illustrations of the *instinct for souls*. Catholic home missions are very successful. It behoves us to inquire why and how? What are their ways and means? So many requirements go to success in such labour; it would represent a power for hard work; an aptitude and felicity of speech; a command over sharp pointed words of wisdom; fertility of illustration; to take the stand on the village green or in the market-place; to talk like a gentleman, so that the man would feel the presence of one well instructed and able to guide, and to talk like a brother, so that the hearer should not imagine the speaker as living in one room or belonging to one family while he belonged to another."

The first modern pulpit monograph is upon the life and work of Robertson, of Brighton. It occupies fifty pages, and is one of the best if not the best in the book. The main

points of the character of this extraordinary man are vividly brought out; the question of his heterodoxy is very dispassionately and ably examined. We recommend it to all who have read any of Robertson's published works, or who take any interest in the fate of one who at the early age of thirty-seven, after compressing within that period the activity of a long life, died and was wept over by those who had failed to appreciate him—nay, had persecuted him.

The three next prominent modern preachers are Pusey, Manning, and Newman.

"The greatest of these three modern models of sacred and gifted speech is John Henry Newman; his genius, while the most subtle in its insight and gifted with those views of truth which in their mystical charm are like revealing lamps shining on landing places higher than those usually attained in the turrets of thought and knowledge, or like the rich light in the West, bringing out into plain and distinctive outline the country beyond with all its far-stretching region of hill or moorland while yet the eye cannot discover the paths and roads—while it plainly discovers the affirmation of the infinite country lying there. His sermons also abound in a deeper and wider human feeling, a more thorough grasp and hold of all that we include in the conception of the faculties of the human mind. Dr. Pusey's tenderness and pathos of expression are great, and his language has more of the measured march of that studied expression which seems like the gift of oratory and rhetoric. Yet the sermons of Pusey, while read slowly and firmly and feelingly, pour along a stream of meditation, they read as though rather fitted for the oratory than the pulpit; his sermons are bathed in the past and formed in the language of the past. They may arrest and hold, but it is as if some monk moved us at his devotions; a real and pensive power subdues us, but it is a power out of the past rather than the present, and the words are quiet and seize us as when we read pages of the Fathers, to whom in their cloistered serenity the world was a thing lost sight of and forgotten.

"While Manning again has a style more sharp and clear and incisive than either, there is more orderly speech; language and ideas run more evenly in the grooves of dogma and of settled faith. A soft but steady light, like that which the fine summer sun leaves behind him over distant scenes when he is set, is shed from Newman's magical pages. The light which as certainly shines in Manning's sermons is rather the light of a flash arresting while

abiding and never unrelated to something of terror and awe."

The following passage is from a sermon of Newman on "The Cross of Christ :"—

"It is the death of the Eternal Word of God made flesh, which is our great lesson how to think and how to speak of this world. His Cross has put its due value upon everything which we see, upon all fortunes, all advantages, all ranks, all dignities, all pleasures, upon the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. It has set a price upon the excitements, the rivalries, the hopes, the fears, the desires, the efforts, the triumphs of mortal man. It has given a meaning to the various shifting course, the trials, the temptations, the sufferings of this earthly state. It has brought together and made consistent all that seemed discordant and aimless. It has taught us how to live, how to use this world, what to expect, what to desire, what to hope. It is the tone into which all the strains of this world's music are ultimately to be resolved."

The following is a passage from a sermon by Dr. Pusey on the "Christian Life :"—

"Thou canst not have victory unless thou be assaulted. The thickening of thy temptations may be the very favour of God, who permits Satan to try and sift thee like wheat, 'yet wills that thou shouldest not fall.' Even then though fierce temptation should come on thee in thy holiest moments, when thou art most earnest in prayer, or after thou hast received thy Lord in Holy Communion, or when thy will is strongest, thy soul humblest, thy love most self-forgetful, fear not. Rather thou mayest take it as a token of God's love, who sets thee in the conflict. He will uphold thee by His hand when the waves are boisterous. So shalt thou have the victory through His Spirit. Thou shalt in His might trample on the Evil One the more he assaults thee. So shalt thou hate sin the more the more thou art tormented by the sinfulness of thy mortal nature; and be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, who willet to crown thee, and be crowned in thee. Only hold fast to Him: grasp His hand the tighter by whom thou art held. He will refresh thee when wearied; He will meet thee as the King of Righteousness, and will recruit thee with spiritual food, His body and blood; He will forgive thy sins; He will heal thy infirmities; He will renew thy decay; He will hear thee when thou criest; He will answer thee when thou prayest; He will have compassion on thy afflictions; He will loose thy bonds, He will uphold thy feeble knees; He will make straight paths for thy feet; He Himself, thy Redeemer, will be thy way unto Himself, thy God."

The following passage from a sermon by Dr. Manning is in a very different strain. Pusey has beautifully sketched the continual temptations of the Christian, but Manning, with equal beauty, but we fear less truth, sketches the possibility of attaining to absolute sinlessness by discipline of the will:—

"Such is the mysterious nature of the human spirit, of its affections and wiles, such its energies and intensities, that it may at any time be so renewed by the Spirit of the new creation as to expel with the most perfect rejection all the powers, qualities, visions and thoughts of evil. We know so little of spiritual natures that we are compelled to use metaphors; and often our illustrations become our snares, and we turn them into arguments and reason from visible things to the inscrutable conditions of our spiritual being. For instance, we speak of the stains of sin, the soils of lust, the scars and wounds made by transgression in the soul, and it is true that what stains, soils, scars, wounds are to the body, such are lusts in deed, desire, and thought to the soul. But we cannot, therefore, say that the spiritual nature is not susceptible of a healing and *purgation which is absolutely perfect*, to which the cleansing or health of the body is no true analogy. For instance, the very life of sin is the will. By sin, it is a corrupt and unclean will. By conversion it becomes cleansed and pure. So long as it is here subject to the action of the flesh it is imperfect; but when disembodied *what shall hinder its being as pure as if it had never sinned?* What is the substance of the will? What is sin? And in what does sin inhere but in the inclination of the will? When this is restored to *perfect holiness* what effect of the fall will remain? We are greatly ignorant of those things, but it is evident that be what we may, if our repentance and conversion be true, there is no height of sanctification, no approximation to the Divine image that we may not make in this world, and in the world to come be made sinless in the kingdom of God. And if our spiritual nature may be made sinless in the life to come, *how can we limit its purification in this world?* How can we say that it may not be brought out from the effects of any sin or habit of sinning, as intensely and energetically pure as if it had never been bribed or corrupted by evil; and moreover sharpened with a peculiar abhorrence of the defilement from which it has been delivered? Such is the mysterious complexion of a spiritual nature that it may in a moment, and by an act of volition, virtually and truly anticipate an habitual condition of the soul; as, for instance, in a true death-bed repentance there is contained a life of penitence and purity, though it be never developed into act. . . . .

Whosoever there are the lingering remains of grace or the least beginnings of contrition there is hope of a perfect repentance, and of a *perfect sanctity*."

It is a beautiful passage, but must be read by the side of the declaration of Paul of that ministry which he said was given to him—"that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, *not imputing their trespasses unto them*." It is worthy of consideration whether human nature can in this life be so purged from the taint of sin as if it had never been bribed or corrupted by evil.

The last monograph we shall notice is that of a man whose character and work have been the subject of many diverse opinions, whose name has been associated with much ridicule by satirical organs, to whom anything like vital Christianity is noisome.

But however much we may differ from this man's opinions or his dogmas, his life and work are worth contemplating, for they exert an influence, and bid fair to exert a still greater influence upon the Christian Church in this country.

It is aptly said by the author that Charles Spurgeon is not a Chrysostom nor a Whitfield, but—

"He has addressed audiences of twenty and twenty-five thousand people; but we know nothing in his instance, or in the history of the modern pulpit, bearing comparison with those old achievements; yet from other aspects the rise and progress of the missions of the Metropolitan Tabernacle are even still more remarkable, a fact quite unique in the whole history of the Church. It may be safely affirmed that never, in any period of the Christian Church did any man rise and hold in sustained attention and active Christian useful labour, a weekly congregation, certainly not numbering less than from five to six thousand persons, with no ceremonials of service—plain, simple, unadorned. Then the sermons (727 the last number of the last volume)—these sermons, translated into the principal languages of Europe, and some into the dialects of Asia, circulating largely throughout the United States, throughout the English colonies. And the preacher after all this extraordinary achievement, after having enrolled in his Church upwards of three thousand members, having founded his college, and poured his young followers—themselves a sort of rough earnest Protestant-preaching friars—over the whole country, after having been abused and assailed on every hand, still



at this hour not far beyond the years of youth, still in the years of early manhood. The last achievement of Mr. Spurgeon will be regarded by many as the most wonderful of all in his early but extraordinary career. Whatever may be the capacities of the Agricultural Hall of Islington, and its minimum of 12,000 or its maximum of 20,000 auditors, unquestionably the Church notes in its history very few instances of preachers able to attract and hold in attention so mighty a mass. But the greatest of preachers the Church has known, such as Chrysostom, Augustine, Hall, Chalmers, or Irving, however the passion of their accents might have been desired, would have found themselves as foiled by their own voice as a silver bell on the mast of a vessel in the roar of a storm; the measured cadences, the swing and toll of Mr. Spurgeon's voice rises rather like the fabled Inchcape bell, tolling highest and deepest when the waves and the winds were at their loudest."

Of his style of preaching the author says:—

"I have referred to the manifoldness of this speech; a flow of talk, a happy arrangement, an impressive manner, do not of themselves complete and constitute eloquence; eloquence in a great preacher must be like a many coloured garden, or it tires. Mr. Spurgeon touches many strings; aphorism, anecdote, coarse, quaint, outrageously grotesque. Then again quiet, subjective, profoundly tender and subdued, snatches from unexpected poets, strains of household songs, come lilting along with troops of quotations from sacred poets, giving a chorus to his own feelings, and a relief to the feelings of the people."

The following is a passage from a sermon on "Spring":—

"The time is coming to us all when we shall lie upon our dying beds. Oh! long-expected day, hasten and come! The best thing a Christian can do is to die and be with Christ, which is far better. Well, when we shall lie upon our beds, panting out our life, we shall remember that the winter is past for ever. No more now of this world's trials and troubles. The rain is over and gone; no more stormy doubts, no more dark days of affliction. The flowers appear on the earth, Christ is giving to the dying saint some of the foretastes of heaven. We have come to the land Beulah; we sit down on beds of spices, and can almost see the celestial city on the hill-tops on the other side of the narrow stream of death. The time of the singing birds is come; angelic songs are heard in the sick chamber. The heart sings too, and midnight melodies cheer the quiet entrance of the grave. 'Though I walk through the

valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.' Those are sweet birds which sing in the groves by the side of the river Jordan. Now it is that the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; calm, peaceful, and quiet the soul rests in the consciousness that there is no condemnation to him that is in Christ Jesus. Now does the fig-tree put forth her green figs; the first fruits of heaven are plucked and eaten while we are on earth. Now do the very vines give forth a smell that can be perceived by love. Look forward to your death, ye that are believers in Christ, with great joy. Expect it as the spring-tide of life, the time when your summer shall come, and your winter shall be over for ever."

The close of a sermon:—

"Talk of sinners! Walk the streets by moonlight, if you dare, and you will see sinners then. Watch when the night is dark, and the wind is howling, and the picklock is grating in the door, and you will see sinners then. Go to you jail and walk through the wards, and see the men with heavy overhanging brows—men whom you would not like to meet out at night, and sinners are there. Go to the reformatories and see those who have betrayed an early and a juvenile depravity, and you will see sinners there. Go across the seas to the place where a man will gnaw a bone upon which is reeking human flesh, and there is a sinner there. Go where you will, and ransack the earth to find sinners, for they are common enough; you may find them in every lane and street of every city and town and village and hamlet. It is for such that Jesus died. If you will select one, the grossest specimen of humanity, if he but be born of woman, I will have hope of him yet, because the Gospel of Christ is come to sinners, and Jesus Christ is come to seek and to save sinners. Electing love has selected some of the worst to be made the best. Redeeming love has bought, specially bought, many of the worst to be the reward of the Saviour's passion. Effectual grace calls out and compels to come in many of the vilest of the vile; and it is therefore that I have tried to-night to preach my Master's love to sinners.

"Oh! by that love looking out of those eyes in tears; oh! by that love streaming from those wounds flowing with blood; by that faithful love, that strong love, that pure, disinterested and abiding love; oh! by the heart, by the bowels of the Saviour's compassion, I do conjure you turn not away as though it were nothing to you; but believe on Him and you shall be saved. Trust your souls with Him and He will bring you to His Father's right hand in glory everlasting."

One more quotation and we have

done. It is a singular use of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

"Have ye ever read Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner'?" I dare say you have thought it one of the strangest imaginations ever put together, especially that part where the old mariner represents the corpses of all the dead men rising up, all of them dead, yet rising up to manage the ship—dead men pulling the ropes, dead men steering, dead men spreading the sails. I thought what a strange idea that was. But do you know I have lived to see that true; I have seen it done. I have gone into churches and I have seen a dead man in the pulpit, and a dead man as a deacon, and a dead man holding the plate at the door, and dead men sitting to hear. You say 'Strange!' but I have. I have gone into societies, and I have seen it all going on so regularly. These dead men, you know, never overstep the bounds of prudence—not they; they have not life enough to do that. They always pull the rope orderly. And the dead man in the pulpit, is he not most regular and precise? Well, I have seen these churches—I know where to point them out—and have seen dead men doing everything. 'No,' says one, 'you can't mean it.' Yes I do. The men were spiritually dead. I have seen the minister preaching, without a particle of life a sermon which is only fresh in the sense in which a fish is fresh when it has been packed in ice. I have seen the people sit, and they have listened

as if they had been a group of statues—the chiselled marble would have been as much affected by the sermon as they. I have seen the deacons go about their business just as orderly and with as much precision as if they had been mere automata, and not men with hearts and souls at all. Do you think God will ever bless a Church like that? Are we ever to take the kingdom of heaven with a troop of dead men? Never! We want living ministers, living deacons, living hearers, living elders, and until we have such men, who have got the very fire of life burning in their souls, who have got tongues of life, eyes of life, and souls of life, we shall never see the kingdom of heaven taken by storm. 'For the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.'

We have endeavoured by the help of this book to give a slight sketch of the various styles of preaching in ancient, mediæval, and modern times. Such a sketch must necessarily be slight and inadequate. To do justice to a history of preaching would be to write a volume. It is a most interesting subject, one of the few not yet utterly exhausted; and this book, though not professedly written as a history of preaching, is suggestive of such a work, to a certain extent supplies the want, and will well repay perusal.

## SWEET ANNE PAGE.

### CHAPTER XVI.

ISOLA CHETTER.

STEPHEN found that he was spending a good deal of money. It was expensive to be patronized by Raphael. Not that the Seraph deigned to borrow money of his friends, though quite willing to win money of them at any game they might choose to play. Debt with him was a fine art, and he had the rare capacity, however great might be his difficulties, of always providing himself with ready money. How he did this I don't pretend to say. He was, however, an extravagant man to associate with; he denied himself no luxury; he rode the best horses, drank the best wines, dressed in the best style. Stephen imitated him in all this. He was by no means satisfied with himself. But the shock of Anne Page's elopement

had completely upset him; he lived a false factitious life; he sought pleasure, careless what it cost.

One day they were talking of Mrs. Morfill. Stephen had called in Clarges-street; had entered for a brief visit Claudia's saloon, where he encountered his lost love, and then he and Raphael strolled into Piccadilly.

"That little girl who jilted you was looking particularly nice this morning, old fellow," said the Seraph.

She was: only a few days had passed since the scene of my last chapter, and in Raphael's presence she looked the very essence, the consummate flower, of beauty.

"Don't talk about her," said Stephen, "she is as heartless as she is

pretty—a cruel coquette from the cradle.”

“An abominable little flirt, certainly,” replied the Seraph. “I pity Morfill.”

“Why pity him? The fellow never cared about her. He got her money, which was all he wanted.”

“Only half of it, my boy,” laughed Raphael. “You got the rest, I’m glad to say, and are spending it like a prince. But come into Hatchett’s, and have a glass of sherry. I’ve got an idea.”

“You have no special affection for the young lady,” said the Seraph, as they sat overlooking

“Piccadilly—shops, palaces, bustle, and breeze,  
The whirring of wheels, and the murmur of trees.”

“I despise her utterly,” he replied with emphasis.

“And your friend, Morfill.”

“Him I both despise and hate. He has taught me to disbelieve both love and friendship.”

“What, my friendship!” said the Seraph. “That’s too bad. Well, shall I teach you to believe in revenge?”

“It is useless. I can’t horsewhip the fellow, or shoot him, because she preferred him to me.”

“There is another mode of revenge,” said the Seraph, deliberately, leaning back in his chair, and sipping his sherry—“*through her*. Upon my word, I feel very like Mephistopheles talking to Faust. You’re a philosophic fellow, Langton—do you think that though I look like a human being, I may be a demon without knowing it? They called my father Devil Branscombe, you know. I think there is something fiendish in my blood.”

Stephen felt disposed to think likewise. We know his dreamy, fantastic nature. He began to speculate whether this marvellous friend of his, so handsome, so daring, so coolly wicked, so regardless who suffered while he enjoyed himself, had not a touch of Asmodeus or Mephisto in him. And Claudia—was *she* a fiend? Was that scene of passion, which he could never forget, a diabolical temptation?

“You’re off at a tangent,” said Raphael. “Leave metaphysics till you smoke your midnight cigar, and

tell me if you would like to see Morfill punished through her.”

“I should; they both deserve it.”

“Then it shall be done. You hate Morfill. I don’t; he’s not worth hating. But he foiled me, and I’ll punish him for it. I intended to marry Anne, in which case you’d have hated and despised me, I guess.”

“You were not my friend,” he replied, sadly.

“That’s true. Well, if you agree to assist me, the thing shall be done. It’s two o’clock; I shall want another accomplice; we’ll call on Miss Chester; she’ll be at breakfast.”

“Who is Miss Chester?”

“You’ll see, my friend. You have not yet learnt everything worth knowing in London. We have not far to walk. Mind, you’re under my orders.”

They left the hotel, and turned northwards till they came to a very quiet street, indeed. It seemed to lead nowhere in particular. Even now the fierce traffic of London has not invaded it. It was tranquil and respectable. And at the dark green door of a very elegant little house Raphael knocked. The tidiest of bright-eyed maid-servants opened to them, and recognising Raphael with a smile, showed them at once into Miss Chester’s breakfast room.

She had “hair like sea-moss,” this girl who lay loosely apparelled in the easiest of chairs—curious coloured hair, whose hue depended on the light in which you saw it. And her eyelashes were very dark and long, and her eyes were a strange glinting green, and her mouth, not very small, was exquisitely expressive. But her long white throat, and the curve from her shell-like ear, were unusual in their beauty, and her white hands had the same slender sinuous length and grace, and so, indeed, had every part of her form. And in her expression there was a strange blending of laziness with sauciness. Such was Isola Chester.

“Ah, Seraph! how do? Brought any good news? Friend of yours?”

“Yes; and a very good fellow. I want you to like him.”

“That’s easy. He looks only half baked. What’s his name?”

“Langton, my pet. Now, don’t chaff him, but let’s have a talk. Why don’t you eat your breakfast?”

"I can't. I'm seedy, and don't feel well by any means."

"I wish you'd talk English, Isola. I can't understand half you say, and as to Langton, you might as well talk Hebrew to him. And now, Miss Chester, perhaps, you'll kindly give me your attention."

"All serene," she said.

"My friend, Langton, wants you to dine with him at Greenwich to-morrow. Will you go?"

"Like a bird," she answered; "but why doesn't he make it to-day? I've nothing to do."

"That's his affair—and mine. Perhaps he'll take you somewhere else to-day, if he's disengaged. But you mustn't talk slang."

"No, I won't," she said. "I'll talk as tall as you please. It's a beautiful day—send for horses, and let us ride somewhere."

"I don't mind that," said the Seraph. "Put on your habit. We'll go round to the stables, and see what we can get."

"I don't understand your plan," said Stephen, as they walked along.

"You will, to-morrow. We'll ride down to Richmond to-day, and give her some dinner at the Star, and to-morrow you must be at the Ship at Greenwich with her at five o'clock. I'll manage everything else."

"But why not explain your scheme?"

"Because I like mystery, and because I may have to vary it. It won't hurt you, I suppose, to eat your fish in the company of a pretty girl?"

"She is singularly pretty," said Stephen. "I never saw anybody like her. But I wish she would talk intelligibly."

"I'll make her. She can talk as good English as you or I, or Mrs. Morfill."

Isola Chester looked charming on horseback. She had a graceful seat, and a delicate hand, and the prettiest figure in the world. It was a fine breezy spring day, and the ride to Richmond was delightful, nor less so the dinner. Miss Chester condescended to talk her purest English, and Stephen got on very well with her.

"You must see Isola home," said Raphael, as they rode back to town. "I've an engagement this evening, connected with our little plot. You will be punctual at Greenwich to-morrow?"

"To the minute," said Stephen, gaily, for the iced champagne and Isola's effervescent chit-chat had aroused him from his customary gloom.

"I hope it will be as jolly a dinner as to-day's."

"No fear," replied the Seraph, and turned his horse's head in another direction. Stephen and his companion broke into a canter, and soon reached Miss Chester's residence.

"Come in and smoke a cigar," she said, as he lifted her from her horse. "It's early."

Having given him what she declared to be "a capital weed," and installed him in an easy chair by the fire, she went off to get rid of her habit, and soon returned in the loosest of luxurious wrappers, of some soft and delicate material, made so as to reveal the beauties which it seemed to conceal. She looked at Stephen, who was gazing dreamily at the fire.

"What are you thinking about, Curls?" she asked. It was a custom of Miss Chester's to confer nicknames on her acquaintances, and Stephen's curly hair had already suggested one for him.

"I was thinking of Branscombe," he answered.

"Ah, now, if you can explain that mysterious Seraph to me, I'll thank you. What does this dinner at Greenwich mean? You're not spoons upon me, I know, so it can't be for my sake."

"What do you mean by spoons?" inquired Stephen, laughing.

"O, you verdant child! Why, you're not in love with me. You're always thinking about somebody else. Shall I tell your fortune? I've got a pack of cards here."

And with the words she began to spread the cards upon the table, and to utter certain predictions. Suddenly she stopped.

"O, I can't tell you," she said. "There's murder and madness, and all sorts of dreadful things; and you won't marry the lady you love, nor yet the lady that loves you—you'll marry"—

"I shall never marry at all," interrupted Stephen. "Put away that nonsense. Tell me how long you have known Raphael Branscombe?"

"What, hasn't he told you? Well,

I don't know why he should, either. Do you like him?"

"You ask me questions instead of answering mine," said Stephen. "Yes; I like him. We are great friends. But he puzzles me."

"I should rather think he did," said the pretty Isola, stretching her arms lazily above her head, so that the loose sleeves fell back to reveal their round whiteness. "He puzzles everybody. He's what the Scotch call not canny. I don't like being alone with him, I'm always expecting he'll disappear with a strong smell of brimstone."

"How long have you known him?" asked Stephen, again.

"How old do you think I am?"

"Eighteen, perhaps."

"Sixteen, Mr. Langton; not a day more. I've got the certificate of my birth; it's almost the only thing my mother left me. And the Seraph has known me just ten years. He bought me when I was six."

"Bought you?"

"Yes, bought me. My mother was a tramp, and she fell down and died on the great Bath road, at the corner of Maidenhead Thicket. I've seen the place often since. There's a little inn close by. Mr. Branscombe was driving past, and he pulled up to ask what was the matter; for I was like a little mad thing. Well, they told him, and he found I had no relations but my mother's brother, and he bought me of him. And he told the people at the inn to wash me and get me some clothes, and to send me to a ladies' school that was close by. I was there eight years. Yes, it's just two years ago I ran away."

"Ran away."

"Yes; the silliest thing I ever did. But there is wild blood in me. I'm a Bohemian, the Seraph says. I got terribly tired of the eternal stupid lessons, and church on Sundays. And a young fellow in the neighbourhood—his name was Pringle—was spoons upon me. I didn't care twopence about him; but the fun of it was, he pretended to make love to Charlotte Newton, one of the governesses. You see, I had to be there all the holidays, and the Miss Mellishes, who kept the school, used to go away for a trip; so Miss Newton, who was their niece, had to take care of me. And we took long walks together, and

young Pringle joined us, and he was cunning enough to make her think he admired her immensely, and every time he used to slip a little note into my hand, which, of course, I answered. Poor Miss Charlotte! she quite thought he'd marry her, and he was a gentleman-farmer with a good deal of money. She was a large fat girl, and tremendously proud of her plump shoulders, and she used to go out to meet him in a very low dress, with just a scarf thrown over it, which she could drop to her waist, just to exhibit those shoulders of hers. O, I never shall forget poor Charlotte Newton's shoulders!"

And Miss Chester laughed melodiously.

"Well, at last, Fred Pringle proposed that we should amputate our mahogany!"

"What?" asked Stephen.

"O, I forgot your ignorance. Why, that we should cut—go away together. And he fixed a lonely part of the thicket, where he said a carriage should be waiting. He wrote this to me, you know, having told Charlotte that we were to meet him there next day. They had got on very fast, and used to kiss one another, and what I principally thought of was the spree of seeing Charlotte in a rage when she knew that he wanted me and not her. You see, I'm a remarkably nice party, Curls."

"Very nice," said Stephen—"to look at."

"Ha! ha! One to you, sir. Well, we walked to this place, and Fred met us, and a carriage and pair was waiting. And you may imagine Charlotte's fury when he told her that he and I were going in it, and that she might go back alone. She rushed at me, and called me all the names she could think of, and tore off my bonnet, and boxed my ears so that I felt it for a week after. But Fred got her away, and he and the driver tied her to a tree—it was a horse-chestnut, I remember—so that she shouldn't run away and give an alarm. Didn't she bite and scratch, that's all? She was as strong as a donkey, Fred said. I shall never forget it."

Again the fair Isola indulged in a tinkling burst of silvery laughter.

"So then you ran away with Mr. Pringle," said Stephen.

"Yes, Curls, I did; stupid little

fool that I was. But before I started, I just thought I'd pay Miss Charlotte out for boxing my poor little ears. So I pulled the scarf away from her great fat shoulders, and got a bunch of nettles, and made her tingle a little, I promise you. What an object she must have looked when they found her!"

Again the wicked musical laughter.

"Rather cruel, don't you think?" said Stephen.

"I don't know. I didn't hurt her as much as she hurt me, I expect. Nettles only sting a little."

"Let's have some supper."

It was one o'clock—a very excellent supper hour. Isola rang the bell, and a charming little supper was served. But why chronicle suppers, even if one's hero enjoys them? And is Stephen Langton my hero? Well, if he is, I am not bound to follow him at all hours, or to ask impertinent questions which might meet with the reply a certain inquisitive Roman received—

*"Quædam inquit, nudum sinum reducens ;*

*En hic in roseis latet papillis."*

I hope I have written these two lines so clearly that some poor spiteful Southampton-street reviewer may not knock his ligneous sinciput against a *u* that ought to have been *n*.

Stephen drove Isola to Greenwich next day. He had had a brief interview with Raphael previously. The pretty creature looked desperately fascinating. It would be hard to chronicle the ever-changing colours of her eyes. And he took her to a pleasant room looking out upon Thames, where a table was laid for four.

Raphael, when he left his companions on the previous evening had gone straight to a certain Mesopotamian terrace, where dwelt a young wife whom he held in the hollow of his hand. For Humphrey Morfill had gone out of town for two days, and sweet Anne Page was alone. The ambitious husband eagerly pursuing sought that could yield him vantage, thought little of his pretty, lonely, desolate wife. Somebody else thought of her, though.

Yes, Raphael, reckless of consequences, came in upon her late

that evening, and told her she was to dine at Greenwich with him next day. She was just in the state to do anything with him or for him. She was subjugated, magnetized. And on the following day she met him by appointment at the Pantheon, and he took her down to the Ship on the box-seat of a drag, behind four horses. As they pelted along past China Hall, he said—

"You will meet an old friend at dinner, my pet."

"Who?" she asked, with some alarm.

"O, a very good old friend, you ungrammatical child. But I dare say you have forgotten him. You'll forget me in a week or two."

"You know I can never forget you for a moment, Raphael," she said, reproachfully.

"Charming child! Well, you'll enjoy your dinner, and the society thereof. I wish that infernal fellow, Morfill, hadn't run away with you."

He gave the off-leader a vicious touch of the lash under the ear, with a wish that it was Humphrey he was hitting. His companion only sighed.

They reached the Ship. They were shown up into a room. There they found Stephen and Miss Chester waiting for them, and for dinner. It was a queer meeting.

"Mrs. Morfill—Miss Chester," said the Seraph, introducing the two ladies. "You'll like one another. Langton, you don't need any introduction here, I know."

"Not the slightest," he replied, and walking over to his old sweetheart, gave her a kiss before she knew what he was about.

"Come, Curls," exclaimed Isola, "that won't do."

"O, we're old friends," said Stephen. "Mrs. Morfill was engaged to be married to me, but liked somebody else better."

Poor little Anne could not understand all this; she kept as close to Raphael as possible. Very soon dinner was served, and a nascent observer might have said it was a perfect party of four. Raphael, the very ideal of a handsome fiend, sat opposite Stephen, the very ideal of a poetic young Englishman, while Anne Morfill, the simplest and most innocent-looking creature that ever got beyond the doors of a nursery, faced Isola

Chester, the fascinating Bohemian, a wild young "tramp" dressed in lady-like perfection. Ay, it was a queer party.

Whitebait! Brown bread and butter! Hock in green glasses! Sweet little glasses! Who has not had this effervescent experience? But this present affair was rendered more piquant by circumstances. Here was sweet Anne Page, dining between her first sweetheart and her last, utterly oblivious of her husband. Here was that slangy little Bohemian, Isola Chester, sitting opposite our heroine, and wondering what it was all about. Here was Stephen, dining, drinking, dreaming—but especially dreaming; and now and then pinching himself to ascertain whether he was awake or asleep. Here was the Seraph, amused as Mephistopheles, having, I verily believe, brought these people together just for the sake of seeing how they behaved. At any rate, if he thought to humiliate Anne he was mistaken. He forgot her infantile ignorance of the world; he forgot her love for him, which made everything right that happened in his presence. She was in Elysium; Isola was in Greenwich, dining at the Ship; Stephen was in Nephelococcygia, and I really don't know where the Seraph was.

"What do you think of this, Baby Morfill?"

She had found an apposite sobriquet for Anne at once.

"It is very nice," replied Anne. "But I don't care much about wine."

"Dear child, it prefers pap," said Isola. "I never saw such a pullet. Why, Seraph, what do you mean by bringing your baby here without her pyjamas."

"Don't be impudent, Isola," said Raphael.

"Don't *you*. I didn't come here to be sat upon. Wake up, old slow-coach, there; he's as grave as an earwig, and looks as dazed as if he saw a ghost."

"Quiet, my child," said the Seraph, in her own style.

"It appears to me," said Stephen, at this point, "that you are coolly monopolizing the conversation. Now, look here, Branscombe, as Miss Chester is at present my property, I'll trouble you not to promise her anything. If you do, I shall make love to Anne—Baby, I mean. Baby, my pet, another glass of fiz."

"Fizzing fiz it certainly is," said Isola. "Seraph, I'll have a glass with you, to show that I forgive you."

"I say, Seraph," said Isola, "the short hours are getting long again. Let's go home."

This proposition was accepted. Raphael put his three companions inside the drag, leaving Stephen's trap to its fate. He dropt Stephen and Isola at the latter's residence. He took Mrs. Morfill to Mesopotamia, and then he drove home, as sober as a judge.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### STEPHEN'S DREAM.

"WELL, Branscombe," said Stephen, the next time he met his friend, which was several days after the dinner at Greenwich, "I don't see what good—or rather what harm—you did the other night."

"And I'm sure I don't," said Raphael. "But I suppose you'll admit that it was a very amusing scene. Isola was in her element, and wasn't Baby Morfill mystified?"

"O, it was amusing enough. I enjoyed it. I should like a similar divertisement about once a week. But you know you talked grandly about revenge, and all that sort of thing. And when I saw you had

brought Mrs. Morfill down with you I thought you really meant something."

"My dear Langton, I thought exactly the same; but one cannot always control circumstances. I fancied I had a fine combination; at the last moment it eluded me. Still, as I said, we had a pleasant, odd sort of evening with those two girls; and we can at any moment now develop a row with Morfill."

"How so?"

"Simply enough. By some amazing chance, he does not seem to have heard of his wife's late hours in his absence. But nothing is easier than

to make him aware of them; and then, as your little friend Isola would say, there'll be the devil to pay."

"And of course he would discover that you were the culprit?"

"Of course—unless, being a lawyer, and therefore an ass, he managed to mistake you for me. But that wouldn't do; he might shoot you."

"So he might you," said Stephen.

"Might he?" returned the Seraph, laughing. "Egad, I'll give him leave when he likes."

"Well, what do you mean to do now?"

"I mean to wait a little. Are you in a hurry for your revenge, old fellow?"

"I should like to see him properly punished, I confess," said Stephen.

"Exactly. Well, I'm in no immediate hurry. You see Baby would be thrown on my hands, and I don't know that I want her. If she brought her two thousand a year with her it would be another affair. If I were in love with the child, or if, like you, I had been, it would alter the case. As it is, I'm getting on easily enough in London, and am in no haste to do something which might oblige me to go to Paris or Rome."

And he thought of Venice and Isola Rossa—of Lady Emilia Hudson, whom he had met a day or two before—of his wife, Fiordilisa, whom he might never see again. Ah, how fared the Lily of Isola Rossa?

"Flower of the May!"

Who woo'd thee and won thee, is far far away."

"I don't want to inconvenience you," said Stephen. "I was only led to speak by your own proposal. You, of course, can't feel as I do. You only cared for her money. I loved her years ago, and love her still. If I had your power over her I'd take her away with me, and keep out of Morfill's way till he was tired of seeking her, and then come suddenly forward and meet him and kill him, and then abandon her to her fate."

"Ah," said the Seraph, "that's fine melodramatic revenge, suitable to the Surrey side. I wonder whether one could manage to make Morfill think she was gone away with you; that would be fine. You could take her, acting for me, and I could stay

at home and give Morfill excellent advice, and put him off the scent; and then at last we could let him find us, all three together, and so situated that he wouldn't know which of us he ought to fight, you or me. By Jove, Langton, that's not so bad a notion. Will it suit you?"

"My dear fellow, I don't care what I do. There's no amusement for me in London. I'll do anything you tell me if we can punish Morfill. I'm tired of this monotonous business."

"Isola has not fascinated you, then?" said the Seraph.

"I verily think she would, if any woman could. She is a marvellous creature."

"A witch, sir," said the Seraph. "The Witch of Atlas, that did naughty tricks to oblige my friend Percy Bysshe. She puzzles me sometimes, that Isola, almost as much as I puzzle her—or you."

"She told me where you first encountered her."

"It was a curious business."

That afternoon Stephen isolated himself from his acquaintances, and took three grains of opium—a habit his reading had taught him. He ate opium when his brain wanted to be either calmed or stimulated. The magical drug will tranquillize the restless, and will arouse the somnolent. Raphael had left him with a promise to let him know what he proposed to do in reference to Morfill. And Stephen, whom recent excitement had unsettled, resorted to opium in order to obtain quietude of thought.

For a strange fantasy had seized him. His intercourse with the Seraph had become intimate to the extreme. Sometimes it appeared to him that the Seraph and he exchanged souls; that his body was inhabited by Raphael's spirit—daring, remorseless, devilishly cool. So strongly had this idea seized him that he would consult a mirror to see whether it reflected his own or Raphael's presentment. Sometimes he fancied that it was he who had bought Isola Chester on Maidenhead Thicket—he who had for sister that wondrous Panther. And then suddenly he was himself again, longing to subjugate the Panther, to enslave her.

He took opium late in the afternoon, and strolled far eastward into



busy streets of plebeian London. He was jostled by evil-smelling crowds, in districts he had never before entered. It was a Saturday night, and in these remote regions men and women and children were doing their weekly marketing, amid the glare of gaslit shops, amid the raucous roar of untiring costermongers. Stephen moved through these crowds in a dream, stimulated by their noisy life, but unperceptive of its details. Suddenly, as he turned a corner, a shrill voice screamed in his ear,

"Tell your fortune, young man?"

The scene to which he was aroused by this wild yell was a singular one. Behind the stall of an itinerant seller of coffee and saloop (reader, drankest thou ever saloop?—knowest thou its source and its effects?) stood a tall, gaunt wild-eyed gipsy, telling fortunes in coffee-grounds. A group of girls surrounded the stand, pressing forward to spend their sixpences in purchasing the præternatural. The primary object of the stall had been superseded, but the price of the orchis may fitly yield to a prophecy of the orchis. When Stephen appeared, the Romany chi, seeing it may be supposed a more extravagant customer, neglected the waiting girls to attract his attention. It took him a minute or two to ascertain what she wanted. When he discovered, he consented to hear her predictions.

She examined the coffee-grounds in a cup, and the palm of his hand. Then she looked at him curiously.

"You will see stranger sights than you have seen, though they were strange enough. You have had a lady at your feet, and you have a devil at your elbow, and there are three beautiful women who have reason to fear you, and three fierce men who have reason to hate you; but you will love when you marry, and you will die in your bed."

"Thank you," said Stephen, dreamily, giving her a sovereign. "Good evening."

He went on. The girls with their sixpences pressed forward eagerly to learn the future.

"No," said the gipsy hag. "I have been forced to tell *him* truth. I will tell you no more lies to night."

Stephen reached his rooms about midnight, and went straight to bed,

ordering Auguste not to call him the next morning, whatever happened. He wanted one of those long nights of rest and inspiration which strengthened him for the world. And he got what he wanted—delicious sleep, yet a pageant of dreams.

He dreamt that Isola Chester and the wild-eyed gipsy were one—one prophetess, vainly prophesying his future. He dreamt that he was Raphael Branscombe, and that Claudia, his sister, confessed that she loved Stephen Langton, and that he killed her kneeling at his feet. He dreamt that he (still Raphael) wandered on a beautiful seashore with a woman more beautiful than he had ever seen, and that they stepped into a white-sailed bark, and that a tempest caught them amid the summer calm, and that they were drowned together. Yes, they lay at the very bottom of the ocean, on a bed of soft sands and tiny shells, and she was folded in his arms, and the great fish sailing by glared at them with glassy eyeballs. He dreamt (still as Raphael) that the beautiful unknown changed in his embrace to sweet Anne Page, and they were both alive again, and suddenly an old man, centuries old, stabbed her as she lay in his arms, and the hot blood from her white breast flooded him with a hideous red. Thus he dreamt, vividly, and when he awoke, he found by his watch that he had slept twelve hours. He awoke refreshed in mind as well as body.

"Why," he said to himself, "should I persecute poor little Anne, or aid Raphael in his diabolical schemes? I won't do it. Anne has suffered sufficiently: to throw her into Branscombe's hands would be shameful. But is there any saving her? She seems madly in love with him. I fear that nothing I can say will be of any use."

"I had a dream of making Claudia love me. Is it possible, I wonder? She can't care about Willesden. Why shouldn't I win her? She is wonderfully beautiful. *If* she loved, by heaven it would be a fiery passion indeed. She is seven years older than I am, I suppose; but what are seven years? I should rather like to be her master, just because she has always seemed so much beyond me; and I would be her master if I

married. Egad, the Panther should be tamed."

Somewhat after this foolish fashion Stephen soliloquized. He would leave Morfill unpunished for Anne's sake. He would try to save Anne from Raphael. He would go and tell Claudia that he loved her. He would even, he thought, venture on giving some good advice to Isola Chester.

How to begin? He began the very next day, when the hour for morning calls arrived. He ordered his horse, and rode to the Mesopotamian terrace. Mrs. Morfill was at home and alone.

"Anne," he said, after the usual commonplaces of converse, "you look upon me as an old friend, I hope?"

"Oh yes," she replied, nervously, aware that such a commencement preluded some of that excellent advice that old friends think they have a right to inflict upon us.

"Don't you think it was a great pity you came to Greenwich with Mr. Branscombe? What would your husband say if he knew it?"

"I don't know," she answered, faintly.

"Well, my dear Anne," proceeded Stephen, "you know I have a right to look upon you as my sister. You are only seventeen now, and I have known you ever since you were six. You are quite a child."

"Quite a child!" she exclaimed, resentfully. "Yes, everybody tells me that. Claudia put me in short frocks and beat me, and Humphrey makes me do exactly what he tells me, and that impudent Miss Chester called me Baby. Nobody thinks me a woman except Raphael, and he loves me."

"Loves you, you silly girl!" interrupted Stephen, "don't you think it. He's only playing with you to revenge himself on Morfill for marrying you. Would he have made you dine at Greenwich if he loved you?"

"I don't know," she sobbed. "Everybody's against me. I know I love him. I'd lie down and let him tread upon me if he liked. I'd kill myself if he told me to."

At that very moment the Seraph entered.

"Ah Langton," he said, pleasantly, "you've turned traitor, eh? I heard some of your talk. You want to

save this child whom you used to love. Well, I think you are right, perhaps. And yet I don't know."

He sat down and seemed to reflect. Anne remained silent. Stephen said—

"I told Mrs. Morfill you did not love her, and only cared to revenge yourself on her husband. Is not that true?"

"My dear fellow," said the Seraph, "suppose it granted, for argument's sake. Suppose I leave this poor child to that surly husband of hers. This would be right, of course—virtuous—Christian; and you imagine Mr. and Mrs. Morfill living long and prosperous years, with children around them; Morfill, M.P. and Attorney-General, and Sir Humphrey—or even Chancellor and Baron Kingsleat; little Anne a comely and contented matron. You think this would happen? O no, no. This little girl here would break her heart, would pine away, would die in a year or two; that miserable Morfill would have her money, and would be rather glad to get rid of her. Is not this true, Anne?"

"Yes," she said, her brown eyes glistening through their tears.

"Come here," he said. She came.

The Seraph smoothed from her fair brow the abundant chestnut hair, and gazed into the tearful brown eyes, and said, "Kiss me, pet." She kissed him as lovingly as Acme her Septimillus.

"You see, my dear Langton, that this child loves me. Now, it is a great misfortune that anyone should love me, who am heartless and a breaker of hearts; but I am unable to see that I should do her any good by acting virtuously, and never seeing her again, and leaving her to be slowly murdered by the vaurien who possesses her. Marriage is a great institution, though such a marriage as Morfill's is nothing to boast of; but love is omnipotent, and will sometimes supersede even marriage. This little girl is *mine*—by a stronger claim than Morfill has. Whether I shall take her away from him I have not yet decided, but I will not kill her by refusing to see her again."

"It is a strange business," said Stephen. "You should not have made her love you, Branscombe."

"I should not, that's true. Still,

mine was not the first or the greatest crime. Love *will* have its way. But Morfill should not have pretended to love her, for the sake of her money. For that scoundrelism he deserves the worst that can happen to him."

"Well," said Stephen, "I can say no more. I have loved Anne since she was a tiny child of three, and it is a bitter grief to me to see her married to a villain, and loving you so madly. I would save her from sorrow if I could, but how can I? I have a terror of what may happen to her. I fancy her a deserted, starving, wretched wanderer, dying God knows where."

"We won't let her do any of those horrid things," said the Seraph, patting her soft cheek. "If I run away with her, and Morfill shoots me, you'll take care of her, I know; but the barrel is not made that is to carry my death."

"Good-bye," said Stephen. "It is useless to talk more."

"O, if you're going, so am I," said the Seraph. "It's getting late, and

I don't care to meet that fellow Morfill. Good-bye, Baby, I'll drop in upon you again soon."

"Soon," she said, in a low entreating voice, "soon, very soon!"

"Poor little Anne!" said the Seraph, as he and Stephen parted in the street; "I wish she did not love me; but it is too late. Shall you dine at the Chandos to-day?"

"I think I shall."

"Well, let us meet at eight. I want to talk to you. I wish that fellow Morfill would break his neck, but lawyers never do such things."

"No, confound them!" said Stephen.

"If we were in Italy now, a few gold coins would buy a stealthy stiletto. I don't approve of such things in general; but really Morfill's baseness makes me feel like a Borgia."

They parted. As Stephen rode away, the tread of his horse's hoofs, the roar of the streets, every sound that he heard, seemed to syllable themselves into

"Too late! Too late!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE PICCADILLY PAPYRUS.

ACCIDENT brought a couple of companions to Raphael and Stephen that evening at the Chandos. Hereat they rather rejoiced. They were glad of something which altered the tenor of their thoughts. The Seraph, we know, had quite enough on his hands; while Stephen was so intensely troubled by the circumstances in which he found himself, that anything was welcome which might tend to dissipate his cares.

The two newcomers were literary. One was a short bull-headed Scotchman, with an air of unconquerable conceit; his name was Hamish Fontenoy. The other was an Englishman; a giant, who ought to have been exhibited; the destinies had called him Malachi Wiggins. Queer names both, and they belonged to very queer people. Raphael, aware that Stephen liked to know something of London literature, kindly suggested that they should all dine together. The two literary gentlemen announced the necessity of their leaving early, as they had to attend

a meeting of the staff of a new paper.

"So we are to have a new paper, are we?" said the Seraph, after dinner. "What is it to be like?"

"It is to be the evening paper of the intellectual classes," said Hamish. "It will be very superior to anything at present existing."

"Well," said the Seraph, "I like my *Globe*. What do you mean to call it?"

"The *Piccadilly Papyrus*," said Fontenoy, making the *y* short, let us hope in kindness to a society which he assumed to be uneducated.

"Queer name," said Stephen. "You publish in Piccadilly, of course?"

"No," said Wiggins the huge; "we have taken a place in Beaufort Buildings."

"Then," quoth the Seraph, "you give Piccadilly news—price of *pâtés* at Fortnum and Mason's—state of the Duke's great toe when it's podagral—as Fontenoy would say—time of high water at the Burlington."

"Not at all," answered the mon-

strous Malachi; "we are going to chronicle and criticise the affairs of the universe."

"That's a sonorous sentence, precisely suitable to a man six feet six inches high," said the Seraph. "I hope you have plenty of money to start the concern."

"Egad, you're right," said Fontenoy; "that's the great thing. Well we've caught a publisher; won't name him here, waiters about; says he'll sink thirty thousand."

"You're in luck," remarked Raphael. "You ought to make a good thing of it."

"Mean to," said Hamish, who always drank about three glasses of wine to another man's one. "Mean to, by Jove. No cads upon it. No fellow to write who didn't come in with the Conqueror. That's your game."

"I say, Wiggins," asked the Seraph, "did you come in with the Conqueror?"

"Don't remember it," replied Malachi the majestic.

"Is your paper to be Whig or Tory?" inquired Stephen.

"O, Liberal," said Wiggins, "exquisitely Liberal. Intellectual Liberalism. Too advanced to be Tory, too refined to be Radical. But, we must be off, really. Sorry to leave such pleasant society. Come along, Fontenoy. Good evening, gentlemen."

Away they went, this singular pair of journalists. Raphael and Stephen adjourned to the smoking-room. After a lapse of silence, Stephen said—

"Do you know much of those two men? They did not strike me as first-class specimens of literature."

"I know them well," said the Seraph. "They are not first-class by a great deal—but they are of a class which esteems itself first. Shall I describe them?"

"Do, if it's not too great a bore. I am just in the humour to listen."

"Well, Hamish Fontenoy is a Scotchman. He is a cleverish little fellow, with enormous self-conceit, and an inexhaustible thirst for whisky. He has written for a lot of second-rate papers, but has never done anything very brilliant. I rather think he was a powder-monkey on board a man-of-war at one time, and then he probably became a

printer's devil, or reading boy, or something of the sort. Much to his credit, he has educated himself; he's a fair Latin scholar, barring false quantities, and knows a little Greek; but the worst of it is that he is always airing his little classical knowledge, both in conversation and in his articles. Finding he couldn't get on very well in London, he took an editorship in Edinburgh; but he was not sufficiently refined for the society of that city, and he got utterly beaten in argument by the local journalists, and so he was glad to make his escape. The quiet Edinburgh folk did not much care for a man who was usually drunk at their dinner-tables by the time the fish was removed."

"You are describing a strange being," said Stephen. "You must exaggerate a little, surely."

"Not a bit; I simply tell you what I know. Why, a few years back, poor Fontenoy came forward as candidate for a country borough, where he had not the remotest chance. He was living at Canonbury at the time, and dated his letters from that neighbourhood, hoping the rustic voters would confound it with Gunnersbury. He told me that himself. It's just his silly style."

"And is he of good birth, as he pretends?"

"Nothing to speak of. He may perhaps trace to his great grandfather. He is only a kind of transfigured snob. Still, but for his infinite self-conceit, he might make some mark in the world. He can write an epigram."

"That's a great thing," said Stephen. "I wish I could. And how about the big man? He's an awkward animal."

"I prefer Fontenoy. Wiggins has devoted his life hitherto to a class of business which I don't admire. By the way, I should tell you that both these fellows were Tories up to a recent date; Fontenoy being a particularly rabid and illogical specimen. Now, it seems, they are going in for Radicalism. Wiggins canvassed Eastford on the Tory interest about eighteen years ago; I met him there, in my boyhood; he was beaten, by a very superior man, a real Liberal, not a mere pretender, who is now dead. There are about three hundred electors, I think, and Wiggins had the influence of the chief proprietor,

an Israelite, but the other man beat him. I suppose he began to think that Toryism didn't pay. At any rate, for the last few years he has been a paid letter-writer for the *Morning Chronicle*, a haunter of lobbies, a retailer of small political scandals, a writer of ingenious indirect puffs for fashionable tailors, and still more fashionable ladies of the *demi monde*. But he got into a row the other day, stuck to an untruthful statement, or something of the sort; and the *Chronicle* people were obliged to cut him. So he and Fontenoy were both out of work at once; and you can guess they rather rejoiced to encounter a publisher who thought them geniuses and had thirty thousand pounds to spare."

"By Jove, yes," said Stephen. But he won't lose his money, I suppose."

"Won't he? Unless he has some kind relations to shut him up in a lunatic asylum, I fancy it's on the cards. I'm sorry for him. He is a gentleman, by nature if not by education; Wiggins and Fontenoy are born cads. Certainly, I can imagine much more satisfactory uses

to be made of thirty thousand pounds than starting an evening paper with it."

"I should think so. I can't understand such an absurd sacrifice of money."

"Well, you see," said the Seraph, "if the thing succeeds, which I don't think it can, it may be a grand property. But the expenses will swamp it, I fear. Malachi the mighty, and Hamish, whose blood is the real old tap, will be paid salaries according to their own estimate of their abilities. Wiggins will prate of petticoats and allude to ankles. Fontenoy will quote Cicero, and talk of Sallust as a pamphleteer, and prove that men of genius are always of fine old families—at the rate of about a guinea a line—as long as the man with the thirty thousand will stand it. I am sorry for him."

"Yes, he deserves a better fate," said Stephen; "or, at least, I suppose he does. I haven't very much sympathy with a man who could be ass enough to risk thirty thousand in starting a newspaper."

"Especially with Wiggins and Fontenoy to help him," said the Seraph.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE PANTHER WOO'D.

CLAUDIA BRANSCOMBE was at this period somewhat perplexed. That happy inventor of names who first called her the Panther touched in certain points the very essence of her character. She was beautiful and wild and strong. Was she loving also? The feline tribe are not, so far as we can judge. Mr. Henry Taylor, who is too often rather a prose-poet, has, at least, one passage of poetic humour in "St. Clement's Eve." There are two young ladies, Flos and Iolande, the one a charming saint, the other a charming coquette. Iolande gives Flos a lecture, in the form of a dream; pretty little naughty Flos retaliates:

"Yes, Iolande,  
You're ever dreaming dreams, and  
when they're bad  
They're always about me. I, too, can  
dream,  
But otherwise than you. The god of  
dreams

Who sleeps with me is blithe and de-  
bonair,  
Else should he not be partner of my  
bed.  
I dreamt I was a cat, and much  
caressed,  
And fed with dainty viands; there was  
cream,  
And fish, and flesh, and porridge, but  
no mice;  
And I was fat and sleek, but in my  
heart  
There rose a long and melancholy mew  
Which meant *I must have mice*. And  
therewithal  
I found myself transported to the hall  
Of an old castle, with the rapturous  
sound  
Of gnawing of old wainscot in my ears;  
With that I couched and sprang, and  
sprang and couched,  
My soul rejoicing."

The little girl's longing (for everybody knows what) is poetically given here, though some of the phraseology is

stupid enough for Tupper; but, unhappily Mr. Taylor is not a poet, and nothing is more painful than to see a man straining himself to appear something which he is not and cannot be.

Well, Flos wanted mice. The Panther was not unlike her. But the Panther, who had been studying her own character intelligently enough for about a dozen years, was not yet certain of herself. She knew that she was not wholly feline, but that was almost all she knew. She had been purely feline, nothing else, in her little affair with Stephen. What might have occurred if she had got him well under those soft velvet paws of hers, she had not considered. Even cats catch Tartars now and then: a very fine Tom of mine, who pounced on a tame peregrine falcon, under the impression that he would be easy eating, was a case in point. The hawk lost a few feathers, but poor old Tom never mewed again. However, Stephen had slipped from under her velvet paws, leaving her with nothing save a vehement desire to scratch him. And now he seemed likely to give her a chance. He spent long mornings in her drawing-room. He rode with her, met her at parties, brought her bouquets and opera boxes. He showed her a timid tranquil style of attention, which was subtly flattering. He devoted himself to her, evidently.

But then, there was Sir Arthur Willesden. In reference to him, Claudia had committed one of those strange blunders from which no women are free. She pined, as I have said, for subjugation. She wanted a strong hand to tame and subdue her. No such had come; and her restless fancy made a fit hero of Sir Arthur. He was big, burly, weighty, magnificent in apparel, jewellery, odours. He had that absolute self-confidence often found in men whose extreme dullness prevents their forming an accurate estimate of themselves. You couldn't flatter Sir Arthur Willesden. He verily believed himself unusually handsome, unusually clever. The Panther fascinated him; but that she was too good for him, a creature above him, a being whose brilliant, vivacious, opalescent nature he could not appreciate, was a notion that he would have laughed to scorn.

What could be too good for Sir Arthur Willesden?

It would be untrue to say that Claudia took him at his own estimate. Not at all. There were, indeed, times of unusual clear-sightedness, when he seemed to her ridiculous—when she saw him almost what he was, an empty vulgar "swell." But so strong was her craving to be mastered, that she could not or would not shake off the notion that Sir Arthur was her predestined master. That Stephen Langton could fill that position was to her simply ridiculous. She thought of him as a mere boy—a boy whom she had petted—a fit sweetheart for little Anne.

Sometimes, it must be admitted, there came upon her with vivid remembrance, that scene in the Idlechester garden, when Stephen had seemed to exercise kingly sway over her—when, lying carelessly on the turf, with closed eyes, he had appeared to compel her lips to his by some mysterious magnetism. She could see herself blush from head to foot sometimes, when, standing at night before her mirror, brushing out her long black tresses, the thought of that incident suddenly occurred to her. Stephen had mastered her then.

Again, she thought of him in another mood. Guided by evil counsel she had offered herself to him. Had she been a Circassian in some Eastern slave-market, offering herself for sale to Vizier or Sultan, she could not more thoroughly have accepted humiliation. That humiliation he had deepened unutterably by refusal. The Sultan had looked at the ivory shoulders and rosy-flushed bosom, at the bright eyes, and lissom limbs, and had said, "No; she won't do." When Claudia thought keenly of this, she felt disposed to marry Stephen Langton, that she might torture him to the utmost—that she might have a comfortable matrimonial right to torture him.

It was obvious to her that Stephen was ready to make her an offer at any moment. This was not obvious about Sir Arthur. She could not quite understand this change in Stephen's conduct. She had not, as we have, followed him in his interviews with Anne Page and Isola Chester. She would probably have been extremely indignant if she had known how

much pity mingled with and even prompted his present feelings towards her. His poetic temperament gave him insight into character; he saw that she deserved pity, and pitied her accordingly. But when you take to pitying a woman of surpassing beauty, the result of such pity is predicable. We know what happened to Bacchus when he found Ariadne deserted in Naxos—

"Florens volitabat Iacchus,  
Cum thiaso Satyrorum et Nysigenis  
Silenis,  
Te quærens, Ariadna, tuoque incensus  
amora."

Hang it! I can't get over that vile habit of quoting the classics, which incenses my kind critics.

So constant a visitor at Clarges-street was Sir Arthur Willeaden that Stephen seldom got a minute's tête-à-tête with Claudia. Raphael, who lounged into the room occasionally, was an amused spectator of the comedietta. There was the Panther almost ready to accept Sir Arthur, who didn't propose, and in a perpetual state of apprehension of a proposal from Stephen, whom she could not bring herself to accept. There was the Baronet, playing a game which often brought the lightning into Raphael's eyes—making love to Claudia, yet with an ever-present prudential care not to commit himself. And there was Stephen, not quite in love with Claudia, yet getting daily more near to the boiling point, and assuredly eager to offer himself to her. It was very amusing to the Seraph.

At last he determined to act the part of a *Deus ex machina*. He wanted Stephen to try his luck, and have it over. So, one morning, when the four were as usual assembled, he said—

"Willeaden, you are a good judge of horseflesh, I know. I wish you'd come down to Tattersall's, and give me your opinion of a hunter I thought of buying."

They went. Stephen and the Panther were left alone. Of course they talked for some time in a constrained fashion of matters utterly uninteresting to both of them. But this could not last. The moment had come for which Stephen was longing. He saw a strange light in the mysterious depths of Claudia's black eyes. The memory of old days came upon him;

the terror of two wasted lives urged him on; he rose from the seat in which he had been idly plucking a geranium to pieces, and said abruptly, "Claudia, I love you."

Though the Panther must have expected this, its suddenness rendered her breathless. She looked at him with a strange, vague, uncertain gaze, as if to assure herself of his identity. She also rose from her seat, and stood facing him—a wondrous creature, whose beauty seemed almost terrible, whose possession, a thing to be dreaded, save by a man to whom fear was unknown.

"I love you, Claudia," repeated Stephen, vehemently. "Say you love me."

And he approached her, putting out his hands to embrace her; but she waved him back, as Cassandra might have waved back the god whom she deluded; and she stood with bright eyes, full of fire, with one arm outstretched, as if for a moment inspired.

"Stephen," she said, "I *hate* you."

"No, Claudia, no," he went on, with eager rapidity, "you don't hate me. I won't believe it. You say it to punish me for my foolishness. O Claudia, my love, my darling, you know you loved me once—you told me so—you threw yourself into my arms, and told me so."

She laughed a scornful laugh.

"You believed *that*," she said. "Foolish boy! It was a *lie*."

"My God!" exclaimed Stephen Langton, starting back as if he had received a terrible blow. My God! are *all* women false? No, Claudia—say you are deceiving me—say you loved me *then*, at least—let me think I had your love just one moment!"

"Stephen Langton, you are foolish," said Claudia. "You took a mere comedy for reality. You fancied you had humiliated me. How could I care for a mere boy, like you? I tried an experiment on you—a cruel experiment, perhaps—because I knew what a trivial flirt Anne Page was, and I wished to discover if you really loved her. I was glad to find you did. I should have had a higher opinion of you now, if you had not tried to persuade *yourself* that you were in love with me. I regret to destroy your poetic visions, but really I

never cared for you. I always thought you a child."

The Panther's change of mood was perfect. The calm and contemptuous way in which she enunciated these sentences was harder for Stephen to bear than their actual meaning.

"It is all over," he said. "Good-bye, Claudia." He caught her hand and kissed it, and left the room.

"There," said the Panther, "that's done, and I'm rather sorry for it. I've thrown away a true heart. But he is a child. He could never be my master."

She had said these words aloud. Hardly had she uttered them when the door opened, and Stephen re-entered. A change had come over him. He was impelled by a strong resolution. He walked quickly across to this wild creature who had rejected him, and caught her hands in his, and said with swift passionate emphasis—

"Claudia, you are false. You love me. You loved me that day. You are mine, and by Heaven, I will have you."

He caught her in his arms.

"Claudia," he said, "the truth! Tell me the truth. Do you love me?"

She had slipped from his embrace to the floor, where she knelt, one white arm on the sofa, the other resting on his knee. Her face drooped downwards, veiled by her profuse black tresses, but he forced her to look at him, though she shrank from the strong light in his eyes, though a ruddy blush covered her face; and he repeated his question—

"Tell me, do you love me?"

"Yes," she said, in a low strange voice.

"And did you love me *then*?"

"Yes."

He arose from his seat, but she still knelt by the sofa.

"I think I know the truth, now, but it is too late."

And with no further word, he went away. And Claudia knelt where he left her, stunned, stupified, thunder-struck, while in her ears there seemed for ever to resound the fatal words—

"Too late! too late!"

And when she aroused herself, and sought her room, the Panther thought to herself that after all she had been wrong in her estimate of Stephen. He had power in him, this boy; he

had conquered her; he had made her say she loved him, though she was by no means certain it was true. But he was her master; she would gladly be his slave and do his bidding; and she had lost him! Why was this? What had first brought him back to subjugate her, and had then taken him away, rejecting her? Was he destined for ever to humiliate her?

Stephen would have found it hard to answer these very questions. A fierce resolve had brought him back, determined to tame her; a shuddering re-action had carried him away again, he knew not why. She was as beautiful as ever; she loved him; she knelt at his feet; he knew he had conquered her, yet in the hour of his conquest he flung her from him. Why? He was an ænigma to himself. He ordered his horse, and rode out of London on the western road, through "Brentford town, a town of mud," through the towns, almost as muddy, of Hounslow and Colnbrook—he rode without pause. His horse was a good one, of Raphael's selection; but the pace at which he pushed him along the hard road sorely tried him. By-and-by, after about two hours' hard riding, he crossed the Thames, and passed through a long narrow-streeted little town, and found himself on a fine wide expanse of open heath, dotted with trees. As he crossed this heath, there came upon him the unpleasant knowledge that his horse was dead lame. He pulled up at a small wayside public-house—the Coach-and-Horses, or Horse-and-Groom, or something similar—and dismounted. The landlord came out—a "horsey" landlord, by good luck.

"Leave him to me, sir," said the man. "You've rode him a sight too far and too fast. I'll doctor him, though. We've got a very snug stable."

Stephen, in his present mood, was glad to be relieved from all anxiety about his horse. He sat on a wooden bench outside the house.

"Landlord," he said, "some ale."

A mighty draught he drank. The ale of Berkshire had not at that time become utterly undrinkable. Burton-on-Trent has annihilated almost all other breweries.

"Upon my life," said Stephen, after his thirst was quenched, "I am un-



commonly hungry. Can you give me something to eat, landlord?"

"Bacon and eggs, sir," he suggested.

"Bacon and eggs is a very fair dish, but I should like something besides. Are those fellows intended to be eaten?" he asked, pointing to some very fine ducks that were splashing in a pond close by.

Stephen contrived to dine. Having finished, he strolled out to see the neighbourhood. He had not thought of inquiring where he was; he had ridden simply to get rid of his strange excitement; he did not know how far he was from London. But as he stood in the road looking towards London, and saw on the right the little inn, and on the left, behind an orchard, a square stone edifice with an inscription over its gateway, it suddenly occurred to him that he was on the very spot where Isola Chester, a tramp's brat, had been bought by Raphael Branscombe, the inexplicable, ten years before. Surely this was the place. Yes, that building on the left was a girls' school. A labourer came by at this moment.

"Is this Maidenhead Thicket?" asked Stephen.

"Yes, sir," he said, touching his hat.

"Why am I brought here without any design of my own?" said Stephen to himself. "There is something strange about it. I have always been the victim of coincidences. I must unravel this mystery."

He returned to the inn.

"Landlord," he said, "how long before my horse will be fit to ride?"

"Not less than a couple of days, sir. He's very lame."

"Then he must stay here, and I'll send my groom for him. How can I get to London?"

"Very easy, sir. We've fifteen coaches up every day, and as many down. There's one due in about a quarter of an hour."

"Ah, I'm in no such hurry as that. I'm rather tired. I suppose you can give me a bed if necessary?"

"O yes, sir, as clean and comfortable as there is in the county."

"Very well. I'll sleep here."

The sun had just set in glory; daylight was fading; but the radiant light of a moon almost at the full compensated the loss. Stephen

lighted a cigar and loitered away over the Thicket. His brain was in a whirl with this day's work. *He had tamed the Panther!* Ay, for this he had longed. She had excited within him the lust of conquest. He felt as Theseus felt when Hippolyta was his captive and slave.

But—what next?

And why was he here? Stephen firmly believed that the circumstances of his life were modified by certain special interferences. I am not saying that his belief was correct; I merely say that it was of moment, for it never ceased to influence his conduct. Finding himself at the very point where Isola Chester had been saved from the roads for Heaven knows what fate, he felt an absolute assurance that he was there for some reason.

He loitered along the grassy ways of the Thicket in the silver moonlight. When he returned to the little inn he found a stage-coach just stopping in front, a tall man in a heavy cloak descending, while the guard groped in the hind boot for luggage. The bright lamps of the coach made paths of light through the mist which began to gather.

Stephen stood at the inn door, and watched. The tall man came rapidly across the plot of grass which separated the inn from the highroad, carrying a travelling-bag in one hand, a box of no great size in the other. The coach was already whirling away across the Thicket towards London.

"Landlord," said the stranger, in a voice of command, "supper. I sleep here to-night."

"You can have supper at once, sir, but I don't know about sleeping. This gentleman," indicating Stephen, "has just taken a bed."

"Well, I must sleep here, somehow. Supper first, at any rate."

A private sitting-room in this little place was impossible. Stephen and the stranger sat opposite each other by the fire. The Thicket is a good deal changed since Elizabeth's days, when the Vicar of Hurley was paid an additional salary for the peril of crossing it to preach at Maidenhead, but Stephen thought the newcomer would have seemed a doubtful customer on that lonely heath. He was very brown and bearded, with sunken sinister eyes, that glared from under

heavy eyebrows like torches in caverns, and a great scar across his forehead, that reddened when he spoke, and mighty gnarled hands, with massive gold rings, in which uncouth stones were set.

Stephen dreamed that he had seen this man—elsewhere—in some pre-existent state perhaps. He felt absolutely certain that there was a mysterious connexion between them—that they were brought together in this inn for some strange purpose. He smoked, and sipped his ale, and waited.

The stranger supped with a fine appetite; such appetites men got outside mail-coaches in the old days. A couple of ducks had been dressed for Stephen, who had eaten about half of one; but this hungry man polished off every scrap that was left, and then devoured a hissing dish of eggs and bacon. When it was over, this meal, he filled a huge pipe with black negrohead tobacco, and said to the landlord,

"Just bring me that box, will you?"

It was not a large box—about eighteen inches square; made of oak, and well secured with brass. The landlord could scarcely lift it to the table. He made an exclamation of surprise as he placed it before its owner.

"Yes, it's heavy," he said. "Now look here, landlord, I've had enough of your beer, and I'm going to drink some stuff of my own—medicine, you know, that my doctor prescribes for a complaint I've got. But you may charge me for every glass of hot water I use, just as well as if I put spirit in it."

Therewith he produced from the chest a good-sized bottle of rum, and a lemon of noble size.

"Try some of this, sir," he said to Stephen. "It's real old Jamaica."

It was—glorious stuff; and the lemon when cut diffused a fine fragrance through the room.

"Landlord," he said, "help yourself to a glass, and mind you put it in the bill."

After this he sat for about half an hour, drinking this superb rum, and smoking his enormously strong negrohead, apparently well pleased with his position, Stephen the while quietly studying him. At length he said—

"Landlord, how about a bed?"

"We've only one room, your honour. It's double-bedded, to be sure, but perhaps neither you nor the other gentleman would like that?"

"O," said Stephen, "I really do not care. At a country inn one expects to rough it. I have no objection to your occupying one of the beds, sir, if you have none."

"Good," said he. "I'm obliged to you sir. I shan't disturb you. I've a good conscience, and can sleep soundly. But I'm not going to bed yet, so keep up the supply of hot water, landlord."

All this time there had been other guests in the little parlour, coachmen and grooms and gamekeepers of the neighbouring gentry. By eleven these were all gone and the landlord's wife and daughter went off to bed.

"Now," said the stranger, "we can have a quiet gossip. Here, landlord, try some more rum. It won't hurt an old hand like you. How long have you kept this little inn?"

"About fifteen years, sir," said the host, who had very willingly responded to the stranger's invitation.

"You must see some queer things on the roadside sometimes. Can't you spin us a yarn?"

"I'm no hand at that kind of thing, sir, else I have seen some odd sights. Once two gentlemen came by two different coaches, one up and the other down, and went out on the Thicket and fought a duel. And another time a young lady and gentleman were running away to get married, and the lady's father overtook them just here, and she had to go back again. And another time a poor gipsy woman or tramp died just by the horse-trough, and a gentleman riding by bought a little girl she had with her, and sent her to school close here."

Somehow, Stephen was prescient of the landlord's telling Isola's story—prescient also of its producing some strange effect on the stranger. At this point the flames in those cavernous eyes gave a leap. And he said, but coolly enough—

"That was a curious fancy. How long ago was that?"

"About ten years," said the landlord.

"And is the child at school now?"

"No, sir. She ran away about two years ago with a young farmer

that lived here, and we've never heard of her since."

The stranger had his tumbler in his right hand. A sudden contraction of the fingers smashed it to fragments. The landlord sprang up to remove them.

"Wait," he said. "I am interested in that girl. What has become of the young farmer who took her away?"

"He came back without her. But he got such a bad character about here that he went off altogether. I think he went to sea."

"And nothing is known of the girl by the schoolmistress?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Who was the gentleman who bought her and sent her to school?"

"Nobody knows. He called himself Johnson, but it wasn't his name. But we heard that he took her away from Pringle—that's the farmer she ran off with—and horsewhipped him well. He deserved it, the scamp!"

"By Heaven," said the stranger, striking his fist heavily on the table, "I'm glad he is away from here. I should kill him. Landlord, are you quite sure nobody about here knows where the girl is?"

"Quite, sir."

"My God!" exclaimed the stranger, with almost a sob. "What shall I do?"

All this time Stephen Langton had not spoken.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE OLD WOLF.

STEPHEN did not speak. He sat and watched the wild old man, scarred and bearded. He felt as if he had possessed prevision of this strange occurrence. Destiny had brought him to this wayside inn—brought him face to face with the man who hungered to know what he could tell. A curious coincidence, the ordinary moralizer would say. Stephen Langton thought otherwise. For him life was full of what we call curious coincidences. When he found himself, by mere accident, a dweller at this little hostelry on Maidenhead Thicket, at whose door the mother of Isola had died, he felt conscious of an impending event.

We do not sufficiently allow for the wide differences in human temperament. Some men hear the music of the spheres; others, deaf to that sublime harmony, are delighted with what they get at the Alhambra. Some men see visions and dream dreams; others go through the world unconscious of everything that does not appeal to their senses. Some men can love, can hate, can feel; others are mere automata, for aught that can be perceived. And I am not sure that Mr. Browning has seen the whole truth in that wondrous poem of his "Mr. Sludge the Medium." Are there not men with what may be called the preternatural temperament? Just as the poet's tempera-

ment vibrates to delicate influences utterly unfelt by an average shopkeeper, may not a certain nature feel dimly conscious of the presence or the passage of a spiritual visitant?

And as to events. "Adventures are to the adventurous," says Mr. Disraeli. This is a half-truth. Many a man pines for adventure, seeks for it over wide realms and desolate seas, yet never meets it. Another shall be unable to walk down the commonplace street in which he dwells without an adventure. Ay, and he knows that it is coming; he feels it afar off, as you feel the advent of the mist that as yet has not climbed past the horizon; he rises from his bed in the morning, and says to himself, "Something will happen to-day." Nor is that prophetic instinct ever wrong.

Well, when a chymist can tell us why the rose is red, or why magnesium gives a brilliant light, or why a drop of hydrocyanic acid extinguishes life, or why iodine cures goitre and takes sun-pictures, or why chloroform for a time annihilates the senses, then, perhaps, the philosopher may discover some reason for the differences which exist in human temperaments. But, for the man to whom there is something laughably absurd in the idea of a coexistent invisible world—a world which oscillates this material world at rare

points and under rare circumstances—for that man to maintain that what to him is incomprehensible is, therefore, impossible, is silly beyond measure. As well may the unmathematical man deride the notion that

$$y^2(2a-x)=x^2$$

is suggestive of ivy.

Let the event evolve, thought Stephen, as he gazed sometimes at his companion, sometimes at the calcined caverns of the fire. Let us see who he is, this stranger whom I have been impelled to come thirty miles to meet. We shall not part without some weighty converse. Let time reveal.

"Landlord," said the stranger after a while, "you can go to bed. This gentleman and I will stay by the fire an hour longer. If I burn down the house, I'll pay for it."

"It's contrary to my rules, sir," said the innkeeper.

"Pshaw! who told you to make rules for us? I obey no rules. Be off. Here's a trifle for breaking your rules."

He flung upon the table a huge gold coin, bigger than a crown-piece, the product of some far foreign mint. The amazed landlord took it and went away without a word.

"I don't know why I met you here, sir," said the stranger to Stephen, after a long pause. "When I was a boy I read a singular poem about an old sailor and an albatross. The old fellow went about the world, half crazed, telling his story; and he always knew at the first glimpse the man who was bound to listen to him. Now I feel something like that. You will listen to me, that I know: and you will have something to tell me, I believe. Let's have a night of it."

The night was pretty well worn already. Stephen, however, cared little. To him it mattered not whether he slept at noon-day or the noon of night. He expressed his willingness to pass the hours in any way that suited his comrade.

"You see those letters," said the stranger, pointing to a brazen M. B. on the cover of his oaken chest. "Here they are again," and he bared one of his massive arms, and showed them distinctly tattooed upon the skin, with a fierce-looking quadruped under them. "Those are my initials.

Mark of the Beast, some of my complimentary friends call them. Well, sir, there they are, at any rate, and here am I; and my name's Marmaduke Branscombe. Did you ever hear of the Branscombes?"

"Yes," said Stephen. He did not feel surprised at this fresh coincidence. He seemed to have foreknown it.

"Ay, the Branscombes, of Branscombe. A wild lot—three brothers of us—Ralph and Walter and Marmaduke. I was the youngest. They sent me to school—to Winchester. I never learnt anything, never could, was always in trouble. One day the head-master tells me it was no good flogging me—it wasn't—he couldn't hurt me; so next time I did any mischief he'd expel me. Thinks I to myself, I'll expel you, old gentleman; so I just walked off to Southampton, and got a berth aboard ship. And I've been knocking about the world ever since, and never set eyes on any of my relations. They all think I'm dead long ago.

"I don't know where I haven't been, or what I haven't done. I've been a pirate, and a smuggler, and a poacher, and a highwayman. I've dug for diamonds in the Ural mountains, and wandered fortune-telling with the gipsies. My mates call me Wolf Branscombe, and I think the name suits. I'm altogether a nice fellow to sleep with in a double-bedded room in a lonely inn on Maidenhead Thicket."

Stephen laughed.

"Ah, you're made of the right stuff, and don't mean to be frightened. You needn't. I never did anything shabby. If a fellow had what I wanted, I didn't get behind him and strangle him: no, I gave him fair notice I meant to have his watch, or his money, or whatever it might be, and that he'd better be ready to fight for it. And I only want one thing of you—that is, to tell me what you know of the little girl that was brought here ten years ago."

"Is she related to you?" asked Stephen.

"She is my daughter. The fellow who sold her—he was her uncle—confessed to me what he had done, when I had my knee on his chest, and my fingers at his lying

throat. And I let him go—but promised if I found she had come to harm, I would hunt him down and kill him. And so I will, by God !”

The old Wolf emphasized his resolve with a blow of his fist on the table. He looked grim and fierce, and the scar on his brow was red as blood. Stephen began to think that he was rather in a fix. He did not know how far it would be safe to tell this man where to find Isola. Poor girl ! she *had* come to harm ; might not her father choose to kill some one besides the scoundrel whom he threatened ?

“I can wait,” said Marmaduke Branscombe. “I can wait for what you have to tell, whether it is much or little. Don’t hurry yourself.”

“You have never since seen either of your brothers or their children ?” said Stephen, tentatively.

“No, but I have heard all about them. I know that Ralph has spent all his money, and Walter’s a parson. Poor old Ralph ! how he used to lick me when I was a youngster. And now he’s hard up. But I’ve got money enough for both of us : there’s more in this box than ’ll pay his debts twice over.”

“Do you know anything about his son, Raphael ?”

“I only know he’s said to be devilish clever. You know him, I can see ; what do you say about him ?”

“Upon my word, I can’t tell you,” said Stephen ; “sometimes I think he’s a very good fellow ; sometimes there seems something fiendish about him. He has always been very kind to me.”

“The Branscombes are true to their friends, and know how to hate their enemies. But you have something to tell me ; you have heard of my little girl. Look here ; you are a gentleman, and don’t want a bribe, but I’ll give any man *this* who can tell me where she is.”

He took from his box a superb Oriental sapphire, as big as a duck’s egg, which an emperor or a bill-discounter might vainly long to buy.

“It cost me that little cut across the forehead,” said the Wolf. “You may have it, if you like to tell me all you know about my little girl. It will buy any place in this county, except Windsor Castle.”

“Thank you,” replied Stephen ;

“but you rightly said just now that I did not need a bribe. I will tell you what I can. The person who bought your daughter and placed her at school was her cousin, Raphael.”

“My God !” exclaimed the other, in amaze.

“She seems to have inherited your tendencies, for she ran away from school with a young farmer.”

“Did he marry her ?” interrupted Marmaduke Branscombe, impetuously.

“No.”

“Where is he ? By heaven, let me meet him !”

“I don’t know what has become of him. Raphael followed them, and horsewhipped him, and took her away. She is living in London now.”

“How does she live ? What is she doing ?”

“I can’t tell you, indeed.”

“You know her ? You have spoken to her ?”

“O yes, often.”

“What is she like ? Do you know—it is strange ; isn’t it ?—I have never seen her. Never. I left England just before she was born, and though I’ve been twice back since, I could never hear anything about her, until the other day I met my rascally brother-in-law. By heaven, I frightened him ! I squeezed the truth out of his lying throat ; I’d have squeezed the life out if he hadn’t told me all he knew.”

The old Wolf paused for some time, and meditatively puffed his negro-head.

“I don’t even know her name,” he said, at last, as if to himself. “And she will hardly be able to believe I am her father. If I thought she was happy I would go away without her knowing anything about it.”

He sat in reflective mood, with corrugated brows, looking into the fire.

“No,” he said, after a while ; “I must see her ; I must get her to tell me everything. I must find out for myself whether she is happy. And I will give her money enough to tempt a prince to marry her. Is she pretty ?”

“Very beautiful,” answered Stephen.

The old man looked at him curiously.

“Very beautiful, eh ?” he said, half in soliloquy. “Very beautiful—very young—very poor. Who shall blame

her if she is very wicked? Not I—not her father. But there may be others to blame—others to punish.”

“Well,” he resumed, I shall go to bed. I must sleep upon all this. Will you take me to her, to-morrow?”

“Had you not better see your nephew first?” asked Stephen.

“Perhaps I had. We can see him to-morrow, I suppose?”

“No doubt of it. I will go with you to London, and take you straight to his house.”

“That’s right. And now, if you are not afraid of a wild old wolf like me, let us find out our double-bedded room.”

Marmaduke Branscombe, oak chest in hand, slowly and heavily ascended the creaking stairs of the little inn. He kicked off his boots, and threw himself on one of the beds without any farther undressing.

“Good night,” he said; “don’t be afraid to sleep.”

“Not at all,” said Stephen, with a laugh. But he could not sleep. It was about four o’clock when they came up stairs. Stephen heard the rickety old clock on the stairs strike five and six. His companion lay still enough, only moving once or twice to fill his pipe, which Stephen could see in the darkness like an hyæna’s eye in a cavern. Soon after six he suddenly sprang up, pulled on his boots, and went out. Stephen rose and watched him from the window stride rapidly away over Maidenhead Thicket, smoking as he strode.

And then, at last, Stephen Langton slept—no very healthful sleep, for potent rum and late hours are baneful tendencies. It was almost noon when he awoke—awoke uncertain where he was, what had really occurred, how much of what he remembered was actual fact, and how much mere phantasm. As he looked around the quaint, old-fashioned room, with its slanting roof and odd bulwarks, he perceived that his companion of the previous night was even now lying supine upon his bed, puffing away at his negrohead. When he saw Stephen moving, he rose and stretched himself, exclaiming—

“Ha, young man, so your sleep is over at last? You youngsters can’t stand the racket—your nerves are weak. I went away half-a-dozen miles some hours ago, and had a dip

in the Thames, and was lucky enough to get some fish for breakfast. So now, if you like to get up I’ll go and cook the fish—these country bumpkins don’t understand it.”

When Stephen descended he found the Wolf had been even better than his word. Not only had he dressed the fish, but he had also devilled another of those ill-fated ducks. A very grizzled old Wolf he looked by daylight—he had been knocked about evidently; his fierce face and massive hands bore many traces of hot work. Yet there was now discernible that curious faint family likeness which strangers see better than friends. Stephen could find in his countenance something that reminded him of both Raphael and Claudia.

“You are looking at my old cuts, Mr. Langton,” he said. “I’ve been pretty nearly cut to pieces, more than once. I’d a bayonet slap through my chest, and a ball through all my left ribs, and a dozen other little things that would have killed most men. Perhaps I’m born to be hanged.”

He looked by no means an unlikely subject for that operation. But he was in high glee this morning, doubtless with the thought of finding his daughter, and he made a prodigious breakfast, while poor Stephen could scarcely touch anything.

“What have they called my little girl?” he asked, abruptly.

“Isola,” said Stephen.

“An outlandish name, Isola Branscombe! I wonder whether she’ll like to see me. I wonder whether she’ll wish I had been drowned or shot. I’m a rough old fellow, Mr. Langton, but I’ve been longing for years to see that little lass. If she’s afraid of me—if she won’t believe I’m her father, I’ll blow my brains out.”

“She can’t well help believing it,” said Stephen. “And as to being afraid, I don’t much think she would be afraid of anything.”

“Glad to hear it, sir—shows she’s a Branscombe. Look here, Mr. Langton, you’re doing me a great service; you must take a trifling token of remembrance.”

He opened his wonderful chest and produced a diamond ring, that flashed like a star.

“Wear that for my sake,” he said. “It’s only a trifle.”

Stephen tried hard to refuse, but

the old man was obstinate. At about three o'clock they caught an upstage, which landed them in Piccadilly at six. According to promise, Stephen led the Wolf at once to Clarges-street.

But neither Raphael nor Claudia was at home.

"He may be at the club," said Stephen. "Shall we go and see? We can leave your things at my rooms, and if you like I can give you a bed there."

"That will do," he said. "And if we find Raphael, you can just tell him at once I'm his uncle Marmaduke. It won't frighten him, I dare say."

They made their way, first to Jermyn-street, then to the Chandos. The waiters of that club are in the habit of seeing some very queer people, and did not flinch from Marmaduke's vast bulk and portentous ugliness. Stephen, on inquiry, found that the Seraph had ordered dinner for two, and was at present waiting for it in the smoking-room. Thither they went, and found Raphael enjoying his weed in company with Humphrey Morfill. What had led that hard-working young gentleman to leave his home in Mesopotamia for a dissipated evening with the Seraph? And why did the Seraph trouble himself with him?

"Ah!" said Raphael, as they entered. I thought I had lost you, Langton. Has anything happened?"

"One or two things," answered Stephen, drily. Allow me to introduce a very pleasant acquaintance I have made—Mr. Marmaduke Branscombe, Mr. Raphael Branscombe."

"Egad, how queer!" said the Seraph. "It's not a hoax, I see; in fact, Uncle Marmaduke, you're devilish like my father. But everybody thought you were dead years ago."

"I thought so myself more than once."

"Queer, certainly. And, may I ask, do you bring back a wife and family with you? I suppose not, as you seem to have been knocking about the world all your life."

"We'll talk of that presently," he answered, in a tone significant enough to Stephen.

"Precisely," said the Seraph. "Excuse my abrupt inquiry. We may as well all dine together."

"I am afraid I shall be rather in the way, now," remarked Morfill.

"Not a bit of it. You see, Langton," said the Seraph, "Mrs. Morfill and Claudia have got some engagement together—a purely feminine affair—I don't understand it; so Morfill and I decided to dine together. As for you, you'll see yourself advertised for in all the papers to-morrow morning. Your sudden disappearance was most mysterious. Even Claudia couldn't account for it."

"Couldn't she? Well, I'm fiercely hungry, now; I have eaten no breakfast."

"No," said the Wolf, with a grunt of laughter. "We drank a little rum together, last night, and the young gentleman seemed qualmish this morning."

"He's not a Branscombe," observed the Seraph.

They dined. Very soon after dinner, Humphrey Morfill, whose conversational powers seemed to have been destroyed by his unflagging attention to business, and who, probably, was not very much at his ease in Stephen's company, left them, on the plea of having important papers to look over. The trio then went off to the smoking-room. Marmaduke had said nothing about family affairs during dinner. He had talked freely, narrating a few of his adventures, one or two of which would have added a flavour to "Munchausen." Over his pipe, he showed a disposition to change the subject.

"Ralph is abroad, I suppose," he said.

"Yes," said the Seraph; "he can't face the bailiffs, just now."

"We'll change all that," growled the Wolf; "I'll pay his debts."

"You?"

"Ay, why not? I'm his brother: he won't be too proud to accept my help, I hope!"

"Certainly not," answered the Seraph. "But I did not suppose you had been fortunate."

"It depends on what you call fortunate. If to have got enough to buy back every inch of land that ought to be Ralph's is fortunate, then I have been. If to be kept from sleep every night by the ghosts of men I have killed is fortunate, then I have been. But, pshaw! this is

nonsense. What's that ring worth, if you know a good stone when you see it?"

He pointed to the diamond he had given Stephen, who handed it to the Seraph. Raphael examined it critically.

"Well," he said, "I'm not a jeweller; but I can tell that's worth money. Five hundred pounds, perhaps."

"I don't know," said his uncle. "I only know I've got a hatful of better stones than that. And what is Walter doing? Preaching, I suppose. I hope he won't want to preach to me."

"Not very likely," said Raphael. My uncle Walter is an excellent hand at minding his own business."

"And that's an excellent thing. Well, are the girls married? You see, though I haven't come to look after you, I have found out something about you. I know that Ralph and Walter had each a daughter."

"Neither of them is married. My sister, Claudia, is living with me."

"Well, it is time they were married, if they're ever going to. And now," continued the old man, after a long pull at his pipe, "you asked me whether I had any family. I have one child, a daughter, a very pretty girl, I am told, for I never saw her."

"Never saw her!"

"No. England got too hot for me just before she was born. And I lost sight of her for years, and have only just got a trace of her from your friend, Mr. Langton."

"This is all very strange," said the Seraph. "How in the world could Langton help you?"

"Because he knew the girl—because he knew the man who saved her and protected her when her mother died on the Bath-road, at the corner of Maidenhead Thicket."

"Why, you can't mean Isola!" exclaimed the Seraph.

"Yes," said Stephen Langton, for Marmaduke did not reply, "Isola Chester is his daughter."

"The devil!" exclaimed Raphael.

"When can I see her?" said the old Wolf, after a time.

"To-night!" said the Seraph, promptly.

"See her as soon as you like. I had better just break it to her beforehand; it will take her so much by surprise."

"You are right. I have not thanked you, Raphael, for taking care of this child, though you could not know she was a Branscombe. But I'll show my gratitude to your father as well as to you. Mr. Langton has told me what happened to her; I know you were not to blame; and as for the scoundrel who took her from school, it will be well for him if I never meet him. Now, let us go."

They had not far to walk to Isola's residence. The evening was chilly; and she, curled in a vast easy chair in front of the fire, was warming her feet, and sleepily reading a novel. The flickering flame seemed endlessly to change the colours of her strange hair, and still stranger eyes. What a spectre she was!

"Ho! Seraph," she cried, "I'm glad to see you. Haven't you run away with Baby Morfill yet?"

"Be serious, Isola," he replied; "I have something very important to say to you."

She stretched her feet lazily at the fire, and gave him a saucy nod, as much as to say, "Go on."

"I suppose it has sometimes occurred to you that you had a father."

"O yes. But he's dead, I know. Drowned at sea, they told me."

"They told you a falsehood. He is alive still. He has come back to claim you."

"He shan't have me," she said defiantly. He must not have me, Raphael. Of course, he's a brute, or he would not have deserted my mother. You must hide me from him."

"Wait," he said, "your father is a rough sort of a man, but I should not call him a brute. And you know he has a right to you. I could not consent to hide you from him. And there's one more thing that is sure to please you, Isola; he seems to be immensely rich."

"Ha, ha!" she exclaimed, gleefully, "that's charming. But tell me, how did he find me?"

"That's very curious," said the Seraph; "he found you through Stephen Langton."

"Dear old Stephen!"

"But there's something more curious still, Isola. You have never heard, of course, that an uncle of mine, my father's younger brother, ran away



to sea before I was born, and has never been heard of since. Well, this is the very man. You and I are cousins."

"O how delightful!" she said, springing from her chair and pirouetting. "Dear me, to think that I'm a Miss Branscombe! Quite a heavy swell, Raphael. But I *am* pleased about that, that's the truth."

"I should have been better pleased if ——— but never mind, Isola. Your father is waiting with Stephen at the corner. Shall I fetch him in?"

"O yes. You and Stephen will come too, won't you?"

"No; we should be in the way."

"But I am frightened," she urged. "Perhaps he'll be cruel to me. Are you quite sure he is my father?"

"Yes, you silly child. So don't be afraid; he'll be as kind to you as possible. He's longing to see you, and has been trying to find you for

years. Good-bye; I am going to fetch him."

The Seraph left her, and rejoined his uncle.

"Is she ready?" asked Marmaduke, in a voice hoarse with eagerness.

"Quite. Don't let us keep you. Good night."

Raphael and Stephen walked slowly away. The old Wolf pushed open the hall-door, which stood ajar, and entered Isola's room. She had risen, and pushed back her chair, and stood in front of the fire looking, in her quaint costume, and fanciful jewellery, with those changeful lights in her hair and eyes, more like a princess of Fairy land than an ordinary young lady. And when Marmaduke Branscombe came looming through the doorway, gaunt, grizzled, impatient, she demurely dropped a graceful courtesey, and said—

"Good evening, papa!"

#### MOLIERE'S PREDECESSORS.

##### CORNEILLE AND SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

BEFORE entering on the subject-matter mentioned in our title we must briefly allude to the immediate antecedents of the French drama. The "Confrères of the Passion" exhibited mysteries and moralities from about A.D. 1400 to the middle of the next century, when the institution became so hampered in a slough of immorality that the actors were obliged by government to take to acting pieces from profane history and *decent* farces. The Hotel Bourgogne became the new play-house and its inmates did as well as they could, much disgusted at not being still allowed to present all the celestial and infernal powers, heaven and paradise in their splendour, hell with the occasional charge of a fiery dragon to the front of the stage as if to spring into the pit, and gobble up a few of the "miserable sinners" found there. Some time later Gros-Guillaume and his two friends established in an old fives-court an entertainment consisting of the most outrageous buffoonery.

In 1588 the then patented com-

pany sold their privileges to a body of actors who may be called the original members of the Theatre Français. Not being able to receive all that presented themselves to be entertained, some of them opened a new house in the Marais, and for half a century Parisian citizens had only these two theatres for relaxation of their wearied minds, if we except the temporary existence of Gros-Guillaume's booth. Heavy tragedy, loudly declaimed, divided public favour with most indecent farce, Hardy, one of the prolific authors of the Hotel de Bourgogne, supplying a piece in five or six days, and getting through about 800 in his unedifying life. The houses were never thin. The play-goer paid his 2*d.* for a pit-seat, or a halfpenny more to the boxes, and was amused to his heart's content from two o'clock till half-past four, neither actors nor audience experiencing exhaustion at the conclusion of the performance.

Rotrou supplied tragedies of a more regular form in the early part of the seventeenth century; but French tragedy was brought to perfection by Peter Corneille who began his dramatic

career in 1625. Cardinal Richelieu, under whose fostering care the French academy started into being, having read the "Cid" in MS., expressed, it is said, a desire to be considered its author. Peter was not pliable, and thus incurred the great man's personal displeasure, but that did not interfere with his settling an income on him in his mature age, and holding him always in high esteem.

We may here add some remarks from the pen of his friend and admirer, Benserade, on the appearance and the characteristics of this eminent and estimable writer :—

"Corneille was a man of large size, homely and unaffected in manner, negligent in dress, and inattentive to his personal appearance. His countenance was agreeable, nose large, mouth well formed, eyes full of animation, features well defined, and his likeness easy to be transferred to bust or medal. He was familiar with polite literature, history, and politics, but he chiefly regarded them in their relations to the theatre. For other studies he had neither leisure, nor curiosity, nor even much esteem. He spoke little, not even on the subject with which he was best acquainted. He could not do justice to it, and in order to get an idea of the man's abilities you should read his works. He was constitutionally melancholy. His manner was somewhat brusque, but in reality he was good-humoured, and not easily irritated. He was a good father, good husband, kind relative, and of a tender and friendly disposition. He possessed a high and independent character. There was no cringing, no subserviency about him. He was thus well fitted to paint the old Roman virtues, but not to make a fortune. He did not love the court, and his appearance was scarcely known in that quarter. His incapacity for business was only equalled by his aversion to it. The prospect of having to mix himself with worldly concerns filled him with disgust and fright. He liked money well enough, but was not clever in amassing it. He was not at all so puffed up with self-esteem as to be indifferent to praise."

This distinguished dramatist and excellent man having enjoyed for many years high rank in that academy whose members had once been unwillingly obliged to sit in judgment on one of his masterpieces, died, full of years and honours, in 1684.

During the epoch of which we are treating—say 1630–1650—theatrical taste had much improved, chiefly by the influence of the great Cor-

neille. But some of the circumstances of the change were not to the satisfaction of the actors and actresses. Mademoiselle Beaupré, one of the earliest female performers, thus gave vent to her feelings.

"He (Corneille) has done us much wrong. Before his time we purchased pieces for three crowns, and we made large profit. Now they are dear and we gain little. The first indeed were wretched, and the last excellent, but bah! the public were accustomed to the bad ones, and the talent of the actors carried them through."

"Corneille by his dramatic compositions modified the taste, and irrevocably fixed the rules of art. They might still separate more or less from the beautiful, or advance less or more in the direction of the master; but after the lapse of some years, any departures were not to be attempted without the risk of frightful falls. So we find many of the contemporaries of Corneille make vigorous attempts to tread in his footsteps. No one indeed attained his high station, but some few collected stray palms where he had gathered such a harvest."—(*"L'Ancien Théâtre Français," par Du Cassé.*)

Tristan called "L'Hermite," Llavret, and Calprenède were three contemporaries of Corneille, and all possessed of less or more theatrical ability. Tristan was wretchedly poor. Boileau said he had neither a shirt in summer, nor a cloak in winter, yet he was an academician. Claveret being determined to preserve unity of place in his "Proserpine" made a triple scene, the upper part presenting heaven, the middle Sicily, and the lower hell. Calprenède is better remembered by his romances of "Sylvandre" and "Cleopatre" than by his plays. Alas, how changed are our sympathies and tastes! Queen or duchess might now endure to hear Charles Dickens read an hour or two, but Anne of Austria not only endured the reading of "Sylvandre" from beginning to end from the mouth of its author, but even conferred a pension on him for it.

Benserade who is still sometimes spoken of, was another contemporary. He was the son of a Norman attorney of Gisors, and was born in 1602. He found his vocation for the Church thwarted by the charms of Belle Rose, an actress of the day. So "throwing his frock on the nettles" as every French Denis O'Shaughnessy does, he came to Paris, composed ballets, was

well received by king, queen, and cardinal (Mazarin), and lived in abundance. On his retirement to his "little place" of Gentilly, he set over his gate the escutcheon of a count (for he was a vain man), and there died at the age of eighty years.

Among other authors of the day whom we have not space to particularise, was La Serre, a gentleman of the establishment of that worthless man Gaston d'Orleans. He could never be brought to comprehend, much less observe, dramatic rules, but that did not prevent him from writing much, and writing fast, and making money by his hasty productions. He was so well aware of his defects that on one occasion having listened attentively to a wretched discourse, he ran to the orator, and embracing him heartily he cried out, 'Ah my dear friend, what obligations have you brought me under! For twenty-five years have I been writing balderdash, but you have rolled off more in an hour than I was able to get rid of during my whole life.' When he was reproached for the little trouble which he gave himself about the finish of his works, 'Ah!' said he, 'I can't help being in a hurry, when money is to be gained, and I draw more profit from my rubbish than the best living dramatists from their highly finished works.' After all there must have been merit of some kind in this man's productions.

Finding rhymed tragedies too troublesome, he began to write them in prose, and in this way he produced in 1642 his tragedy of "Thomas Morus, or Faith and Constancy."

In the "Apollo at School," a nice little piece acted in Colleges, La Serre was introduced, thus singing his own praises:—

"All the world knows that my "Thomas Morus" acquired a greater reputation than all the other dramas of the day put together. Monseigneur the Cardinal Richelieu never ceased crying every time he saw it performed. He gave it public evidences of his esteem, and so did the whole court along with him. The Palais Royal was too small for those whom curiosity drew to see this tragedy. The whole audience were perspiring in the month of December, and four door-porters were killed the first time it was played. These are what I call marks of a good play. Let Corneille produce such manifest proofs of the excellence of his dramas. If he can prove that five door-

porters were killed at the representation of any of his plays on a single day, I shall yield the point."

The Abbé d'Aubignac composed the tragedy of "Zenobia," strictly observing the rules left by Aristotle, and Magnon put it in verse, but it met no success in either form. "Parbleu," said the Prince of Conde, to whom some one was explaining the skilful structure of the unfortunate piece, "I am thankful to the good Abbé for so well observing Aristotle's rules, but I cannot forgive the rules for obliging the Abbé to compose such a wretched piece."

Of all the unsuccessful rivals of Corneille there was no one whose lot was so dismally bizarre as that of Gilbert, who though secretary to the Duchesse de Rohan, to Christine Queen of Sweden, and composer of many comedies and tragedies successful in their day, led a life of poverty, and would have died in destitution only for the generosity of Hervard, in whose house he found an asylum in his old age.

#### RICHELIEU AND HIS DRAMATIC DELUSIONS.

Gainsborough, so celebrated for his landscapes of English scenery, would prefer to hear a visitor praise his wretched performances on a violin, rather than any of the fine achievements of his pencil. The great minister Richelieu furnished a remarkable instance of this kind of self-delusion.

"This able and illustrious minister who did so much for the unity and greatness of France, was little flattered by eulogiums passed on his administrative talents, his great capacity as statesman, or the genius with which he directed the affairs of the kingdom. But he would not forgive the slightest censure passed on those mediocre tragedies of which he had suggested the subject, or scribbled a few scenes. Richelieu—the great Richelieu, aspired above all things to be a great poet. He could tolerate with indifference the praises of a great European rival minister, but he could not endure praise conferred on the master-pieces of Corneille. Stung by the tragic muse, he sought a literary reputation. He surrounded himself with men of wit and understanding. He paid attention to the theatre. He himself composed pieces, which he himself found admirable, but which he could get no one else to admire. The blunders of the great sometimes turn out good for something; that of Louis XIII.'s minister resulted, among other good measures for

France and for literature, in the establishment of the Academy."<sup>\*</sup>

The noble tragedian brought out in 1635, with the aid of five poets, of whom Corneille was one, the comedy of the "Tuilleries" in five acts. He made Colletet stand godfather to the play, placed his five coadjutors in stalls of honour, and was so delighted with three tolerable lines furnished by Colletet, that he placed in his hands thirty pistoles, saying that the king's treasury would not suffice to reward him for all the other fine verses in the piece.

The justly grateful poet made this return in kind—

"Armand, qui pour six vers m'a donné six  
cents livres,  
Que ne puis je à ce prix te vendre tous  
mes livres!"†

Colletet was but an indifferent poet, but another of the number, Desmarets was really a man of mind and imagination. He did not love the drudgery of poetry, and "bestrode not Pegasus" unless pressed by his noble patron, who suggested the subjects and acted as his coadjutor. The four lines about to be quoted will be felt to possess much beauty, even by those not very susceptible to the excellence of the best French poetry. The violet in "Julia's Garland" is supposed to say—

"Modest en ma couleur, modest en mon  
séjour;  
Franche d'ambition, je me cache sous  
l'Herbe,  
Mais si sur votre front je puis me voir un  
jour,  
La plus humble des fleurs sera la plus  
suberbe."‡

Desmarets' subjects, when voluntarily selected were of a visionary character, and it was said of him that he was the most visionary of genuises, and the greatest genius among the visionaries. It was much against his will that he laboured at plays to order, especially when the Cardinal

delighted with the reception of one of their common pieces, insisted that he should compose at least one every year.

All the objections of the poor man, all his pretexts were useless. At last he announced that he was engaged on the great epic of "Clovis" to which he was forced to devote every available moment of his time, as he wished it to be a monument to the glory of His Majesty, Louis XIII.

Richelieu was not pleased. He said he could scarcely expect to live long enough to see the "Clovis" finished; that his mind was so occupied with high and intricate concerns that relaxation was most needful; the poetical drama was his delight; Desmarets, a poet and a dramatist after his very heart; he was Desmarets' tried friend, *ergo* it was Desmarets' duty to make some sacrifice to his weal and needful relaxation. § Q. E. D. Everyone may guess the real intent of such a chain of reasoning in the mouth of the powerful and generous minister. Desmarets "executed himself" as gracefully as he could, and became the fellow-labourer of His Eminence.

Richelieu, as well as Aristophanes and Sam Foote, set counterparts of his contemporaries on the stage. In the joint production of the "Visionnaires" of which he had sketched the outline and the personages, the character intended for Madame de Sablé who had shown some coldness or disrespect to His Eminence could love no lower a personage than Alexander the Great; Madame de Chavigny was intended by the coquette of the piece; Madame de Rambouillet the passionate lover of the theatre, and the representative of another great lady of the court supposed herself the object of adoration of every man who had ever seen her.

But it was for the two tragi-comedies "Mirama" and "Europa" that the

\* Histoire Anecdote du l'Ancien Théâtre en France. Par A. du Casse, Paris: Dentu, untranslating as yet into English.

† "Oh Armand, who for six verses, hast given me six hundred livres,  
Why can I not sell you all my books at this rate!"

‡ "Modest in my hue, modest in my abode,  
Free from ambition, I hide amid the grass;  
But if upon your brow I could see myself some day,  
The most humble of flowers would be then the most proud."

§ Very skilfully and pleasantly did Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer turn to account the Cardinal's fable on the subject of his dramatic abilities, in his beautiful drama of "Richelieu."

ill-advised minister incurred the greatest outlay of time and money. For "Mirama," he had a large theatre expressly built in the Palais-Cardinal (since the Palais Royal). Though the representation cost him 100,000 crowns it had such ill success that the deeply mortified author quitted his box in the most profound dejection and hastened to Rueil, leaving a message for Saint Sorlin (Desmarets) to follow him. He, not ambitious for a private interview in the existing state of things, induced a clever friend to accompany him. As soon as the Cardinal laid eyes on them he cried out, "Eh, eh! the French seem at last to have lost all good taste; the noodles! to reject 'Mirama.'" Desmarets shook his head, but his friend took the word, "Monseigneur, it is not the fault of the work nor the public but of the comedians. Surely your Eminence must have seen that they had not off their parts, and were drunk besides." "I declare, you are right;" was the reply; "their acting was certainly wretched." This new-light restored the Cardinal's spirits at once; he got into the best humour possible, and retained the two for supper. The moment the friends took leave, they flew to the comedians, told them what had taken place, and all exerted themselves to the utmost to pack the house for the second representation. This went off to the enthusiasm of the forewarned audience, and the Cardinal was kept in ecstasy. He applauded, himself, clapped his hands, stamped his feet, rose up in his box, advanced his body half-way out of it, and waved for silence in order that he might enjoy the fine passages, in fact he showed all the naïve delight of a child.

At one of the representations of "Mirama" for which a select audience was appointed, his jovial and jest-making favourite, the Abbé Bois-Robert\* entered, the guide and friend of two beauties of passably indifferent reputation. The Duchesse d'Aguillon, Richelieu's niece, saw the unseemly occurrence and had Bois-Robert exiled. The mirth-loving Abbé was one of

the early members of the Academy, and soon his brothers sitting on their academic chairs, concocted a petition for his recall. Richelieu was for the time inexorable, but falling ill some time after, and being visited in one of his silent moods by his physician Citois, he wrote out this singular prescription "*Recipe Bois-Robert*," and it was attended to, for the great man sadly missed his Merry Andrew.

The lot of poor Desmarets was not to be envied. After the sore troubles of "Mirama," came the still sorer troubles of "Europa." The piece being finished it was sent by Bois-Robert to Messieurs the Academicians, with directions to criticise it in the most frank good faith. This they did most conscientiously and most awkwardly, for when Bois-Robert brought it to His Eminence, there was scarcely a verse in it unprovided with a mark of censure.

Stung to the heart with vexation, Richelieu tore the MS. in pieces and threw it into the fireplace, and went to bed with anguish ruling his soul. In the night a feeling of tenderness for the child of his brain arising in him, he arose, called his secretary Chevest, sent him for some starch to the washing department of the palace, took the pieces out of the fireplace in which there had happily been no fire, with the assistance of Chevest, pasted the pieces together, got it recopied with some slight corrections, sent it to the Academy quasi-corrected, and this time it was returned, applauded to the skies, and not even an accent displaced.

"Europa" was performed at the Hotel de Bourgogne where the main body of the spectators came to be amused or pleasantly excited, and where it was not so easy for the great man's favourites to direct the taste of the universal assembly. In the play were discussed some of the great questions that were disturbing the cordiality of the European courts, treated in language appropriate, but to the mass of the people, unintelligible, or unattractive. So the applause was but small, and when an

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\* Roman Catholics need not feel much annoyance at the poor Abbé's little failings. He and many others bearing the name *Abbé*, were not in the habit of discharging clerical functions, but lived secular lives, frequently as parasites at the houses of their great patrons.

actor presented himself at the conclusion to mention it with high praise, and announce its repetition for the morrow, the audience cried out from all parts for the "Cid," and insisted on compliance. This was a circumstance that inflicted much chagrin on the great minister-poet. No means or no agent was so successful in dispelling these black vapours of the brain as Bois-Robert, who, along with his wit and merriment, possessed mimetic talent in a high degree.

The actor Mondory declaimed one day before the Cardinal, some passages from his famous *Rôle* in the "Marianne" of Tristan. He acquitted himself so well that Richelieu whose heart was not remarkably soft shed some unwilling tears.\* This excited Bois-Robert so much that he asserted he would render the part more effectively, on any day that might be appointed, and in the presence of Mondory. The day came, and the Abbé acquitted himself with such feeling and ability that even the rival player owned his defeat. The sobriquet Mondory became attached to Bois-Robert henceforward.

This gentleman was a better actor than author. Partly to gratify his own wishes and partly to please his patron, he composed a score of pieces three of which, *Apparences Trompeuses*, the *L'Amant Ridicule*, and *Les Trois Orontes* were possessed of merit.

On the morning of the day on which his *Apparences Trompeuses* was to be performed, he was on his knees in the body of the church of the Minims of the Place Royale with a large book open before him. A casual visiter asked one of the clergy who was walking about with him, who was the nice-looking divine so intent on his devotions. "That is the celebrated Abbé Mondory," said the waggish guide. "He is to preach this afternoon at the Hotel de Bourgogne, and he is praying for the success of his sermon. After the triumphant reception of his comedy, when returning on foot, he was asked by a friend whom he met, what had he done with his coach. "Only imagine," said the other, "that

some one made off with it while I was at the play." "At the door of your cathedral!" cried out the friend raising his hands; "it's intolerable."

To complete the evangelical virtues of Bois-Robert we must acknowledge that he was a most determined gambler. One day he lost 10,000 crowns to the Duke of Roquelaure. To pay this debt of honour he sold all his property realizing 14,000 francs. As the rest were not to be found, his friend Beau-tru took these in his hand to the Duke. "For the remainder," said he, "my poor friend shall compose an ode in honour of your Grace. Then will the world say, 'If the Duke of Roquelaure has given 16,000 francs for an indifferent ode, what would he not have given for a good one!'"—"L'Ancien Théâtre Français," par A. du Cassé.

A bizarre adventure which had happened to the poet Racan, furnished Bois-Robert with the subject of *Les Trois Orontes*, acted in 1652. A damsel of Gournay often expressed an extreme desire to be acquainted with this man of talent, and he was so flattered that he prepared to pay her a visit on a certain afternoon. Two friends of his being made acquainted with his intention roguishly resolved to spoil any agreeability arising from it. One visited the romantic lady in the morning, announcing himself as M. Racan, and discoursed poetry, sentiment, taste, to her great contentment. She was enjoying the recollection of this intellectual treat about noon, when friend No. 2 presented himself as M. Racan. She received him in some confusion, and mentioned the previous visit. "Ah, that must have been my accursed double," said the new man. "Whenever I am about to make a new and valued acquaintance, he spoils the first interview, if he suspects my intention." So well did the second impostor improve the minutes, and so will did he dilate on her favourite topics, that impostor No. 1 was soon banished from her mind. Scarcely had he taken leave when Racan in person was announced. This was too much for the patience even of a *précieuse*. She whipped off

\* If any of our readers has been obliged to weep by actor or actress declaiming without aid of scenic accompaniments, or the presence of the other personages of the particular scene, let them accept our respectful compliments.

her slipper, slapped him on the face, called him injurious names, and put him ignominiously to rout, without giving him opportunity to say a single word in his own defence.

The Abbé Boyer an unsuccessful writer of this epoch deserves mention for his courage under reverses. After failing as preacher he betook himself to the stage, and for fifty years he ceased not to present piece after piece, not one of which was ever successful. He had wit and some talent, but his language was pompous, his verses bad, and of taste and sound sense he had no provision.

After the downfall of his "Clotilde," a man of humour thus added to his discomfort.

"When the acted pieces of Boyer  
Are but thinly attended,  
However chagrined at finding so few  
Thus he adroitly accounts for it;—  
Friday, the rain was the cause  
Sunday, the fine weather."

At last the much enduring man had a piece acted to which he attached the name of a young stranger named "Pader d'Affezzan." For a wonder, it was successful; even Racine, his persevering enemy declared for it. This was more than poor Boyer's self-complacency could endure. He cried out in the middle of the parterre, "The play is Boyer's in spite of M. Racine!" Alas! the piece was hissed next day. The reader will good-naturedly give us credit for the omission of a page or two here on the folly of forcing our proper abilities beyond what they will naturally endure.

#### COMEDY BEFORE MOLIERE.

The reader need not here dread an introduction to purple-faced Thespis, nor Aristophanes, nor the ancient nor the middle comedy. We have suffered too much personally from these old bores to inflict them on our harmless readers. We at once introduce the earliest French comedians, Bondaroy (between 1562 and 1578 his pieces were performed) and Jodelle (1552–1558). These men composed farces, coarse and indecent enough, but they were much superior to the plotless rhapsodies current before

their day. Charles IX. took great pleasure in witnessing Jodelle's pieces, but seems to have neglected the wants of the man himself. On the point of death the hurt poet addressed a sonnet to the king, in which he painted Pericles' forgetfulness of Anaxander under the same circumstance. The illustrious Athenian hearing of the poet's resolve to die, flew to his bedside to dissuade and relieve him, but, —

"L'autre tout résolu, lui dit (Ce qu'à toi sire  
Délaissé, demi-mort presque, Je puis bien dire)  
'Qui se sert de la lampe, au moins de l'huile y met.'"

Jean de la Rivey and Chapuis succeeded these worthies. No one sitting to hear these two under-mentioned productions of Mr. Chapuis in 1580, came out of the theatre a better man than he went in:—"L'Avare Cornu," "Le Monde des Cornus, in which the origin of their frontal excrescences is treated."

Rotrou in the beginning of the seventeenth century made some improvement in comedy, in tragic-comedy, and even succeeded in pastoral, of which we must allow M. du Casse to describe a specimen. No people better deserve a good drama than the Parisians, for what other people is blessed with their patience?

"The title of the pastoral was *Célimène* or *Amarilis* (1633). In general they give this name to a kind of rustic opera or a ballet, all the personages of which are shepherds and shepherdesses, and the music of which is simple and sweet. But in the time of Rotrou when opera was yet unknown in France, a pastoral was a comedy of country people, furnished with a plot of the most simple character. The present affords a specimen. *Célimène* seeing her lover about to become faithless, disguises herself as a shepherd, makes her rival and all the other shepherdesses of the piece fall in love with her, and all the shepherds become jealous. She ends by revealing herself, uniting all the shepherds to all the shepherdesses, and secures her own instant. This simple action occupied five acts in verse, and proves what patience our ancestors possessed in the first part of the seventeenth century. The utmost that

\* The other all determined said to him, "What I, abandoned, nearly half dead, may well say to you, sire; 'He who makes use of a lamp should at least supply it with oil.'"

could be done in our days with it would be to mould it into a one act ballet, depending for its success on the short petticoats of the dancers, the expressive pantomime of a *Célimène-Rosita*, and a set of beautiful scenery."

Scuderi, the great Scuderi (1630-1642) wrote four comedies, nine tragicomedies, and seven other dramas, but they are not worth dwelling on especially as his talent was united with frequent excursions of an ill-regulated talent in every direction.

If Gillet de Tessonerie had not lived before Molière—rather if Molière had not lived after him, we should hear more about him at this present day. He essayed the comedy of character which Molière perfected. His taste was not good, but his frameworks were well constructed. He invented plays comic in their nature, and in the mode of managing the dialogue. His pieces for the most part original and amusing are slight sketches of the foibles of society, seasoned with wit. They are interspersed with judicious observations and traits of manners. No one before him had presented such faithful pictures of the manners and tastes of the French.

But of all the comic writers who preceded Molière, by far the most original was poor Scarron, who produced a dozen pieces one more burlesque than the other between the years 1645 and 1660. Born in 1610, and obtaining for wife Mademoiselle d'Aubigny (afterwards Mme. de Maintenon), he suffered from the age of twenty-six years under a paralysis, which deprived him of the use of his limbs. In this wretched state he never lost his spirits (at least in company) for a moment, and wits, statesmen, philosophers, and men of letters generally flocked to his little room to enjoy a hearty laugh. His pieces more abound in burlesque and whim than in true comedy. He delighted in the facetious valet, the grotesque valet, the intriguing valet, and made them act according to their nature. "Jodelet, duellist," "Jodelet, master valet" were his creations. Julien Geoffrin who assumed Jodelet as his stage name, was born for Scarron and Scarron for him. Like some of our own old stage favourites this man would have the audience laughing before

he entered on the scene. Then giving an astonished look at the pit as if to find out what was the cause of the merriment, off they went again into roars of laughter at his comically perplexed features.

His "Ridiculous Heir," produced in 1649, so delighted the young Louis XIV. that he got it performed three times in one day,—an evident sign that the Grand Monarque had then some time on his hands, and a passably unclean taste. In 1653 Scarron dedicated his burlesque of "Don Japhet of Armenia" to young Louis in the following epistle:—

"TO THE KING.

"SIRE—

"Another man of wit who had to dedicate a book to YOUR MAJESTY would mention in good set terms that you are the greatest king in the world, that at the age of fourteen or fifteen years of age you understand the science of government better than a bearded sovereign, that you are the best made of men, not to talk of kings who are few in number;—in fine that you have borne victorious arms to Mount Libanus, and even beyond it. All this is true enough, but I shall not avail myself of it. I shall only endeavour to persuade Your Majesty that you would do no wrong by doing me a little good. If you do me a little good I shall be more gay than I am; if I become more gay than I am I shall make more laughable comedies; if I make laughable comedies Your Majesty will be diverted; if you be diverted your money will not be lost. All this concludes with such certainty that it appears to me I would be persuaded of it if I was as great a king as I am a poor wretch, but nevertheless,

"YOUR MAJESTY'S MOST &c., &c."

This play was presented with songs and dances before the ambassador of the Sublime Porte, Mehemet Effendi in 1721, and greatly amused him.

We do not hear of the hours spent by the poor paralytic with no one to laugh at his burlesque images, or perhaps endure his ill-humour but the prudent, odious, and accomplished woman who bore his name. A person of such gaiety, and whose gaiety arose chiefly from such situations, and surprises, and interruptions as would not now be endured for a moment in decent society, could not but have experienced many ill-tempered collapses of spirits, and then the person most to be pitied was his poor wife, whom however he deeply esteemed and respected.



Poor Scarron! it is hard to determine which is greater, the feeling of pity or of contempt which his memory rouses in a well-constituted mind. Born in 1610, and losing his mother in his youth, his father bent on a second marriage, obliged him to embrace the ecclesiastical state. At twenty-five years of age he passed into Italy, where he led an unedifying life, and on his return he continued it. Assuming the character of a nude savage at Mans during the carnival of 1638 he was chased by a crowd into a marsh where the intense cold endured for a considerable time, completely deprived him of the use of his limbs. The loss of property soon followed that of health, as his father died, and he had to go to law with his step-mother to recover some patrimony. He pleaded his own cause in a burlesque style, but did not succeed. His friend Madame de Hautefort obtained him an interview of the queen (Anne of Austria), from whom he begged the privilege of being her "sick man" in right of office. He praised Mazarin so lustily that he obtained a pension of 500 crowns, but lost it again by an intemperate satire, because his patron ungraciously received the dedication of his "Typhon." He afterwards eulogized Cardinal de Retz and the Prince of Conde. His marriage with Mlle. d'Anbigny introduced a certain tone of decency and refinement to the conversations held in his room, but his resources became very small and very uncertain, the chief part being derived from his publisher, Quinet. This he called his "Marquisate of Quinet." The generous Fouquet at last conferred on him a pension of 1,600 francs. Queen Christine paid him a visit, and to enliven and cheer him up, said, "The Queen of France has conferred on you the honour of being her 'sick patient,' but I appoint you my Roland." He did not enjoy this honour long. He was seized with such a violent hicough that everyone thought it would carry him off at once. Having recovered a little he cried out, "If I survive this I will make a bitter satire on the hicough." Seeing his friends and domestics weeping round his bed he cried to them to have done. "I have always," said he, "endeavoured to make you laugh, not cry." His "Roman Comique" of

which an English version was easily procurable some fifty years since, was a decent performance compared with his plays. It related to the adventures of a small strolling company in the French provinces, and though not so interesting or amusing as Nicholas Nickleby's experiences with the Miss Petowkewers, and Miss Snelliccia, and Infant Phenomenon of Mr. Crummies' company, contained a series of humorous and diverting adventures, *Destiny* and his true love *Angelica* being an estimable pair of lovers.

#### A FEW OF MOLIERE'S FELLOW LABOURERS.

We have in the present article chiefly treated of those authors who had not the good fortune of comparing their efforts with the masterpieces of the great comedian Molière, and adopting the generally healthy tone of his pieces. No one can be sensible of the amount of gratitude due to Molière from French playgoers, except those who have waded through the wickedness and filth of his contemporaries and predecessors. During Molière's career, 1650 to 1673, whatever be the cause, there are only found from eight to ten dramatic authors, whose works deserve mention, and the dramas of some of these were exceedingly repulsive. They would now be scarcely read, much less witnessed in action.

St. Evremond composed four pieces in his exile, but did not introduce them to the stage. De Chapuiseau, after wandering over the greater part of Germany as a physician with little success, betook himself to the stage, and in 1656 had the satisfaction of seeing his "Damon and Pythias, or the Force of Friendship," successful. How many play-wrights from Chapuiseau to Shiel have tried their hands on the two Sicilian friends, would be a problem not easy of solution. In 1661, two years after the representation of *Les Précieuses Ridicules* of Molière, he brought out his comedy of the "Ladies' Academy." It was strange that a man of ability should have selected a subject so lately introduced to the play-going public. In it a lady ridiculously precise in phraseology rejects her lover, because his language is not to be distinguished from that of other well-educated gentlemen. Soon after she becomes

the devoted admirer of a suitor who happens to have caught the style of diction so musical in her ears. This worthy turns out in the end to be the servant of the rejected gentleman, who had made him up for the purpose of punishing the lady's folly.

If Chapuiseau borrowed from the *Précieuses Ridicules*, Molière without a doubt committed one small theft on him in his *Avare*.

In the "Intriguing Lady" of Chapuiseau, Crispin, the bad rich man, and Philippin hold the following dialogue:—

"*Crispin*. There ; show me your hand.

*Philippin*. There it is.

*Crispin*. The other !

*Philippin*. There, look at it till to-morrow.

*Crispin*. The other !

*Philippin*. Go look for it ; have I a dozen ?"

In the *Avare*, Harpagon says to La Fleche, "Show me your hands," and on his expanding them before him, cries, "And the others !" Chapuiseau's piece appeared in 1663, Molière's in 1668 ; so if the great comedian did not borrow from his less talented contemporary, both laid some older author under contribution. Chapuiseau was possessed of imagination, and his plots were ingenious in invention, but his versification was wretched.

Montfleury with less merit produced more plays and with greater success, his pieces from 1660 to 1678 amounting to twenty. He was possessed of wit and of a natural happy mode of expression, had a knowledge of dramatic art, and wrote brisk dialogue. But he could or would select no decent subjects, nor adopt clean words to express unclean ideas. In his plays you were ever stumbling against or over a "*cocu*." Here are a few decent lines out of his "Woman, the judge and claimant."

"*Bernardille*.

"Il faut done, tout scruple vaincu,  
Declarer hautement qu'elle m'a fait  
cocu.

"*Beatriz*.

"Qu'est ce qu'un cocu, monsieur, ne  
vous deplaise ?

"*Bernardille*.

"La question est neuve ; ah tu fais la  
niaise !"

In one of Montfleury's most objectionable pieces, a young lady makes

her parent's life wretched in her eagerness to be married. Suitor after suitor present themselves, but the father objects to every one's occupation. At last a cunning fellow announces himself a man of no occupation at all, and wins the damsel.

In the "School of Cuckolds" a jealous man torments his virtuous wife with his suspicions, and she takes this notable way to cure him. She contrives a voyage, and having given some previous instructions to a friend, this man as a Turkish pirate attacks the ship where man and wife are, and carries them to a villa which the husband is told is Constantinople. There a eunuch comes down to the shore to conduct the lady to the harem. The husband objects, but he is threatened to be empaled if he makes any noise. All is satisfactorily explained at the end, and the *cocu imaginaire* is radically cured of his mental ailment.

In the "Rational Animals" Circe gives leave to as many of the animals as she had in her yard to resume their natural shape, and return home with Ulysses. The doctor, now an ass, chooses to remain as he is, so does the valet, now a lion, so does the woman, now a fawn, and all give special reasons for their choice. The horse alone having heard of the fame of Louis XIV., is possessed with a desire to be witness of his glory, and regains his original shape. Louis could endure flattery in strong doses.

The knavish valet of the time roguishly took the honourable name of the patron of shoemakers, Crispin. An actor named Poisson created a speciality for himself in the performance of this part, and as he persisted in always wearing jack boots when on the stage, his successors adopted the costume, though the general impression was that his proceeding resulted from a wish to keep the meagreness of his legs a secret.

Guillaume Marcaureau, Sieur de Brécourt, actor and author, was one of those whose vocation irresistibly drove them to the theatre. Though of a good family, he joined one troupe of provincial performers after another, till fate or fortune promoted him to the capital in 1658. He had not time to enjoy the change when he was obliged to fly into Holland for

having killed a coachman on the road to Fontainebleau. There he joined a French company patronized by the Prince of Orange. Still sighing for a recall he took the following odd means to procure it. A person obnoxious to Louis had taken refuge in the low countries, and it was given to De Brécourt to understand that if he could secure this individual and bring him across the frontier it would obtain his pardon. He made the attempt but failed, and in consequence was obliged to fly back to France. Molière in whose company De Brécourt once acted, so represented his devotedness to Louis that a free pardon was granted him. Fortune soon after aided him in getting higher into the king's good graces. At a hunt in Fontainebleau, he was charged by a furious boar in the sight of the king, and in a second would be torn by his tusks, but he resolutely and coolly received the charge at the sword's point and buried the blade up to the hilt in the beast's body. The great sovereign himself condescended to ask him if he was wounded, and to declare that he had never seen greater address, strength, or courage, shown.

De Brécourt composed five or six pieces, which owed their success more to his own excellence as a comic actor in them than to their composition. Molière availed himself of one of them to try the judgment of his old housekeeper, whom he ordinarily used as the touchstone to his yet unacted pieces. He accordingly read some scenes to her from De Brécourt's "Village Wedding," first giving her to understand that they were his own writing. He had not made much progress when she cried out, "Stop, stop! You never wrote a word of those dialogues."

Visé deserves notice merely as founder of a kind of magazine, the *Mercure Galant*, some volumes of which may still be met with on stalls, and as the first writer on record, who, in co-operation with one or two others, produced pieces for the stage. An anecdote arising out of one of his pieces may be excused. An actor in one of Visé's plays, disgusted with his want of success, withdrew from the theatre. A country friend meeting him, asked what news there were in the city. "I know of none," said he,

"but I must tell you I have quitted the theatre." "And isn't that good news to the public!" said a cruel joker who was present.

Boulanger de Chalussay would not be worth mention, nor his two poor pieces, only for the second of them being a wretched satire on Molière, who had spoken disparagingly of the first. He called it *Blomire* (anagram of Molière) *Hypochondre*, but it made no one laugh but Molière himself.

Boursault was a good writer of the second order. His "Esop at Court," and "Esop's Fables," unlike his "*Mercure Galant*," may be still read with pleasure. He had not the good fortune to please Boileau, whose pen was as often guided by personal dislike as by a spirit of true criticism.

Champmeslé (real name, Chevillet) put his name to several pieces whose composition had given him no trouble. His own pieces exhibited scenes of ordinary life among the bourgeois class, and were sufficiently pleasant. His wife, daughter of Desmaretz (born at Rouen, 1641,) was the most popular actress of her day. She had a sweet, distinct voice, and in a pathetic part had no trouble in setting her hearers a weeping. Without any great powers of wit or genius, but endowed with a cheerful temper, and beautiful countenance, and graceful person, her house was the resort of Racine, La Fontaine, Boileau, and all the men of literature of her day. Racine was her first master in declamation, and La Fontaine dedicated to her his curious tale of "Belphegor." A report went abroad that she had sacrificed her tender admirer, Racine (Root) to le Comte de Clermont Tonnere (Thunder), and this untranslatable quatrain was the result:—

"A la plus tendre amour elle fut destinée,  
Qui prit longtemps Racine dans Son Cœur;  
Mais par un insigne malheur  
Le Tonnere est venu qui l'a déracinée."

In 1672, on the occasion of the death of a gentleman by birth who had taken to the life of an actor, Louis XIV. found himself called on to issue a decree that the profession of a comedian was compatible with the quality of a gentleman. It may be ranked among the most sensible and

just of the decrees which passed from his fine gold pen.

A comparison of the immorality of the English and French drama during the times of which we have been treating will scarcely conduce to the credit of the latter. Before the time of Molière, the Parisians had no really good models to copy from in respect to harmless comedy or farce. The taste of the people was gross, and the playwrights made no attempts to improve it. They pandered to the diseased pendants of their audiences, even as the Feydeaus and the Dumas Fils of our own time do to the evil weaknesses of their readers. In England, however, the playwrights and playgoers had the delightful comedies of Shakespeare for models to interest and amuse without the infliction of moral injury. In respect to ability the Parisians were also much more poorly supplied than we. They had not such names as Marlowe, Dekker, Massinger, Ford, Shirley, Jonson, or Beaumont and Fletcher, to adorn the

fasti of their dramatic annals, much less a William Shakespeare. But as Molière's "Mock Doctor" says, "We have changed all that. For a long time after Molière we were hard put to keep on a line with our French neighbours. Now our caterers for public entertainments are obliged to cross the Channel, and bring us material out of the abundance of the Parisian esprit to replenish our empty coffers. This is not as it should be. Are the shades of Molière, Racine, and Corneille, to be privileged while taking pleasant excursions among the Asphodel meadows of Elysium, to twit our immortal William, and the author of 'The City Madam,' and the noble pair, Beaumont and Fletcher, with the intellectual poverty of their living successors. Alas! dramatic genius is not amenable to summons or entreaty; it is like the wind and breatheth where it listeth. We are, however, in possession of dramatic masterpieces which perhaps are never to be excelled. Must we be content?"

#### AD PYRRHAM.

[Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ?]

WHAT graceful youth, with odours sweet  
Bedewed, in some rose-bower's retreat,  
Thee, Pyrrha, where its roses meet  
Caresses? Looking modestly,  
In fairest rare simplicity,  
For whom is bound thy golden hair?  
Alas! how often, in despair,  
Shall he bewail his destiny,  
And mourn thy broken faith; and high,  
When sweeps the tempest o'er the sky,  
Shall marvel at the raging seas,  
Who, only used to summer breeze,  
Enjoys thy seeming priceless love;—  
And, trusting treacherous skies above,  
Still hopes that thou wilt ever be  
As kind and gentle, frank and free.  
Oh wretched!—yet untried thy wiles—  
Whom thy fair sunny face beguiles.  
A votive tablet shows in Neptune's fane  
That, 'scaped the perils of a stormy main,  
Dank garments, dripping as with briny rain,  
I've hung, in homage to the sea-god's reign.

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WILMOT.

## JOHN HALLER'S NIECE.

BY RUSSELL GRAY.

## CHAPTER XLII.

AT THE DOWER-HOUSE.

"WE have heard the chimes together," says Justice Shallow to his old boon-companion ; and nowhere have I ever heard, or read, words so pleasant ; so full of kindly, sympathetic affection. What visions of jovial nights, of songs, and stories come before us with the words.

They had heard the chimes together, and such things drew them closer and nearer to one another. All the true affections of human nature arise from such slight things ; the companionship, the joint interests, the innocent amusements, in which "soul grows to soul." With some it is the sunshine, and warmth ; the prosperity in worldly matters shared with a few other struggling human beings ; with others it is those "uses of adversity," which sweeten and sadden gentle natures ; with all it is the pleasant intercourse, the smiles, the tears, the little mutual joys, and sorrows, the hearing of the chimes together.

John Haller and his young niece were wonderful companions one to another ; that lonely kind of life which they led together drew them nearer, made them fonder of each other.

They, too, had heard the chimes together ; they, too, had sat listening, hand locked in hand, to the sweet village Christmas bells, sending their glad uneven music across the snow.

Christmas-day ; a real, genuine Christmas—great wastes of snow-clad fields—of white-shrouded trees ; of house-roofs thatched with feathery snow-flakes ; Ondine's silver stream, half frozen up, creeping sluggishly along ; Ophelia's branching willow, like one of the jewelled trees in Aladdin's garden, laden with diamond and crystal drops ; all Ethel's favourite haunts, her walks and garden-seats, were white and frost-laden ; and abroad from the mountains came, what Shakespeare calls, "a nipping and an eager air." Ethel and her uncle

had gone to church, in the bright frosty morning, together. The mounds of earth, the quiet graves, lay all covered over in white snow, the church roof and little belfry tower shone in the sunlight.

There were red cheeks and redder noses that morning in church ; some coughing and sneezing, and a few old people wheezing ; and the little rector, with a stopped nose, murdering the morning service. Now my heroine had a very keen sense of the ridiculous ; all the peculiarities and little eccentricities of this village congregation amused her, as only clever people can be amused. Not unkindly or ill-naturedly did Ethel glory in the hundred and one little pieces of by-play and character which she read off every Sunday from her organ-seat, to the partial neglect of proper attention to the rector's sermon. She could have given anyone a full and true representation of any one of those village church-goers, from mild, stupid, soft-hearted Milly Townsend up to resplendent, beaming, opulent Mrs. Tirer ; but this heroine of mine was not sarcastic, she had kindly feelings towards all those village friends, whose little oddities amused her so. She would laugh sometimes at gentle Milly's blind adoration of the rector's sermons, and then say, almost remorsefully, "but I wish I was half as good as she is," and sigh, and really mean what she said ; pleasant, honest Ethel, so frank, so good-hearted ; it would be well if all our clever people were as true of nature.

How many Christmas-days had past and gone since Ethel Haller had come to live in this her quiet home ? How many Christmas chimes had she sat listening to, in this same oak-panelled library, at the Grange, alone with her uncle ? Ethel is thinking of them all ; her thoughts are flying back, and back into old, old times ; she is holding John

Haller's gentle, pleasant hand, and she is dreaming of days and years for ever lost to her. Is there any one of all God's blessed gifts so sweet, so invaluable to us as this one of memory—this faculty of calling back the days, the people, the events of long ago? I have heard it said that memory is what embitters and saddens all our present; that the dream of younger, fairer faces makes us look less kindly on the older, sadder ones; that the thoughts of old, old summer days, "when we went gipsying," the remembrance of the sunshine of those days causes our present sunshine to seem so faint and weak, and yet is there anyone in all the world who would gladly give up their power of so remembering? I think not; those pictures of the past are our glimpses of Paradise now; and Ethel's memory is telling her a whole string of happy stories.

A great wood fire was burning in the wide old-fashioned grate in the Grange library, starting into sudden fitful flashes which danced upon the oak panels, and red-backed books, and glittered on the gilded organ-pipes. There are no candles in the library. This hour, in the quiet evening, is the one in which John Haller and his little niece love to chat together in the fire-light, to dream, sometimes looking into that little world of lights and shadows; they should be wonderfully alike, those two, their lives run so close together; and yet, strange as it may seem, their interests are almost all different. John Haller is a farmer, he glories in his life, for it bears a semblance to the old distant prairie life, in the days when he was labouring with a brave object in view; there is something of that freedom and healthful element which Englishmen cannot live out of;—his lands are his own, his house is his own, and above all, his time is his own; he owes it to no man; there is no slavery in his life: he is monarch of his own little territory, and that is in itself sufficient happiness for any true-born Briton. In every man's life there comes a turning-point, when the wayward, uncertain stream flows more steadily on towards the sea, when the uneven, stony places are all passed and the rushing waters flow on more steadily,

more evenly over quieter ways; and John Haller's life had reached this point; it glided on as some poet tells us men's lives do sometimes glide, "like rivers," so evenly, so calmly—with all the outward scenes of quiet and peace reflected in it. And yet, often as men's lives have been compared to rivers, often as the poet has coupled them, or the moralizer compared them; good as the simile may be, it still lacks one great clause. "On, for ever on!" is the song of the river, but man's life has its backward current; there are points in it when the thoughts flow ever back, when the future bears no more promise, and the sparkle and pleasantness lies all with the past; and at this point John Haller's life now stood.

"——— There is an order of mortals on the earth who do become old in their youth ——"

And there is also an order of mortals who never grow old; and these are the lonely, dreamy people, who live their lives quietly—quaint lives, replete with no exciting incidents, humdrum lives, idled away in the world's sequestered places, spent among books and odd fancies; and to this order did Ethel belong—different from her uncle in this particular way, in that, while he had grown old before his time, she was younger even than her years in many ways.

"Uncle John, do you know that this is my eighth Christmas-day at the Grange?"

Little Ethel breaks the silence so; she is sitting on a low seat by the fire at her uncle's feet, and her hand is in his hand, they have been dreaming their separate dreams, looking into the fire; she looks up when she speaks.

"Eight years—yes, so it is," John Haller said; he pressed closer the gentle, nestling hand, and sighed.

"I have read somewhere that the first twenty years of one's life is the longest part, no matter how long one lives; I wonder is that so?" Ethel asked; she was looking up into her guardian's eyes, with that intelligent, puzzled look which her face wore sometimes.

"I think it is," Mr. Haller answered; "so many things contrive to fit themselves into those first few

years, we learn so much, we gain so much : and we then lose so much in the after-time." He is still dreaming into the fire, and he speaks in a kind of reverie.

"I know what you mean, uncle," Ethel says presently ; "and I have sometimes thought myself that there is a very unequal division of the happiness and the sorrow ; so much that is bright and pleasant belongs to the first part of one's life, and the care, and struggle, and weariness, all comes with the other."

"What a little thinker it is!" John Haller said, smiling down upon the sunny head, and stroking still the nestling hand. "Such a romantic little woman!"

Ethel laughs ; and she rests her little round chin upon his knee, and gazes on. So may gentle Desdemona have crouched, listening at her lover's feet, a child-woman, listening and believing.

"I sometimes think that we are two very odd people, Uncle John."

"Do you, little puss?"

"I do, indeed ; I don't think other people talk or think as we do ; I am sure they don't."

"So foolishly?" Mr. Haller asks, running his large, strong hand over the bright mop of hair lying on his knee.

"No, so sensibly," Ethel answers ; "I never can talk to anyone as I do to you."

"We are ; very odd people, kind of recluses, ain't we?" John Haller says again. "I feel like old Prospero with his little daughter ; we only want the island and the fairies to complete us."

Ethel laughs.

"You are too young for a Prospero ; and old Jones isn't ugly enough for a Caliban," she says, raising her pretty face in the fire-light.

"And then again some cruel Ferdinand might break the spell, and and steal my pet away from me ; and what would her poor old Prospero do then, poor fellow?"

The upturned girl's face flushes suddenly a bright hot blush, the great eyes turn their frank gaze full upon him.

"But Miranda has made a determination never to fall in love with any Ferdinand. The girl's face is hidden away in two little white,

soft, sheltering hands. John Haller doesn't speak ; is he glad to hear of that determination, or sorry? No one could tell, I think he is fighting a battle with himself, such battles as generous men sometimes do fight against their own small, selfish instincts, he loves this bright-haired, pleasant little girl so tenderly, without her his life would be so objectless, and yet it is for her that any ambition which yet lives in his heart rises and swells, she is so handsome, so clever, so far above all other girls in every way, and she should be raised above them, he had told himself often, this was the one hope and object of his life. For many minutes he doesn't answer her, he looks and gazes into the great red fire, as though trying to see the future there ; and when he does speak it is his better instinct that prompts him, his selfishness is put away.

"I love my darling so, that I cannot be happy until I see her provided for, when she has a home of her own, when she is a great lady, with lands and servants, and riches of all kinds, when I know that she is safe, I shall then be happy."

The hidden face is raised once again, it is pale now, tears are shining in the violet eyes.

"You are in a great hurry to break up our quiet, peaceful life," she says, almost reproachfully. "You are very anxious to be rid of me, Uncle John ; am I a trouble to you—are you tired of me?"

"Oh darling!"

He speaks almost passionately, he takes the pretty girl's face between his two hands, and gazes on it with such a great, tender love. "What would my life be without you? Little puss, I sometimes grow afraid that I love you too well, that I make an idol of you."

He is looking, and speaking, as no lover ever looked or spoke ; there is such a sad, tender light in his eyes ; his whole soul shines in them. "I sometimes think my love is almost wicked, and that God will punish me for it."

"Oh, hush!" she said, "you musn't speak like that."

She was almost frightened by his vehemence, she had never seen him look or speak so before. "Hush!" she whispered, laying her soft hand

caressingly on his arm, "darling, I was very wrong to speak to you so, I am so ungrateful."

"Ethel," and he spoke so gently, looking down upon her with his sad eyes, and a pained look in all his face—"you must never question my love, it is so great, so tender, that I would do anything, suffer anything, so that you might be happy; I only live for you, remember this, my child, and if I seem too ready to part with you, it is because I look only for your good, disregarding the heartbreaking and bitterness which such parting would bring to me. Do you understand me, little pet?"

She did understand in a way, but such love was almost a pain to her; that ambition or pride could have any place in the affection which lay between them, robbed their sober, quiet life of half its romance.

"And now little puss will sing me a song, won't she?" John Haller said again, and he held out his arms, and took his idol, and pressed her close to his heart, and kissed her face; and then Ethel stole away into the shadow where stood her organ, and played those grand sacred pieces which she always played on Sundays or holidays, and this Christmas-time was to them a time for all sacred things. Handel's sublime work, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," her clear, sweet voice filling all the room, echoing in every shadowed corner; and John Haller, listening by the fire-side, and loving as few men or women know how to love, wept silent tears all to himself, while he listened—tears, not weak or unmanly, but gracious, thankful tears, that some of the sunshine and spring yet lingered in his life.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

##### "Death on the pale horse."

"New things succeed, as former things grow old," writes a very old-world writer; and how strange it seems to think of the many, many years that have elapsed since that man so wrote—of the many new things and changes which have arisen! How this huge globe goes thundering

"On, for ever on."

Seasons and lives—all in a perpetual course of mutation; everything changing! How strange it is to think of it all! Will the world go on rolling and tumbling and changing when I am dead and forgotten, I wonder? Will there live a new generation of men and women, with new plans and occupations? Of course there will. What a conceited thought to come into anyone's mind, into a poor, weak human being's mind, so weak, so insignificant, so perishable that a breath can kill him "as a breath hath made"! And yet it does seem strange—very strange and sorrowful, that we are individually so insignificant that our presence or absence is of so small account. "If," writes Walpole, "I had a grain of ambitious pride left, it is what in other respects has been

the thread that has run through my life—that of being forgotten." This same thread has run through almost all our lives, I suppose. No one likes the idea of being forgotten. My ambitious pride does not prompt me to wish that I should be remembered as one better or more admirable than other men; but I would like to be able to think that when I die, when my place upon earth shall know me no more, there may yet remain some echoes in some true hearts, such echoes as "roll from soul to soul"—some remembrances of my good, and not my evil deeds.

But here I am, as usual, beginning to prose and sermonize. Moralizing is not for novels, I believe; and so to follow up my story.

This Christmas-time brought with it trouble to Darrell. Old Sir Hugh walked no more to his farms or fields; he stood no more on the terrace in the sunlight. He was ill—sick unto death; and all day, as he sat in his study, with his leather arm-chair wheeled, facing the window, through which could be seen his bright beloved picture of fields and trees and mountains. Lady Darrell sat near



him. Gentle, silent, patient, she watched by him; it was her duty to honour and obey; to cherish him while life lasted; and this duty she strove to perform. She never neglected him or slept at her post; all day she sat in that dull, sombre room, watching him.

There is something in sickness which softens men's natures, and makes them more observant of gentleness and thoughtfulness. It is then that they learn to lean on women, to look for the countless little ministering ways which belong only to women; they need the soft hands, the light steps, the quiet voices; they go back again into their infancy, and grow helpless. Sir Hugh was not a patient man in sickness any more than any other man; he was restless and peevish, thankless for kind offices; but, even so, he couldn't but feel the devotion and never-changing gentleness of his wife.

She was the same demure lady, with her pale face, and busy fingers ever at work; she was always working, and still she never seemed to complete any piece of work, but she was one who never grew impatient; it didn't matter to her whether she went on for ever at a never-ending Penelope's web. Like Hood's poor sempstress, she "sewed them on in a dream," and when they were completed they were put aside, and new ones succeeded.

Sir Hugh had been very ill. One of those paralytic strokes which take so much life out of a man he had had; and now he sat there in his chair, such a bowed, crippled, old man. Never again might he take his solitary rambles in the place, in the fields among the labourers and reapers, in the village by the cottages, the bobbing school-children and curtseying women—never again might they see the tall, spare figure. Sir Hugh's occupation is over, from henceforth for ever; for the human forever of his life he must be only passive where he had been active, only a spectator of the play in which he had once taken such a prominent part; he had strutted and fretted his hour, and now he may be seen no more! There is something inexpressibly melancholy in such a break-up—in the wreck of such a life—an active, energetic life—which has been hitherto full of different excitements.

and which becomes all at once so objectless, so dependent. Sir Hugh was by nature an energetic man; although he had never well used his energies, he had a score of pet schemes, of little, foolish plans unfinished, and they were not such plans as any other man, following in his footsteps, would be likely to approve, or finish. He was not one of those whose "works follow them;" his life was not calculated "to adorn a moral or to point a tale," and yet it had been an active life.

Alas for such lives! Alas for the ill-spent, wasted hours, the talents turned not to account—the undeveloped, unrevealed good, which lies deep buried, hidden away in many hearts! There is some good in everyone, if they would but show it always. This same peevish, old Sir Hugh, who had so many foolish hobbies, who had wasted so many of the young, good days of his life, had still some redeeming qualities, some good instincts. There came times when his wife's patient devotion touched him, and stirred up a kind of gratitude in him, a kind of repentance, and he would say sometimes, "You are a good wife, Mary," and sigh and wish that he had made her life pleasanter to her. But why linger over this, the finishing scene in a worn-out life? The days crept along so quietly, so sadly; and when that Christmas-day was over—when a week had passed and gone—when the new year's first day was coming near, and the bells in the little village church were ringing out the old year, Sir Hugh died!

It was night—a clear, frosty night—no sound within or without save those new year's bells, which yearly ring out over the world of cities and fields; over the living and the dead; singing a song of life to some, telling a tale of slowly, surely dying time to others. There had gone a telegraphic message to Mr. Darrell to London on this last night of the old year, and it said, "Hurry home! he is dying!" It lay unopened, unclaimed, waiting at the Carleton Club, for Mr. Darrell was away in Cornwall; but no one knew of that visit which he paid to a fishing village lying on the desert sands of the south of England.

And he who had been dying, when the message went away to London, was dead before his son ever got it.

Sir Hugh was dead, and his poor, patient wife knelt by the big bed in that cold, silent room at the stone house of Darrell—the only living soul who still stayed near him, who sorrowed for him. “Nothing dies but something grieves.” The big, old retriever dog, who used to follow him in his rounds of the place, who used to lie curled up at his feet in the study, would miss him, too, perhaps would hunt for him about the place for a few days, would whine a little, and that was all. Men like Sir Hugh never make friends—real friends. But memories of the dead come purified and softened: only the good is remembered. And my lady, kneeling there in the solitude of that great solemn chamber, made solemn and more silent by the presence of one who had not been there before, was crying gently to herself, tears not of anguish, not of despair, but gentle, sorry tears.

All the old heart-burnings and disappointments were forgotten then—the quarrells and snubbings—she remembered only what was noble and generous in him—his princely gifts, his ungrudging, extravagant presents to her; the sort of affection which used to be in his eyes and voice, and when he sometimes said, “Poor little Mary! You are a good wife;” when he would stoop and kiss her, and sigh a kind of regretful sigh, because he felt that he had not made her life pleasant to her. She remembered all this, and a great deal more, with the generous, loyal love of a woman—a love which had only begun to have its being, in the time of trouble and sickness when he had turned to her, and sought her, and seemed sorry for what was past.

She put out her hand while she knelt there; big tears came into her eyes, and a sense of a greater loneliness than ever filled her heart, as she laid it on the dead, cold hand of him for whom she had sacrificed her life. A flood of regret, of the kind of passionate, yearning regret, which reserved, sensitive people only can feel, when the time for words and little loving demonstrations is gone from them, when they have let slip the opportunity for speaking their love, flooded all her soul, and she cried—

“Oh, Hugh! Hugh! are you gone from me?”

There lay the still, motionless hand which had held hers on a past day in

a distant church, a cold, dead hand now, which gave back no pressure while she held it. He was gone! as utterly gone as are all dead people when they answer not again, when their eyes follow us not, when their hands touch us not, when their place among us knows them no more. She would miss him now, as she had never missed him in the days when he had left her lonely at Darrell: many days they were too. She would miss him, as only one who had learned to live for another can miss that other when he dies. There had existed no great love between them, and yet there was a world of true sorrow in that gentle lady's heart, as she knelt by the bed and cried, “Oh, Hugh! Hugh! are you gone from me?”

She was so gentle, her nature was so lovable, that, I think, unknown, unacknowledged to herself, she had grown to love that unlovable, fickle man.

All night Lady Darrell remained in that still, solemn room of death, kneeling, praying, sorrowing, with her white hands clasped above her head, and the dim dark prospect of a loveless, aimless future streaking away before her into the untold years. She was alone now in the world. The insignificant cotton-spinning father, the low-born, vulgar, good-hearted mother, had long since passed away to where their vulgarity would never be called into question, and she was estranged from all her own kith and kin. She stood alone in the world. She knew the new baronet well enough to know that now her presence at Darrell would not be pleasant to him. The time had come. The heir had come into his kingdom. Everything was changed. So much for life! Poor, gentle, timid soul: I pity her: I pity all lonely people, perhaps, because I, too, have been so lonely in my time; because I, too, have felt the want of companionship, as the bitterest, cruellest trial of my life. I stand beside her, I slip down on to my knees and kneel beside her, and pass my arm round her neck, and draw her poor, lonely head down on my shoulder, and say to her, “I pity you, I sympathize with you, because I have suffered in like manner with you.”

But, pshaw! What am I thinking of? Dreaming, as usual; for all that

is over long ago, and my opportunity for comforting is gone. Sir Hugh lies in the mausoleum in Darrell churchyard, and already the sharp-cut letters, the name, and date, and Scripture text are blunting, and time

is beginning to write "strange defeatures" on the marble face, and I am left "meditating among the tombs." And Lady Darrell! pale-faced, tender-hearted, lonely lady, where is she?

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### STANDING ALONE.

OLD Sir Hugh Darrell dead! His son going to be married! Why, then, the big young dragoon, quartered in an Irish garrison town, was no longer a *bon parti*. Mrs. O'Loughlen didn't ask him to dinner any more. Mrs. Little, manœuvring as usual, gathered her *passée* chickens close under her protecting wing whenever the large figure and prepossessing face of that young cavalry officer hove in sight. Poor, unconscious Victor, he had become all at once a kind of *bête noire* to all the worldly mammas within many miles of the stone barrack where he was quartered. All the disadvantages of a "younger son" followed him now; his good looks only stood in his way—made him more dangerous. Did he feel all this? Not at all; what cared he whether pretty faces looked pleased or chagrined when he approached? One woman's face was like another to him; all as shadows; none of them delighted him. In his heart he was faithful to the memory of a sweet picture face which belonged to the past days of his life. He treasured up a little photograph, a few drawings and water-colour sketches; and a dream of such beloved haunting eyes; and while he so clung on to these past things, his heart kept telling him the same sad words, which the good King Arthur breathed above his lost love:—

"Let no one dream but that I love thee still."

When men like Victor Darrell once fall in love, their love must needs become a part of their natures; it takes such a root in their hearts, it so mixes and mingles itself in all the hopes and pleasures of their lives, that it becomes a part of themselves, and lives while they live. Victor had all at once become a very insignificant person; and all

this the proud young fellow saw and felt; and it only made him think more bitterly of the world, and, above all, of the women of the world, whose souls were so sordid, whose hearts were locked to all save golden keys. His prospects had fallen away from him all at once; and Victor now stood in a very different position.

A week's leave of absence had been granted to the bereaved young dragoon, so that he might attend his uncle's funeral in England; and at one time Victor had thought, "And I will not go;" but again other thoughts had come into his mind, and he had determined that he would go this once, to pay this one last act of respect to the uncle who, in a manner, had been good to him. Victor was generous, and in a grateful way he remembered a score of little kindnesses, some of them very old, which he had received at Sir Hugh's hands; and he determined that he would see the last of him. "I have done nothing to be ashamed of, and why should I stop away, like a coward? I shall go for the one day." And so he went.

It was in the early, early morning that Victor walked under the tall bare trees, up the avenue, at Darrell; he had arrived the evening before at Nante, and much to the surprise of the landlord of the "Darrell Arms," had put up at that unpretending little hotel: and now he went walking to the house. Little snow-flakes were feathering down among the trees as he walked along, and the ground was all white with lately fallen showers. He had only turned into the avenue, quite close to the house, for many carriages drove up the avenue on this dark winter morning, and these Victor wished to avoid; he had traversed a little by-path by the lake, and he only emerged close to the house.

There stood the cold stone house, the rows of lifeless windows, the blinds all down, the pillars and wide stone steps. It was always a bleak, solemn-looking house; but now it looked bleaker and more solemn than ever, with its rows of blinded windows and the wide gaping door; but something stirred Victor's heart as he walked up under the snow shower all alone, and a mist came over his pleasant blue eyes; something was whispering him, "All is changed;" and he walked slower, with his head bent.

A few carriages, drawn to one side, screened by the evergreens; among them, nearer the house, that one with plumes. A few men in a little knot, talking and smoking together; how incongruous it seemed; and yet it is so that our prose is for ever mingling with our poetry, and spoiling it. He passed on: he stood at the foot of the steps, and then at last he did pause. Up to this moment I don't think Victor had realized what he had undertaken; he had come to be a mourner at his uncle's funeral, he had come to take his farewell of the dead, aye, and of the living too. The kindly love which he had always had for his timid aunt still lived within him, and the affection which his generous heart felt for the old house and place. These were the things which had brought him long miles to take his farewell; but now he paused; like a cruel dream came the remembrance of the wrongs which he had received at his cousin's hands—the great wrong which had robbed all his life of its pleasantness, and so he paused. Could he bring himself to see that man, to stand in *his* house, to hold *his* hand? he scarcely trusted himself; but while he so thought, a colour came to his face: he would face him, stand face to face with him, and with such a determination he scaled the stone steps.

Victor passed into the corridor. How the whole world had changed and darkened for him since he had last stood in this great corridor; he remembered his last morning at Darrell, what a bright summer morning it had been, how brilliantly the great sun had shone in upon him through the big painted window, and what a hopeful, trusting man

he had been then; how bright the future had seemed, and yet that day's future was this day's present. And oh! how vain, weak, and foolish his old plans all seemed.

He stood there, hat in hand, like a stranger in that great, vast corridor, his sunny head bent; the anger, the pride, all, all the bitterness was gone, there was only sorrow in his face as he stood there alone, looking on over the darkened floor; already his place in this his old home knew him no more. He stood there as though waiting for some one, as though listening for some footfall that could never come again; and while he stood alone in the dim light, alone under those picture faces, there came a flood of memory into Victor's heart; he put his hand up over his eyes, and he stood there dreaming, thinking and dreaming, voices long hushed spoke near him, footsteps which had not sounded for long, echoed up and down the corridor; he was living his life over again, he was dreaming of old days and years, and while he so dreamt he forgot the present; beside him, under a summer sun, stood Ethel; he felt the rustle of her dress, he heard her voice, her laughter and pleasant words, and his heart rose up, and beat, and trembled within him, in the same passionate way, for it was the Ethel of old, who came and stood beside him then, the pleasant, smiling, quaint, little girl, whom he had loved in the summer days, in the sweet Devonshire fields, whom he had trusted and believed in so generously, the pretty blushing Ethel who had stolen his heart away from him, who had awakened new glorious dreams in his life, the sweet, tender-hearted Ethel who had clung about his neck, on that parting day, in the meadow by the stile. Good God! how changed she was!

He lifted his head, he let his eyes roam away over the carpet, and his vision faded away, and he was himself again, his broken-hearted wronged self, standing completely alone in the world.

That morning Victor Darrell stood by his uncle's grave, and saw the black coffin lowered into the vault.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord"

And the rector had not an imposing

voice, but Victor listened, never raising his eyes; listened to the whole, to that story of man's life in death, how he cometh up and is cut down like a flower, never continuing in one stay, "born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward," dying while his plans are all incomplete; and only once had Victor raised his eyes to look upon one such man, standing opposite him—one man, the multitude of whose sins and wrongs none knew, save "He to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid;" full upon him Victor looked with his clear, honest eyes, such a look as might well cause any dishonest man to tremble, and before that look Henry's gaze sank.

He had gone up to Victor in the hall, at Darrell, before a roomful of other men, holding out his hands to greet him, and Victor had refused to be so greeted; he had let those strangers one and all see that he and his cousin were enemies; his handsome face had flushed up crimson, and he had turned on his heel angrily, his bright eyes flashing. No words passed between them then; something upon which Victor had never counted stood between him and the revenge which he had once promised himself; he dared not to lift his hand; reverence, a power mightier than himself, withheld him; and Henry, standing pale-faced, could only accept this slight in silence. Men looked upon one another in surprise; "Something about the will," they thought—"a family affair;" and the rector, to whom little unchristian squabbles were familiar, coughed aside,

and grew a nervous pink colour, eyes and all.

Did Victor forgive the wrongs as he stood looking across his uncle's grave, at that cruel man? No, I am afraid he did not, he was only human, subject to the same temptations and passions as other men, no better than others, and he had been tried as few men ever are, he could never forgive, but he looked as though trying to read into his soul, as though trying to search into his heart, and learn the fullness of it; see the secrets, know the reasons; but the eyes, the lights from which, and in which such things may sometimes be read, the eyes fell before his searching gaze.

Victor was one of those men whose nature it is to stand face to face in everything. His eyes had a way of looking straight before them; his head had a way of holding itself erect, and these things were all characteristic. He was a manly man: no one looking into his face ever doubted his words. Had Ethel been so brought face to face with him; had her eyes looked into his, would she have doubted him any longer? I think not.

Oh! why is it that people cannot sometimes be so brought face to face? Is there not a whole world of mistakes and misunderstandings which such meetings might clear up at once? Of course there is. I ask for no words, no explanations; let them but read the eyes in which they had once learned to read the lesson and story of their lives, and, I think, a great deal of the world's heart-breaking and misery might so be mended.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### A NEW STORY.

"*Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!*" The maxim of life—bury the dead, and forget them; let the rooms which they inhabited be swept and garnished, and shut up for a few months, and then "*Vive le roi!*" Open them again for a new tenant. Hide away the clothes they used to wear, lest some be vexed with "hanging robe or garment." Turn their picture with its face to the wall, the better to faci-

litate that process of forgetting, and above all never mention their names. "*Le roi est mort!*" the world says, and then, true to nature, looking onward always and as little back as possible, they cry again, and so "*Vive le roi!*"

Sir Hugh being dead, the crown and sceptre and power all passed into Henry's hands. Sir Henry Darrell, bart., he wrote himself now,

The heir had come into his kingdom, and the dead king was, as a matter of course, in process of being forgotten. My lady, who sorrowed in a meek way, missed her lord more than anyone ever thought. The "white-armed Andromache," who mourned her fallen Hector with such wild words as—

"Thou art gone in pride of youth,  
And thine house hast left me desolate,"

must have been a demonstrative lady; but Lady Darrell was singularly undemonstrative—gentle, retiring, with an affectionate, lovable nature, never appreciated. This patient lady kept her sorrow all to herself. The new baronet had made some rapid changes; he had a score of new plans in his head, as there were scores upon scores of Sir Hugh's old uncompleted ones to be disposed of. That absurd and expensive plan of making a fountain in the western garden was nipped in the bud. The printed designs from Messieurs ——— and Co. were returned, with the information that their services in the fountain line were no longer required at Darrell, and Digga, the gardener, was ordered to rake the ground over the spot which Sir Hugh had had dug preparatory to his water-work experiment. The large order, only given a week before to Mr. ———, for a supply of rhododendron trees, was withdrawn, and the little model dairy at the farmyard, which had been one of Sir Hugh's dearest hobbies, was in process of becoming a pig-stye.

Sir Henry Darrell never rode hobbies, never did anything impulsive. He had new and great plans for the future. Two hunters he had purchased within the last day or two: he knew nothing about horses, but young Howard, a sporting man, who was just then rather hard up, had let Darrell have his two best hunters for £300, a "devilish bargain," as Howard remarked. Whether he considered himself or that "noodle Darrell" (as he was wont to term the new baronet), the gainer by the transaction I cannot say, but men who rode, and who knew what a horse was, and who also knew Mr. Howard, declared that Sir Henry had been shamefully "done" with regard to those two hunters.

The young short-horns, Sir Hugh's

darlings, were sold one after the other until not one remained, and the money which their ugly little bodies realized went a long way towards purchasing five or six pair of coursing hounds, for Sir Henry wished to be thought a sporting gentleman. He wanted to ride, and hunt, and course like Brooke or Howard, or some of the men of his acquaintance who lived in their saddles, sporting men, whose souls lay in their field sports. He could not interest himself in pigs, and cows, and poultry; he hated farming; he was tired of town life, too, blasé with balls and theatres. Weary of all his old pursuits, he wanted something new. This life among men, and horses, and dogs, would be a rare change. A country gentleman he pictured himself, popular, pursued, looked up to. Darrell should be a different place. The new Lady Darrell—a pretty woman, able to do the honours to his gentlemen friends—a woman who would look well at the head of his table, with diamonds in her hair, and on her neck and arms; who would smile and talk, and laugh—not like the poor, pale, insipid lady whose place she should fill. Ethel Haller! What a brilliant beauty she would be, with her white skin and auburn hair; her splendid eyes and red smiling lips. She should dress better than any of the other country ladies, wear finer diamonds than even Mrs. Tixer from Manchester. How the women would envy her, and how the men would envy him.

All these plans were crowding Sir Henry's brain; and while the present Lady Darrell crept meekly about the house, timid, uncertain as to her future position there, her step-son was arranging in his own mind many plans for her.

She would be no ornament in his house, people would probably torture him with their inquisitive inquiries, "And who was she?" and so forth, and the baronet did not care to have to answer those inquiries. Who was she—this insipid, pale-faced lady? Why she was daughter of a celebrated Liverpool firm, everyone would know the name, and her big fortune had all crept away somehow or another long ago, there only remained her washed-out face, her op-

pressive silence, and martyr air, and the burthen of her parvenu origin to be explained away. Better she should go!

"I suppose she has some relations somewhere, everyone has, I believe, anyhow I don't suppose she'd care to stay at Darrell now."

Sir Henry was speaking to his fiancée, Ethel Haller. They were standing together in the drawing-room window, looking out into the terrace, on the snow-whitened balustrade, and many leafless trees, and Sir Henry had purposely introduced the subject of his step-mother's future.

"Go away!" Ethel echoed; "you mustn't let her do that, you mustn't indeed." Miss Haller was looking away over terrace, and tree-top, and field; away to the distant snow-thatched Grange. Darrell without that gentle, sorrowful lady—the idea frightened her; the great solemn house, alone with Sir Henry—the thought chilled her, and made her tremble; such a life she shrank from, she dared not venture upon it. "You mustn't let her go," she said still, "I couldn't live here without her."

She almost shuddered while she spoke, still looking away over that waste of snow.

He looked at her; the pale, pretty profile, the large dreaming eyes. Solitude is bad for anyone, infinitely bad for such a one as Ethel, such a strange, thoughtful girl, so fanciful, and such solitude would be hers, he knew it, their tastes, their hopes, all were so different, he could not understand her, but, in his selfish love he had determined to possess her.

"Of course if you wish it," he said, "she shall stay."

Ethel made no answer, she stood there among the curtains, her head resting against the oak panels in the sunlight, like one of those sweet German pictures of sunny-haired angels. Her great eyes looking far off and sad.

"I don't know what you'll think of me for saying it, Henry, but I don't think we're suited to one another, we're not like in anything."

The German angel face turned to him, and the winter sun shone on it, on its new delicate tints, on the fathomless truthful eyes, on the round

snowy throat, and over all lay such a sadness.

"How do you mean?" he asked. "We get on well enough, and we're sure to get on better when we're married, you can't be so formal with me then, people can't possibly understand each other if they're always acting, never in earnest."

And then over the angel face passed a new light, an earthly light of some human passion; and she said quickly, "I sometimes think I'm different from everyone else, no one really understands me; I wish, oh! I wish it wasn't so."

She spoke almost passionately, this poor, lonely little soul, for whom the world contained such mysterious interests, and to whom the surface of life, the humdrum prosy way, the lukewarm affections, the jog-trot routine of an everyday shallow life, was all so strange, so incomprehensible, so intensely bitter. "I sometimes think that I am so different from everyone that I don't belong to them, that I am not of them, that I am a stranger in this world, some one who has tumbled down from one of the stars by mistake, never intended to mingle with the people here, because they cannot understand me—and I am so odd."

He smiled, quietly, he looked rather quizzically down on the passionate young face, and wild eyes. She certainly was a very extraordinary little girl, this niece of John Haller's; she was of too fine a nature, too true. Was she right in her odd speculations? Was she in truth unfitted for the world? There are many such, many, many, who cannot live out of that atmosphere of poetry and paradise of which there is so small a corner in this our world; natures too refined, too true, too clever.

"I think you worry yourself about little things, Ethel, you imagine too much, you're too thoughtful."

He was looking upon her still with that puzzled look in his face, she was so strange, so pleasant and merry sometimes, and again so morbid and sensitive, so foolish in many ways. Had Victor been cleverer at understanding her; had he been able to penetrate that outward cloak of coldness and reserve, and find the treasure within, and know the value

of it when found ; had he been able to stand "soul to soul, as hand in hand," with her ? The thought troubled him.

"Have you never found anyone to understand you, Ethel ?"

He asked his question gravely—not a wise question ; but he couldn't help himself, he had to speak—and the brave eyes looked up into his, and she answered—

"I did once find one person."

And she spoke quietly, not hesitating or trembling, speaking as of some by-gone thing, scarcely remembered. And he didn't ask her who that "some one" was, because he knew ; but he did catch her by her two hands and whisper, "Ethel, oh ! Ethel, let me try, like that some one else, to know you and believe in you, and be changed through you." No more words ; but he held her there, looking into her face, with such a passion in his eyes. Did she take her hands away from him—did she tell him then that all that was impossible ; that life with her must be love, and love life ? She did not ; but she bent down her head and answered him never a word ; and those who believe that silence gives consent, may draw their conclusions.

She did not speak, because she had no words ready wherewith to answer, it was too late now to repent of that one weak act of hers, that acceptance

of an offer made many weeks ago ; it was useless to tell him now, that never through all time could his great love be returned. Such an answer he would not take ; he had refused it before. What then—why didn't she speak again, and once for all ? Because her pride still lived ; because Victor had come and gone and never seen her, or asked after her, only a week ago ; because she could'n't bear that he should live and pity her, and perhaps laugh at her ; because she was so foolish as to love him still. And so she only hung her head, and allowed Henry Darrell to hold her hands and believe that she was relenting towards him. My heroine is a very wrong-headed, foolish little girl you see—proud and passionate ; not fit to be a heroine at all. And, yet, why shouldn't the lives of such people be put into stories, and written about ? Why shouldn't we see them before us, and read their characters, and see their faults, and so learn a lesson ; such lessons as are to be learnt in every one of God's creations ? That through him alone we may be made perfect ; through his spirit of gentleness and meekness, and forgiveness, of long-suffering and patience ; and so learn to live and act, that in the end, when we are brought face to face with our works, we may hear his voice saying to us, "Well done."

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### A LONG GOOD-BYE.

BECAUSE Victor had come and gone, and never once tried to see her ! And this was the excuse which Ethel made to herself for the anger and bitterness which even still she cherished against him.

This is the secret, the point upon which my story turns, but for this one misunderstanding I should never have written this little history of the life of "John Haller's Niece." There must be some point to every story. This is not an exciting one, not a sensation novel ; it is only the history of some five or six lives ; an everyday story, in which little commonplace occurrences, natural mistakes, so mingle themselves that the

whole becomes distorted ; few people ever pause to think how slight a thing may turn the whole current of their own or some one else's life. A few words spoken hastily ; some few words never spoken at all, or, at best, too late ; a wrong decision, a hasty act. And when we so pause, and consider this, may we not also say, that half, nay more than half of all the world's misunderstandings arise from the pride, the cruel, stubborn pride, which comes and stands in men's way and prevents their speaking openly from their hearts the words which, hundreds upon hundreds of times, come swelling up to their lips, and are never spoken. I have



wronged some one, and yet pride prevents me saying, "I am sorry." I have been injured, perhaps carelessly, almost unintentionally, and yet my pride has hindered me from saying, "I forgive." I have laboured and striven bravely to obtain a coveted object, and when I have been robbed of the object by some one else my pride it is that has caused me to think bitterly of that "some one else" who has been more fortunate than myself. Acknowledging all this then, would it be wrong of me to assert, that the worst sin, the most evil of all our human passions, is pride—pride which makes us cruel and envious—pride which makes us hard and uncharitable—pride which makes us shrink from saying, "I repent!"

Victor Darrell was proud in a way, proud in a manly spirit; possessed of a very large share of that *amour propre* which is a good part in every man's nature. He had none of that evil pride which stirs up men's hearts to hatred or envy; and although he mistrusted Ethel with good cause, still in a generous spirit he determined that he would see her and judge for himself.

He did not return to Darrell after the funeral. When the service was over he allowed everyone to go away and leave him alone in the church; he avoided all the other men; and when they dispersed, and began to go away in twos and threes, he took no notice of the inquiring glances which many of them turned on him.

And John Haller was there—John Haller the farmer, Ethel's uncle. Once had Victor stood near him, once had their eyes met—only once—and Mr. Haller's gaze had been a cold, stern one. And Victor had flushed, as he always did, when he was hurt or angry, a hot, crimson flush, which Ethel's guardian, seeing, had attributed to shame.

And when all was over, and every one turned away to go, John Haller still stood in the church. Something prompted Victor to go to him, and speak with him, but again his pride prevented him, and he turned his head away. Ethel should never know of his great sorrow—so he thought; and when he looked again across the church, Mr. Haller was gone; through the open door Victor could see him walking away, under the trees, down

the path, arm in arm with Sir Henry Darrell. Alone, quite alone, now, Victor stood there in the aisle; he watched those two figures passing away among the trees, over the snow; hat in hand he stood there, looking sternly, angrily after them. How hard he felt it then not to follow, not to go after his cousin, and demand that explanation and satisfaction which he had promised to himself that he should have sometime or another; but that "sometime" was still in the future—an uncertain time, for this was no day for quarrelling and rough speaking. Hot-tempered and passionate as he was, Victor Darrell had grave, reverent feelings on some subjects, and death is a subject which the young almost invariably respect. "Some other time," Victor told himself; he put off his revenge to a more convenient season—a season which never came.

He looked after those two men until their figures disappeared among the trees and grave-stones, and then he turned his back upon the open door; he walked up the aisle, and stood in the chancel, under the painted window. A bright, frosty sun-light shone through the blue, and gold, and crimson of the saints' and martyrs' robes in the picture-window; and Victor, standing there, with his heart still proud and high, was thinking bitterly—oh, how bitterly!—of all his wrongs—the dull, deep sense of a loss greater than any death—filled all his soul. Alone!—quite alone, with his bitter thoughts—was it any wonder if this injured man felt his burthen almost greater than he could bear? Had he ever before this moment really felt how lonely, how unutterably lonely, his life had become? I think not; but it all flashed upon him then with a kind of horror. Why was he there? Why was he in the world at all? Of what avail was his life to him now? Only a pain, a burthen. But that God has set his canon against self-slaughter, what would become of such? And then he looked round the old quaint church, down the rows and columns of high-walled pews, along the aisle, where the broad stripes of colours from the window lay like a carpet—away to the organ, the gilded pipes, the oak pillars, the little square nook where Sunday after Sunday he had

seen *her* sit—his lost love—his darling; and, while he thought of her, the perfect stillness, the hush, the pleasant light—all seemed to soothe him, and steal away the anger out of his heart, and leave only sorrow there. And he put up his hand over his face; he bent his head. The sense of his utter loneliness, the want of something never realized before, softened his heart, and made him sorer, sadder, but better. And then he walked quietly, humbly down into the church, and sat him down in the quiet old seat where long ago, in his boyish days, he had listened, or tried to listen, to God's holy word; and the old, old memories rushed back upon him then—the happy, reckless boyhood—it all came back again in a dream, softened and subdued. He looked up at the big picture-window, and remembered how, when a boy, he had admired it, and never tired of looking at it; how he had grown to have a kindly feeling for the yellow-haired St. James, who seemed never to tire of blessing with up-raised hands the men and women who knelt beneath him every Sunday. How glorious the blue and gold of St. Matthew's robe had seemed to him then! How imposing and solemn St. Peter's earnest face! How brilliant, how splendid, the stream of rainbow-light, like Jacob's ladder, lying over the chancel-floor! And how was it now? Shone the sun less brightly on him? Were his eyes less clear, or was it in truth that now he was "further off from heaven" than when he was "a boy"?—but the love, the reverence, the glory was all gone!

He was a man now; he had tasted of the sweetness and the bitterness of life, and the draught had so far held more than its share of the bitter. That night Victor was to leave Devonshire, and rejoin his regiment. Should he see his aunt before he went? The question arose in his mind as he sauntered slowly out into the churchyard. How could he see her? His pride prevented him returning to Darrell. "She will understand," he thought, and so he didn't try to see her.

But a power stronger than his own will led him near the Grange. When the night had crept in, when all was still and silent, and little pale stars crowded the sky, Victor made his way

up to the Dower-house, with what purpose he knew not—to see her, himself unseen—to hear her voice, to bear away a new picture of her face and form, to dream of, and despair about in his far-away barrack.

He didn't walk boldly up the avenue; he stole round by the farm and the stables, keeping in the shadow, creeping like a thief; no one should see him; no one should ever know of this visit of his—of this he was determined. Under the many long skeleton branches of the trees; by frost-laden, bushy evergreens; over the soft, turfy grass, until he stood close to the house—so close to the big library window, that he could have rapped on the glass at will. But the close red curtains were drawn; the lights within only struggled in a ruddy glow, and she was shut out from him still. His walk had so far been useless; he could not see her—perhaps it was as well so. Why should he try to probe his wound, to make it bleed afresh. It was better so—better that his picture should be faint and half faded. Standing among the evergreens, he could hear her sing; he could hear the organ rise and swell—that was all. And he stepped out on the smooth mown grass, and he looked up at the quiet old house—at the ivied walls and groups of chimneys, the little lattice windows up above, and the pretty, familiar, leafy porch below. He looked over all in the still twilight—alone, in silence, in a great anguish and despair, he was taking his farewell of it all—a farewell which was to stretch itself over all the ages of his life—to be remembered for ever. And then he stole back again to the wide window—close—quite close—and he put out his hand and plucked a piece of the verbena which grew so near, which *she* had planted and trained; it should go among the other treasures of his possessions, to be kept for always in remembrance of her. And then, without hesitating or faltering, he turned and strode away into the night, leaving all he loved behind him. Poor, broken-hearted young fellow! if there is anything absurd or weak in his conduct—if strong-minded, unromantic people read this book, and declare this constancy and worship of his to be childish and contemptible, I cannot help it. But he was one of those

men, so scarce, so unlike the general run, that his love had become the better part of his life—a thing belonging to his life—which could never grow cold, or die, until his heart and all the passions of his heart died also. And

so don't call him weak or unmanly ; don't laugh at his adoration ; forgive him, because he is one of those exceptional men who love "not wisely, but well."

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### NILLY'S TRIUMPH.

"ALL the world's a stage," and all the men and women thereon, as a consequence, players. Of the thousands of little plays, tragedies, and comedies, the farces, and burlesques in which these same players strut, and fret their lives away, this little drama of mine claims a place. It is not a sensation piece ; it will not draw crowded houses to witness a Colleen Bawn header, a mysterious murder, or any of the complicated atrocities in which our British public takes such a lively interest now-a-days ; nobody forges a cheque or burns a will ; my heroine is not a Juliet, who drinks poison because she cannot be happy with her Romeo ; and my hero is not a Romeo, who makes his quietus with a stiletto because he cannot be happy with his Juliet. No ; my play is a humdrum, stupid little piece, I am afraid. The every-day bill of fare which is served up by an old-fashioned primitive cook, whose dishes are the same old dishes of which our grandfathers and great-grandfathers partook with such a healthy relish, before those French *pâtés* and made dishes, which are so new and unwholesome, came into fashion—the roast beef and plum pudding of old England, with just sufficient sauce to make it palatable ; and if there be good healthy appetites—palates which do not belong to epicures—why, then this heavy, unsuspicious dish of mine may not be despised after all. Anyhow, I serve it up—let it try its chance.

The winter had crept into spring ; the snow was all melted and gone off the trees, and shrubs, and garden walks at Darrell and the Dower-house ; and still Ethel Haller was unmarried. Those two months which she had allowed herself for consideration were long gone, and still she craved another respite—

"Give me time," she begged in a kind of despair ; "give me a little

longer time." And Henry could only wait on, patiently, thinking always, "It must come in the end."

The spring days, fresh and joyous, wherein "all things begin to live and move, and have their being," had come at last ; the weary winter months were gone ; the days of rain, and mist, and driving snow had passed away slowly, and now it was again the "time of roses," and singing birds—the time of budding trees and flowers, of gentle dews and sunshine, of clear, sweet days and still evenings ; and at the Dower-house the flowers and trees were all beginning to put out little delicate buds and leaves, and the sun shone daily ; and "the round of life from hour to hour" in the primitive little village lying in the valley, was creeping along in its old "petty pace."

Miss Bell is clipping the dead leaves from the geraniums and fuschias in her tiny greenhouse, and Major Townsend is watching and pottering over the bush rose-trees in his suburban garden. Mrs. Jones, the draper, has been displaying her newest spring fashions in her big bow-window in the High-street for the last three weeks, and the farmers are beginning to look anxiously for what the next three or four months will bring them.

The moss is growing green and thick on the rectory walks, the garden, a year older in its decay, is more of a wilderness than ever, and the westeria, which used to grow so thickly over the whole western side of the house, is hanging limp, untrained, in long straggling branches from the wall. The rector is no gardener ; moreover he is lazy—not energetic or bustling, too gentle to scold or nag about things, and his servants bully him. He lives such a quiet, lonely life all to himself, in his big, brown, shabby rooms, wandering in and out of the house unnoticed, with little to do, and little to think

about, so few interests in his life, that its very quiet makes him sad. He has been all those long winter months trying to make up his mind to marry, trying to bring himself to propose for somebody. "It is not good for man to be alone," he told himself many, many times; and then his old sweet dream of music, and Milly, and a score of pleasant changes, would rise up once again, to charm and perplex him; he had written home to his "mamma," as he called her, a letter full of hopes, and fears, and brilliant plans; and his mamma, unlike most mammas, approved those plans, and bade him "go in, and win," in the pleasantest and most encouraging words.

A sweet spring day, fresh with the break of a newly fallen shower, green grass, and greener trees, all glistening and wet with rain-drops, a sea-blue sky, speckled over with tiny white clouds; and the rector was pacing up and down a long shady tree-walled walk, the "Doctor's walk" it was called, because a certain great man who had lived and reigned in this, his little kingdom, long ago, had used to walk, and think, and compose there; it was not a picturesque walk, there was no singing stream such as poets love, anywhere near it, no stagnant weedy lake, no peep-show glimpses through crooked trees, no banks, "whereon the wild thyme grows," nothing either pretty or interesting; two rows of tall solemn ash trees, so even so monotonous in order, that one might as well have walked between two dead stone walls; such walks, such haunts of genius, are as a rule very unromantic, unpicturesque places, I have seen one walk belonging to a very very great clever man, simply a double row of closely clipped yew hedges, tall as any walls, even, and most terribly monotonous, and yet it was there, if we are to believe tradition, that the words and sentences which thrill our souls, and fire our spirits, and stir us with some mysterious power, were composed and put together; words never to be forgotten. Man takes his ideas, draws his fancy pictures, more finely so. The greatest characters ever drawn in play or story are imaginary ones, the finest scenes ever painted or written about are those which clever men have pictured for themselves. In his dismal cell at Ferrara, Tasso wrote all the wondrous

brilliant scenes of his "Jerusalem;" other great men have written splendid scenes, while their lives glided from them in imprisonment, greater, more dismal than that of Tasso. Homer lived and died in poverty, and in such a tale we may picture how much of the beautiful, and sublime, and poetic in his works came from any outward impression of the grace, and loveliness, and pleasantness of the world.

With real thinkers, then, such things as fine scenery, brilliant colouring, nature's story, go for nought; Milton was blind, and yet saw such things, such scenes of Paradise, as few men can even imagine; and yet, allowing all this, there are few who will disagree with me when I say that it is very good for man to see, and feel, and marvel at the splendour of God's creation. Our rector is a simple little soul, with a very large bump of veneration on his head, and while he is straying listlessly along among those ash trees, he is thinking very reverently of that great doctor of divinity; whose sermons and meditations are standing in a long row, octavo size, leather backed, in the wide book shelves in the rectory library, and he is just thinking that he must order a fire to be lit in the library, to take the damp and rawness out of the room, and prevent that great man's works from perishing by mildew.

The tall bare ash trees, only beginning to shoot out little spring sprouts, stretched away in two long lines before him, the moss on this walk was thicker than on any of the others, for the rector did not compose his sermons like his predecessor, in the open air, with a pompous affectation *à la belle étoile*; he sits and cudgels his small brains, in the little oak parlour where the harpsichord stands, which used to be a schoolroom long ago; it is the smallest and least solemn of all the rectory rooms, and he has chosen it for his study; he has just spent an hour there, writing his sermon, trying to glean ideas from the dull faded wall-paper. He has grown to know every line and spot on that dingy paper; the wide stripe of faded yellow, dotted over alternately with a shepherdess, a bird of paradise, and a rosebud,—a shepherdess, a bird of paradise, and a rosebud; but he has grown restless now,

the open air soothes him after his labour, and he is pacing up and down the "Doctor's walk," thinking.

The sun is shining a faint spring sunlight along the long line of walk, and thinking still, the Rector only suddenly becomes aware of footsteps coming towards him : it is so unusual a thing for anyone to invade this territory, that he almost starts. The sun shines pleasantly on such a picturesque little figure in a scarlet Connemara cloak, such a tidy, demure little figure ! The Rector's cheeks blush almost as red as the cloak while he looks ; he is near-sighted, but that instinct, so true in every man and woman, which tells them sometimes "it is she," or "it is he," as the case may be, set his timid heart bouncing and palpitating in the most excited manner.

"Miss Townsend !" he says, still flurried, trying to adjust his spectacles. He is taken aback, he is in his old alpaca coat, which is gray at the seams, and wrinkled at the elbows, and oh ! horror ! he has got his slippers on ; it is enough to confuse any man. But she only smiles. Threadbare seams and slippers ! What matter such things. The stage of the romance, when such trifles might have turned the current of her hopes, is past ; there is the glory of his face, the blessing of his presence ; all else becomes so weak, of so very small account.

"I was making a short cut," she goes on to say. "You told me I might, and—and"—

"Yes—yes, I remember. It is very good of you—that is, you are welcome, quite welcome."

He stops a little confused ; something is prompting him, "speak now," but he cannot : the old study coat, the worn slippers—adieu romance !

They stand together silent for a few minutes, she is giving him time.

"Were you going anywhere ?" he asked presently.

"Only home," she answered ; "and—and, perhaps, I had better not delay."

She spoke a little nervously, looking up at him with those mild faded little blue eyes of hers, and a kind of desperation got the better of him.

"No," he said, "don't go. Come and see the garden."

It was a desperate stroke. He blushed redder than ever after, while he waited for her reply.

Miss Milly was discreet. There had been a passage in her life : she had loved once, "and the soldier false was he." And such experiences will make young ladies wonderfully sedate and careful.

"I think I had better not," she answered quietly ; "I must go home."

"You have been in my garden before," he said again, desperately, "you and your sister. Don't you remember ? I do. You stood among the rose bushes : I want to see you there again."

He was not himself. Our timid, gentle rector was speaking quickly, scarcely allowing himself time to think. The old coat and worn slippers had filled him with a new fear.

"I want to see you there always among the flowers. Milly, will you come ?"

Did he mean those last words for a proposal ? I think he did. I think he half expected the Connemara cloak to tumble into his arms at once.

But Milly remembered her old, old story of long ago, in which a deep, false voice had spoken some very tender things to her, things which had been forgotten wonderfully quickly.

"He doesn't mean it," she thought, almost incredulously. "He's only making a fool of me."

And then this highly experienced young lady said, demurely—

"I must go home, really, Mr. Gray."

"They don't want you at home," he said again. He was standing before her : no very wonderful lover after all, pink eyes, and sandy hair, and spectacles—such things would go against most men sadly ; and add to this, the terrible incumbrance of a very worn alpaca coat, and a pair of seedy slippers. A sorry figure, poor fellow ! But mysterious are the ways of Providence, marvellous the dispensations. Behold, before the shrine of such contemptible things knelt a devotee, so sincere, so worshipping in spirit, that only the beautiful and sublime stood there before her.

"They don't want you at home," he said ; "and I want you here so much—so very much, that I must have you. Milly, will you come and be always among my flowers ? Answer me, darling !"

He didn't put his arms round her, or say any of the sweet words which the soldier lover may have said, but what he said was to the point. His hand was on her shoulder, his eyes and spectacles bent above her, his good, simple face, so anxious, so tender; and she said,

"I will."

She forgot all about that long ago passage in her life, when she had had a brain fever, because her first love had been untrue; she remembered only the last few quiet months since she had begun to look upwards towards better things. Her little visits and charities, and the wonderful truths which this same gentle little man had spoken to her from the pulpit in the church at Nante—truths which

had made her wish for a new sphere of life and action, a beginning over again. And she answered him, and said, "I will." He didn't kiss her, or call her any endearing names; he only drew her close to him, quite close, until the Connemara cloak half hid him, and then he did stoop down and just touch his lips to her gloved hand, as reverently as though it had been some sacred relic. It was all so demure, so primitive—Noah might have proposed in like manner to Mrs. Noah, before the Flood; and yet there was a kind of romance and poetry in it all, spite of the grim, ugly rows of tall bare ash trees, spite of the hero's old worn clothes and spectacles, and the heroine's *passée* appearance; and all he said was, "God bless you!"

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### LADY DARRELL IN DOUBT.

THERE were great changes at Darrell; the new baronet was a sporting man, or rather a would-be sporting man; for do what he would he could not become all in a day the jolly, hospitable, country gentleman that he wished to be.

He wanted to begin his life over again, and live it quite differently. He wanted to put all the past away from him; and but for one great load, surely this might have been an easy thing enough; he had as fair prospects as most men; he was engaged to be married to a good affectionate girl, and he had such great plans for retrieving the fallen fortunes of his family; all that good fruitful land which lay around the Dower-house would once again return to its rightful owners. A hundred other plans and hopes grew out of this one great one—a hundred fair sweet pictures of a new happy life swarmed around him, and yet how long a time it took to accomplish it all. The spring leaves were on the trees, the spring sunshine lay daily on the gardens and trees and terrace walk at Darrell, and still his new life had never begun. It is a difficult thing for a man suddenly to change the whole tone of his life; how difficult, only those who have striven, or are striving to do so, can ever know. Henry Darrell had not lived worse

than hundreds of other men who reform and become domestic and steady had done before him. And yet how slowly, how reluctantly his new habits and friends seemed to grow round him. He was not a man with whom genuinely manly men cared to associate; his jollity, his laughter, and attempt at good humour was all affected; and the honest hearty men who had been Victor's friends shook their heads, and said that Darrell would never make a man. And there were other things against which Sir Henry had to fight; many visits he had made to that wild fishing village, to the rocks and sea, and desolate cottage on the cliff! and, after all, he was no further from his trouble. He had been a fool, a desperate fool! as he told himself every day of his life when he had suffered himself to be led into that act of madness long, long ago. How was he ever now to shake himself free. Open war was a thing impossible; time only could break the bond, could estrange the wild love, and make him perfectly free. And while that time was coming he still went on seeing her, and being near her, and watching her; and every time he saw her, every time he listened to her strange passionate words, he felt more truly how impossible it was that he could ever bring

himself to acknowledge such a one as his wife.

The old obstacle was removed. The object which he had once told her prevented his declaring his marriage before the world, was gone. Sir Hugh was dead many months ago, and Henry Darrell was his own master in everything; but he had dealt falsely with her, forgetting his promises, breaking his vows, disowning her, and showing her his false, cruel nature. But still she clung to him. "Don't leave me," she would plead to him still; "Henri, Henri, I will wait, but don't throw me off—spare me that." And he dared not give her quite up.

The spring days had come. The fresh green grass was in the fields, little purple violets glistened in the moss-banks by the river where Ethel used to dream in the still summer time. The verbena and heliotrope on the Dower-house wall were stretching out new timid branches into the sunlight, and the sorrow which had fallen on my heroine's life is almost an old one now. She has lived as many other disappointed people have lived before, through months of quiet still life, through peaceful days, in one of the world's out of the way sequestered places, treading untrodden ways, living her old, dreamy life—just the same thoughtful Ethel with her gentle ways, her great capability of loving, her intense appreciation of what was good and beautiful and lovable in the surroundings of her life—pleasant Ethel with her gay spirits, her quaint unique ideas and ways, so unlike all other girls. How clear this picture of her comes before me, in shape and substance: so unlike a picture, so true to life and nature, so variable; not one picture, but a hundred live in my memory. Now it is the German angel face, with such a grave sweet sadness over it, such soft beseeching eyes, such gentle lips! but, again, the eyes can flash in a way that angels know not, the lips can speak passionate things; and while I look the fashion of my picture changes. I have Guido's Cenci face before me, with its strange despair, and unspoken horror. Sir Joshua Reynolds has painted pretty piquant little faces, sweet arch eyes, red

smiling lips, and the richest, brightest curly hair; and one of these is also like Ethel. Nowhere have I ever seen so changeable a face—one so speaking and intelligent. It took a long, long time to know it, to know all the various lights and shadows in it; but when you did learn it, when you had read it and lingered over it, like a pleasant book, before you knew you were in love with its marvellous beauty, other faces had become all at once commonplace and lifeless, other handsome faces grew like pictures, other pretty ones all like shadows; it was the only beautiful, pretty, and speaking face in the whole wide world.

And Victor wrote to his aunt after all those long winter months, and said—"I am so unhappy, I cannot forget her; I have tried, but I cannot. I suppose it will be my misfortune to go on loving her always."

And Lady Darrell sat a long time with Victor's letter in her hand, thinking how true he was, how faithful: was there any other man in all the world like him? could any girl dare to compare him to his cousin? had Ethel Haller any idea of how great his love for her was? And Lady Darrell decided not. "Shall I tell her?" she thought; and then in her own weak timid way, she trembled, and almost wondered at her own audacity in allowing the thought to enter her mind. Miss Haller was engaged to Sir Henry, still the same undecided, cool kind of engagement, in which both parties seemed to acquiesce, but not rejoice. Ethel saw her promised husband some two or three times a week, not oftener, and then it was a shake hands, half a dozen commonplace words, such as friends might speak; and when Ethel came to Darrell for the day, she would take a little walk about the place with him, sometimes a ride, or, if the day was wet, have a talk over the fire, working all the time; and yet they were engaged. Sir Henry had told his aunt so, and Ethel had acknowledged it. She was a very odd girl, Lady Darrell thought—very cold. She herself had never loved hotly. There was no great depth or passion in her nature, but as a matter of course she had always put up her face for Sir Hugh to kiss, every day when he came a

wooing her in her Manchester home, every evening too when he went away after dinner, and he had always seemed pleased. She remembered his words too, sometimes softly spoken, his commendation of new dresses, and the way he used to sit on the sofa of afternoons, with his arm round her waist, that wooing had not been a very warm one, at least she had not thought so at the time; but it all came back to her now with a kind of regret, and some of the easily-provoked tears crept up to her eyes, and filled them to overflowing, and fell down on the coloured wools in her lap and wet her hands. That morning, feeling more than ordinarily lonely, she wrote a note to the Grange.

"DEAREST ETHEL—Will you come over to luncheon and spend the afternoon with me? I am so lonely. Henry is away.

"Your affectionate  
"MARY DARRELL."

And Ethel wrote back, and said, "I shall be delighted to come." Would she have been quite so delighted had Henry been there, to sit and watch her, and trouble her with the everlasting reproach of his presence? I suppose not; but to-day she went with a will. She ran up the stairs singing, two steps at a time, bounding in the old joyous way, with Fairy at her heels. Somehow, she felt freer, more like her old self of a year ago; more like the pleasant, joyous little girl whose heart had been so light, and free from care; whose voice used to fill the rooms and passages and desolate places in the old grange house with the sweetest, gladdest music in the world, the ring of a happy young voice. Ethel's was a wonderfully elastic nature, so full of the buoyancy and freshness of youth, and at times so strong with the great graveness and thoughtfulness of older years.

Fairy followed his mistress up the stairs. Greatly excited was Fairy at the return of the old spirit and romping tendency in his mistress. For a long time past the little dog had followed slowly, lagging footsteps, slow movements, and he seldom now got pulled about and tumbled head over heels, and his ears pulled

in that childish, rough, playful way. He barked a little short, joyous bark now and then, as he scampered up the stairs. Ethel paused at her room-door out of breath.

"Why, Fairy, old fellow, we must both be getting sadly old. You're nearly as much blown by the exertion as I am."

Ethel was so used to talk to her little dumb companion that Fairy had grown to understand and watch for such attentions. He jumped up with his two paws on her dress, and whined a little answer, and then they went into the room together. Miss Haller went over to the glass and took up a comb preparatory to arranging her rather untidy hair. It was fuzzy hair, in great abundance, much given to curling. A colour had come into her face—a warm, bright colour. A deeper shade lay in the violet eyes, as she looked into the glass.

"I'm a very odd young lady, aint I, doggy?—a most heartless, thoughtless, young lady. I only grow fat, and red, and lively on my troubles."

She was busy with the comb, running it slowly through the untidy ripples of hair, and Fairy sat demurely looking on and listening with his intelligent little snub nose high in air.

"What do you think, sir?" she added, laying down the comb, and looking down in an amused, quizzical way on her little pet. "Do you think I'm a great fool or a great wise-head? or do you think about me at all, you little impudent dog?"

And Miss Ethel *s'est élancé* on top of her little dog, in quite a retriever fashion, and she has picked him up in her arms.

"Suppose I bring you with me, doggy, to yonder great house. You must be a very good, steady little dog if I do; no tumbling and romping there, Fairy; no unladylike scampers, and no nonsensical talking, mind that, sir; give the paw? There that's a good dog. He shall go."

And this very foolish young lady kissed her little terrier's snub nose. We must remember that she was a lonely little girl, with very few things to love, or be loved by; and there is something inexpressibly sad in witnessing the great love of some



• warm, passionate nature, thrown away on a weak, unworthy object, which cannot reciprocate or appreciate it. Ethel was kissing and fondling her little dog, and talking lovingly to him, as though he could

understand it all. And Fairy went to Darrell with his mistress, sitting in the basket carriage beside her; the most pampered little dog in all England that day.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

## BREAKING THE ICE.

"You are not looking well, Ethel," Lady Darrell said. She and Ethel had spent a very quiet afternoon together over their work in the long drawingroom. It was growing dusk now: outside the terrace, the trees and shrubs were beginning to look hazy and like shadows in the uncertain light, and Ethel, sitting in the firelight, on a low chair, looked up smiling.

"Not looking well!" she echoed. "Why only this morning I was remarking how disgustingly robust I looked."

"You have grown thin, I think," Lady Darrell continued. "I don't think you're looking at all well."

Ethel didn't answer immediately; she sat with her chin resting on her hand, looking into the fire. At last she said—

"I think everyone imagines that I am ill because I am quieter than I used to be; I am not such a tomboy; but then I am growing old—I shall be seventeen in a few months, and people grow steady as they grow up, don't they?"

She was trying to convince herself that the kind of apathy and stillness which was stealing over her, arose from other causes than her want of interest in life. Lady Darrell, leaning back in her chair with her face in the shadow, was looking intently at that young, grave face, upon which the firelight fell—it was the German angel face there, transparent looking, pale with that patient look of settled sadness—and Lady Darrell said, suddenly—

"Darling, are you happy?"

And something sent the warm blood rippling up into Ethel's face, as she turned quickly on her questioner, poor little soul! A flurried, frightened feeling filled her heart; had anyone guessed her secret? Was she such a bad actress after all?

She went over and knelt down beside Lady Darrell's chair, and slipped one of her hands into her friend's hand, and looked up at her gravely.

"Why do you ask?" she said, but she spoke gently, as if encouraging further questioning, and Lady Darrell answered—

"Because, darling, I have known something of trouble in small ways, and—and if you are not happy, I think sympathy is a great thing."

Ethel didn't speak for a few minutes; my heroine was a proud little girl; she shrank from such sympathy, perhaps because she had known so little of it in her life. She was proud, and she determined to bear her trouble, and, if possible, live it down all by herself.

"Why do you think I am not happy?" she asked again; and Lady Darrell said—

"Ethel, are you very fond of Henry?"

And Ethel didn't answer at once "I am," as might have been expected; but she sat looking on into the fire, thinking; and when she did speak there was a sort of defiance in her voice.

"If you mean—am I in love with him, I am not," she said quickly, almost angrily, it seemed to Lady Darrell; "but I suppose I am fond him, at least I like him as much as I shall ever like anyone, I think, and he is very good to me."

And then the gentle lady whose life had been so unfortunate, such a great mistake, felt something prompting her to speak, and she said—

"Oh, Ethel, my child, you must not let such liking stand in the way of love."

She was speaking almost passionately, this gentle lady, holding firmly the soft young hand in hers.

"You must not cheat yourself into

a belief that it can ever stand you instead; it will be the greatest, the bitterest mistake of all your life, if you do!"

She spoke quickly, not hesitating, or weighing her words, perhaps she spoke from experience; and Ethel, startled by her vehemence, looked up surprised. There was such a look of pain in the kind worn face, such a story of disappointment and weariness there, that a new light seemed to flood my heroine's heart, and yet her pride would not allow her to speak the words which came swelling up to her lips, she only said—

"But I shall never love anyone, I know it."

"Then never marry, Ethel, you will live to repent it if you do."

Would Lady Darrell have acknowledged even to herself that out of her great love for Victor she had spoken stronger, braver words than she might otherwise have done; but they were the only weapons she could use in his cause, others she dared not.

And Ethel sat there silent for a long long time, while the light outside grew fainter, and less, and the fire slowly died away from its brightness, and all the time she had been thinking, and now her thoughts took the shape of words, and she said very gently—

"I dare say you are right, but what am I to do?"

"You shouldn't have accepted Henry, not loving him," was the answer; but Ethel broke in passionately—

"I know that," she said. "I know it; and have known it ever since the day I did it; but don't blame me now, I cannot help it—tell me what to do?"

It was a hard question to answer; one which she shrank from; but Lady Darrell could not hold back now; she had to speak, and in her ignorance she spoke hurtful words.

"There may be some one you like better," she ventured. "Don't act rashly, judging hastily."

Act rashly! judge hastily! the words seemed to chide, and they filled Ethel's heart with bitterness. Had she acted rashly in waiting two long months as patiently as anyone ever waited for a letter, or a line of news from Victor? Had she judged him hastily when, after all that time

when she learned that he was false to her? She had put the thoughts of him as far as possible from her mind; no; a thousand times no; so she told herself, and the very memory of that old bitter time, made her heart swell up with a passion that was half regret.

"Have you quite forgotten Victor?" Lady Darrell had spoken suddenly, and when she spoke she felt that she had been wrong to utter such words, terribly wrong, but she couldn't recall them now. And then Ethel's pride rose higher, hotter; her face flushed up with anger, and she said quickly—

"I don't know what you mean!"

And Lady Darrell, grown ashamed of her own vehemence, said—

"You must forgive me, dear, I was mistaken;" and then loving Ethel put her two round arms about her friend's neck, and kissed her fondly, and half laughing, half in earnest, said—

"Indeed, darling, I think you have good cause to be displeased. I am the most unmanageable, wicked girl in the world; and I think the world is beginning to find that out, and look coldly on me in consequence."

She could speak pleasantly, and even smile; but the truth lay deep buried, hidden away in her proud heart, untold to any; but Lady Darrell interrupted—

"No, no," she said, "you are a very good, dear little girl, Ethel, but I cannot understand you."

And Ethel, grave again, answered, "No one does."

And then the odd little girl fell a thinking. How was it? This great misfortune; was she always to stand alone, never understood? Was she never again to find another like Victor, who would read her thoughts and mind, and know all that she could not speak, and feel all that she felt, having that wonderful sympathy, that similarity, that likeness, which some one has called a recognising of something of one's self in some one else from which love originates; and thinking over all this acknowledging all her own oddities, and strange ways, she thought that it was very unlikely that the world contained another such.

A long time they sat there in the dusk, those two, each with their separate thoughts; and at last Ethel

rose to go, but Lady Darrell pressed her to stay.

"Henry will soon be home," she said. And Ethel, a little embarrassed, answered—

"But Uncle John will be expecting me."

And of course Uncle John's claim carried the day. Truth to say, Miss Haller did not want to see her *fiancé* just then; she wanted to think a little, to weigh Lady Darrell's words, and make up her mind, for she was in a sad perplexity; and no more words were spoken between them on the subject. Lady Darrell kissed her protégée fondly at parting; and the basket carriage being in waiting, Miss Haller and her little aid-de-camp, Fairy, made themselves com-

fortable therein, and drove home quickly, through the lanes, and roads in the still dusk evening. And in the quiet, Ethel thought over her talk a great deal: "she is right," she told herself often, and yet while she so thought, before her rose the memory of John Haller, and his great hopes for her in the future, and she thought again, "he knows best; he is the wisest."

Poor lonely little girl, this period in her life was the one wherein she felt the terrible want of the loving, true advice which mothers only know how to give, unselfish advice, arising from no other spring than love—love so true, so pure, so perfect, that its very presence gives us faith.

## CHAPTER L.

### "MERRY AS A MARRIAGE BELL."

THE ——— Dragoons were to give a ball in return for a great deal of honest Irish hospitality, and Victor Darrell had to pay in his subscription just the same as Spavells, or any other of the light-hearted young cornets who were bent on "toeing it, and heeling it," and waltzing, and quadrilling with their loves all the evening.

And the ——— Dragoons engaged the biggest rooms in the biggest hotel, and the colonel's wife wrote all the invitations, and the mess-president received all the answers; and of course everyone accepted with pleasure such a distinguished invitation. Mrs. O'Loughlen sent a bunch of evergreens as big as a haystack, with her compliments, and hoping they'd be useful; and the avenue at the Lindens was considerably disfigured in consequence. Mrs. Little cut all her best camelias, and sent them next day in a basket, thinking thereby to outdo Mrs. O'Loughlen. And those "jolly girls," the Sewells, spent two whole days at the hotel making wreaths of evergreens, and the colonel's monogram, and regimental motto in laurel leaves; and made themselves generally useful, and endeared themselves to the whole regiment. And Mesdames O'Loughlen and Little heard of this proceeding with a mixture of anger and admiration. "Those

girls are beyond everything." Mrs. Little exclaimed, "They'll dine at mess next." Nevertheless the Misses Little meeting Captain Diggs in the street, inquired quite innocently if they could be of any use.

What a world of palpitating hearts there was on the great night, when the great night did arrive at last, how many poor little fluttering, foolish hearts, how many anxious, careful ones? The ——— Dragoons knew how to give a ball as well as any regiment in Her Majesty's service. They had entertained handsomely, at Brighton, at Aldershot, at a score of gay English watering places; and they knew how to do the thing handsomely.

The Sewells were the first to arrive. Those two "jolly girls," so radiant, so bustling, so perfectly at home; of course they were allotted posts of honour on the colonel's staff, while their faded, easily managed mamma was quite overlooked, and jostled to one side unceremoniously.

There was a wonderful display of red coats and gold braid, and the clanking of spurs and unwieldy swords. The redcoats stood in two long lines by the door; and the troops of little fluttering souls, white-robed, snowy-necked, had to pass blushing through that file of "brave men," as they entered the room. There stood the colonel, the colonel's wife; and

his little staff of distinguished men, and the Sewell girls, ready to receive and act host and hostess to the guests. The colonel was a florid, heavy man, who had a penchant for port and made dishes, and who was hopelessly nearsighted and dull; and the colonel's lady was a shy, retiring little woman, who knew nobody, and whom nobody knew, and the Miss Sewells had it all their own way. It was they who received the guests, smiling, and hoping they admired the room; it was they who tolled off young cornets to find seats for the mammas, and partners for the daughters; it was they who commanded the music to strike up a quadrille, and probably the ball would never have been given but for the Sewell girls.

Little Spavells wrote home to his quiet country sisters a very circumstantial account of the whole entertainment.

"The jolliest evening I ever spent," he said; "we didn't break up until just six in the morning."

And the innocent countryfied sisters opened wide their mild eyes, and felt a tremendous reverence for their soldier brother, who was drinking so deeply of that fire-water of excitement, which they had never tasted.

And Victor wrote also, and his letter was to his aunt, and in it he said, "We had a ball here, and I had to attend it, of course, such a terrible dull sort of thing; thank goodness it's over."

And Lady Darrell folded up this letter and put it with his other letters, which were many, and in all of which breathed the same great sense of weariness and discontent; and she sighed and said, "poor Victor!"

"Poor Victor" had not enjoyed his ball at first, he had wandered about the rooms idly, not dancing or talking to anyone, feeling sadly out of place, and lonely there. Many times he stood by the pillars, and watched the hurrying figures flying by; the bright cloudy dresses, the sparkling, happy eyes, the soft cheeks, blushing "at the praise of their own loveliness." And he heard a whole babel of voices mingling with the noisy music, laughter, and pleasant words, and it all seemed like a dream to him.

"Arn't you going to dance at all, Darrell?" little Spavells' voice broke in.

Happy Fanny! On his arm hung that merry, noisy, young lady, on whom depended all this evening's pleasure for the little fellow. Victor started—

"No—that is, I don't know; I may," he said confusedly.

"Arn't you going to speak to me, Mr. Darrell? you've made a point of cutting me all the evening," Miss Sewell breaks in a little reproachfully; she is not accustomed to be cut, least of all by cornets.

"Cut you? no—did I though, I didn't mean to, you may be sure."

Victor speaks in something of his old gay pleasant way, smiling down with those dangerous blue eyes of his, but he doesn't ask her to dance, somehow he has no spirits for such things; and the two pass on, and leave him still standing sentinel by the big pillar.

"Make him dance," Miss Sewell says to her young lover, "he looks so down, poor fellow, it would do him all the good in the world. There's Annie standing, send him to her, she'll rouse him a bit." And the obedient Fanny goes back to Victor, and says—

"I say, Darrell, you must dance; get a partner, come along, there's a good fellow, you've no idea how jolly the floor is, and there's Annie Sewell, such a stunning waltzer."

"Annie Sewell's too light a weight for me, old fellow," Victor answers, laughing; "suppose I ask Miss Sewell instead."

"All right, if you like, but"—

"But what? You'd rather I didn't, eh?"

"No, oh no; but I do wish you'd dance, you're not enjoying yourself, I know you're not."

Little Fanny is one of those thoroughly good-natured people who cannot be happy unless everyone else is so too, but Victor laughs a little bitterly, as he answers—

"Not happy! why I'm enjoying myself as much as any fellow here."

"I wish you'd dance, just to satisfy me."

"All right, my good fellow, if it will gratify you to see me plunging and dashing about, I'll do it, it makes no odds to me."

"Come along then."

"Where?"

"Won't you dance with Annie?"

"Just as you like; I'm indifferent."

"There she is, ask her."

And Spavells having seen the big figure fairly under weigh, tumbling and rolling in the direction of the disconsolate Annie, returns to his love to report.

"There he is," he says, pleased and excited.

"There he goes, doesn't he dance well, it's a shame to see him standing, isn't it?"

And then Fanny slips his arm round Miss Georgina's waist and leads her gently forwards, while the music breaks out into one of those long swinging swells, so tempting to the enthusiastic waltzer.

It is a very spirited ball, apparently; everyone is enjoying themselves; there is something thoroughly inspiring and jovial in the great brassy noise of the regimental band; there are yards of tattered tarletan, flowers, and big beads being kicked about all over the place. Everyone is bumping against everyone else, and Ensign Spooney of the — Light Infantry has fallen twice, heavily, but he always falls, and so no one notices it. Spavells is "going it" with big Miss Sewell, but no one seems to mind him either; and Victor Darrell has danced three times running with that demure dove-eyed young lady, Miss Sewell's sister. Tall, brave looking Victor Darrell, with smiling lips and pleasant eyes, is he flirting? Not he, he doesn't know how to flirt; he talks and laughs, because it is incumbent on him to make himself agreeable to his partner, and he has danced three times running with her, because he knows no one else, and they get on well together.

"How divinely you dance, Mr. Darrell," the silver bell-voice is saying, they have paused breathless by the

same tall pillar where Victor had stood solitary in the beginning of the evening.

"Do I?" he says, laughing, "I'm glad you like my step, some people can't catch it at all, but you're perfection." Miss Annie fans herself pleased at such attention from this great woman hater.

"I should like to dance the whole evening with you," she says, in that innocent frank way which belongs to her, which is her most deadly weapon against the men, "we get on so capitally together." Victor is honest, and he likes such simple speeches, they reassure him; he laughs.

"Suppose we enter into a compact, then we will be partners for the rest of the evening, eh?" Surely the soul-stirring music and his old favourite exercise are making him forget himself; he is talking and laughing as he has not talked or laughed for ages, he looks down on the demure little face while he speaks, and the dove-eyes go up to his, and the bell-voice laughs so gaily, she is beginning to thaw with him.

"Very well," she says, smiling, "but you see I'm engaged for two or three dances."

"Well, all the rest, then."

"Very well," and then Victor catches up the little figure and carries her off into that sea of struggling surging tarletan and red cloth, and Captain Stanley, a certain bald-headed jolly brother officer of Victor's, looks on approvingly; his patient, who was so very poorly a few weeks ago, seems to be rallying wonderfully, he is almost his old self again, and the Captain chuckles and is more than ever convinced that six months is the longest period for a young man's love to live.

## CHAPTER LI.

### VICTOR'S DREAM.

"No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

AND it was five o'clock as the last carriage (the Sewells') drove away from the hotel door.

The raw light of a dull May morning was in the sky, and Victor and Spavells stood together on the hotel-

steps, looking after that last carriage. Discreetly little Fanny has determined not to chaff his friend; something told him that such chaff might spoil his plans, and so he says never word, although Victor had been danc-

ing and flirting in the most outrageous way all the evening, with that demure, shy, little lady, who is just now leaning back in the carriage, clapping her two tiny hands together, and laughing so heartily at "that great idiotic fellow who thinks he can flirt."

Miss Sewell says, good-humouredly, "Oh, Annie! Annie!"

And Annie only laughs the more. She is in great spirits.

"What a Benedick he would make!" she cries, and she repeats some of Victor's clumsy compliments, and laughs again, and keeps up such a clatter and noise that the poor, worn-out *chaperone* of a mamma cannot even doze.

And in the meantime Victor is standing on the hotel-steps, thoughtfully. He is thinking vaguely over his night's dissipation, with a kind of dull ache at his heart—an unsatisfied longing. He is not conscious of having tried to flirt; he only knows now more surely that it is a useless thing ever to imagine that mingling with other people, seeing new faces, or knowing other women, can ever estrange his love from the one still loved one, whom he is striving to forget.

He stands dreaming there in the dim, gray light; he looks along the street, and away through a group of trees to the place where the sun is slowly beginning to rise above the horizon; he sees the patch of coloured sky which will spread itself by-and-by into a whole field of blue and gold; he feels a gentle, refreshing dew falling round him, and he thinks of the sweet Devonshire fields, and the long meadow grass, where the wild sorrel leaves grew, and the wooden stile near to John Haller's farm;—and he lost himself in that dream, and forgot everything else; and little Spavells, standing beside him, and every now and then glancing surreptitiously at his face, was puzzled by its sadness, and didn't know how to interpret it.

"Let's come inside, and have some supper," he interrupted at last, unromantically, and Victor's spirit winged back all at once over the hundreds of miles upon which it had travelled, and he said—

"All right."

And then they went inside. A good

many redcoats were loitering about the supper-room still. The gallant officers of Her Majesty's — Dragoons, flushed with success and dancing and sparkling champagne, were talking loudly over their successful entertainment.

"But here's the hero himself. Now, then, Darrell, give an account of yourself? Who's your new flame?"

"Who is she?" cried another voice; "why, Stanley, where have you been reared! She's one of the Sewells—jolly girls; aint they, Fanny?"

"Very good girls, too."

"Awfully kind!"

Half-a-dozen voices are speaking at once; half-a-dozen pair of eyes turn on Victor, and follow him as he makes his way to the supper-table, and say—

"A sherry and soda here, waiter," rather savagely.

Captain Stanley laughs.

"Darrell's a terrible fellow," he says, good-humouredly,—“a terrible lady's man.”

And the room takes up this tone of the Captain's, and Darrell is chaffed after the most approved fashion. Victor is too manly not to be able to take chaff; he only laughs, and answers back again light words; but their banter stings him—sinks deep into his heart, and makes it bleed in a way that none of his tormentors ever dream of.

He walks away to the barrack with his friend Stanley, arm-in-arm, in the gray morning; and he says—

"I say, Stanley, I wish you wouldn't chaff me about Miss Sewell; I don't like it; I don't like her, and I don't mean ever to dance with her again; she's a little flirt, and—and you know I shall never like any girl now."

"Oh! all right," the Captain answers, a little surprised at his friend's serious way of taking the joke; "but, my good fellow, you mustn't take my chaff so seriously; 'it's a way I have of joking,' as Artemus Ward says, and I wouldn't hurt you. By gad! no, Darrell; I wouldn't, indeed."

"Oh, no! Never mind," Victor answers; "it's only, I can't bear that to be said—you know the reason, Stanley."

And Stanley was a little puzzled by his young friend.

And Victor went home to his quarters, and shut his door, and went over

and threw up the window, and then he leant his chin on his hands, and looked out into the great, desolate square.

The morning was well on now; the sun shone almost warmly on the grass, and gravel, and gray buildings; birds were chirping out among the trees and hedges, and the bugle was sounding for parade.

It was the same monotonous round of life, going on to-day as it had been yesterday, and would be to-morrow; and a kind of restlessness and impatience was stealing over Victor, and making him long for some change of life. He looked forward eagerly to that going abroad of the regiment, which but one little year ago had seemed such a terrible thing, so near at hand; he remembered how he and Ethel had talked it over together; how she had said—

"That will be a dreadful time, Victor."

And how he had answered—

"Don't talk about it, darling; who knows what may turn up between this and then; I mayn't have to go at all."

What a mockery the memory of those words was to him now! How bitterly he thought over the summer-day when he had so spoken to Ethel, standing with her in that sweet, quiet, little wood at Darrell, holding her near him, folded in his arms, looking into her eyes, and believing in her so perfectly! And hestood up and looked out almost fiercely into the barrack-square, as the remembrance of her great falseness came before him.

"What a fool I am to think of her at all," he said, speaking aloud, standing there with his hands in his pockets, and his brows knit with anger; and then he turned and paced up and

down his little room in that quick, passionate way which belonged to him. There came times when, so pacing up and down, and thinking of his wrongs, Victor determined to think harshly of his love, and so turn it into hate; and these were the times when his pride woke up within him, and told him that he was a fool for loving still so largely; and then would come the reaction—the melting away of all anger—and at such times, standing there alone and thinking of her, he could almost fancy that he felt her clinging arms about his neck, and her warm breath upon his face; and then, stretching out his arms, Victor would whisper, "Oh, my darling," with a great passion and anguish in his voice.

He was very faithful to this his first love—very loyal in his steadfast purpose not to forget it; and there are hundreds of such men in the world—men who live much as other men do—joining in their sports and amusements in a mechanical way; living busy, active lives; thoroughly broken-hearted men, who yet contrive to hide their sorrow from the men and women with whom they are brought into contact in the world. Victor hunted, and danced, and did a hundred things such as the broken-hearted heroes in novels never think of doing; and no one ever guessed how deep his trouble lay—how weary he had grown of the oft-recurring days and weeks—the hopeless, barren weeks—so void of life and pleasantness. No one ever guessed how hopelessly he went on loving in these new active days, except, perhaps, the gentle, far-seeing aunt, who read his letters; who read beyond the weary, saddened words, and who sighed and murmured, "Poor Victor!"

## CHAPTER LII.

### ETHEL'S TROUBLE.

WHEN Ethel Haller returned to the Dower-house, after her talk with Lady Darrell, she went straight to her own room, never pausing until she had reached it and passed in, and then she shut the door.

Something was troubling her; she wanted to think; she wanted to draw out the whole story of her love, and

her disappointment, and her present engagement, and ponder over it all, and weigh Lady Darrell's words. Those words seemed like the echo of thoughts which had been thronging her mind of late; they justified her in some new, strange thoughts which had been troubling her. "I was foolish—I was in too great a hurry to

condemn him," she said many times to herself; but such thoughts came all too late now!

When she reached her little room she shut the door, and then she crossed over and pushed open the lattice window wide. It was still outside—soft and still—and already the last faint lingering rainbow tints of a warm sunset had left the sky, and it was dark. She had taken her hat off on entering the room, and thrown it on the little snowy bed in the corner; and now she sat there by the open window, letting the fresh night air breathe upon her face and ruffle her hair. It soothed her, and calmed her anxious spirit, and cleared her thoughts, and made it easier to see things as they were.

This little lattice window looked out over the smooth, rounded lawn grass—out on a whole forest of fresh shrubs of fir-bushes, and the deep, dull green of many evergreens. Below the rounded lawn lay the bright fields, the pasture lands, and plains of corn, the meadow field, the wooden stile, and those shadowy woods of Darrell. On the wall and about the window grew sweet verbena and clustering heliotrope; and from below, the heavy, soothing scent of a syringa tree rose in the air and filled it like the perfume from some sweet censer wafted near.

It was a peaceful hour, a quiet evening just faded into night, and the hush—the great, happy calm which lay upon the earth—soothed her, and sent a flood of gentle thought upon her. She looked away over the shrubs and shadowy evergreens—away to the fields beyond. She could not see the stile by the meadow; it lay beneath the curve of the lawn; but she could see that long line of path, and the wooden gate near the wood, where Victor had stood and waved his farewell to her. "I was foolish," she kept saying still, "and wicked, and cruel. I wouldn't let myself think well of him. I *did* act rashly. I *did* judge hastily. I have been wrong from the beginning." And all this Ethel acknowledged to herself, sitting with her head resting against the window, among the leaves. She saw her fault now when some one pointed it out to her, and she was sorry for it all. She would have undone it, had it been possible for her to do so. Like

many, many another, she would gladly have lived over again that last year of her life—that one year, in which she had been so wonderfully happy and so intensely miserable; but this was not in her power, and what was? She almost dreaded to think it yet lay with her to break her new engagement; and still she shrank from such an act. "How can I? How can I do it?" she thought. She remembered how sternly Henry had refused to take her offer of liberty, how steadfast he had been in his determination to make her like him; how almost stern in his refusal to see her arguments; and she put up her hands over her face and thought, oh! so passionately of her own weak promise, "Wait two months. I will marry you then if you still wish it." How could she now bring herself to tell him that in so speaking she had told him falsely? "It cannot be; it can never be!" she said now, seeing it all so plainly, remembering Lady Darrell's words, and feeling that it was her pride, her blinded, hot-headed pride, which had led her so far astray. And then sitting there all alone, with no one to comfort her or sympathize with her trouble; no one to advise or understand, this poor little heroine of mine felt the burden of her great sufferings lying almost too heavily on her. She had it all to bear by herself, for no one could ever understand her.

Ethel's mind was one of those dangerously imaginative, active ones; so full of ideas, so fertile of plans; and she had always been so accustomed to turn to her own thoughts for any prompting or advice. It came quite naturally to her to ask herself, "What shall I do?" in any emergency, not in the fretful foolish way in which weak people ask for help, but in that grave, steady, clear-sighted way, which came so naturally to her, arising out of her great sense of loneliness. She had been living and acting in a dream, but she had awakened from her dream now; she was no longer the miserably, wrong-headed, proud little Ethel, who had accepted the first slight proofs of her lover's inconstancy and built upon them, and enlarged them, and forced herself to believe in them. The wickedly proud Ethel! who, because she had been hurt by her lover's falseness, had accepted



another man's love out of revenge. The pride lay low on this sweet, quiet evening, as she sat there thinking; so low, so humbled, and subdued, that, while she thought, the gentlest, saddest tears she had ever shed, came stealing up from a full heart, and flooded her eyes and wet her face, and she said—not once, but two or three times slowly, so slowly and gently—"Ah! Victor! I forgive," and again, "I forgive," so fully, so purely, that with the forgiveness came the old, strong, tender love which had been in her heart and on her lips long, long ago, when she had told him passionately, tearfully, that no other man should ever have the right to forbid her seeing him, or loving him. "Don't speak so to me, you know that that can never be now." Such had been her words then, such were her thoughts now; and whether he deserved her love or not, whether he was true or untrue, her pride should never again make her forget her vow.

After that she sat a long time by the window, with her head resting on her hand; she felt happier, with a calmer, more resigned feeling in her heart, after the battle which she had fought with her pride; and then a sudden longing came over her—a superstitious longing—to steal away to the meadow, to the wooden stile, their trysting-place, and repeat over again her vow, standing in the long, wet grass among the wild sorrel-leaves. It was the same wish which had been in her heart on the autumn evening when she had stolen out on the terrace at Darrell, that first evening of her engagement to Henry, when her pride had been so high—her anger so strong. Why had she not gratified her wish then? Might not the pride have melted from her, might not the brave loving words—"Victor, I forgive"—have come into her heart even then; but that was all past—she had to deal with the present now; and she went over and took up her hat off the bed and put it on, and crept down the stairs and stole out into the garden. She was a very odd little girl certainly, this niece of John Haller's—so impulsive—she ran quickly through the garden, down the broad walk, bordered by flowers and shrubs, and bush fruit-trees; the walk down which Victor and she

had walked in the sunlight on that old summer day; out across the yard, through the wide, red gates; down by the river; and here, at last, Ethel paused, out of breath: she had run so quickly, fearing pursuit; but now she paused. Ondine's silver sea, Ophelia's "glassy brook," Hans Anderson's "little mermaids'" ocean-home; still, like the mirror surface from which the little mermaid had risen all alone on her first night of liberty, lay the almost motionless stream; not a breath ruffled the leaves of the trees or the long water-grass and duck-weed growing there; a pale young moon was shedding such a feeble, uncertain light through the trees, silvering the young leaves and little water ripples. Fanciful Ethel—a hundred pictures rose before her then; some gaunt and strange and terrible, some bright and sweet, and others only sad. I think this dreamy young lady almost forgot the purpose of her little journey as she stood thinking there; but, presently, she recollected herself; she turned and hurried on.

Very few girls would have been so wonderfully brave as to roam all by themselves in the moonlight so. Young ladies who have a wholesome dread of ghosts and hobgoblins wouldn't have dared to linger among the shadows by that lonely brook; but Ethel's ghosts were all so familiar to her, all such pleasant ones, she had no fear. On she hurried, not far, only half a dozen yards, and she was at the stile, standing by the meadow-field; across the stile Ethel went, she stood in the very place, she felt the long grass clinging about her feet and ankles, and she looked away down that long line of meadow path before her; away to the wooden gate, and she clasped her two hands together, she strained her eyes, as though trying to see something which was not there, and she whispered—"Victor! oh, Victor! my love, my love!" so passionately, so wildly, that tears—hot, scalding, penitent tears—rushed up into her eyes and dimmed their sight. Whatever other words she meant to say were not spoken, they sounded only in her heart; but the outpouring of her remorse did her good—it made her stronger in her new purpose. How long she might have remained there I cannot

tell, for Ethel was much given to dreaming, and loitering in all deserted places, but now she was roused from her meditations; a voice spoke near her—

"Mademoiselle, pardon me; but am I anywhere near Darrell House?"

The voice was low, and almost gentle, very foreign in tone and pronunciation. Ethel started.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle. I am afraid I startled you."

"Oh, no," Ethel answered. She had turned full upon her strange inquirer now, her great frank eyes looked on a strange gipsy figure, half hid in a wide cloak: a tall, not ungraceful figure, standing out distinctly against a clear moonlit sky. "That is Darrell House there, among the trees."

Ethel pointed away in the direction of the stone house, seen indistinctly through the trees. A great surprise came over her: who was this strange woman—this poor foreigner, so lonely, so benighted?

"Do you wish to go there?" she asked, not without a certain curiosity, "because, if so, this is the shortest way along this path, and through the wood. Good evening."

"Mademoiselle, I thank you," the tall gipsy woman answered, and with an almost disappointed feeling. Ethel saw her glide away along the meadow-path, towards the wood. Ethel was not a timid girl; she had stood and spoken bravely, not frightened or startled as many girls would have been, but she had seen the brightest, keenest, dark flashing eyes gleam upon her once or twice—a searching gaze—from beneath the long cloak, and something very like fear had made her avert her gaze, and speak sharply—"Good evening," thereby dismissing her strange companion. Full in the clear pale light of the moon, she had seen such a beautiful, stern face, such wild eyes, such a wealth of dark glorious hair. It wasn't a face to be seen every day, dark, and wild, and beautiful, gipsy-like in its tints, and then the full, clear voice, the foreign tone. Ethel stood looking after that odd figure as it glided away over the grass towards those sombre trees, a ghostly, mysterious figure, and brave as she was she almost trembled as, while she looked, she saw it pause by the gate—Victor's gate—and turn as though to watch her.

Ethel moved, she turned and passed over the stile, a little nervous. She felt a little startled, as she hurried home through the trees by the river, across the yard, and into the quiet old-fashioned Dower-house garden. She didn't know why, but the face haunted her. "Who was she, I wonder?" Ethel thought, as she stole round the house, and came near to the library window. The firelight only was in the room. The red curtains which had shut out Victor's view were not closed, and Miss Haller could see the whole room from where she stood: the rows of books, the little organ, the wide fireplace, and John Haller's big armchair, and he is there himself, all alone. How lonely he looked, dreaming into the fire. Ethel went close to the window, quite close, and peered in, and then she rapped gently with her knuckles on the glass. John Haller turned his head to listen: it was only the little branches and buds which the wind was driving against the glass, that was all—so he told himself. He forgot that there was no wind to-night; but presently the knocking grew louder and stronger, and a voice called—

"Let me in."

And then, with a smile, Mr. Haller rose and crossed the room, and threw up the window—perhaps he was accustomed to such summons, for he held out his two hands, and Ethel caught them, and sprang lightly into the room.

"Why, little puss, where have you been?"

He is not surprised, only amused; her irregular ways are nothing new, moonlight rambles—such romantic rambles, too—are of such frequent occurrence with Ethel.

"With the fairies," she answered, laughing, pulling her hat off, and pushing the heavy weight of hair up off her forehead. "And, what do you think, I've seen a ghost at last."

John Haller had shut the window now, and returned to his chair by the fire.

"I think," he says pleasantly, "that some night or other my little puss will be spirited away by some of her ghosts or fairies."

Ethel laughs.

"If they had wanted me, they'd have taken me years ago," she says;

"I'm a great deal too old for a fairy now."

Miss Haller had found her favourite seat by the fire, at her uncle's feet.

"And now tell me about the new ghost," John Haller says.

And they sit there together in the

firelight, which shines and dances upon Ethel's bright hair, chatting in their pleasant cozy way; and Miss Haller has half forgotten the brave object which led her to the stile below the meadow field.

### CHAPTER LIII.

#### NOT ALL!

ETHEL went to bed that night, determined to be true to that resolution of hers, to break her engagement with Henry; she had been foolish and wrong, all this she knew, but there was yet time, how little time it mattered not; she was still free.

Such a bright, glorious morning, such a fair wealth of sunshine, and blue sky, as Ethel sat in the library, with the wide window open, with the sweet oppressive scent of the syringa on the air. Ten o'clock; she had been reading, and her book was a sober one, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," a book which few girls would have found good company for a whole bright spring morning; but there was something in its quiet tone which seemed to accord with her temper this morning; she had been reading, and thinking, and now she sat looking out into the sunshine, in a kind of reverie; the little breeze stirred the leaves of the book, and ruffled her hair, and made the verbena, and heliotrope branches nod together, and whisper to one another; a little red-breasted robin hopped up the gravel walk, and over the bright grass, twisting and turning his little head to watch, and listen—a brave little robin, who fluttered up quite close to the window, and looked up at her, with bright black eyes, and then startled when the book leaves rustled, and flew away, and was lost among the fir-bushes. A big bee, a more venturesome bee than any other, came humming, and buzzing lazily in the sunlight, thinking I suppose that now the roses had begun to bloom, and the syringa to send its rich perfume abroad, the rain and cold was all over, and would not return until the autumn; Ethel watched his busy journeys from one big rose to another, but apparently there was but little

honey in these spring flowers, for his visits were short, and soon over, and then he too flew away, like the robin, and disappeared among the bushes.

"I will go to Darrell," Ethel thought; and she closed her book, and stood up, and stood pondering for a minute. I think she wanted to get that determination off her mind to see Henry, and speak with him while she was still so brave.

Half an hour later, and Ethel was hurrying along the meadow path—hurrying, because she didn't dare to loiter or think of what she was going to do; she had been so brave on that last evening, thinking of Victor, and forgiving him, acknowledging that she still loved him, and in so acknowledging this, learning that she could never grow to love another man. "Victor, I forgive," she had whispered out to the leaves, and moonlight, and far off trees; and again standing in the long meadow grass, and thinking of him, "Victor, oh! my love!"

And she had determined that her forgiveness should be very full and perfect, knowing no change; and so she wouldn't let herself think of Henry, of his great love, and patience, and the terrible wrong which she was doing him.

Her heart beat strangely as she stood at last in the long corridor at Darrell, she had hurried so quickly all the way from the Grange, never pausing, never once hesitating, so brave, so true to her determination of the night before; but some of the valour died out of her heart as she stood there, at the far end of the corridor, just as Victor had stood looking away over the carpet, upon which the painted light from the stained glass window lay in squares and stripes; it all came before her

then, the sense of the great, terrible wrong which she was doing Henry, came heavily overpowering to her. How could she do it—how could she ever stand face to face with him, and tell him that now, after all those months, those long weary months, where in she had soled him on to wait and hope, trying his love and patience so terribly—now everything must be over between them? She grew cowardly as she stood there, the colour died away out of her face, that look of pain and fear which lived there sometimes had come again.

She let her eyes roam away over the long line of pictures, the solemn men's faces frowned down upon her, their stern gaze seemed to chide her; Sir Peter Lely's fair women, with their calm cold faces and clear eyes, looked scorn upon her. How great her crime seemed then to Ethel—how enormous her sin! how weak a creature she seemed to herself! how despicable, how contemptible her pride! And with a bowed head and humble steps, she passed on under those accusing eyes, such an humble little penitent, so shamefaced and sorry.

Very gently she pushed open the drawing-room door, and stole in. Lady Darrell sitting in her old place by the window, looking up, was almost startled by the sorrow and gentle pleading in her young friend's face, she had been so used to see smiles and blushes there, such arch looks, such pleasant brave eyes, that she was almost frightened.

"My darling," she said, anxiously; "my poor little pet, what is the matter?"

Every one petted Ethel, every one fell into that foolish way of John Haller's, and treated her like a child. She went over then and knelt down by Lady Darrell's chair, and, like a child, buried her unhappy little head in the folds of the dress, and told her trouble in her own simple words.

"Oh, darling! I have come to tell you that I am sorry," she said; and then her voice broke suddenly, and the tears came up into her eyes; her pride had almost all fallen away from her.

"My child, my poor little darling, what do you mean?" Lady Darrell asked, genuinely puzzled. "What have you done to me?"

"I want you to forgive me," Ethel said then. "I want you to forgive me for speaking as I did! I am sorry, so sorry; but it was my pride made me; I am so wickedly proud."

And then those true bitter tears which stole away so much of the pride fell again.

Lady Darrell stooped down over the bending head; she didn't try to comfort, she let the tears fall heavily, hotly; she only sat waiting patiently, stroking the shining hair, with her sad eyes bent. Long experience had taught her that such outpouring of a heart's trouble is good; and she sat there silently, patiently waiting. Did any gleam of the real truth dawn in her heart, as she sat there stroking that bowed head, and but half understanding the cause of the tempest which was raging? I cannot say; but loneliness, and a weight of much untold sorrow had made her more thoughtful perhaps than cleverer people; and she was thinking of a hundred little things all past long ago, of the false report of Victor's marriage, of the pains which Henry had taken that Ethel should hear such reports, and many other things; and very patiently she sat waiting until the storm had quite subsided, and then gently she raised the tear-stained face, and held it between her two hands.

"My darling," she said, "why are you fretting—what is your trouble? Will you tell it to me, Ethel?"

And Ethel, poor foolish little Ethel, put up her hands, and laid them over Lady Darrell's hands, and while the tears still trembled in her eyes, ready to fall again and again, said—

"I don't know; I am unhappy."

And while she spoke the tears swelled up bigger, and overflowed her eyes, and began to fall again; and I think this was the first time she had acknowledged to herself that she was really unhappy. Lady Darrell was one of those tender souls to whom belongs the blessed gift of knowing how to soothe and comfort; one of the world's martyr spirits—a sister of charity without the ostentation of garb or title—one of those ministering angels to whom belongs the peace and comfort of life; and she drew the little kneeling figure close to her heart, and held her there, and said softly—

"Perhaps I know your trouble, Ethel."

But Ethel broke off in her crying, the old cruel pride swelled up in her heart, and she said—

"I don't think you do."

"Don't I? Well what is it then?"

And Ethel answered—

"It is this, that I have been deceiving Henry; I can never marry him. I have come here to-day to tell him so; that is all."

"All! Ethel?"

"Yes," she answered; her pride had quite come back to her now; it shone in her eyes, and sounded in her voice and smote at her heart, and made her angry with herself for the tears which were shed. But Lady Darrell spoke again—

"Ethel, do you care for Victor?" and proud, passionate Ethel answered "No." Answered with the old angry pride still swelling within her, and making her believe her own false words. "No, I do not," she said slowly. And then she stood up from her kneeling, humble position, with her face flushed and hot, and her hair rougher than ever—all in a great, waving, untidy mass of red gold. "My trouble is all of my own making," she continued. "I have been very wrong and foolish, that is all. Why, did you think there was anything else?"

"I don't know, dear, I have been mistaken;" and my lady drew the hot face down to hers, and kissed it a little sadly. A hope which had been very high a few minutes back had fallen away from her like the other hopes of her life; but, even so, she could afford to forgive.

"And now my child kneel down and tell me what you are going to do."

"I am going to see Henry," Ethel answered, kneeling as she was bid, "to tell him that everything must be over between us; because it can never be!"

Lady Darrell thought for a minute, and then said—

"Have you told your uncle?"

"No," Ethel answered, rather reluctantly. From John Haller she had never before concealed any of the real interests of her life, but something had told her that this new one would not be good news to him, and she had shrunk from telling him. "No," she answered; "not yet."

"Will you think me very strange and inconsistent, darling, if I ask you to think well before you take this new step?" Lady Darrell continued.

"I have thought," Ethel answered.

"I have thought over it all, and I have made up my mind; it must be broken off."

"Henry is away to-day: he left here suddenly, on some pressing business, and he made me promise to see you, and tell you that he was too pressed for time to call at the Dower-house."

Too pressed for time! How little Ethel cared: she took no notice of the words.

"Gone, is he?" she said dreamily, perhaps rather relieved at the reprieve.

"Yes; some urgent business; but he will be back to-morrow."

All this was nothing new to Ethel: her lover came and went as seemed good in his own eyes, and she never questioned him. They had no tender little meetings and partings on such occasions, and so she only said—

"Gone, is he? Then, I think, I shall write him a letter; that will be best."

"Have you quite made up your mind, Ethel?"

"Quite," she answered; and she remembered the still evening, the moonlit trees, the heavy perfume of the syringa, and the forgiveness which she had given Victor; and she lifted up her face, she looked into the kind sad eyes bending upon her, and she said, in a kind of despair,

"And you mustn't try to dissuade me now; it is too late!"

"My child, I would not try to dissuade you, because I think you are right."

And after that no more words were spoken on the subject between them; and Ethel's trouble had grown lighter an hundredfold, for the sympathy which was shown her. But why hadn't she told it all; why hadn't she knelt weeping until all the pride had melted away out of her heart, until the old pain and regret, and love only swelled there; why don't people always do what is right and well? What a world of misery and remorse might be saved if they would. But where is the use in lamenting over such things? While the world is, while there are men and women in the world, the same old story will go on recurring and recurring to the end of time.

## A GREAT MAN'S RELAXATIONS.

SCOTT AND DUMAS, A PARALLEL A LA PLUTARQUE.

BEFORE Alexander Dumas became a mighty hunter and trapper of literary game and literary helpers to run it down, he was a devoted lover of field and forest sports, such as the French poachers (*braconniers*) affect. In the early volumes of his *mémoires*, he has left delightful sketches of his country life at Villers Cotterets, intermingled with chase of beast and fowl. Now, in his advanced years he returns to his early loves, and gives to the world memoirs of his domestic pets,\* but in a leisurely style, and with the same attachment to half lines and quarter lines, as in the golden days of the untaxed feuilletons. Has not Alexander the Great new journals of his own, and what advantage can it be to him to inflict weariness inexpressible on his subscribers, by making them traverse a page for the information that might be conveyed in five lines?

Dumas entertains his readers in the commencement of his volume by the different plans adopted by Sir Walter Scott and by himself, to inspire his readers with an interest in the story. He somewhat exaggerates the process adopted by the author of *Waverley*, but it has a basis of truth.

"This plan was to be tiresome, mortally tiresome, sometimes during a half volume, sometimes during an entire volume. But during this volume he posed his personages; he gave such a minute description of their appearances, their characters, and their habits; and the reader was so well acquainted with their dress, their gait, their speech, that when one of them got into some danger, at the end of the second volume, you cried out, 'Eh! this poor gentleman, who wore an apple-green coat, who limped in walking, who stammered a little in his speech—how will he get out of this strait?' And so you became astonished after your weariness for half a volume, for a volume, sometimes for a volume and a half, to find yourself so enormously interested about the man who stammered, the lame man, or the man in the green coat."

With all his shrewdness, Alexander does not touch the precise spot with his needle-point. It was not by an

appraiser's description that Sir Walter interested his readers in the fortunes of his dramatic personæ.

The French man of letters explains his own process, which is to plunge into an interesting situation at once, and by putting forth his powers seize strongly on the reader's attention, the consequence frequently being a relaxation on both sides, and an unsatisfactory sequel. His ideas have the mastery of him, instead of he having the mastery of his ideas, and hence the result is left to the mercy of chance.

He characteristically commences his history with these words implying an interesting narrative with a tragical conclusion:—"I had fowl, and I have a dog," and then proceeds to recite the adventures of the various domestic animals which he kept while leading a lonely life at his *folly* of "Monte Cristo," while tossing off hundreds of pages of his romances in the day. No one can be sure of the strict accuracy of many of the little historiettes, except such processes as the one about to be described, with which he was familiar when a stripling, roving through field and forest, in the neighbourhood of Villers Cotterets, and which naturally connects his early experience with that of his mature age. Though the Gauls are gifted with animal spirits in a more ample measure than their neighbours the Britons, they exhibit a higher degree of quietude and patience in some things, such as the endurance of a dull tragedy, and of a long and inactive watch in their securing of game. In this way the fowler of small birds spreads his snare for his victims.

## LA CHASSE A LA PIPÉE.

Selecting the least valuable tree in the locality of his *Chasse a la Pipée*, he strips it of its leaves, and makes sundry nicks in the twigs and boughs, which he plentifully garnishes with birdlime. He has a little hut fashioned under the tree, covered with broom, or heath, or fern, or all three,

and sitting concealed in this, he imitates the cries of various little birds with a bit of silk, or a leaf of dog grass applied to his mouth. All within hearing flock to the tree, and their poor little claws entering the notches, are there held till a considerable number being taken, the *pipeur* comes out of his bower and releases them.

But if he has had the good fortune to secure a jay, more abundant game is taken in less time. The morning and afternoon custom of this bird in spring and early summer, is to find out the nests of goldfinches, bullfinches, tom-tits, linnets, thrushes, redbreasts, &c., and gobble up their eggs and the poor unfledged young. Hence he is held in general detestation. The fowler so lucky as to get possession of an individual of this hated species, draws it from his pocket, after ensconcing himself comfortably in his broom, and heath, and fern-covered hut, and pulls out a feather of his wing.

"The jay utters his cry, *coing*."

"The cry resounds through the forest."

"At the same time, all the populace of linnets, finches, redbreasts, thrushes, and tom-tits within hearing, tremble, and cock their ears."

"The fowler pulls out a second quill of the jay's wing."

"The jay utters a second *coing*."

"Then universal joy is spread through the feathered tribes. It is evident that some misfortune has happened to the common foe."

"What can have occurred?"

"They must see. 'Where is he?' 'He is on this side.' 'No, he is on that.' 'No, he is on the other.'"

"The fowler plucks away a third quill from the wing of the jay."

"The jay shrieks a third *coing*."

"'He is there, he is there,' cry all the birds in chorus."

"And they descend in troops and in companies on the tree from the bottom of which issued the three *coings*."

"But as the tree is so plentifully garnished with bird-lime, every bird which lights on it is a hopeless captive."

#### A TERRIBLE BRITISH POINTER.

We have made this quotation as it presents a favourable, but not an extreme specimen of Dumas' arrangement of paragraphs and mode of telling a story. He becomes possessor of the English pointer, Pritchard, and feelingly relates the trouble his

favourite woodman Vatin and he himself took to break the obstinate British dog off the habits wrapped round him by education. Vatin's short cutty deserves, and obtains a circumstantial description.

Vatin's pipe is never out of his mouth but when he sleeps. His patron has never seen it with a shank. It has formed a round orifice between his upper and lower teeth. These teeth their master never opens to any extent when speaking, so his talk is conducted in a species of whistle. Vatin despises every improvement in the supply of wants, so he still uses the flint, the steel, and the tinder. Once the pipe is lighted the smoke issues from his mouth with the regularity of that from a steam engine. This suggested to Dumas the following notable joke.

"Vatin," said I to him one day, "when you are no longer able to walk, you have only to provide two wheels, and your head will make a capital locomotive for your body." "I shall always be able to walk," said Vatin. He had been commissioned to make a change in Pritchard's habits, i.e., instead of hunting some hundred yards from his master, and setting the game, he should keep himself under the very barrel of the fowling-piece, and only spring forward when the game was struck. Skilful and determined was Vatin, but he was no match for the obstinate Briton. An hour after he had been intrusted to the woodman, he was snuffing and snorting about his master at the Hotel de Medicis. Being treated to a whipping he was sent back, and badly received. It seems he had jumped over a paling several feet high, and so made his escape. Now he was secured by a good leather strap, but he gnawed it asunder, and Dumas, hard engaged at his feuilleton, heard a terrible uproar in the yard. *Mouton*, a dog of the Pyrenees, tearing Pritchard with his fangs, and Pritchard making the best return in his power. Being rescued from the wrath of *Mouton* (sheep), he got whipping. No. two, and was sent back. This time he was made prisoner in a closed room, but after trying his teeth and claws on the wall, he next essayed the softer door, ate, and scratched through it. At dinner hour he was with Dumas in

his parlour, tail cocked, and his mustard-coloured eyes shedding tears of delight.

The re-education of Pritchard seemed hopeless. Dumas, Michel his gardener, and Vatin went to take a walk with the intractable dog in leash. Coming near the bridge of Pecq, said one, "Is not that dog on the bridge very like Pritchard?" "Very like," said Michel, but I have Pritchard here in the leash." All looked behind, but no Pritchard was there; he had cut the leather asunder, and by a round, had got to the bridge before them. While they were looking at the leash and wondering, their ears were startled by an outcry, and turning round they saw the delinquent sweeping toward them with a half-broiled mutton chop in his mouth, and the deluded cook clattering after him with brush in hand. Vain were the efforts to stop the brigand; and in the shelter of a thicket he enjoyed his half-fried chop.

That was only the first achievement of Pritchard on that eventful day. While dinner was preparing for Dumas and his humble friends by Mme. Vatin, a shout was heard from the kitchen window. "Ah, robber! ah, brigand! ah, wretch!" was heard in the horrified tones of their hostess. "Fire!" cried Michel, and the goblet in Alexander's hand was launched with all the force of "his biceps and his deltoid" (textual). The sequel furnishes so happy a specimen of our author's peculiar narrative style that we cannot resist quotation. The goblet was not broken, and Michel cried out—

"Ah, monsieur, that was a famous cast."

"Infect the goblet had struck Pritchard at the edge of the shoulder, and had fallen on the soft grass without injury.

"Merely the blow had been so strong that it had extracted a cry from Pritchard.

"To utter this cry, Pritchard had been obliged to open his mouth.

"In opening his mouth he had been obliged to drop his piece of veal.

"The piece of veal had fallen on the fresh grass.

"I had picked it up, and brought it back.

"Courage, Madame Vatin," said I. "Be consoled: we shall dine."

"I was going like Ajax to add, 'In spite of the Gods,'—

"But I considered the phrase a little too arrogant.

"I contented myself with saying, 'In spite of Pritchard!'"

Some objected to the viand after being in the dog's mouth, but Michel proved that as licking by a healthy dog's tongue was sovereign in case of a cut, meat that had touched his tongue or jaws was not a bit the worse. Solely he cut away the tooth-marks.

But Pritchard's iniquities were not at the full. Mme. Vatin had prepared an omelette, and such an omelette! It furnished occasion to the author to say that an omelette is beyond the skill of the most learned Parisian cook. It can only be dressed in perfection by a country woman—wife of peasant or farmer—the same truth being applicable to the cooking of a fricassee of fowl. While the company were complimenting her on her success, she listened with a pre-occupied air, for she was missing her sugar-pot. After some surmises, not much to the purpose, Michel quitted the room, and soon re-appeared, driving Pritchard before him with the missing article on his muzzle. He thus explained to the admiring company how it was so effectively secured.

"He got his nose into the sugar-pot, which is wider at bottom than at mouth; then he opened his jaws; then he filled them with sugar. At the same moment I came on him; he attempted to close his jaws; the sugar lumps were in the way. He then attempted to withdraw his muzzle; he could not, his jaws were open. So Monsieur Pritchard has been taken like a crow in a paper cone, and must have patience till the sugar melts."

However, when the confounded British animal was left to his own devices, he established his character by setting three rabbits one after another, and remaining rigidly in the same position till Vatin had time to cut a stick and take a throw at the game.

#### DUMAS' WORKING DRESS AND HIS DOG MOUTON.

We next make acquaintance with the celebrated dog, *Mouton*, whom the reader finds at the famous Monte

\* *Cornets* (grocers' conical paper-measures) are lined with a sticky substance, and left in the way of crows and ravens. They thrust in their bills, and find themselves hampered, and become so confused that they are easily taken.



Cristo building, moving his head this way and that like a white bear, which he resembled in his skin, and his eyes "casting a phosphorescent flame like the reflection from carbuncles." But Mouton when not annoyed was perfectly inoffensive.

Maquet (the great collaborateur) Alexander the younger, some actresses, and other literary acquaintance come to visit him in his retreat. He gives them possession of the house from garret to cellar; some amuse themselves with his monkeys, some with the aviary, some with the flower-beds, and the host retires to write his feuilleton in his kiosk, and here the great man (great or not he is certainly a good natured and forgiving man) gives his readers information on a curious trait of his daily life and labour.

"You shall know, as the matter probably interests you, that summer and winter I write (*travaille* is the verb in the text) without waistcoat, without body-coat, in strapped trowsers, in slippers, and in my shirt sleeves.

"The sole change that the succession of seasons makes in my costume, is in the stuff of my trowsers and my shirt.

"In winter my strapped trowsers are of cloth, in summer of dimity. In summer my shirt is of lawn, in winter of strong linen."

Dumas had come in attired as a hunter. Going up to his room he soon reappeared before his guests in his lawn shirt and his dimity strapped trowsers.

"Who is this, who is this?" said Atala Beauchêne (actress).

"It is a father," said Alexander (the younger) "whom I have vowed to the white veil."

"I passed between two hedges of acclamations, and regained my work-a-day pavilion."

At that period he was *labouring* at "Le Bâtard de Mauléon" (one of his or Maquet's best works), and his friend Challamel\* happened at the same time to present him with *Mouton*. He introduced him into the romance under the name *Alan*, in this spirited style.

"Behind them came a dog bounding through mere exuberance of spirits.

"He was one of those vigorous but

meagre dogs of the Sierra, with head pointed like that of a bear, eyes sparkling like a lynx's, and legs slender and sinewy as those of a hind.

"His body was covered with fine and long silky hair, among which played and danced the mellow reflections of the sun's rays.

"He had round his neck a large collar of gold, inlaid with rubies, and provided with a bell of the same metal.

"His joy exhibited itself by his bounds, which had both a visible and invisible object. The visible one was a steed white as snow, covered with a large housing of purple and brocade, which received his caresses with responsive neighings. The concealed object was doubtless some noble lord within the building, into which the dog would plunge impatiently, and reappear, bounding and joyous some instants after."†

Mouton was, however, very unlike Alan in his temperament. He was phlegmatic, cross with strangers, and ready to tear any one of his own race that came near him. Dumas had asked Challamel about his past career, but the only answer he got was, "Attach him to you, and you shall see what he can do." When he took Mouton out for an evening walk, instead of gambading and snuffing round him, he would walk behind him with head and tail drooping like one following the funeral of his master. If Dumas stopped to speak to any acquaintance, Mouton would begin to growl, nor cease till the interview was over. The third evening of these promenades Alexander got official notice from the mayor (of St. Germain) to provide his dog with a collar and chain.

Those readers who are anxious not to lose a word of the original will learn how while our author was composing the grand combat of Alan with the Moor in *Le Bâtard*, he saw Mouton rooting up his dahlias; how he ran out and administered a kick to Alan's prototype, and how the savage sprang incontinently at his throat. Dumas (*se teste*) being a perfect practitioner in all manly exercises, secured Mouton by the throat with one hand while the other was between the jaws of the infuriated beast. Terrible injury was inflicted on this member, but with the other he compressed the

\* There are two brothers bearing this name—one a political and historical writer, the other an artist.

† Anyone curious to see more of Dumas at his *travail*, may read in the "Woman in White" how fat Count Bosco wrote out his vindication.

enemy's windpipe till he was obliged to let go. Sinews and muscles were lacerated, finger bones (the Latin names are carefully given in the original) dislocated, and altogether *carpus* and *metacarpus* were in a bad way, and the "Bâtard" was finished under nearly as distressing circumstances as was the "Bride of Lammermoor" (see Scott's biography). We have known habitual tellers of wonders who really believed some of their own inventions. The colouring of this picture is here much toned down, but there is nothing more sensational in "Miss Forrester" than may be found in the original account.

#### MYSOUFF I.

On returning from one of his journeys our hero found a cat provided for him by his housekeeper. She asked him for a name, and he answered Mysouff II. She thought the name an odd one, having no conception of the train of sorrowful thoughts connected with the memory of his mother, which at the moment was passing through his mind. Alexander tells us in his memoirs, that since his first communion, he has never been at confession, nor kept the Sabbath day holy in the manner of Roman Catholics, but that in passing an open church he sometimes enters, sits down in an obscure corner, and holds himself in communication with his Creator for a longer or shorter time. As for sins against his God, his neighbour, or himself, he is conscious of none, and is not disturbed by the **HEREAFTER**. Happy Alexander! at least while in the valley of the shadow. Taking this state of things into account we are certainly much interested in the following extract so expressive of the effect of an early religious training.

"You have entered sometimes into an old curiosity shop, and having admired a Dutch interior, a family chest of the renaissance, or a Japan vase, having raised to your eye a Venice glass or old German goblet, after having laughed in the face of a Chinese mandarin shaking his head and putting out his tongue, you have at last stopped in a corner, your feet rooted to the floor, and your eye fixed on a little picture in a nook.

Within the obscurity appears the aureole round the head of a Madonna with the Infant Jesus on her knees. The subject at once summons up some tender recollection of infancy, and you find your heart inundated with a tender melancholy.

"You go back step by step into yourself. You forget the place you are in, the business which brought you there. You are borne away on the wings of memory, you clear immense space, as if wrapped in the mantle of Mephistopheles, and you are again a child full of hope and of expectation, in presence of this dream of the past which the sight of the sainted Madonna has aroused in your memory.

"It was so with me, the name *Mysouff* had taken me back fifteen years.

"My mother was living. I had the happiness at that time to have a mother to scold me.

"I had a situation with the Duke of Orleans, which produced 1,500 francs each year, and which occupied me from ten to five.

"We lived in West-street, and had a cat called Mysouff, who certainly missed his vocation. He was intended for a house dog.

"I set out for my office every morning at half-past nine, and was back again at half-past five. Every morning Mysouff came with me to Rue Vaugirard, every evening he was waiting for me in Rue Vaugirard.

"And what was curious, any evening on which I played truant and did not return to dinner, they opened the door in vain for Mysouff. There he lay on his cushion, nose touching tail, and would not budge. But on my dutiful days, if they did not open the door to Mysouff he would miaou and scratch till he got his liberty. So my poor mother adored Mysouff; she called him her barometer. 'Mysouff marks my good and bad days,' said she. 'The day you come not is my rainy day, the day you return is my fair weather.'

"Poor mother! Alas! we feel that it is only when we lose such treasures of love, that we did not appreciate them when we possessed them. It is only when we can no more behold these loved beings, that we recollect how much more of them we might have seen, and bitterly repent the losing of those opportunities.

"I always found Mysouff at the junction of West-street with the Rue Vaugirard, sitting on his haunches, and watching. As soon as I came in sight he began to brush the flage with his tail, but when I came up he jumped at my knees like a dog, then he began to gambade and wheel back every ten or twelve paces.\* At twenty paces

\* We have certainty of the dogs of country farmers meeting them on their return at night, though the road by which they came back was not always the same. One of these animals was known before he would set out, to lie down, hold up his head in the air, and howl mournfully for a time. On a sudden he would stop his caoiné, jump up and set out. We have known cats to follow master or mistress out into the fields, and share their promenade, but the reader must use his or her own judgment on Mysouff's case

from the house he made a charge, and entered at full speed. Two seconds after my mother was at the door. Blessed vision lost to me on this earth! but which I hope one day to enjoy again!"

#### MYSOUFF II. AND THE THREE FAMOUS MONKEYS.

The adventures and final condition of Mysouff II. cannot be made interesting without saying something of Dumas' three monkeys,—Mlle. Desgarcins, Monsieur le Dernier des Laidmanoir, and Mons Potich. Dumas was about returning from Havre, when standing in front of an animal fancier's booth, a little green monkey passed her hand out through the bars of her cage, and took hold of the skirt of his coat. He took the poor little animal's paw in his hand, and so gratified her that she drew it to the bars and licked the fingers. A blue parrot showed equal signs of satisfaction, and the result was that the proprietor who recognised Mr. Dumas, easily disposed of the two *petites bêtes* to him. M. Dumas' popularity, as he acknowledges, has its inconveniences.

"One day," he says, "some sorcerer may perhaps explain to me how it happens that my face however little made known to the world by the brush, the burin, or the lithographic pencil is well known even at the antipodes. So that whenever I arrive, the first porter that comes up, cries, 'where shall I take your valise, Monsieur Dumas?'"

"Besides this inconvenience of never enjoying my incognito, I suffer another. Every dealer having heard that I am in the habit of throwing my money out of the windows, no sooner sees me than he forms the virtuous resolution to sell me his wares at three times the price which he would charge the 'Common of Martyrs,' a resolve which he puts at once into execution."

A defect in the parrot's education—viz., inability to speak, doubled his value in M. Dumas' eyes, for, as he says, he never could endure the eternal refrain of such a morsel of eloquence as, "Have you got your breakfast, Jacquot?" A companion is got for Mlle. Desgarcins, and a third, the Last of the Laid (*ugly*) manoirs is soon added. The poor Auvergnat who disposed of this last ugly wretch, opened his arms to give him a final embrace when parting with him, but Laidmanoir uttered cries of disgust and terror, and clung to the beard of Giraud, one of

Dumas' guests. While the Auvergnat was quitting the room, the monkey exhibited evident signs of satisfaction, but when he had disappeared altogether, he began to practise a dance, which Dumas supposes to be the *Cancan* of the Simian tribe.

The day of purchase happened to see a reunion at Monte Cristo of Maquet, Dumas Fils, and other literati and literatæ. The young gentleman wished to entertain the company at the expense of the poor four-handed animals. The three were together in a large cage, so he placed a bottle of seltzer water with the neck towards the animals on the table. They examined it carefully, but Mlle. Desgarcins was the first to attempt the solution. She attacked one of the four wire bands that secured the cork, first with her fingers, then with her teeth, till she had it cut, then the others in succession, her companions, turning the flask round for her.

"The nearer the operation approached the denouement, the greater grew the attention.

"It must be owned that the spectators were as interested as the actors.

"Monkeys and men held their breath.

"All at once a terrible explosion was heard. Mlle. Desgarcins was flung backwards on the floor by the cork, and inundated with the liquid, while Potich and the Last of the Laidmanoirs sprung to the ceiling, and held there by their hands and tails, uttering piercing cries.

"Oh," said Alexander the Younger, 'I would give my share of the seltzer to see Mlle. Desgarcins uncork another bottle.'

"Mlle. D. by this time had shook herself, sprung to the ceiling, and joined her comrades, who, suspending themselves by their tails, continued to gaze on the field of defeat, and utter inhuman cries."

The experiment was made a second and a third time with the same results, and Dumas Fils would have tried the fourth, but the senior pitied the condition of poor Desgarcins, whose nose was now swelled, gums all bleeding, and eyes half out of her head, and would not let the joke be carried further. It is a standing jest with Alex. Fils to expatiate on the stinginess of his parent—he did not let that occasion pass without bringing forward the allegation.

Just retribution waited on this unnecessary punishment of the poor quadrumani. A morning or two later the master was waked up by

Michel, who came to report the escape of the three monkeys from their cage, their present possession of the aviary, and their villainous seizure of ever so many of the poor little birds. "They can't eat them," said the sleeper awakened. "Ah!" said Michel, "it comes to the same thing. They are laying their spoils at the feet of Mysouff II., who is enjoying the feast."

The ravagers were secured, and put in their cage; poor Potich, who had taken refuge in a tree, coming down voluntarily, and with joined hands, begging to be put in with his comrades. Michel looked on the act as a piece of hypocrisy, his master as an act of devotedness, to be put on a par with that of *Regulus*. Meantime Mysouff II. had finished his dejeuner of 500 francs, and a jury was impanelled to try him for this act of rapine and gluttony. Next Sunday's guests accordingly tried the delinquent, Michel, who had kept him meanwhile on bread and water, being constituted State Prosecutor, and Nogent Saint-Laurent, defender of the criminal. The jury, already much prejudiced against Mysouff, were still further embittered by Michel's oration, but the counsel for the defence did not lose courage. He flung the chief blame on the mischievous monkeys, and merely established Mysouff II. as a comparatively innocent accessory after the fact.

"He demonstrated Mysouff, of himself, as incapable even of dreaming of such a crime. He depicted him sleeping the sleep of the just, till roused from his inoffensive slumber by these abominable beasts, who in front of the aviary were meditating their felonious attack. There he was, half awake, beginning to stretch out his claws, complacently purring, and opening his rosy mouth, and exhibiting his tongue curved in the style of heraldic lions, then shaking his ears while listening as if repulsing their infamous propositions. The counsellor dwelt on his first refusal of the request, then on the unsteady and volatile character of youth, and his corrupt education by the cook, who instead of feeding him on milk porridge or broth, as she had been strictly ordered, had excited his carnivorous propensities by administering lights, beef-hearts, parings of chops, &c. Then, as is the mode with unsteady characters, he painted him following the tempters to the scene of carnage; and

taking Mysouff in his arms, and extending his paws, he dwelt on their mechanism, and appealing to all who were not ignorant of anatomy, he triumphantly asked, 'Was it with organs of such a conformation an aviary under lock and key could be opened?' Then borrowing from Michel his favourite volume of the 'Dictionary of Natural History,' he opened it at the article 'Domestic Cat, Tiger Cat,' and struck his palm heavily on the book. 'Cat!' he cried, 'Cat!' you shall hear what the illustrious Buffon, the man with the wristbands of point lace, wrote on the knees of Nature herself on the subject of the cat.

"The cat," says M. Buffon, 'is only a faithless domestic, whom we keep through necessity, to extirpate other domestic enemies not in our power otherwise to get rid of. For though the cat when young is gentle-mannered, he possesses an inborn malice, a false character, a perverse disposition, which age augments, and which education merely masks.'

"Now, Mysouff, second of the name, did not bring a forged character for gentleness, signed Lacépède or Geoffroy Saint Hilaire.\* He is no intruder. The cook sought him out, and even pursued him into his retreat behind bundles of faggots. Did she ever hold forth to him on the enormity of bird-killing? No; on the contrary she excited his flesh-eating propensities. The lot of the poor birds I grant is deserving of our grief and indignation, but are not all of them, especially the quails, doomed to perish by the cook's knife some day? And Mysouff by one sharp but short process, has freed them from all the terrors, one after the other, which the cook's visits are so well calculated to inflict.

"Now, gentlemen, as you have learned to acquit that two-footed and featherless animal called Man, of crimes like these for sake of that word invented for the purpose, —*monomania*, take into account that the unfortunate and interesting Mysouff has yielded not merely to natural instincts, but to strong exterior influences. I have done, gentlemen. I claim for my client the benefit of extenuating circumstances."

Cries of enthusiasm hailed this improvised speech, and under its influence the votes were taken, and Mysouff declared culpable of complicity with the assassination of sundry quails, doves, pigeons, and other varieties of the genus *Columba*, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the cage of the monkey.

But we must reluctantly omit the further surprising adventures of the monkeys and Pritchard; how he near-

ly gnawed off his paw when secured in a trap, and how he was able to do more with three legs than other dogs with four; how he used to drop down into a fowl-yard, eat up the eggs newly-laid, and let himself out by raising a latch, and many other rare and curious incidents in the history of domestic animals.\*

Meanwhile, this article has been written in order to place a literary curiosity before our readers, and to mark the differences in taste between the French and English reading public. Imagine the reception such a volume issued by any popular English writer would receive from his public. Yet we have not presented the most egotistical or self-complacent of the many such passages existing in the "Histoire de Mes Bêtes." But Dumas' readers are still glad to get any gossiping book from him, however self-laudatory it may be. He tells a story as pleasantly as ever, though covering an unnecessarily large space of paper with it. He furnishes interesting and agreeable *causerie* for which neither our "conversation" nor our "chat" furnishes a thorough equivalent; and he has always something personally to tell about the people of letters and the actors and actresses of Paris. Then there is nothing cynical or ill-natured in his lucubrations. He says little that is ill of his lettered brethren, and he possesses the power of investing the most improbable things with an air of truth. It is not so many years since the "Three Musketeers," "Monte Cristo," and the "Mysteries of Paris" were at the summit of literary fame, and the taste for reading such narratives is as strong

as it was then. Yet, the works of the dead Sue and the living Dumas are now comparatively neglected. And why? Many old and young pupils went to their school, and they and their pupils again have since thrown such a mass of literary monstrosities on the world as completely to hide and eclipse the productions of their teachers. Meantime, the golden visions which blessed the eyes of our hero when engaged at "Monte Cristo" have faded. He is no time-server nor flatterer of the powers that be. He is singularly negligent and prodigal notwithstanding his son's efforts to keep him within compass, and he must continue to *travailler*, as he would say himself, to keep the engine on the line. Some years ago he boasted that out of the 800 volumes then written no more than four were unfit for the perusal of youth. We fear Mrs. Ellis would not indorse the assertion; but this we will venture to say in his defence:—He never wrote a book with an immoral purpose. In his never-ceasing search for interesting and exciting narratives, things come in his way unfit to be read in the family circle, and he cannot find in his heart to reject them. Perhaps on him they have no more evil effect than anatomical pictures on aged physicians, and he cannot appreciate the injury they do to the young. Still he is as harmless as the author of "Waverley" himself in comparison with some of his contemporaries, and we would not be sorry to hear that it has seemed good to Napoleon III. to confer a pension on him in consideration of the mountain of literary matter he has piled.

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\* One of these anecdotes is very curious and probably true. Pritchard and Portugo sitting on their haunches among their comrades, and putting their heads together, seemed holding a council. Portugo then went out of the kennel, and Pritchard followed him leisurely at some distance, Dumas and Michel watching the manœuvre. After some time Pritchard couched down at a certain spot, and waited till he heard Portugo give tongue. Then his mustard-coloured eye began to sparkle, and his limbs to move nervously. However, he was quiet for some time, till on a sudden he gave a high bound, and a fine fat rabbit was in his jaws in a moment. By concert with Portugo he had lain in wait at that favourable spot, while his comrade started and chased the game.

## SACRED VOWS.

I STAND alone by the river's way,  
And I hear its silver tone,  
And my thoughts, with its pleasant voice,  
Go flowing up and down.

In dreams I stand in a shady place,  
Where ferns and violets grow,  
Where the nodding trees are whispering  
In murmurs soft and low.

In dreams I look on an angel face,  
And a pleasant hand I feel,  
While the bluebells and anemones  
Ring out a wedding peal.

And together there, in the quiet dusk,  
'Neath a dome of heaven's blue,  
We make our vows, like sacred vows,  
To be patient, fond, and true.

The place is like a holy place,  
As the old-world chapel halls,  
And the perfume of the flower-bells,  
Like the odour of incense falls.

And I kiss her hand with a reverent love,  
As the Catholics of old  
Have kissed the holy relics laid  
On altars, rich with gold.

And I make a vow, in my earnest love,  
That so dear she is to me,  
That I will love no other love  
Through all eternity.

She never stands by the river, now,  
Beneath the fields of blue,  
And I know no more her tender love,  
So patient, fond, and true.

For I stand alone in that shady place,  
And her hand no more I feel,  
And the bluebells and anemones  
Have hushed their merry peal.

For the gentle face that I looked upon,  
And the voice that softly fell,  
Have passed away through the summer lands,  
To the place where angels dwell.

But the vows which I made in that holy place  
Are sacred vows to me,  
For I will love no other love  
Through all eternity.

## SATIRE CLAIMS SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR IT.

FRANCIS BAUDOUIN, professor of law, claims a place in our review—one of those unsettled spirits who rarely find a permanent religious home. Once a Calvinist, next a Lutheran, he ended by resuming his early place in the Roman communion :

" Everything by turns, and nothing long."

A temporizing man—a man of peace—a man of real moderation, most hateful to zealots on both sides, and most unenviable in troublous times that demand decision. At one time he is missioned to the Protestants of Germany to bring about a union, at another to the Court of Rome—a shuttlecock, bandied from party to party, and yet owning some sympathy at heart with both. Returning out of Germany on the eve of the Conference of Poissy, he deemed it expedient to publish a work of Osiander Cassander, on the best means of maintaining public tranquillity—" *De Officio pii et Publicæ Tranquillitatis vere Amantis viri in hoc Religionis Dissidio*, 1561." It was the work of an honest, sensible, conciliatory mediator, consulting the interests of both Churches, but it was most distasteful to the Reformers, amongst whom Calvin first of all attacked it, calling it the work of a dark-faced emissary of Satan, who would tempt the faith of the weak, and ruin the Church of God, under the semblance of a love of peace and concord. To this Baudouin replied in a very moderate strain, by a commentary on the laws *de famosis libellis*—on defamatory books, and Calvin retorted with a commentary on the laws *de transfugis, desertoribus et emansoribus*—of fugitives, deserters, and runaways. After this indirect assault came a cross-fire of personalities, Calvin launching at Baudouin's head the nickname of *Ablationes*, because, when at school, he was fond of making free with the pens and paper of his schoolfellows; to which Baudouin retorts on Calvin with the name of *Accusationes*, which his comrades had bestowed on him for his jealous and suspicious temper, always ready for censure and denunciation. This is sorry stuff, for learned

men to seriously recall their schoolboy peccadilloes in order to darken each other's fame, and disturb each other's repose. Calvin, truly angry, most indefensibly published a series of Baudouin's private letters to him—a proceeding that left the more forbearing lawyer master of the field in the judgment of all persons of moderation and civility.

The Chevalier Villegagnon, whose profession might be supposed to disqualify him for theological controversy, took part in the strife, and persecuted Calvin with his pamphlets and reclamations, as far as so insufficient an antagonist had it in his power. He, too, like many others, was tossed about like a cricket ball from one side to the other, through design or caprice—a vain, empty, frivolous, and ambitious fortune-hunter, whom the Church, indeed might use as a tool, but could not help despising. He was once with Charles V. before Algiers, in Scotland with Mary Stuart, at Malta against the Turks, at the French Court as a client of Coligny, at Geneva with Calvin; he even started in command of a small fleet to found a Calvinistic colony in Brazil, but sold its interests as soon as he found the colonists renounced his authority, and disputed his views of the Eucharist. He was for mingling water with the wine in communion, which they sturdily and rightly resisted. Received on his return to France after his abortive mission as a traitor and renegade, and rebuked by Calvin himself in that meaning, Villegagnon fell back into the ranks of the old Church, and disputed against his recent friends more virulently than ever. Named representative of the Knights of Malta at Paris, he considered his position justified him in figuring in the front rank of the theological warriors.

The first work with which he rushed pell-mell into the fray was an "Answer to the Libels" published against him, 1561, followed next year by "The Propositions in dispute between the Chevalier de Villegagnon and John Calvin concerning the verity of the Sacred Eucharist." The chevalier hurled his challenge

at the heads of all the Huguenot party, and said he would await their reply in his church of St. John Lateran at Paris, belonging to the Order of Malta. As no one met him in acceptance of his challenge, the knight enacted the part of the "Miles Gloriosus" of the Roman comedian. Calvin disdained so paltry an antagonist, but some of the second-rate men of the Geneva party published "The self-conceit of Mr. Colas Durand," the birth-name of Villegagnon, and after that "A Brush to dust his Armour—l'Epussette des ses armoiries," with a picture representing the knight stark naked, standing on the top of the Popish pot turned upside down, with his cross and flageolet hung round his neck—a sufficient punishment of so mean an adversary.

The petty warfare of scandalous biographies which the Calvinistic party had employed to smear the good name of some of the most vincible heroes of the Church was also employed by the Romanist party in turn—and Luther and Calvin paid the penalty of this dishonest mode of fighting, by being themselves drawn on the hurdle of slander to execution, as soon as they were dead. Another changeling in religion,—an unfrocked Carmelite, a doctor of divinity and medicine, one Jerome Bolsec, took this unhandsome office in hand, and has gibbeted himself to everlasting shame, while he meant only to disgrace the Geneva Reformers by his "Vie de Calvin." Calvin in this libel is a denier of the divinity of Christ, and was punished for his impiety by the bodily sufferings that preceded his death—hideous ulcers, the fruit of his debaucheries, and the putrefaction that set in as a sign of the malediction of heaven awaiting him in sterner forms in the other world. Not thus did Bossuet maintain his cause. But the Catholics were maddened by the defections from their ranks. Men of letters, the youth, the nobility of the province, and a large portion of the people sided with the new religion. In Paris crowds followed their preachers; and a Spanish Catholic at that day wrote that the kingdom of France is in such a state of disorder as regards religion, that nothing can settle it but God himself. Catherine de Medici herself preferred to have

Mass sung in French instead of Latin. The Council of Trent was suspended, and the Jesuits, the saviours of the Church, had not yet come. Ronsard, the poet, rushed to the rescue of the declining cause—the Achilles of Vendôme to the sorely pressed Roman camp. Peter de Ronsard, the prince of the poets of his time, captain and courtier, could not remain neutral in the struggle of Churches and opinions.

Both parties claimed the advocacy of Ronsard. He would be a power on the side he joined. At one period the Protestants hoped to win him over through the Prince de Condé and the Cardinal de Chatillon: the resonant trumpet of the author of the "Franciade" would be a much more valuable acquisition than the lyric flageolet of their Marot. The young and ingenuous spirits would blindly adopt the cause so noble a poet glorified—because they set much by so desirable an acquisition; but they failed. The Guises took possession of Ronsard, and his advocacy was secured to the Catholic cause. His quiet and orderly habits, combined with the rhythmical autocracy of his muse, repelled him from the ranks of the disturbers of opinion—the restless and disorderly spirits of the age. The naked rigidity of reform, moreover, had few attractions for a man of lively imagination, who saw nothing incongruous in the intermixture of heathen fables with biblical facts in his verses. Like Pindar—like, in fact, most of the sons of song—Ronsard was by instinct the laureate of kings and priests. He loved religious festivals, processions, and the pomp of worship, as he in youth loved his soldier's uniform. The clash of arms, the hum of camps, the shouts of carousal, his love of shows—perhaps a deeper feeling also—led him, on the great religious festivals, to don a surplice and cape, to take a waxen taper in his hand, and follow the canopy, which was *loud*—how clearly this slang term comes from the French *éclatante*!—with velvets and silks, amid a cloud of incense, intoning psalms and hymns. From this fancy of his, his enemies nicknamed him the Abbé Ronsard; albeit the poet gloried in assuring the wags that—

"I love to be at Prime, at Sext, at Tierce,

And None—the lowliest of worshippers."

These devout habits grew on him



with his years, and his attachment to the old cause became confirmed by the very abuse it drew upon the bard. The social condition of France was wretched in the extreme; but in his wrath he ascribed it to wrong causes, laying the blame on the Reformers, who shared all the misery of the times, and were exposed besides to the wrath of kings and the fagot of persecutors. He sees signs of the anger of heaven in the appearance of a comet and in the inundations of the Seine, like Horace of old, all which superstitions are sufficiently laughed at in the prognostications of Pantagruel by Rabelais, who was his neighbour in Meudon. His birth of *Opinion* is classical in its form: Jupiter, descending from Olympus, finds a nymph, *Presumption*, resting at its foot. The god makes love to her with his usual facility, and the offspring in due time is that pestilent and heady *Opinion* which was the detestation of the souls of the day. It is this monster which comes to disturb the theologian in his cell, the artisan in his workshop, the shepherd in his pasture, the merchant in his market, the sailor in his vessel; which invites invasion of France from all quarters—Savoy, Germany, and Spain. Poor Ronsard! he took all his mythological insipidity for a divine invention; but it was received with universal distaste and mockery; and he learned from it the lesson to attack in future with open sarcasm, and not under the cloak of allegory, the men and the measures he sought to denounce. He therefore brings in, without ceremony, Luther, Calvin, and Beza at table—

"With pipe and pot the Levite tribe,  
Discussing texts 'mid scoff and gibe."

He denounces to all the kings of Europe this cursed Geneva—this focus of heresy and rebellion—this impure nest of caterpillars, which will soon have gnawed every leaf of the tree of Christianity, unless it be burned up. The titanic arm of the poet aims no dainty epigrams merely at the head of the devoted Reformers, but huge blocks of epic verse, which would be dangerous indeed were their power equal to their magnitude, with the force of an indignant Æschylus or Artistophanes.

Ronsard alleges three charges against the Reformers. First, that they disturb the established order of

things; secondly, that they introduce illiterate persons into the ministry; thirdly, that they are stern, cold, and unworldly, all of which may be in some sense true without justifying their condemnation. Their aim was *Peace after Truth*; they employed the best preachers they could find, and their unworldliness was a consistent protest against "living in pleasure." Ronsard's picture of the Huguenot pastor is not attractive:—

"To hate the mass, scold pope and popery,  
Wins for the Huguenot a high degree;  
Wrinkle your brow, look lowering, stern,  
and grave;  
Wear a long beard, escape the need  
to shave;  
Let your eye pierce, and speak your  
thoughts profound;  
Your head with shaggy unkempt  
locks be crown'd;  
Draw up your eyebrow—let your  
cheeks be pale,  
And your salute, still Scriptural,  
'All hail!'  
Name Christ your Lord, but never  
Mary's son;  
Then you're elect—your crown of  
grace is won."

For Ronsard's epic he received in return a deluge of libels, epigrams, caricatures, prose and verse, macaronics upon the *heretofore Vendomois gentleman, now a priest, Papal poet, and Sorbonnian*. The scandal was revived of the famous supper at Arcueil, the goat sacrificed to Bacchus, and the thirsty Iambic declaimed in honour of the poet Jodelle—all this with a view of insinuating that Ronsard, notwithstanding his present professions, was a Pagan or an Atheist at heart. He was charged with having sold himself to the Guises, to Spain, to the Court, to the Pope, to the Sorbonne. His whole life, his person, his works, his devotions, his very deafness, were torn to pieces, and the wonder is that Ronsard survived it all. The spirit of the poet never quailed. He called upon all the writers of his own side to march to the attack, and so gallantly did he bear himself that no one on the Reformers' side dared reply to him, save under an assumed name. In this way, under the pseudonyms of "Zammariel" and "Mont-dieu," he was answered in a poetic form by La Roche Chandieu, who afterwards became a minister of the Reformed Church. One Launoi also fell foul

of him, who afterwards relapsed into Romanism ; and a person who called himself Nicolas Mallaire, addressed him in a prose macaronic pamphlet. Most of his adversaries were unworthy of his boastful pen, and he longs for a brush with Beza :—

“ Mais si ce grand guerrier, ce grand  
soldat de Beze

Se presente au combat, mon cœur  
sautera d'aïse.”

Ronsard had to content himself with Chandieu, and warned him, in an epistle of fifteen hundred lines, that if he provoked him further he would launch at him a whole Iliad of reproach. Chandieu was not a man to be despised ; not much of a poet, but a distinguished orator, and reported to have won the affections of Catherine de Medici by his handsome person.

Two other poets intervened in this controversy :—Florent Chrestien and James Grevin. Chrestien had been preceptor to Henry of Navarre, and was one of the most learned men of the age, a man of mordant and satiric humour, but possessed, nevertheless, of an excellent spirit. Grevin was a pupil of Ronsard's, but for the present his religious detractor. Both together built, in verse more or less discordant, what Binet calls “ that temple of calumny,” raised to the disparagement of the person and poems of Ronsard. Colletet says they concocted paragraphs that would make the veriest hypochondriac faint with laughter at the expense of their adversary. The charge of Atheism was one of their grand *coups* :—

“ An Atheist then, Lucretius, was thy  
sire,

A Pagan Flaccus, and the Atheist choir  
Of ancient Greece and Rome.”

Calvin is lauded to the skies, whom Ronsard depreciated :—

“ He a true servant of the Church—  
a Paul—

Who made the idol-serving priesthood  
fall ;

Aimed many a blow at Papal wolves  
so well,

He drove the Roman Antichrist to  
Hell.”

This was published by Chrestien under the name of “ La Baronnie,” and Ronsard replied in a pique, that the poem “ ne sentait pas le bon Chrestien,” a pun that showed he

knew his antagonist beneath his visor. In 1564, Chrestien returned to the attack with an apology or defence, “ d'un homme Chretien,” to impose silence on the foolish reprehensiveness of Mr. Peter Ronsard, who calls himself not only a poet, but head master of the poetasters. To this Ronsard scorned to make any reply beyond that of bidding his detractors write on, as their abuse insured his immortality. The combatants grew weary of their poetic brawl, their ink was dried up, their pens worn out, their paper exhausted, above all, their divine furor appeased. At bottom, Ronsard esteemed Chrestien, and Chrestien sincerely admired Ronsard. At a later period, Chrestien returned into the bosom of Popery along with his royal master, and did all he could to bury the recollection of the feud. Grevin did not live to be reconciled to Ronsard, and by consequence had his name erased from the post of honour once assigned him by Ronsard's writings, as the French Apollo.

The verse stood originally thus :—

“ A Phébus, mon Grevin, tu es du  
tout semblable.”

The verse now reads :—

“ A Phébus, Patouillet,” &c.

illustrating the obscure by the still more obscure.

But the battle of theological Reform entered into a new phase. After the conference of Poissy, statesmen took the matter in hand, and soldiers and politics became the arbiters of the fray. The generation of the great doctors died off—your Luther, your Zuingle, your Calvin, Farel, and Viret ; Beza alone remained till the end of the century, a heroic relic of the past, to sustain by his learned protests the faltering faith and crumbling walls of Geneva, against the ambition of the princes of Savoy. The second generation of champions of the Reformation will be laymen rather than churchmen—the lawyer Hotman, the scholar Henry Stephens, soldiers like D'Aubigny, diplomats like Du Plessis-Mornay. Whilst the Protestant party committed its interests to the arbitrament of war, under the leadership of Condé, the Roman Church organized a militia more ir-

resistible than any array of armed battalions in the service of the Guises or of Spain, in the Jesuits, who just then were entering France. To every tide of fresh ideas that overflows a land, there will be a natural reflux in the course of time, as the history of the sixteenth century shows. Up to the middle of that century Reformation carried everything before it, and might fairly reckon two-thirds of Europe as its own; but after 1565 the flood began to contract its dimensions, and withdraw its influence. The Council of Trent restored the balance of parties, and handed over its decisions to be carried into masterly effect by the dexterity of the Jesuits. In its early surprisal, defection, and defeat the Church of Rome only thought of raising barriers against further invasion and further loss; but the Jesuits enabled her to undertake reprisals, and to carry offensive war into the strongholds of the enemy. The heresy of Geneva finds its most redoubtable antagonists in the Order of Loyola, who by their preaching, their writing, their school-teaching, their self-sacrifices, and their political intrigues, assail and perplex, and, in the issue, triumph over the enemy. They contrive to steal the palladium of truth out of the heart of Henry IV., and displace his honest adviser, De Bèze, by the Jesuit Coton. The Jesuits were at least scholars, and thus better matches, for the leaders of the Reformation; but they lacked principle in their tactics, and held to only one principle in their warfare—success at any price.

Reformation in sooth had much to struggle with—much to try its powers of endurance—when the fanciful and fickle, and the hundreds of the disappointed fell away from its side. Men disgusted with the superstitions, inanities, follies, and impostures of the prevailing Church, bade farewell to it, and embraced the new, earnest, honest creed, expecting to find there, in itself and in its professors, that rest for which their soul craved—that perfection of truth which would admit no cavi, and that amiable consistency of deportment which would realise their Utopia of primitive Christianity. But alas! they found that even the new opinions would not satisfy the cravings of the

soul, that there was no absolute truth nor infallible authority on earth, while human nature showed itself in as unamiable forms, if in other forms, within the camp of the saints as well as without. Thus the voyage of discovery on which many anxious souls had set out failed in landing them on the shore of assured belief or settled happiness. They had denounced the childish usages of the mediæval Church, the pomps and shows that amused the simple, and awoke the laughter of the incredulous; but they found nothing instead to fill the wants of the heart save a bald worship, a narrow creed, and perpetual strife to maintain authority and decide trifles. When the fever of Reformation was passed to such disappointed souls it is scarcely to be wondered at that they listened to the witching voice of the Jesuit charmers, and found their way back within the pale of a Church which requires no tormenting action of the brain in deciding each for himself the controversies of faith, but rests contented with simple conformity and obedience. As a consequence of this state of feeling, public events and Jesuit machinations concurring, before the end of the sixteenth century the Austrian provinces, the greater part of Poland and Flanders had made their submission to the Holy See. To the astonishment of many, men of incontestable uprightness and independence like Chrestien and Pithou relapsed, and D'Aubigny had cause to exclaim:—

“Truth's summit reached, we downward  
tend at last—

The spring and summer of our Church  
are past.”

The civil wars which intervened put an end for a time to published satire or oral discussion. Occupied in the ignoble task of proving spiritual truth by cutting each other's throats, they had no time to spare for more temperate argument—the noise of cannon and clarion drowned the voice of the doctors. Theological discussion was only resumed after the accession of Henry of Bearne, when the cause of the Reformers, successful in battle, was sacrificed to the interests of a cowardly and compromising policy. The abjuration of a mere pleasure-loving king—a man without principles or conduct—was a deathblow to the cause.

Then confirmed discord and defection reigned in the camp of Protestantism, for not only did courtiers and politicians conform to the old faith, even the ministers of religion proved recreant to their vows, such as Launoi, Pennetier, and Palma-Cayet, all the pens of the Calvinists were drawn like whetted rapiers on the apostates. Beza publicly nailed their names to the pillory, denouncing them as cravens who had not pluck and patience enough to bear to the end the burden of the Cross. In the earlier days of the Reformation this significant act of excommunication would have been dreaded as something shameful and intolerable, but with a crowned head amongst the ranks of the recreants the shame of apostasy was gilded over. The conversions multiplied—Father Coton soon filled Bezançon and all France with the tidings of his conversions. Duperron, an apostate, afterwards cardinal, found no antagonist worthy of his powers. Dumoulin, the Calvinist minister, in vain launched his "Capuchins," his "Shield of the Faith," and his "Anatomy of the Mass;" for he could not stop the retreat. Sundry public discussions of the points of difference between the Churches took place with the concurrence—sometimes in the presence of—the higher powers, whereat Henry IV. allowed himself to be easily convinced, and, like the dragon's tail in the Apocalypse, drew many of the stars from heaven in his train. These discussions were not heroic, were not noble, were not conducted under the cope of heaven, in the face of the universe, in defiance of scaffold and martyr's fire, were quite the contrary; managed in close rooms, in guarded palaces, before select auditors, and very much with a view to pre-arranged conclusions, like that at Rosny. The famous Jesuit preacher, Gonthéry, and Dumoulin, the minister at Charenton, had a discussion in the hotel of the Mademoiselles de Mezencomt on the subject of the Eucharist, which had no satisfactory result; but it issued in the lady of Mezencomt abjuring Protestantism next day. Men seemed to argue for victory rather than truth—for credit rather than for conscience. Henry IV. prided himself on more than answering all his old teachers by help

of the Père Coton. Catherine of Bourbon, faithful to truth, upheld Dumoulin, her minister and almoner. People went with as little scruple from church to chapel and from chapel to church, as from the game of racket to the ring, and from the ring to the racket. All was discussion: the last sermon, exposition, pamphlet, the last point made, the last error refuted, the last wordy duel fought. The faith suffers and indifference follows:—Sully receives the Host at St. Denis in the morning and hears sermon at the Calvinist church in the afternoon. The Calvinist preacher is angry—bitter—chagrined, the attribute of a defeated party; the court clergy, at ease from success, and smooth, polite, moderate Father Coton speaks courteously of Calvin as *Monsieur Calvin*—that *hog* Calvin is no longer the fashion. People could scarcely believe their ears when this new soft style of denunciation obtained possession of the pulpit, and the Jesuits obtained full credit for their forbearance. The circumstance was deemed worthy of record as one of the distinguishing features of the year 1603, by L'Estoile, the Chancellor of France, in his memoirs. To be indulgent toward the opposite party was the policy that pleased the king. Augustus softened the rancour of the forum. Henry IV. mellowed the tone of theological discussion.

But even despots cannot always have their own way. The bigot Rose publicly denounces the Edict of Nantes; and the Jesuit Gonthéry declaims in the pulpit against those *canaille* and vermin of Huguenots, provoked to that unseemly rudeness of denunciation by Viguier's "Theatre of Anti-Christ." The king suppressed the book and counselled more control over his temper to Gonthéry. Another form the strife took in the uneasy spirits was the irritating placard posted here and there regardless of Henry's counsels of moderation, as for instance the following:—

"This is to give notice to all the scholars, grammarians, students of the arts, and the other youth enrolled in our good Lutetian university, that they meet to day *post prandium* upon the bank of the Seine *cum fustibus et armis*, to inflict condign retribution for their insults on the cursed sect of the Huguenots and Ablonists,

herewith also warning all the officers of the peace against interfering with this act of justice under pain of incurring the anger of God and of all Christian and Catholic people." The congregations clashed going to sermon or mass; insulting rhymes and threats were exchanged. The "Song of Colas" stirred up a sanguinary quarrel. This Colas was a peasant whose cow had strayed into a Huguenot field preaching, where it was summarily disposed of by the congregation. The Catholics took Colas' misadventure to heart, as they thought it a merit rather than a fault to disturb the inculcation of heresy. The slaughtered cow became for a season as famous as the Leaguers' Ass of Gilles Durand. The king prohibited the song, and placed a double muzzle on the restless spirits of each Church—a right royal way of enforcing mutual tolerance; but in itself a curious specimen of toleration.

Those Popish preachers and pulpit libellists whom the failure of the League robbed of their proper vocation consoled themselves with pamphlets and poems against heretics. The Jesuit, Richeome, published a "Huguenot Pantheon," a dull theological hash, which had not even the merit of corresponding with its name. The terrible cordelier, *Feu-Ardent*, condemned to silence, produced his blazing "Calvinistic Theomachy" and "The Ministers devouring each other." One of those ministers, Anthony de la Faye, replied to the cordelier under the assumed name of Nicolas Froideau, the antithesis of cold water to burning fire—imbecility, childishness, and sometimes wit characterising the discussion of these questions. The Eucharist and Purgatory were the stones of stumbling and rocks of offence that forbade agreement. Father Coton discussing the famous difficulty of the mouse that devoured the Host, frankly accepted the conclusion that he ate the actual body of Jesus Christ. Dumoulin, the Protestant, before writing his "Capuchin and his Anatomy of the Mass," composed his "Waters of Siloa to Extinguish the Fires of Purgatory." To this, a doctor of the Sorbonne replies, one Duval, with the "Fire of Elias;" and Cayet, a perverted Protestant, with his "Burning Fiery Furnace,"

and with his "Oven that dries up the Waters of Siloa," for which, so poor was it deemed, Cayet got no thanks from his own party, while he was made an object of general derision. The Bishop of Paris condemned it—the Protestants multiplied copies of Cayet's wretched pamphlet and its censure—and placarded it and hawked it about, with the defamatory verses:—

"Victor Cayet a book impress'd,  
An aimless blow, a sorry jest;  
To turn his coat none better skill'd—  
But could not turn a well-taught  
child."

On this dangerous incline theological controversy was ever prone to slide into buffoonery. The hands of both parties were tied up from fighting à l'outrance in serious conflict, and they therefore indulged in a flighty and desultory warfare that discredited religion, and gained no advantage to the cause for which they contended. The Jesuit Garasse mingled in the fray as the opponent of the Elder Pasquier, with results more damaging to himself than to his distinguished laic antagonist. But we shall treat this doughty Quixote and his achievements further on.

Bellarmino and Du Perron are leading names in this reaction in favour of the Papacy in France and Europe; names that once awakened all the fury of Protestant polemics, and drew forth their satiric poems. In France Du Perron was supreme as a controvertist, before whose superior abilities Rotan, Beraut, and the whole cohort of Calvinists were discomfited, unhorsed, and obliged to own themselves unequal in argument, and dependent on his forbearance. Vexed at seeing theologians by profession, the successors of Calvin and Viret, defeated by a clever sophist, the laity sought to cover their retreat. D'Aubigny, the rough soldier, took Du Perron in hand, and boasted that he made the Catholic Proteus sweat profusely and be completely nonplussed over a single text of St. Paul. The grave and sage Duplessis Mornay also came to the rescue with his "Treatise on the Eucharist;" and furthermore obtained of the king the opportunity of a public debate at Fontainebleau in the royal presence—a move that only made

matters worse. This discussion in 1601 was a sheer triumph to Du Perron, won by dexterity and sleight-of-hand—an inexhaustible and ready fund of eloquence and resonance—over the heavy and unmanageable learning of Mornay. The latter retired from the list depressed, protesting that he had been taken by surprise, overreached—the usual excuses of non-success; but public opinion pronounced him more than baffled—beaten. Disgusted with oral controversy where a clever orator may puzzle a heavy philosopher, De Mornay betook himself to his pen. While D'Aubigny parodied in his "Confession of Sancy," the exploits of the Grand Converter, De Mornay occupied himself in the retirement of his château in answering Bellarmine in his "Mystery of Iniquity"—the last effort of the aged Entellus of the Reformation.

The struggle of that period ended in greatly strengthening the power of the Papacy. Supported on one side by the decrees of the Council of Trent, and on the other by the labours of its Jesuit militia, it aimed, not without prospect of success, at once more dominating the world. Bellarmine, the archangel of Catholic theology, had re-constructed by his genius the edifice of Roman authority, and laid at its feet the crowns of emperors and kings. Another Jesuit, Becanus, confessor of Ferdinand II., claimed for the Pope the right of disposing not only of sceptres but of royal lives. Seeing these things Duplessis Mornay groaned in spirit, and undertook the satires of the "Mystery of Iniquity"—his resentment sharpened by the loss of a son in the religious wars in the Netherlands. An engraving at the opening of his work exhibits a tower of many storeys, supported by wooden props, and these props on fire, the motto this—

"Fallere, æternam qui respicis ebris arcem

Subruta succensis mox corruet ima tigillis."

"Think not in tipsy dream this tower can stand,

'Twill burn, and topple down, and strew the strand."

Mornay dedicates his book to the young Louis XIII., but with no reason to expect that he will return to the communion his father had for-

saken. The mystery of iniquity is of course that spoken of by St. Paul, and that which St. John in the "Apocalypse" styles the "Mystical Babylon, the Mother of the Abominations of the Earth." It is not so much a question of religion as of the encroachments and usurpations of the Papacy, and of its lying tricks to gain the subjection of peoples and the command of their kings. But all men did not submit to her sorceries and her craft, notably Luther, who was inspired from heaven to resist. Bellarmine is an author who hands round her poisoned cup, but De Mornay opposes to this the true and wholesome traditions of the apostles, and of the Gallic monarchy. St. Louis banished the simony that the Holy See sanctioned from the land; Philip tore Boniface VIII. from his throne; Charles VIII. bearded Alexander VI. in the Eternal City, and Louis XII. floored Julius II. by the victory at Ravenna. "I have thought it expedient, since," he proceeds, "to cite the examples of the dead, as courtesy may forbid such a freedom with the living. While your guards who should be watching are asleep, and some even connive at the escalading of your walls, suffer your dog to bark a warning in your ears, and intimate your danger. Put a stout face on your resistance, and no Julius or Boniface will dare to hurt you. The Popes only bite those who are afraid of them." But the young king's policy was like that of his sire, indifference or moderation—with one hand dismantling the walls of Rochelle, and with the other robbing the Pope of the Valteline. De Mornay could not arrest the desertions from the Protestant camp, owing to the gold of Concini, and the flatteries of Mary de Medici. The "Mystery of Iniquity" was burned by order of Parliament, and relegated to an obscurity like that of its author in the corridors of his castle. True, it was replied to and ridiculed by Richeome, Garasse, and the Coryphaeus of revilers, Scioppius, whose "Alexipharmacum regium" administered a hearty castigation to the aged Pope of the Huguenots, reminding one more than anything of the ass's kick bestowed on the dying lion.

The next satirical work on the

Romish controversy demanding our notice is the "Differends de la Religion" of Marnix de St. Aldegonde, a Flemish writer, and a strenuous opponent of the Spanish power in the Netherlands; a noble-spirited and learned gentleman; a Protestant to the heart's core, and a man of unbounded humour. The Reformation, driven back from almost every part of the Continent, sorely hemmed in in France, menaced with extermination almost within the walls of Geneva, took refuge behind the ramparts and canals of Holland. There the poet, counsellor, and friend of William of Orange added to his other worthy deeds in favour of his creed several writings that must have had some good effect, though the book we now notice is at once too unshapely, ridiculous, and severe for criticism. Sooth to say, it is a strange jumble of theology and farce, where Augustin and Rabelais, Lucian and Calvin, Viret and Montaigne, jostle each other, the whole overlaid here and there with caricature and facetiæ, broad sallies and loud laughs, in the taste of the rustic festival and the tipsy carousals of Teniers. From the height of the bastion this work supplies, raised like a trophy of defiance within sight and hearing of the Jesuit outposts of Gand and Antwerp, Marnix passes down volleys of insult and raillery on Catholicism. Marnix by its aid resembles the great traditionary giant, whose festival these Flemish big babies still celebrate with childish glee (*nobis ipsis testantibus*), extinguished indeed for a time by the austerities of Spain, but now revived, and with jolly face and grand Olympian laugh, makes the black militia of Loyola weep with his ironies, oaths, and anathemas. Imagine him saying, like Gayant, to his grandchildren who occupy the same towering car with him—his Filliot and Binbin—"Courage children; let's go and seek a bridle for the muzzles of those Romish calves."

Marnix was by birth a Netherlander, but his cosmopolitan spirit and sympathies make him every man's countryman. He was French by his instincts, necessities, and language. He looked to the sovereign of France to continue the policy of the Prince of Orange, and though deceived in that expectation, he

nevertheless regards France as his country and Frenchmen as his brothers—the common bulwark of the Reformation and civil liberty. His style resembles that of Rabelais, stuffed with puns, jokes, and grotesque and fanciful compounds—his *papegauts, cardingaux, évesgauts*, and other birds of the same feather: *gentia* he makes *Gentil-âne*, catholics *caco-thetics*, the Society of Jesuits, the *sotticité*. In a long string of Pantagruelic phrases he amuses himself with *la sainte et solennelle entrebouchure, concaténation et circonvolubilipatè noterization des beatissimes papes de Rome*. The bottle of Marnix is that of Rabelais, but filled with Flemish beer instead of the claret of Chinon or of Baugency. But the huge equib is nevertheless French—European. From that little spot where floated in freedom the flag of the United Provinces Marnix directed his gaze over the whole Continent. While he clapped his hands with glee over the dispersion of the Spanish Armada he observed with sadness how a Roman policy was extending its meshes over the civilised world. He was indignant at the frightful fascination exercised by Vatican impostures everywhere, which seemed to affect the great land of France with more panic fear than it had power to do to the most obscure state in Italy itself. The danger of France disturbs his soul as much almost as that of Holland. The scene of Henry's absolution at Rome, the remembrance of the blows inflicted on Apostolic Gaul, awaken from him a cry of anguish over that poor old deserted Pragmatic, and the defunct liberties of the Gallic Church. "Ah, my friend, believe me these papal mules are dangerous beasts; they have hay on their horns, and kick up their heels like wild horses. Perhaps it were wisest to make our submission and kiss the Pope's slipper; perhaps he might bestow on us some modicum of a blessing, and we should be better boys afterwards; for certes, our prognatic sanction, the dear old dame is in the agonies of death, and her comrade, the Gallican Church, is already gone before her to the other world. We shall soon have to sing the *de profundis* for both, and order masses for the dead."

Bitter and coarse, earnest and caustic, humorous and sometimes witty, this prodigious pamphlet, in two volumes, closes the great religious duel of the sixteenth century. It was published in 1599. Henceforth the difference of Churches became a question of politics more than of belief, and religion was gradually secularised. Marnix indulged in no scruples of delicacy in his polemics; he called a spade a spade, and employed words and arguments from which the grave divines of the Reformation would have shrunk. His object was to prevent not promote reconciliation; his wish was to break at once and for ever with the past, hence his impetuosity, calumnies, and abuse: and the effect has been in many souls to destroy all reverence for the old beliefs. "The book of Marnix," says Bayle, a partial judge, "produced more stirring effects upon men's minds than the best treatise of Calvin." Thanks to him, Holland henceforth separated for ever from the great Catholic communion, became then, and has since remained, a secure asylum for all opponents of the politics of the Church of Rome. Dissentients from all quarters, Geneva, no less than Rome, found harbour there. Gomarists, Arminians, and Baptists, all wreckers of faith and exercisers of free thought, lodge themselves in that safe ark of the exile—Arnauld, Descartes, Spinoza, Bayle himself, Jurieu—a long and not ignoble list.

Out of the strong and angry struggle of pens and wits came an unexpected, and to some then and now an unwelcome good—liberty of conscience. The very efforts of Henry IV. for conciliation tended toward this result in France, though probably weak and unworthy in their motive, and not productive of immediate benefit. But as soon as the king died the bone of contention amongst the parties hitherto—who should possess him, control him, and reap his *éclat*—all sides seemed emulous in expressing their desire that their animosities should be buried in the monarch's grave. The Auditor L'Estoile in his journal records that the Calvinistic minister Durand, in his sermon on the death of Henry at Charenton, drew tears from the eyes of his audience,

as also did the Capuchin who preached at St. André, counselling the duty of living at peace with each other, notwithstanding the difference in their religious sentiments, referring all their disputes to the Sorbonne and the schools, while the people amicably followed the example of the king their late master. Unfortunately this complaisant disposition would compromise the interests of truth on one side, if not in both. Freedom of conscience is not a thing of compromise; and the case of the Puritans in England, who were obliged to betake themselves to Holland, and afterwards to cross the Atlantic in search of it, proved that, even after this period, in the freest country in the world it was not understood. The colonists of New England found in the depths of forests, after encountering stormy seas, and escaping from wilder men, the boon they sought—"Freedom to worship God."

The Jesuits, as already observed, took a stirring part in the controversies of the century towards its close, but they had first to establish their position in their own Church. They had a keener controversy to endure before they became tolerated and recognized by the Churches of France than they ever sustained against the Reformers in their hottest engagements. The publications written for and against that much vilified order would make no inconsiderable library, while still the name of Jesuit is a word of fear or of scorn wherever it is spoken. They may be useful teachers of seminaries now, chiefly of secular learning, but they have never succeeded in wearing down the prejudice that regarded them as lax teachers of morality and troublers of States in their prime. Their more restricted field of action in modern days is usually considered the only limiter of their powers of mischief. Shortly after their institution this aggressive and intriguing body are found in India and China, covering the continent of Asia with their missions; in Germany undoing the work of Luther; in Holland and England fomenting civil dissension against William of Orange and Elizabeth the Queen; in France opening the kingdom and its armies to the King of Spain. A Janus of polemics they



fight Protestantism on the one side and the Gallic Church on the other. Indefatigable fishers of men, in the midst of the storm they organize a system of Catholic salvage, snatch the shipwrecked from perdition, and soothe and subdue what they rescue. To make the way of salvation pleasant to the world they smooth and widen it, so that none need fail to find it. Men of tact, whose whole system is one of adaptation and compromise, they pick the thorns out of their accommodating theology, the rigour out of their pliant morals. Policy is the central point of their religion. Diplomats no less than apostles, confessors and confidants, they use human passions to serve the turns of their Society, and to ensure the triumph of their enterprise they get kings, counsellors, and royal concubines into their meshes. Father Auger occupied the same post beside Henry III. that Father Coton does beside Henry IV. Cardinals de Lorraine and Birague, d'Epemon, Gabrielle d'Estrées, and Mary de Medici were their allies. Their influence in high places, stiffly fought for and hardly attained, is owing to the jealousies of the existing orders, though some veiled their hostility under the profession of zeal for the liberties of the Catholic Church, endangered by these enemies from Rome. Ronsard the poet, who could be so severe on Protestantism, indicted a truculent sonnet on the Jesuit, wherein he represents the Church and human society, Jehovah and his Christ begging the Jesuits to retire from their occupation, or they will drive God and Christ, and Church and society out of the world. But this and such like was regarded as a mere pebble in their path—their mission was to govern as well as save. The pride of the individual was sketched in the individual, that it might aggregate in the Society. The Jesuits became a power too unwieldy to last; like the Guises, their success was their overthrow. Distrust, calumny, and the power of kings overthrew them. They were hated in France as foreigners, Spaniards—enough to condemn them in the esteem of all true patriots and friends of the Gallican Church. The secular clergy distrusted them—the regular clergy were jealous of them. The University

saw rivals in their schools, while Parliament distrusted them as citizens that withdrew themselves from the action of civil law. Efforts were made to sing them down, hiss them down, and banish them down, but all availed not. They overcame, as patience and circumstances always will overcome in the long run, pressing on amid contumelies and scorn and ill-treatment of every kind till they planted their Jesuit cross on the summit of their Jesuit calvary. But their patience was consistent with reprisals, when these were in their power; no order reckons more polemics. Ready to turn every resource to account they took possession of the press with their publications; their catechisms, manuals, histories, and pamphlets, anonymous or acknowledged, were scattered over the world. The most powerful pens on their side were in the earliest instance their heroes and founders, their confessors and martyrs of the faith, Loyola himself and Francis Xavier, and any others, if there were such, of supreme rank. Next came their learned doctors, with their folios of casuistic divinity—Bellarmine, Mariana, Sanchez, Lainez, and last of all followed up their host of pamphleteers, when they had reached the stage of depression. Their law of submission meant tit for tat when they had the power in their hands, and they rendered freely slander for slander, tooth for tooth, war for war. They liked to hear the laugh, moreover, on their side, and they succeeded every now and then in getting it. They, too, had their satirists and buffoons. Richeome could be as merry as Guillaume, and Garasse was a match for both Chicot and Angoulevant. They had wit, genius, knowledge of the world, learning, and the command of the pulpit, but could not write that idiomatic, racy, true French that savoured of the soil, like those great masters of the tongue and grand natives of France—Calvin, Beza, D'Aubigny, Hotman, Stephens, and Mornay. Their serious and jocose ebullitions alike smacked of a foreign origin; they recall the *olla podrida* of Spain, or the rich *macarony* of Italy; and savours of Folengo, the Mantuan, rather than of Marot and Rabelais. The answer is a merit and a fault. The order was not French, their men not French, above

all, their object not French: cosmopolites by training and by habit, their object was to gain the world; and their medium of usual intercourse was the common Latin of the schools. The style is the man, said Buffon; but the individual Jesuit was a thing unknown amongst the community of Loyola. They are many and yet one. Any triumph of self-love, any pronounced expression of individuality with them, were a crime rather than a merit. The greatest preacher the Society has produced, Bourdaloue, is also the least marked by decided personalism amongst the French writers.

Scarcely had they seated themselves amongst the scoffing and caviling Parisians, in the College of Clermont, bequeathed to them by Duprat, within a few yards of the Sorbonne, than that venerable institution roused itself to resent the intrusion of the new comers, and committed their work of attack to the agency of Pasquier. Versoris, the leaguer, was advocate for the Jesuits. With his sensitive patriotism, Gallican opinions, and attachment to the principles of monarchical and national independence, Stephen Pasquier was just the man to become the sworn enemy of these foreign priests who wrought in the interest of Spain and the Holy See. A modern Perseus, he girt himself for the encounter to rescue the University Andromeda. And he loved to recur in afterlife to that passage of arms, dwelling fondly on it in his "Recherches" like Cicero on his Catalinarian Orations. The struggle continued all his days, and after his death, Garasse haunted his tomb with his "Renard Pasquier,"—the hunting of the Fox Pasquier. The essay of Pasquier himself remains a specimen of judiciary eloquence in the sixteenth century: a passionate panegyric on the University; but at the same time, a bitter political pamphlet, satirising with the utmost asperity both the founder and the members of the Jesuit conspiracy. With its mixture of gaiety and gravity, it reminds us of Cato the Censor, or Juvenal condemning the introduction of Greek manners and philosophy amid the sobriety of ancient Rome. His plea is tedious from its length, yet sparkles here and there with a native humour. There is enough of

French passion in its paragraphs, which sometimes rise even to eloquence, but it is marked by a prejudice unworthy of a man of education, which renders him unjust to the real merits of Loyola, whom his veriest enemies must allow to have been sincere however mistaken. Thus, there is one side of this production admirable for its sound and noble sentiments, wherein he denounces the encroachments of the Jesuits, who seek to monopolize the education of the young with a view to the dominion over affairs; but there is also another, which is violent, unreasonable, and calumnious. There very name annoys him, Jesuits—as if no other community believed in JESUS but they. He hates their foreign origin which threatened the affiliation of half Moorish Spaniards and impure Italians on their ancient and loyal university. Their charlatanism offends him, wherewith they cast dust in the eyes of the people, by their outward semblance of learning and charity; their grasping greed, connected with an ostentatious generosity; their offer to teach for nothing, aiming at injuring the revenues of the University; and their habit of supplanting the *curés* in the confessional, and professors in their chairs, without being either priests or collegemen. He would have them open their hand plainly and show what they are, laic or priestly, and not be like bats who claim kindred with quadrupeds and fowls:—

"I am a bird,  
With wings like others;

I am a mouse;  
Long live the rats, my fourfooted brothers!"

Parliament temporised in this quarrel and the University held its own; but a few years afterwards, aided by the Guises and the influence of Spain, the Jesuits gained every position they sought, but only to the ruin of the League and the House of Valois. When Auger held in his hands the soul of Henry III., and Commolet and Gonthéry thundered in the pulpit, who dares lift his voice against them? Pasquier had for his successor Anthony Arnould; Dollé seconded his attack, and Duret defended the Jesuits, in a renewed suit of the University against the Society. In twenty-five years the Society had grown to be a power in the world—a

tempestuous spirit in the political atmosphere—enslaving peoples and assassinating kings; handing over Portugal to Spain, and deluging the Low Countries with blood.

Arnauld, led away by his vehemence, is unjust to the body, and as they had been guilty of some crimes and some crooked policy, charged all the evils in the Old World and the New on their Society of Jesuits. What measure did Demosthenes observe in thundering against Philip, or Cicero against Antony? Yet men of learning and good sense might be expected to display greater moderation. What power of language, Arnauld asks indignantly, could exhaust the detail of the secret plots and meetings more detestable than the revels of the Bacchanalians, and more fatal to society than those of Catiline, which were convened in their college in the Rue St. Jacques, and in their church of St. Antoine? Where did the emissaries of Spain—Mendoza, Dagular, Diego, D'Hara, Taxis, Feria, and others—hold their secret conclaves except in the house of the Jesuits? Where have Louchard, Accarié, Crucé, Cromé, and others kept their murderous assignments but in the house of the Jesuits? Arsenal of Satan! where have been arranged all the assassinations that have disgraced Europe for forty years, true successors of Arsacides or the Assassins save amongst you?

This is certainly very strong, and is not satire so much as abuse. Arnauld declares that an inveterate hatred against France was kindled in the bosom of Ignatius because he received a wound before Pampeluna, from the French; and compared children sent to the Jesuit schools to Phœnician children, sacrificed by superstitious parents to Moloch. But he pleaded, as the Arnaulds afterwards acted, with vigour and earnestness, and gained his cause for the University. All extra-Jesuit-France rejoiced in the result, and the learned Tarnebus, of the Royal College, turned out some neat Latin epigrams on the occasion. Rapin wrote to Dollé,

"Arnauld and you, brave warriors both,  
Engaged the combat, nothing loth,  
Like dogs, in sight of judges, juries,  
You tore to rags the incarnate furies."

Passerat, commenting on Cicero, Plautus, and Virgil, finds the Jesuits everywhere, like those prepossessed commentators who cannot open the Apocalypse without observing the wearer of the triple crown staring at them; the Harpies recall the Jesuits with their unclean ways; and the invasions of the Scythians the encroachments of the Society; the College of Clermont is the wooden horse of Troy; their expurgated editions of the Classics are compared to false Hippolytuses, who pretend a chastity they do not possess. The Jesuits were expelled the country, though the king resisted long. But public opinion was too strong for him. The attempt of Chatêl hastened the decision, and the advice of Du Harlay and his advocates, General Servin and Marion, justified the measure.

In three days they were ordered to depart the kingdom, as corruptors of youth, disturbers of the commonweal, and enemies of king and state. In some respects, we must own a deserved measure of reprobation—but nevertheless, the result of unjustifiable intrigues, and unfounded slanders. A whole magazine of witticisms exploded on their expulsion—the least repulsive representing them as the rearguard of the Spanish army returning to their own dominions. A pillar was erected to commemorate the event, bearing a defamatory inscription. Pasquier in his "Recherches," 1594, reprinted his famous plea, the fame of which still survived—provoked thereto by an attack of a petty Jesuit of Douay. His friends, Passerat, Gillot, Pithou, emptied their portfolios on the devoted head of the Society, and threatened its utter demolition. Pasquier's style in his work is not attractive—it is the style of a full man, as Bacon would call the author—but the fulness of a flood, that carries down with it all the lumber of the land, haycocks, trees, furniture, and not that of a placid, normal, well-behaved river. His method is first, to describe the establishment and progress of the Jesuits; secondly, to prove their doctrines to be contrary to those of the Gallican Church, and the fundamental laws of the kingdom; and thirdly, to show the consequences of these doctrines to be the plots and assassinations they had lately witnessed, of which the Society were

the authors and abettors. A point is supposed to be made against the Jesuits when it is asked of them, are they monks? Not a bit. Are they priests? Not a bit more. Do they live in monasteries? Oh, no; but in Houses. Do they assist at the processions of the other Orders and of the University? They take precious good care that they do not. They are afterwards charged with kindred to Calvinism and Judaism, and any other *ism* that suits Pasquier's indignant fancy. With him Ignatius Loyola is only a miserable pretender, an incarnate son of the Devil, a grand Turk, a Manes, the father of Manicheism, a worse than Luther or Julian the Apostate, a (strange climax!) Don Quixote! The Jesuits are the scorpions of France, the spawn of Spain, and not the pillars, but the pillagers of the Holy See. Pasquier's work is a strange clever medley of vituperation, and was paid back in the same coin by the Jesuit Garasse—each of which authors it is fair to believe was better than his books. Pasquier condemns their whole theory and practice of education as anti-Christian, anti-monarchical, and anti-Gallican. To the affected gravity of their pupils he opposes the youthful whims of the University scholars, who were an altogether different and quite superior class of students. He justly condemns, too, the Jesuit habit of kidnapping children from their parents, as they did from Ayrault, lieutenant of police, who could guard the district from robbers, but not his own family circle from pillage. Ayrault published an indignant vindication of parental authority on this incident, called a "*Traité de la Puissance Paternelle*." "I did not hand over my son to you," says the bereaved father, "to make him a Jesuit, but to instruct him in polite learning, and in the principles of our national faith, that he might succeed to my wishes, my rank, and my property; believing that you had some conscience residing in your breast. But who gave you authority, by means of your auricular confession, counterfeit devotion, hypocritical professions, and shallow grimaces, to seduce a poor child, and steal him from himself, from his father, and from his God?" Such natural re- criminations as these added to the re-

sentment of the people against the Jesuits, and were nuts to all the Huguenot lookers on, and to all men imbued with the Gallican spirit. But the Jesuits were soon back again. Henry IV., delighted at his divorce from Margaret, and his marriage with the Pope's niece, embraced the opportunity of showing his clemency, and opened the door of return to the exiles. Father Coton repaired to court, clothed with smiles, as usual, and the King ran forward to embrace him. The obnoxious monument was removed, amid the popular complaint that a little cotton was more powerful than pyramids of marble. The people jested on the removal of the figure of Justice from the monument when it was taken down. Others made squibs on the King's tooth, the damage to which Henry seemed to forget as well as forgive.

"Would you banish from this time  
Memory of Jesuit crime  
Replace, if poss., the damaged tooth,  
More damaging to them, in sooth."

If the calumnious "Catechism of the Jesuits" followed their departure with jeers, their return provoked a "*Passe-partant des Jesuites*," written by a Protestant, César Dupleix, under the pseudonyme of a doctor of Palestine. It is jocose, but its jokes are many of a sorry sort. For instance, Harlequin in it discharges his squibs at black men—negroes—that is, the black-robed fathers. The appeal for their return is conceived in these terms:—

"Give us back, gentle monarch, our  
reverend aires—  
Reparation that commonest justice re-  
quires;  
Let the guilty be punished, the in-  
nocent free,  
'Twas a novice, no sire, that was  
arm'd against thee."

The threefold secret of their success as a Society is represented thus:—  
I. To please the scholars. II. To please the parents. III. To please themselves.

The Jesuits returned to France under an engagement to abstain from the instruction of youth. How they observed that condition is shown in their straightway raising the magnificent college of La Flèche. The indulgent monarch helped them in its erection, and promised them the gift of his

heart when dead, which called forth an epigram:—

"False, fawning hypocrites to bring  
Flattery's incense to the king;  
To hallow in La Flèche his heart—  
To bury in its core your poisoned  
dart!"

Of that assassination meanwhile the Jesuits had not been guilty; yet the public voice was against them. They kept themselves in retirement—did not attend the royal obsequies, like the other orders—and shunned general observation. The avowals of Ravallac had partly compromised them, as he declared himself stimulated to the act by the sermons of their preachers, together with the bloody treatise of Mariana, endorsed by the General of the Jesuit order, Acqua Viva, and burnt by order of Parliament. Coton had been importuned by the deceased monarch to repudiate and answer the doctrines of that treatise, but Coton dallied. Yet now, to avert public odium from the Society he did at last publish a declaratory epistle condemning the views of the Spanish author. To this pamphlet Dupleix answered with his "Anti-Coton." This seemingly slight production, along with the "Catechism of the Jesuits," did serious damage to their cause. The author knew well all the indefensible points of their doctrine, had gleaned an abundance of good and serviceable matters out of their books, and on every topic he advanced had plenty and fit quotations ready to hand out of Mariana, Scribani, Emmanuel Sa, and Bellarmin, without counting the stories of wit and sense his own more special training supplied. "I find," says he, "that the Pole had reason on his side who said that the Society of the Jesuits was a sword of which France furnished the scabbard, but the handle was held in Spain and Rome." This "Anti-Coton" was a great success, from the conjunction of its appearance, circling round two eminent personalities, a murdered favourite king, and the king's confessor. Other writers on the same side brought out "The Tocsin against Bellarmin," and "The Blood-stained Shirt of Henry the Great"—two thundering orations against the execrated order. To these succeeded further, "The Jesuit Cut-throat," "The Counter-Assassin," "The Mer-

cury of the Jesuits," and others. As at the death of Charles the Rash, and of Francis of Guise, both hymns and maledictions surrounded the tomb of the dead king. Of these latter the names may be mentioned of the "Credo of the Catholics," the "Acknowledgments of the Butter-women," and interminable poems upon the La Flèche affair and the king's heart. The "Angelic Salutation" and the "Pater Noster" were parodied to the prejudice of the Jesuits. As, for instance, the Pater Noster:—

"Philip, King august of Spain,  
We thy subjects true remain—  
Thy children; we before thee bow,  
And our father thee avow.  
Pater Noster!

All our Jesuitic troop  
Would without thy bounties droop;  
With grateful tones we therefore sing,  
Sainted Philip, bounteous king,  
Qui es in Cœlis!

On Ravallac skilled to stab,  
Let no true confessor blab;  
Let none his memory defame—  
Yea, rather let the zealot's name  
Sanctificetur!"

And so on. In the Parliament of Paris the representatives, and in all the pulpits the parish priests, inveighed against the Jesuits; they seemed as if they had no friends left.

But they were able enough for their own defence, and were not slow in attempting reprisals. Flanders was one of their advanced posts, and thence they launched their artillery, east, west, north, and south, over France, England, Germany, and the Netherlands. Flanders became their citadel, as Germany had long been to the Reformers the cradle of their plots, the recruiting office of their ranks, the magazine of their defences and libels. The greater part of their publications of that date, the close of the century, are from Villefranche, just as the Huguenots used to hail from Eleutheropolis. But a Jesuit from Douay opened their defence under a pseudonyme, "Reponse de Rene de Lafon pour les religieux de la Compagnie de Jesus, 1599." This author demands the extermination of the venerable Pasquier as their capital enemy, a public plague, and an unqualified monster.

To Lafon, the false, succeeded Richeome, perhaps the true Simon Pure, whom the mask of the pseudonyme may not have been meant entirely to conceal. But the identification is doubtful. He and Father Coton were the Jachin and Boaz of the Jesuit temple. His friends styled Richeome the French Cicero, exaggerated praise. Whatever he may have been in the pulpit as an orator, he certainly did not wield the pen of the denizen of Tusculum. His works were said to be highly prized by Henry IV., but probably the king found it a more easy task to commend than to read them. Richeome's "Idolatry of the Huguenots," and his "Pantheon of the Huguenots" might possibly divert a king occasionally who was bored by the burdens of royalty, and had a sad lack of diversion amid all the splendours of his court and the vagaries of his fancy; but nothing in either of these works could greatly damage the Reformers. His "Chasse au Renard Pasquier" is better; but the best of these sallies of wit, embittered by theological rancour, taste flat and insipid to modern palates. A wretched joke with which it begins, wherein Richeome threatens the septuagenarian with making this attack the old man's funeral sermon, sounds more worthy of an undertaker than of Cicero, the grand tribune. He calls his adversary all sorts of foxes and fools:—a Pasquier Fox, a hairy Fox, a hoary Fox, a bald-pated Fox, and so on in a rich vocabulary of nicknames; and a born Fool, a flat Fool, a sharp Fool, a fat Fool, a thick and threefold Fool—ringing the changes in these uncomplimentary designations. Pasquier is convicted by him of falsehood in his charges against the Society; of ignorance in his theology; and is denied the gift of eloquence and knowledge of law. He is charged moreover with drunkenness like Rabelais, with calumny of the spotless Society, and with want of respect for the majesty of kings. Infanticide is laid to his account in this quaint way, that no person but a theologian could have invented, because in keeping boys away from the Jesuits' schools he plunged them into the hell of the University. What were the University professors but Pagans; their religion no better than

that of Pindar, Anacreon, and Tibullus, whom they taught?

Scribani, of the Netherlands, published his "Amphitheatrum honoris," under the anagram of Clari Bonarsii, directing its satire against the entire Parliament rather than an individual. It is an irregular kind of production, full of extracts and comments in prose and verse, especially rich in anathema; a kind of *Flores ad usum execrandi*. Scribani was a learned scholar and a man of parts; his work was in Latin and supplied scholars with no end of heavy jokes. But he is merciless to his adversaries, as witness their poetical doom:—

"Effoscos oculos voret atro gutture  
corvus,

Intestina canes, cætera membra lupus."

"Upon their eyes let unclean vultures  
feast;

Their guts let dogs devour, and wolves  
the rest."

Well might Dumoulin dub a work of which this is only a characteristic sample, as—"An Amphitheatre of Horror," not *Honour*. In spite of all maledictions and sinister auguries, Pasquier persisted in living beyond the ordinary term of human life. He survived, as if to provoke and disappoint Jesuit malice and ill-will. At last, in a green old age, the great peacemaker came to him, and stilled his fiery temper, and stayed his proud patriotic heart, and silenced his gifted tongue. But though his body rested peacefully in the Church Pew at St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, his name was to be assailed after his death with fresh rancour by the Jesuit, Francis Garasse. Garasse was an expert fencer, and had many encounters with others as well as with the deceased advocate, as, for instance, with Richelieu and the Port-royalists. But his advent was almost too late to be reckoned in the sixteenth century; yet in the controversies of that century, some of them almost closed with the death of the combatants, his ambition and zeal led him to take a part. Luther, Calvin, Béza, Pasquier, had gone to the region of shadows. He resuscitated the dead in his fierce invectives and demonstrative hate, which Casaubon, Dumoulin, Servin and the younger Pasquier were still alive on whom to vent the virulence of his pen. He started with his "Horoscopus Anti-

Otonis," in reply to the "Anti-Coton." After that first essay his pen never rested—pouring out floods of ink, consuming mountains of paper, vomiting forth oceans of scurrilities and libels in French and Latin, till silence was imposed upon him at last by his ecclesiastical superiors as a universal defamer—a kind of ecclesiastical Scioppius without his malignity—priest, journalist, flatterer, theologian, libeller, and buffoon. In his controversial works will be found the picturesque touch, the comic illustration, the gleam of goodness mingling in strange confusion with the invention of calumny and the sting of spite. The man was evidently half cracked; with him Calvin was an abortion—a worm; Béza, a fool and a robber; Luther, a perfect Atheist; and Pasquier an ignorant and sulky brute, on demolishing whose claims to be anything better he expends a folio of 600 pages, reserving to himself the right of continuing refutations in folios yet to come. None of the antagonists of Garasse has the good fortune to receive any other name from him than hypochondriacs, tipplers, asses—and worse. He laboured under the conviction that no man who thought differently from him could be in his senses. He compares himself modestly to St. Michael, an angel of only the eighth rank, and yet able, with his flaming brand, to vanquish Satan and his hosts; amongst whom he includes—1. Huguenots; 2. Gallicans; 3. Libertines. To the first of these classes of the Church's enemies he devotes his "Calvinistic Elixir," and his "Reformed Rabelais;" to the second, "His Banquet of Wise Men," and his "Research of Researches;" to all the three his "Curious Doctrine," wherein he consigns to the same doom Luther, Pasquier, Calvin, Arnauld, Theophilus, Servin, and Vanini.

The "Calvinistic Elixir" is a savage attack on Casaubon, in which he makes merry over the physical infirmities of that great scholar, and celebrates in it the fame of the good lady *Hernia*, that tormented him with her presence. The "Reformed Rabelais" is none other than Dumoulin, the distinguished preacher, and almoner of the Princess Catherine, a great power amongst Protes-

tants for his eloquence, his learning, and his readiness to hit his assailants. Garasse hated this man for his reputation for ability and candour, as did the Athenians the hated Aristides, because all men called him "just." Garasse's next attack was upon Servin, the Advocate-General, and upon Parliament which had banished the Jesuits; but as this was a difficult card to play openly he published his "Banquet of the Wise Men (*Banquet des Sages*)," under the assumed name of the Lord of Lespineuil, dating from the house of M. Servin—a piece of surpassing impudence. His motto was,

"Stultus haec non intelliget."

Nothing but Rabelais comes nigh this for its coarseness and folly. The banquet is held opposite the Saint Chapelle, in the enclosure of the Palais de Justice, at the sign of the Charlatan. There are no graces at the feast but Servin and his friends, Dumoulin, Arch-minister of France, and Primate of Charenton, attended by his prebendary and acolyte, Durand, approved good fellows, with eagle eye, agile hand, and wide and thirsty throats. The first dish is soup.

"The soup is maigre, but enriched withal

With hungry flies that in it float and fall."

This represents Servin's pleadings and is suggested by his motto, "*Sine dolis jus curo*."

"*Jus*, of course, in French, is sauce, But Latin *Jus*, is law."

The second dish is as good as the first—an old hare, kept till it is more than gamy. This represents the carion calumnies heaped on the Jesuits. Everyone stops his nose at the strong odour except the ministers, who are not over nice in their likings and dislikings. The third dish is a young peacock, garnished with his tail, to represent the pride of Mons. Servin. Thence they adjourn to the house, over the chimney in which is the portrait of St. Ives all in tatters, to show how little honesty is esteemed. The furniture of the house is of the same symbolic nature—a rack full of ignorance, a spinning-wheel for spinning lies, a crucible for extracting the quintessence of Jesuitical acts, a heap of razors for shaving the Gallican

liberties—all this in the style—but how inferior in inventiveness and wit—to the lists of Rabelais. Did Garasse know such passages in Rabelais, and divert himself with their perusal at times? He says, "No, but we say he lies—with a difference." He avouched on his honour that he had not written "The Banquet of the Wise Men," impelled thereto by dread of the action of Parliament, and anxious for the reputation of the Jesuits; and perhaps lying had become easy from practice: "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute."

But Pasquier was his "bête noire" beyond Servin and aught besides. So, though Pasquier was dead—as all the liberal party vaunted the merits of his "*Recherches*"—Garasse crowned it with the barren thistle instead of laurels. With a comic rage he dissects the book, and the life and character of its author, devoting a chapter to each of Pasquier's demerits—1. the Slanderer; 2. the Impertinent; 3. the Ignoramus; 4. the Free-thinker; 5. the Vain-boaster. He drags his victim as it were on a hurdle to the stake, to have the pleasure of drawing and quartering him at his leisure. Of his style of despatching him let the following suffice, wherein he describes Pasquier as a slanderer. "There is a kind of animal on the earth," says he, "which is neither man nor woman, nor brute beast, but partakes of all three together. He has the nose of a rhinoceros, the ears of a goat, the eyes of an owl, always downcast, like Lucian's lunatics; always feverish like lions, barking like a dog, biting like a viper, stinging like a wasp—that is the slanderer, and that is Pasquier."

His representation of a free-thinker has some merit, though we should deny its special application to the elder Pasquier. A free-thinker is one who is in favour of marriage of

the clergy rather than celibacy; he condemns Gregory of Nazianzum for want of charity towards the apostate Julian; says that Constantine was a hypocrite; that St. Louis ruined France by his bigotry; that the Popes seized the temporal power by degrees. . . . As every period closes, he harps upon the Gallican liberties, maintaining that Clovis never was a Catholic, but died an Arian; that Beza was a true genius, and Calvin a noble fellow; that heretics are to be gently dealt with; that it is barbarity to persecute Huguenots; and that the Inquisitors are cruel as cannibals.

There is some fair ridicule here, and Garasse is nothing if not amusing. In serious argument or satire he fails, and seeming to know it, he is always striving to get up a laugh, not always with success. He had no pretensions to sail in the same boat with those great masters of satire, Rabelais, Regnier, or Boileau. He is intrepidly absurd, and provokes a smile, if not with him, at least, at him. Garasse's death was more creditable to him than his writings, for he perished while nursing the sick in the hospitals at Poitiers, during the plague of 1641. The sons of Pasquier retorted on the ill-tongued and ill-fated Jesuit in their "*Anti-Garasse*." The unfortunate satirist found himself in turn under the anatomist's knife, undergoing the pains of a moral dissection, as little to his credit as to his feelings.

Thus this grand passage of arms which was inaugurated as Poissy, and publicly fought in the presence of Parliament, ended in a pasquinade. Well might the weary combatants, and spectators too, hail the coming of the seventeenth century, which rescued controversy from the hands of unworthy combatants, and undignified weapons, and called into the field the graver champions, such as Descartes, Arnauld, and Pascal.



## BISHOP PERCY'S FOLIO MANUSCRIPT.

THE "LORD OF LINNE" IN HIS TWO DRESSES.

It has been long more than suspected that if the amiable editor of the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" drew the materials of that work from a manuscript, he must have taken considerable liberties with it. The literal publication of the famous MS. now in progress\* has converted the suspicion into certainty. Taking into consideration that Dr. Percy issued the "Reliques" for the entertainment of the entire reading world, and not for the comparatively small number of bibliographical antiquaries, and that he did not choose to incur any pecuniary loss by the transaction, he acted (in our opinion) rightly. Of the changes made we shall furnish an example from the "Heir of Lin."

Here are a few verses as they stood in the original folio MS.

"Sayes, 'how doest thou, Lord of Linne?  
doest either want gold or fee?  
Wilt thou not sell thy lands soe brode  
To such a good fellow as me?'"

"Still in a study there as he stood,  
he unbethought him of a bill  
(he unbethought him of a bill)  
Which his father had left with him.

"Now well a day!' said John o the Scales  
wife,—  
'Welladay, and woe is me!  
Yesterday I was the Lady of Linna,  
& now I am but John o the Scales  
wiffe.

"Saies, 'have thou here, thou good fellow,  
40 pence thou didst lend me,  
(40 pence thou didst lend me)  
& 40 I will give thee.  
He make thee keeper of my forrest,  
Both of the wild deere and the tame."

Here is the shape in which they  
issued from the Bishop's desk:—

"Sayes, 'Welcome, welcome, Lord of  
Linne!  
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere.  
If thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad  
Good store of gold He give thee heere.'

"Now He away to lonesome lodge,  
For there my father bade me wend,  
When all the world should frown on me,  
I there should find a trusty friend.'

"Now welladay!' sayth Joan o' the  
Scales—  
'Now welladay, and woe is my life!  
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,  
Now I'm but John o' the Scales his  
wife.'

"Saies, 'have thou here, thou good fellowe.  
Forty pence thou didst lend mee;  
Now I'm again the Lord of Linne,  
And forty pounds I will give thee.'"

In a popular court, for this exploit, the Bishop would receive applause. In one presided over by Dr. Dryasdust he would scarcely receive the benefit of clergy. The editors of the folio MS. are by no means grateful to the Bishop for the changes made in this and others of the "Reliques." Mr. Hales says, "He polished it till he could see his own face in it. . . . The 125 lines of the folio are swollen into 216 in the "Reliques"—a fine flood of ballad and water."

There are two other versions in the publications of the Percy Society, but of all, "the best version of the ballad, the purest and neatest, is to our thinking the one given now in *puris naturalibus*."

We must defend the first editor so far as to say that he made no essential change in those verses that present the genuine qualities of the old ballad; *e. g.*,—

"he had neuer a penny left in his purse,—  
neuer a penny but 3,  
& one was brasse, and another was lead,  
& another was white mony.

The only liberty taken was to insert *left* after *penny* in second line, and *it* after *another* in fourth, thus improving the metre.

\* Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript. Edited by John W. Hales, M.A., Fellow, Christ's College, Cambridge, and Frederick J. Furnivall, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, assisted by Prof. Child, Harvard Univ., U. S., W. Chappell, Esq., &c., &c. London: Trübner and Co.

## DISCOVERY OF THE FOLIO MS.

Mr. Hales furnishes the earliest record known of the famous manuscript:—

"Thomas Percy, the son of a grocer at Bridgnorth, Shropshire, a graduate at Oxford, Vicar of Easton Mandit (what a surname for a harmless locality!), Northamptonshire, was by nature something of an antiquarian. When very young he became possessed of a folio MS. of old ballads and romances. 'This very curious old MS,' he says, in a memorandum made in the old folio itself, 'in its present mutilated state, but unbound and sadly torn, I rescued from destruction and begged at the hands of my worthy friend, Humphrey Pitt, Esq., then residing at Shiffnall in Shropshire, afterwards of Prior Lee near that town, who died very lately at Bath, viz., in summer, 1769. I saw it lying dirty on the floor under a bureau in y<sup>e</sup> parlour, being used by the maids to light the fire. When I first got possession of this MS.,' he says in another entry in the same place, 'I was very young and being in no degree an antiquary, I had not then learnt to reverence it, which must be my excuse for the scribble which I then spread over some parts of its margin, and in one or two instances, for even taking out the leaves to save the trouble of transcribing. I have since been more careful.' Besides this famous folio he possessed also a quarto MS. volume of similar pieces, supposed to be the one still in the hands of his family, and containing only copies of printed poems. The folio has remained in the hands of the Bishop's family in the greatest privacy hitherto, Jamieson and Sir F. Madden being, I believe, the only editors who have printed from it, though Dibdin was allowed to catalogue part of it."

## "ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND."

The Robin Hood ballads rank among the earliest English treasures of that class, and appropriately commenced the folio, but alas the Vandal servant-maids had destroyed the half of every folio up to No. 58 before young Thomas Percy had the good fortune to effect the rescue. Some of the destroyed portions, however, are easily supplied from other sources. "Robin Hood's Garland" was a favourite with boys half a century since, but though it is still found in folk's books, it is not so popular as it was. We rarely hear snatches of the ballads in the mouths of young people. Even in some cheap editions the sturdy and vigorous language is debased and weakened. Old people of the lower ranks, but of a literary turn, still retain several of the racy

verses, such as these from "Robin Hood and the Beggar."

"He got upon his berry-brown steed,  
Which was well worth angels ten;  
With a mantle of green, most brave to be  
seen,  
He took leave of his merry men."

Wishing to change clothes with the beggar he cries out—

"Now a change, a change!" said Robin Hood;  
'Thy bag and thy coat give me,  
And this mantle of mine to thee I resign,  
My horse and my bravery.'"

Being equipped, he cries out with much self-complacence.

"Now I have got a bag for my bread,  
And another for my corn,  
A bag for salt, and one for malt,  
And one for my bugle horn."

Nothing in the "Garland" have we found so easily remembered as the dialogue between Robin Hood and the Tinker, of which we present two verses. Robin having mentioned the existence of some frightful news abroad,—

"What is the news?" the tinker then said,  
'Come tell me without delay,  
And let it be said I'm a tinker by trade,  
And my dwelling's in Banbury.'

"Then answered bold Robin the tinker straightway,  
'The terrible news that I hear,  
Is that two tinkers were put in the stocks  
For drinking of ale and strong beer.'"

Whether king Arthur, Fionn Mac Cumhail, and Robin Hood were creatures of flesh and blood or no, we no more than mightier scholars can decide, but the following extracts from the "Introduction to the Robin Hood ballads," by Mr. Hales, are worth a place in the minds and note-books of our readers.

"He (Robin Hood) is first mentioned in literature in the vision of William concerning "Piers the Plowman," written probably about 1362, and is there mentioned as the well-known hero of well-known popular songs. Sloth says,—

"I kan (know) noght parfitly my pater-noster  
As the priest it syngeth,  
But I kan rymes of Robyn Hood,  
And Randolph, Erl of Chestre!"

"His next mention is in Wyntoun's Scottish Chronicle, written about the year 1420. Some thirty years later he is mentioned in one of the additions to Fordun's Scotichronicon (see Edinburgh ed., 1769, II., 104)

. . . . Sir John Paston in Edward IV.'s time lets us know that games in honour of Robin Hood were then zealously celebrated. . . . Towards the end of the fifteenth century the Robin Hood ballads were collected and woven into one long poem known as the "Lytel Geste," printed by Wynken de Worde, somewhere about 1490, reprinted in Scotland in 1508."

In Mair's history of Great Britain, 1521, great care is taken with his fame and era. This history with the Lytel Geste, compose the base of the outlaw's life in the Sloane MSS., No. 715, which was so well used by Ritson. The "Garland" was first published in 1670, and in 1678 appeared a prose version of it. In 1795 was published Ritson's Robin Hood,\* and this editor left nothing to be done for his hero by later writers.

The sentences quoted below display the sound judgment and discretion of Mr. Hales.

"We know then nothing of Robin Hood before he is the established favourite of the people. He is already a full-grown, most popular "fabula" when the first mention of him occurs. The first details are given of him some 150 years after the time at which they represent him to have lived. We cannot, therefore, attempt to make out from general literary or other sources the biography of Robin Hood. Some writers have essayed to eke it out with the Lytel Geste. They have taken the last "Fitte" of that string of ballads to be a more or less sober historical narrative. We cannot praise them. Such treatment of the old ballads seems quite unjustifiable. . . .

"We are not, however, inclined to deny the existence of Robin Hood. There is a certain local precision and constancy in the ballads. We can well believe that . . . some outlaw of the name did make himself famous in the north country, i.e., the country to the north of the Trent, and especially about Barnesdale, in or just before the thirteenth century, that his fame grew, and was fed from a thousand sources utterly disconnected with its origin, till his fame became a household word, and himself the universal darling of the common people."

The death of Robin Hood, given in

the folio, does not correspond with that in the "Lytel Geste," nor any other old collection, and is fuller in circumstance than any of them. Of the poetry we shall let the reader judge by the production of three verses.

"Sett a chaffing dish to the fyre,' said  
dame prioresse  
'and strip thou up thy sleene.'  
I hold him but an unwys man,  
that will no warning leuee (believe).

"Shee laide the blood-Irons to Robin Hood's  
vaine,  
alacke the more pitye!  
& pearct the vaine, and let out the  
blood,  
that full red was to see.

"And first it bled the thicke, thicke blood,  
and afterwards the thinne,  
& well then wist good Robin Hoode,  
treason there was within."

#### HARMONY OF A GARLIC AND ANGLO-NORMAN LEGEND.

The vigorous lay is unhappily defective, as its lot was cast among the first fifty-eight folios. The same mischance included the next tale, quoted, "The Turke and Gowan (Gawaine)." Short extracts are given from these ancient pieces that our readers may judge of the quality of the minstrelsy which came to be rather neglected in the middle of the seventeenth century, and entirely despised afterwards till the middle of the eighteenth. The scene of the story is the Isle of Man, which as our author says was formerly believed to be inhabited by a population of giants. These giants had overcome the primitive little fairy men of the island, and were in turn subjected by the great wizard Merlin, who confined them within subterranean dungeons where they still frighten unwary or fool-hardy intruders.

In our Celtic legends the same story is told with a difference. Mananan Mac Lir, once a powerful Danaan seaman and trader, passing

\* We cannot refrain from giving a version of Mair's bald Latin. About these times (Richard I.) as I conjecture, Robert Hood, the Englishman, and little John, most famed robbers, lay concealed in forests, plundering the opulent of their property. They slew none but such as attacked them, or resisted the taking of their goods. Robert maintained a hundred archers well fitted for fight, whom 400 of the bravest warriors would not dare to attack. The deeds of this Robert are celebrated in songs throughout England. He would not permit violence to be offered to a woman, nor goods to be taken from the poor, but he delighted in succouring them with the plundered property of the abbots. I, indeed, condemn the man's way of life, but he was the foremost and the most humane of all robbers."

into the *sighe* state after death, ruled the various troops of Irish fairies, and especially befriended the virtuous knights and ladies of story. He and his troop were routed at the approach of St. Patrick, and took refuge in Man (afterwards so called from him), where they assisted all good people, especially seafarers, by their supernatural powers. They kept the isle enveloped in mist, so that the Saint and his disciples might pass them by, but the light of the Gospel was not to be kept from illuminating hill or vale by such puny screen. St. Patrick landing on the isle, dispelled the dark thick fog, preached Christianity; and the poor sighe chief and his people were obliged to repair to those mysterious caverns, so common in the ancient lands of the Gael, and console themselves as they best could.

In the tale a misshapen dwarf enters King Arthur's court. He was not by his appearance calculated to infuse fear or respect into the noble company. The word "Turke," meant a dwarf or an image to shoot at.

"He was not hye, but he was broad,  
& like a turke he was made,  
both legg and thye;  
& said, 'is there any (who) will as a  
brother,  
to giue a buffet and take another,  
giff any see hardy bee.

The Turke appears (half a page being wanted), to have given the gentle Sir Gawaine a buffet, and now obliges him to go seek adventures with him.

"The turke took leaue of king with crowne,  
Sir Gawaine made him ready bowne,  
his armor and his steed;  
They rode northwards two days and  
more,  
by then Sir Gawaine hungred sore,  
Of meate and drinke he had great  
neede."

The Turke is a soothfast friend after all. He brings Sir Gawaine to the Isle of Man, and we see in the ensuing verse the king exhibit as great a dislike to King Arthur's bishops, as if he were Mananan himself and in ill humour with St. Patrick. (Here a torn leaf intervenes.)

... "Sir Gawaine stiffe and  
stoure  
'how fareth thy vnkle, King Arthur  
& all his company,  
And that Bishopp Sir Bodwine,  
That will not let my goods alone,  
but smiteth them every day.

"He preached much of a crowne of thorne,  
He shall ban the time that he was borne,  
& euer I catch him, may  
I anger more at the spirituall(t)y  
in England, nor att the temporaltie,  
They goe see in theire array.'"

The undesigned coincidence between the Anglo-Norman and the Gaelic legends is remarkable. Of course the good Sir Gawaine by the help of the protecting Turke puts the king's giants to shame.

The curious poem of King Arthur and the King of Cornwall is unhappily among the defective ones. The latter named prince spites poor Arthur by boasting of Guenever's favours, and has to aid him a terrible being presently to be described. One of the knights undertakes to punish the Cornish man's insolence, and slay his auxiliary fiend. King Arthur asks him about his arms and armour, and

"he sayes 'Collen (Cologne) brand Ile  
haue in my hand,  
& a Millaine knife fast by my knee;  
& a Danish axe fast in my hands;  
that, a sure weapon I think will be.

"Then with his Collen brand that he had  
in his hand,  
The bunge of the trubchandler (barrel)  
he burst in 3,  
With that start out a lodly feend  
with 7 heads & one body.

"the fyer towards the element fleu  
Out of his mouth, where was great  
plentie,  
the knight stood in the middle and  
fought,  
that it was great loy to see.

"till his Collaine brand broke in his hand,  
& his Millaine knife burst on his knee,  
& then the Danish axe burst in his hand  
first,  
that a sur weapon he thought should  
be."

#### A CENTURY OF OUR OLD POETIC FICTIONS.

We must now look after the neglect and the revival of the brave old ballads during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, quoting from the temporary notice of vol. ii., of which the first part only has been received:

"The English ballads, though highly popular in the Elizabethan age, as innumerable allusions to them in Shakespeare and the other dramatists, and in the general literature of the time show, were yet never collected into any volume save in "Garlands," till the year 1723. They wandered up and down the country without even sheep-skins or goat-skins to protect them.  
... They were looked down upon (by

the upper classes) as things that were very good in their proper place, but which must not be admitted into higher society: they were admired in a condescending manner,—they were much better than could be expected, but no one thought of them as popular lyrics of great intrinsic value. No one put forth a hand to save them from perishing. The custom of covering the walls of houses with them, that happily prevailed in the seventeenth century, did something for their preservation. Towards the end of the said century were made one or two collections of the broad sheets containing them. The black-letter literature of the people was collected rather for its curiousness than its power or beauty,—by antiquaries rather than by poets or enjoyers of poetry. Whatever their motives, let us praise Wood and Harley, Selden and Pepys, Rawlinson, Douce, and Bagford for their services in gathering together and protecting these frail outcasts from destruction."

Dryden seems to have set a just value on the old minstrelsy, but had not courage to run counter to the spirit of his age by avowing it. "This Samson in his captivity (we quote the text) consented to make merry and carouse with his captors,—to translate the songs he loved into the Philistine dialect." In one of the "Spectators," great praise is given to the late Lord Dorset for his large collection of old English ballads, and for the pleasure he took in reading them. The same tribute is paid to Dryden. This great poet had the courage to admit into his Miscellany, 1684-1708 (the second collection being published eight years after his death), "Little Musgrave and the Lady Bernard," "Chevy Chase" with a rhyming Latin translation; "Johnnie Armstrong," "Gilderoy," the "Miller and the King's Daughters." No one will deny the energy and compactness of the style of the fables modernised from Chaucer by Glorious John, but our present editors cry fie upon all modern varnishing of the brave old poets, whose productions placed beside those of Della Crusca and his school, have the effect of a piece of Cyclopean architecture in the neighbourhood of a piece of shell, and pebble, and incrustated rockwork. Parnell, Prior, and Tickell lie under their displeasure for the same offence. Two of Queen Anne's men, however, even showed that they shared the taste of Dryden.

"These were Addison and Rowe. Addi-

son's taste for them had been awakened during his travels on the Continent. 'When I travelled,' he writes, 'I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are in vogue among the common people. For it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man.'

Alluding to Addison's introduction of "Chevy Chase" and the "Children in the Wood" to his readers, the present editors remark:—"He read the old ballad in the light of his age, viewed and reviewed it in a somewhat narrow spirit. But he did read it: he did look at it." Thus we see," his *examen* concludes, "how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit."

But Addison's labour was not for the moment effective. Dennis and Wagstaff ridiculed his taste. He fought a losing battle. What appreciation of the old things there was at the beginning of the century, was rapidly decaying. An age of elaborate artificiality and studied affectation was dawning.

"Early in the reign of George I. the old ballads had grown insipid. Men had no longer eyes to see their wild graces. An age of rules was shocked by their fine irregularity; a moralizing and sentimentalizing age was horrified at their plain-spokenness and objectivity. A didactic age could conceive no interest in such spontaneous songs. It had narrow ideas of what is instructive, and it wanted instruction. It did not understand the singing as the linnet sings. It wanted its theories illustrated, discussed, and enforced. In a word, it confounded poetry and morality. No wonder then, if finding no response to its ideas in the old ballads, it turned away from them, and would not answer when they called,—would not dance when they piped."

It seems an unaccountable thing that the taste of the public being such, three collections of the old ballads should have been published, the first in 1723, the last in 1727. Allan Ramsay issued his "Evergreen" in 1724, "being a collection of Scots Poems wrote by the Ingenious before 1600." In the same year he published his "Tea-Table Miscellany." The clever Scotchman in his preface ob-

served that "readers of the best and most exquisite discernment complain of our modern writings, as filled with affected delicacies and studied refinements, which they would gladly exchange for that natural strength of thought and simplicity of style our forefathers practised."

The editor of the English collection is supposed to be Ambrose Phillips. He felt that his taste was not shared by his public, and used an apologetic vein in his introduction.

"He is evidently afraid of being thought a frivolous creature by his lofty-minded contemporaries. He is a little uneasy in introducing his protégées to a polished public. But he does his duty by them bravely, only indulging himself now and then in a little superior laugh at their expense. He gives what account he can give of each one, and shows always a thorough interest in his work. But the time was not ripe for his labours."

#### REVIVAL OF THE OLD BALLADS AND ROMANCES.

The interest felt in the naïve and plain-spoken old repertory died away, and so it continued during the reign of our fiery little George II., who neither cared for *boetry* nor *bainting*, and at the accession of George III., "William Whitehead was in the third year of "his adornment of the poet-laureateship" and the "Pleasures of the Imagination," the "Schoolmistress," the "Complaint or Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality" were at the zenith of their fame. It was, however, the turning-point of the romantic tide. This year, 1760, saw the Mock Ossian stalk down from his Highland fogs. Three years later, Bishop Percy translated from the Icelandic, and published five pieces of Runic poetry. In 1764 appeared some specimens of the poetry of the ancient Welsh bards, translated into English by the Rev. Evan Evans, curate of Glanvair, Talyhaern, in Denbighshire. Gray was familiar with this collection. He soon after produced his poetical translations from the Welsh and Norse:—"The Fatal Sisters," the "Descent of Odin," the "Triumphs of Owen," and the "Death of Hoel." These were meet heralds of the Percy "Reliques" first appearing in 1765.

Our editors evidently extend Christian forgiveness with difficulty to the good bishop for his misgivings as to the fitness of presenting the plain lays of the people to the delicate patronesses of the cold, artificial poetry of the eighteenth century.

Thus they exhale their discontent, not making due allowance for the influence of the atmosphere in which the editor and his patrons breathed.

"The editor has manifestly some misgivings about the character of his protégées. He is not quite sure how they will be received by his polite contemporaries. He speaks of them as the rude songs of ancient minstrels—the barbarous productions of unpolished ages, and fears 'lest he should be guilty of some impropriety in hoping that they can obtain the approbation of HER (the Countess of Northumberland), who adorns courts by her presence, and diffuses elegance by her example.' . . . In his preface he says, that 'as the contents of his folio MS. are of great simplicity, and seem to have been merely written for the people, the possessor was long in doubt whether in the present state of improved literature, they could be deemed worthy of the attention of the public. . . . To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing.'"

The editors cannot feel more contempt than we ourselves for the taste which could place the subjoined verse within any conceivable distance of those which follow:—

"Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray;  
Fetch water from the spring:  
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,  
And soon her knell they ring."  
"Bryan and Pereene," by Dr. Grainger.

"Down then came that maiden fair  
With ladies all laced in pall,  
And half a hundred of bold knights  
To bring her from bower to hall,  
And as many gentle squires  
To wait upon them all.

"The pearls of gold that were on her head  
set,  
Hung low down to her knee,  
And every ring on her small finger  
Shone of the crystal free.

"King Estmere stabled his steed  
So fair at the proud hall-board,  
The froth that came from his bridle bit,  
Lit on Sir Bremer's beard."  
*Ballad of "King Estmere."*

While impatient with the bishop for not being as enthusiastic about the old minstrelsy as they themselves, the editors still are grateful for what he accomplished, and occasionally relax in their discontent.

"Percy was not free from the prejudices of his time. He was but slightly in advance of them, but he *was* in advance of them. He did recognise the power and beauty of the old poetry more deeply perhaps than

he ever dared confess. And though unconscious of the greatness of the work he was doing, did for us—for Europe—an unutterable service. He was to the end curiously unconscious of it. Men are often reminded to be delicately careful in their actions, because they know not what harm they may do. They might sometimes be encouraged by the thought that they know not what good they do. Certainly, Percy performed for English literature a far higher service than he ever dreamed of. He always regarded the 'Reliques' as something rather frivolous."

With all his anxiety the good bishop did not succeed in interesting the great Aristarchus of his day in his labours. Boswell thus mentions the feelings of the great man on the subject. "The conversation having turned on ancient ballads, and some one having praised their simplicity, he treated them with that ridicule which he always displayed when that subject was mentioned."

The doctor, after his mention of *Hirsute*, who had a passion for black-letter books, *Ferratus*, do. for coins, and *Charthophylax* for gazettes, comes to *Cantilenus*.

"Cantilenus turned all his thoughts upon old ballads, for he considered them as the genuine records of the natural taste. He offered to show me a copy of the 'Children of the Wood,' which he firmly believed to be of the first edition, and by the help of which the text might be freed from several corruptions, if this age of barbarity had any claim to such favours from him."

We could nearly forgive the rough literary despot of the eighteenth century for his non-appreciation of the old ballad for his whimsical imitation of it:—

"The tender infant meek and mild  
Fell down upon a stone;  
The nurse took up the squealing child,  
But still the child squealed on."

This parody, even uttered ex-cathedrà by the great man, was no more available against the tide of the artless and heart-speaking old lays than the pitch-fork of the proverb. Between 1765 and the conclusion of the century, other collections were made by Evans, Pinkerton, Hurd, and Ritson, and the taste for the genuine ballad literature was at last firmly established by Walter Scott. Confined as are our bounds we must afford room to the early impressions made by the "Reliques" on the author of "Glenfinlas."

"About this time (the quitting of the High School), I first became acquainted with Bishop Percy's 'Reliques of ancient English Poetry.' As I had from infancy been devoted to legendary lore of this nature, and only reluctantly withdrew my attention from the scarcity of materials and the rudeness of those which I possessed, it may be imagined but cannot be described with what delight I saw pieces of the kind which had amused my childhood, and still continued in secret the *Delilahs* of my imagination, considered as the subject of sober research, grave commentary, and apt illustration, by an editor, who showed his practical genius was capable of emulating the best qualities of what his pious labour had preserved. I remember well the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge plantain tree in the ruins of what had been intended for an old fashioned arbour in the garden I have mentioned. The summer day sped onwards so fast, that notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was found still entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and to remember was in this instance the self-same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows and all who would hearken to me with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time too I could scrape a few shillings, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes, nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm."

#### AN ARTHURIAN BALLAD.

One of the greatest favourites with Sir Walter, as well as with the gentle-souled Miss Mitford, must have been the ballad of "King Estmere" from which we have quoted a couple of verses to contrast with Grainger's "Bryan and Pereene." A note in the MS. informs us that this ballad was torn out at the time of its being printed. It is one of the raciest, most spirited pieces in the "Reliques," and as we hope, very little tampered with by the editor. It is a strange circumstance—that of the zealous curator voluntarily destroying or allowing to be destroyed such a spirited old lay.

However if "King Estmere" is not now recoverable we have fragments of the "Marriage of Sir Gawaine," the knight without reproach among those very imperfect heroes Sir Tristrem, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Kay. The gaps are supplied as to the narrative by the "Weddyng of Sir Gawen and Dame Ragnel" in the

Bodleian MSS. The subject and the character of the poetry were just such as would delight the young Walter Scott, even though slightly tampered with by the bishop. King Arthur has got into a strait and must give up crown or life, if he may not find out for a savage baron by a certain day "what it is that women most like." In his misery he went forth to find some one to enlighten him,

"And as he rode over a more,  
hee see a lady where shee sate  
Betwixt an oke and a Greene hollen,  
She was clad in red scarlett.

"Then there as shold haue stood her  
mouth,  
then there was set her eye,  
the other was in her forehead fast,  
the way that she might see."

This "lothely lady" will tell the secret which is to free the king from his bond, but her guerdon must be a fair young knight for her husband. Sir Gawaine devotes himself for the liberation of his dear uncle, and the Knights of the Round Table go forth to escort the bride home. They find her as just described:—

"Sir Kay beheld this Lady's face,  
and looked upon her smire,\*  
'whoesouer kisses this lady,' he saies,  
'of his kisse he stands in feare,'

"Sir Kay beheld the lady againe,  
& looked vpon her snout;  
'whoesouer kisses this lady,' he saies,  
'of his kisse he stands in doubt."

The uncourteous knight as yet in ignorance of Sir Gawaine's intention is told that some one of the knights must wed her.

"What! wedd her to wiffe!" then said  
Sir Kay;  
'in the diuell's name anon.  
gett me a wiffe where-ere I may,  
for I had rather be shaine.'

"Then some tooke vp their hawkes in hast,  
and some tooke vp their hounds,  
and some sware they wold not marry  
her,  
for citty nor for towne."

But Sir Gawaine nobly presses down his repugnance, and lo he has hardly paid a bridegroom's first attention to his bride, when she is found to be unmatched for beauty and shape, and when her bridegroom leaves it to her own option whether she will remain fair by night and

foul by day or the reverse, she crowns his happiness with the assurance that she will always be the same as she then was. She explains how she had been persecuted by her stepmother.

"She witched me, being a faire young  
Lady,  
to the green forrest to dwell,  
& there I must walk in woman's  
likeness  
Most like a feend of hell.

(A defect.)

That looked so foule, and that was wont  
On the wild more to go."

Of course she is soon presented to the grateful Master of the Round Table.

"King Arthur beheld that lady faire  
That was so faire and bright,  
He thanked Christ in Trinity  
For Sir Gawaine that gentle knight.

The principal pieces in first volume and half of second, the only parts we have yet seen are, besides the Robin Hood and Arthurian ballads already mentioned, "Musleboorowe Feild," "Scottish Feilde," "Earls off Chester," "Earl of Westmorlande," "Flodden Feilde," "King John and Bishop," "The King enjoys his Rights againe," "The Tribe of Banburye," "Agincourte Battell," "Durham Feilde," "Rising in the North," "Northumberland betrayed by Douglas, Hereford and Norfolk," "Buckingham betrayed by Bannister," and "Earle Bodwell,"—all belonging to the "Romance of History." Every ballad or longer poem is prefaced by an introduction, giving all the information now attainable concerning the origin, age, and supposed authorship, and information afforded where ballad or romance on the same subject is to be looked for. Full explanatory notes are attached to every piece, and the variations adopted by Bishop Percy particularised. Seventy-one poems are included in the volume and a half published.

#### HISTORY OF THE PRESENT UNDERTAKING.

We have more than once alluded to the disfavour with which our editors and their assistants regard the patching process so abused by the bishop. They give among other instances the ballad of "Sir Cauline."

"His introduction to this ballad marked the spirit in which he regarded his authori-

\* *Smire* is neck, *gu*, *smirian*, to smear; and *smèru*, fat, grease, butter.



ties. 'The whole poem' (they here quote his own words) 'appeared so far short of the perfection it seemed to deserve, that the editor was tempted to add several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and complete the story in the manner which to him appeared most interesting and affecting.' Accordingly, as the manuscript ballad hitherto unprinted married Sir Cawline to his love—

"then he did marry this *king's* daughter  
with gold and silver bright,  
& 15 sons this Ladye beere  
to Sir Cawline the knight,"—

And the Bishop thought this ending a most unaffacting one, he wrote some fresh verses, killed both knight and lady in what he considered a pathetic style; and of course abolished the fifteen sons. With a true instinct, Professor Child remarked in his ballads,—'It is difficult to believe that this charming romance had so tragic and so sentimental a conclusion.' By way of justification the bishop tells his readers that 'his object was to please both the judicious antiquary and the reader of taste, and he hath endeavoured to gratify both without offending either.'

Mr. Furnival does not accept this excuse, he must have the earliest text exhibited, and then adapters may, as far as he cares, try their hands on "interesting and affecting alterations." He gives the following interesting narrative of the circumstances attending the reprint of the folio MS.

"This feeling (the desire of possessing the ballads in their untampered-with state) led Professor Child of Harvard University, years ago, to apply to me to find out where Bishop Percy's manuscript was, and print it—that manuscript of which Percy, speaking of his 'Reliques,' says, 'The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio manuscript in the editor's possession, which contains near 200 poems, songs, and metrical romances. My request to the bishop's descendants to see the manuscript, was (like that of nearly every other applicant) refused, as was also my offer of £100 for the right to copy and print it. But lately, a fresh negotiation through Mr. Thurstan Holland, a friend of Professor Child's, has resulted in my obtaining (for £150) possession for nine months of the long hidden manuscript, with the right to make one copy of it, and print it. The manuscript contains 196 pieces (some, fragments) in nearly 40,000 lines, and is in a hand of James I.'s reign. Percy's list of its contents shows how many unprinted ballads and romances it contains—for what the bishop printed of the manuscript must be considered unprinted for our purpose—and how incumbent it is on all men, who care for such things to get the whole manuscript into type as speedily as possible."

The work as far as regards the presentable songs and ballads, is to occupy three volumes. But there are in the folio MS. a couple of dozen of objectionable productions, marked by the bishop, each with three \*'s. Our editors are such determined antiquaries, that they could see no inconvenience in printing these unedifying lays among the rest, "for to them," as Mr. Furnival says, "they are mere coprolites," (left by some of Dr. Darwin's ancestors during the era when they sported horns and tails).

However knowing that the generality of their fellow creatures are susceptible of injury from the perusal of such ditties, they are printed in a separate volume for the behoof of mere archaeologists and antiquaries.

Few works have come before the public bearing such evident marks of zeal and capability on the part of authors or editors. We are not yet in a position to award them the full praise to which they are probably entitled. Prefaces and introductions are promised; and will, no doubt, testify still further to the striking ability, the vast reading, the conscientious labour, and regulated enthusiasm, which have hitherto characterized this masterly edition. To Mr. Furnival the task has fallen of making an accurate copy of the MS. for the printer, to supply hiatuses, at least in sense, where they occur, and to point out in what particulars the "Reliques" vary from the folio text. This he has done with a most satisfactory diligence and accuracy. Generally the introductions are by Mr. Hales, but for those to "Merline," "Arthur," and "King Arthur's Death," "Come, Come," "Conscience," and "Agin-court Battle," we are indebted to Mr. Furnival. The subscribers to the Early English Text Society require no proofs of this gentleman's unflagging zeal and exertions in the discharge of his assumed duties. We have heard that it will be a rare instance of good fortune falling in the way of an ardent lover of our old literature, if he does not find himself at a heavy loss by this undertaking, which he was mainly prompted to venture on, in order to vindicate the British men of letters from the blame laid on them by professor Child. After all, it will not bear very heavily on the purses of well-to-do Britons, who profess a love of our old romantic poetry, to exoner-

ate our earnest archæologist from any tangible loss. We have heard that the price of the four volumes including the coprolitic one, will be only a guinea, an exceedingly moderate demand for four thick octavoes, whose prefaces and introductions are certain to combine such a fund of archæologic and critical study. We say nothing of the obvious advantages of an admirable typography, or of the immense interest of such a collection of rare, and, in many cases, unique "reliques"—the picturesque and vigorous ballads and epics of a by-gone English world. It would really be a disgrace to our public literary bodies and our men of letters, if a national work undertaken with such unselfish and patriotic motives should bring the reverse of a reward to its projector.

#### SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF BISHOP PERCY.

A slight sketch of the life and literary labours of the editor of the "Reliques" can scarcely fail to interest our readers. He was born on the 13th of April in Bridgnorth, a town of Shropshire, pleasantly seated on the Severn. The house in which he first saw the light, is shown in the street called the Cartway, his grandfather and probably his father having there followed the business of grocers. It is a large, picturesque old building, partly constructed of wood, and presenting some pointed gables\* to the street.

"His early education was received at the Grammar School of his native town," and in his eighteenth year he entered Christchurch College, Oxford. "In 1753 he was presented by his college to the country living of Easton Maudit in Northampton."

This continued to be his usual home for the long period of twenty-five years, and in the little vicarage six children were born to him.

"A more retired place even at the present day can scarcely be imagined than Easton Maudit. It is a little picturesque country village with scattered farm-houses and cottages grouped together at irregular intervals, and with a population of only 207 people. The church dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, where Percy for so many years ministered, guiding the rustic and the lowly born, is a handsome structure consisting of nave with side aisles and chancel, and has at the west end one of those beautiful spires for which Northamptonshire is

so famous, earning for it the title of the "County of spires and squires."

Mrs. Percy might have sat or stood to poor Goldsmith for his portrait of Mrs. Primrose. She was a perfect model of all the domestic virtues, Her maiden name was Gutteridge, and her union with the future Bishop took place in 1759, six years after his assumption of spiritual duties at Easton Maudit. Mr. Percy first experienced the pleasure afforded by the sight of a proof-sheet in 1761, when he published a Chinese novel "Hau Kiou Chooan," translated from the Portuguese. He was born to good luck, for he received £50 for his four volumes. Next year he published "Miscellaneous pieces relating to the Chinese," and in the next, "Five pieces of Runic Poetry translated from the Icelandic language." In 1764 also appeared his new translation of the Song of Solomon, and a "Key to the New Testament,"—works now fallen into oblivion. Dr. Johnson spent a considerable portion of this year at Easton, holding endless discussions with Dr. Primrose, and drawing long draughts of inspiration from Mrs. Primrose's tea-cups.

We have already mentioned the acquisition of the folio MS., but many of the "Reliques" as printed by Dr. Percy were not taken from it at all, but supplied by his friends, Garrick, Goldsmith, Shenstone, Gray, Dr. Farmer, Dr. Birch, Dr. Grainger, &c. In February, 1765, when the editor was only thirty-six years of age, they made their first appearance in three volumes. They were dedicated to the goodnatured Countess of Northumberland, who was much gratified by her selection for this distinction. Sir Hugh Smithson of Stanwick St. John, a neighbour of the Countess, and one of the handsomest men of his time, was yet destined to be jilted. This being mentioned in the Countess's presence she expressed her surprise that any woman could have the bad taste to reject Sir Hugh. He heard of the observation by some side-wind, and turned it to profit, for after a siege of short duration the fair Countess yielded with a good grace, and Sir Hugh Smithson became first Duke of Northumberland.

\*The following embossed inscription is still in the entrance hall, "EXCEPT THE LORD BUILD THE OWSE THE LABOURERS THEREOF EVAIL NOTHING. ERECTED BY R. FOR\*" (Roster m.) 1580"

Dr. Percy received 100 guineas for the first edition of the "Reliques," and at each succeeding edition he received still more liberal encouragement. He became Chaplain to Duke Hugh of whom we have just spoken, and Chaplain to King George III. in 1769. In 1770, appeared his translation of Mallet's Northern Antiquities, with a very able introduction, in which he contended for the difference between the races and the literatures of the Celts and Teutons.

In 1768 at the desire of Duke Hugh, he edited the "Household Book of the Earl of Northumberland in 1512 at his Castles of Wressle and Leconsfield in Yorkshire." "This has given rise to the long series of Household Regulations and accounts, which have made every detail of the Sovereign's and rich man's home almost as familiar to us as our own humble one. And thus a third time has Percy been the means of lighting the torch of knowledge whose flame instructs and cheers us still."

In the year 1771, Poor Mrs. Percy was obliged to quit her family, and act as nurse to young Prince Edward, Duke of Kent. She was not released for a twelvemonth, and her lonely and wearied husband showed his joy at her return by composing the charming little song,—

"O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?"

Having had the grief of losing two of their children just before the summons to the palace, one can easily conceive the desolate feelings of the husband and father during that solitary year.

Our amiable clergyman went on from one pleasant station in the world of letters to another pleasanter still, as unerringly as ever did one of Marryatt's young heroes rise from one stage of promotion to another. In 1778 he was appointed to the Deanery of Carlisle, and in 1782 to the Bishopric of Dromore in Ireland. However, the loss of his dear and only son Henry who died at Marseilles in 1783 threw a great damp over his household happiness.

He continued to receive for a considerable time much annoyance from the pains-taking and able, but most

ill-tempered Joseph Ritson, of whose birth Stockton-on-Tees ought to be (but probably is not) very proud. He would insist that the folio MS. was a myth, and that most of the "Reliques" were mere modern antiques, having no nearer relation to any genuine old ballads than the separate poems in MacPherson's collection had to original Gaelic lays. The Bishop had his MS. exhibited in Pall Mall, got himself painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds with the celebrated folio in hand, and honestly declared that his emendations of old and mutilated ballads were open and avowed.

The application and ability of Ritson as an archæologist were remarkable. Sir Walter Scott said of him, that "he brought forward such a work on national antiquities as in other countries has been thought worthy of universities, and the countenance of princes."

At Dromore he employed all the time that could be spared from his spiritual duties in literary matters. In 1793 he published an "Essay on the Origin of the English Stage, particularly the Historical Plays of Shakespeare." In 1806 he lost his dear companion, with whom for forty-seven years he had enjoyed such domestic content as falls to the lot of specially favoured people. Her remains lie beside his own in Dromore Cathedral. Soon after, the good Bishop was gradually deprived of his sight, a natural result of the long and severe exercise of his eyes upon old and crabbed manuscripts. He bore this and his other great loss with true Christian submission, and retained his gentle manners and amiability with children to the last, a daily exercise of his being a walk to the pond in the palace garden to feed his swans. On the 30th of September, 1811, his release came, his departure being marked by happy manifestations of the Christian's faith and hope.

Two daughters of Bishop Percy survived him,—one the wife of Archdeacon the Hon. Pierce Meade, the other married to Ambrose Isted, esq., of Eton House, Northamptonshire. A son of each is still living, 1867.\*

\* For the Life, by John Pickford, esq., M.A., from which we have made this sketch, we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Furnivall, who kindly sent us advance sheets, as the portion of the work received for review extends only to the middle of the second volume.

# DUBLIN

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### VITAL FAITH.

PAUL—AUGUSTINE—LUTHER.

It is a remarkable fact in the history of Christianity that the divine spark of its vitality has been fanned into a flame at certain crises of its existence by three men, so marvellously alike, as to form what may almost be called the reiteration of the same type: alike in their indomitable courage; alike in the vicissitudes of their careers; and alike in an enthusiasm which has been the marvel not only of their own age but will be a marvel to all generations.

When we mention the names of Paul, Augustine, and Luther, we mention three men who stand as it were at the very head of humanity: the three leaders of the march of the human race through this life to the next.

The careers of these men run in parallel. The prototype Paul had been marvellously changed from a bitter, relentless, restless persecutor of the Christians to one of the most active, devoted, enthusiastic Christians of whom we have any record.

Augustine, up to the age of thirty, had passed through all the depths of Carthaginian licentiousness, of infidelity, mocking, doubting, blasphemy, and yet died the greatest and most influential Christian of post-apostolic times.

Luther, the monk, enthusiastically devoted to his asceticism, and the

errors of the Church of his day, was changed in the gloom of his cloister amid solitary struggles, the severity of which no human heart can understand, into the active, enthusiastic reformer of a Church in whose corruptions the vitality of the faith lay buried.

Naturally, the very earliest form of Christianity was that of converted Judaism, and it was difficult to break the early converts of Jewish customs. Indeed had not Peter been enlightened by Paul, he would have limited Christianity to the Jews. But it was reserved to Paul to open the gates of salvation to all mankind, and to show to the world, Jew and Gentile, that the works of the law were of no avail, but faith in the crucified One, which would not only confer upon the believer justification in the sight of God, but produce in him as its own fruit the works of the law.

His boldness towards Peter at that crisis was the turning point where Christianity was saved from sinking into a mere Judaistic sect, and made the religion of the world.

Since that time, at various periods of the development of Christianity, the influence of that vital truth has become clouded and lost to the sight, its light has been shut out and men have wandered in the darkness of their own inventions and sought sal-

vation in creeds of human construction, in external works, in ceremonies, and by the machinery of priestcraft. At such times Paul has had to dare Peter to his face, and to bring out into the darkness which has beclouded the world the bright Gospel light of justification by faith. So was it, as we shall presently show, with Augustine in the fourth century, and so was it with Luther in the sixteenth.

Before we investigate the work of these two followers of Paul, and restorers of Pauline Christianity, we shall show that justification by faith was not a new invention of Paul, but had existed even before the law and external ceremonial of the Jews; was implanted in the very core of the human heart, and lies at the very root of our fallen nature.

We shall then trace the history of the doctrine of its gradual corruption after the time of Paul to its revival by Augustine; its second corruption and utter extinction in medieval times, and its final resurrection by Luther.

Whence comes the consciousness of a want of justification?

We say nothing yet of the method which is purely a matter of revelation, but we point out that the idea of justification is implanted in the heart of every human being by the Creator, no matter under what phase or form of life he may be, there is in him a consciousness that there is a God, that he is a subject of that God, and being a subject must be under some kind of law: there is also a consciousness of unwillingness and disobedience, of natural enmity to God, the origin of which also is only to be found in revelation. This consciousness of God and sin united, creates a consciousness of the necessity for reconciliation by which the delinquent not being able to escape the responsibility of sin, may find a means of escaping its consequences.

These ideas are intuitive in the soul, they are the foundation stones of all religions, but the true cause of the evil and the true means of justification (as was asserted by Plato the most spiritual of all philosophers) must form a subject of divine teaching to man, and can only be found in the book of revealed truth.

In the earliest times that justification was through faith and not

works: faith in God's promises as in the case of Abraham, who was justified, not because he was willing to sacrifice his son, but because he believed in the promises of God and that was counted to him for righteousness: by that he was justified.

But a time arrived when man began to lose all consciousness of sin, and then came as a natural necessity the imposition of the law. It was the childhood of humanity, when unable to enjoy the freedom of maturity, it must necessarily be restrained by law. The law therefore was a curse. St. Paul dwells upon this when he asserts that Christ came to redeem us from the law (Galat. iii. 13), "Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us, that the blessings of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ." As Abraham was the father of the faithful and Christ is the spiritual Abraham, so are all who believe in Christ the spiritual seed, the spiritual children of Abraham, and as Abraham was justified in God's sight by faith and not by works, so also are those who believe in Christ justified in God's sight by faith and not by works. We are brought into the inheritance of the promises of God to Abraham by our connexion with Christ, and that connexion depends upon faith.

The Abrahamitic and Adamitic connexion of Christ with humanity, reveals a mysterious influence upon the destinies of the whole human race which link us to him as our only hope through time and eternity.

That he was the representative of Abraham confirms his claim to be the Messiah of the Jews, and the founder of another chosen people, and that He was the second Adam is the incontrovertible reason why the power of His salvation should be extended over Jew, Gentile, and all mankind: "for as in Adam all men die, so in Christ shall all men be made alive. For since by one man came sin into world, and death by sin, so by one man came life eternal," &c. What a glorious light does this close connexion of Christ with the two great representatives of humanity, with man as the sinner in Adam, and with man as the justified in Abraham, throw upon the mysteries of our salvation.

We now proceed to show how the truth became lost in the post-apostolic Church from Paul to Augustine.

By the immediate successors of the Apostles the faith was preserved in all its simplicity. In the works of Clement, Barnabas, Polycarp, and other apostolical fathers we find no speculative dogmas, but the simple faith in Christ; in fact their writings long read in the churches are the nearest approach to the apostolical writings we have; the influence of Peter, John, and Paul had not passed from them.

In the next stage Christianity came out from its original Jewish limit and was brought into contact with paganism, more especially with philosophical paganism. This was the age of the Apologists. The intellectual pressure of dialectic opponents was so great that the fathers Athenagoras, Justin, Tertullian, Quadratus, and others were compelled to reduce Christian teaching to a kind of system; in no other way could these men who had been accustomed to systematic thought receive any new thing, than in a settled form.

This was the starting point of dogmatic theology. At the outset the discussion turned upon faith and knowledge, the *pistis* and the *gnosis*. Mere faith (*πιστις*) could not be accepted by the converted philosophers, they must have something more—knowledge (*γνωσις*). Then arose the practice of interpolating two modes of religious teaching in keeping with the philosophical schools, the exoteric for the public and the esoteric for the schools. Mere faith (*πιστις*) was good for the crowd, but knowledge (*γνωσις*) was something higher. As they progressed in Christianity a compromise was made, and the Alexandrian school taught that in reality faith was only a higher kind of knowledge, it was *γνωσις* expanded to its utmost.

The gnostics were divided into two classes, those who were attached to Judaism like the Jews of Alexandria and those who followed an oriental gnosticism in opposition. Dissensions

soon crept in and the former or Jewish gnostics divided themselves into three sects, the Cerinthians, the Basileans, and the Valentinians. The latter into eight, the Ophites, Pseudo-Basileans, Cainites, Carpo-cratians, Prodicians, Antitactes, Nicolaitans, and Simonians.

The Nicolaitans were denounced by Christ in the Apocalypse, they were in the Church at Pergamos—"so hast thou them that hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitans which thing I hate."\* So that it must have been in existence before the end of the first century. As a middle between these, opposed to both were the followers of Saturnin, Tatian Marcion, Marcus, Lucas, and Apelles.

The tide of speculation swept on until the great heresy arose which divided the Church, the great dissension upon the divine and human nature of Christ and Arianism gave rise to a war of creeds. From 325 to 360, only thirty-five years, ten creeds were issued upon that subject.†

During all this fierce controversy it is not a matter of wonder that the Church, then essentially Greek, lost the simplicity of the Gospel teaching of justification by faith.

Faith became a subscription to creeds drawn up and settled by councils and often imposed by violence.

But in the middle of the fourth century a child was born at the little town of Tagaste in Numidia, whose father was a pagan, but whose mother was a devoted Christian. As the child grew, that Christian mother, amidst the contentions of her pagan husband, with tears and prayers instilled the truths of her religion into her child's mind. When seventeen years old he was sent to Carthage, where he studied, and where he plunged into the dark licentious indulgences of that great city; still the mother's tears and voice haunted him in the depths of his vicious life, and we find him now and then thrown back upon himself in terrible struggles with conviction and desires.

\* Revel. ii. 15. Those critics whose interest it is to destroy the authenticity of John's Gospel on account of its being a polemic against gnosticism, and assert that gnosticism could not have crept into the Church in the middle of the second century, and conclude therefore that the Gospel could not be John's, should explain the appearance of these Nicolaitans in the Church at the early period when the Book of Revelation was written, and also how it is that St. Paul denounces it as an established heresy.

† Socrates' Eccl. History, lib. ii. c. 41.

In vain did he search for knowledge of God in Plato,\* where he found a foreshadowing of the "eternal word," but nothing clear. In vain did he search for knowledge of man in Aristotle. "What did it profit me that, scarce twenty years old, a book of Aristotle, which they call the Ten Predicaments, falling into my hands, I read and understood it unaided? And the book appeared to me to speak clearly of substances such as 'man,' and of their qualities as the figure of a man, of what sort it is; and stature, how many feet high; and his relationship, whose brother he is; or where placed; or when born, or whether he stands or sits, or be shod or armed, or does or suffers anything. What did all this further me seeing it even hindered me?"† After spending much time in this philosophical speculation, he is at last led to the light.

"Most eagerly did I seize that venerable writing of thy Spirit, and chiefly the *Apostle Paul*. Whereupon those difficulties vanished away; wherein he once seemed to me to contradict himself, and the text of his discourse not to agree with the testimonies of the law and the prophets. And the face of that pure word appeared to me one and the same; and I learned to rejoice with trembling."‡

After passing through a severe mental struggle with doubts, fears, despairings, lamentations for sin, lapsings from belief, for the most graphic delineation of which no description can equal his own in his confessions, he at last, under the influence of Monica, who had never ceased to pray and weep over him, became convinced of the truth, was baptized by Bishop Ambrose, at Milan (387), where he was living, and where his mother had followed him, whom the worthy Bishop had comforted with the prediction that the child of so many prayers could not be lost. With him also was baptized his natural son, "*the boy Adeodatus, born after the flesh of my sin*." On their return to Africa, that good mother died at Ostia; her work was finished, the desire of her heart consummated, the father had been converted by her example and affection, the son was baptized, and the joyous mother was called away.

Augustine thus touchingly describes her death.

"On the ninth day then of her sickness and the fifty-sixth of her age, and the three and thirtieth of mine, was that religious and holy soul freed from the body. I closed her eyes and there flowed withal a mighty sorrow into my heart which was overflowing into tears—mine eyes at the same time by the violent command of my mind drank up their fountain wholly dry; and woe was me in such a strife! But when she breathed her last *the boy Adeodatus* burst out into a loud lament; then checked by us all, held his peace. In like manner also a childish feeling in me, which was through my heart's youthful voice finding its vent in weeping, was checked and silenced. For we thought it not fitting to solemnize that funeral with tearful lament and groaning; for thereby do they for the most part express grief for the departed as though unhappy or altogether dead; whereas she was neither unhappy in her death nor altogether dead, of this we were assured on good grounds, the testimony of her good conversation and her faith unfeigned. What then was it which did grievously pain me within but a fresh wound brought through the sudden wrench of that most sweet and dear custom of living together. I joyed indeed in her testimony when in her last sickness, mingling her endearments with my acts of duty, she called me "*dutiful*," and mentioned with great affection of love, that she never heard any harsh or reproachful sound uttered by my mouth against her. But yet, O my God, who madest us, what comparison is there betwixt that honour that I paid her and her slavery for me? Being then forsaken of so great comfort, in her my soul was wounded, and that life rent asunder as it were which of hers and mine together had been made but one. . . . But in thy ears, when none of them heard, I blamed the weakness of my feelings and restrained my flood of grief which gave way a little unto me, but again came as with a tide, yet not so as to burst out into tears nor to a change of countenance; still I knew what I was

\* August. Conf. lib. vii., c. 9.

† August. Conf. iv. 16.

‡ August. Conf. vii. 21.

keeping down in my heart. And being much displeased that these human things had such power over me, which in the due order and appointment of our natural condition must needs come to pass with a new grief, I grieved for my grief and was thus worn by a double sorrow.”\*

Four years after this calamity Augustine was made presbyter at Hippo Regius, and four years after that first bishop. From this time his whole life was dedicated to the Church: he engaged in all the controversies of the times with the Pelagians, the Manichæans, and the Donatists, but his chief and greatest work was the revival of the Pauline doctrine of justification by faith, which we shall presently examine. His works are numerous and most valuable; he stands out like a giant amongst the fathers both for depth of thought, eloquence, and fertility. Though thirty-three years of age when he was baptized, yet he managed to leave to posterity one of the richest collections of theology extant: his style is elegant, more so perhaps than that of any other latin father; the only objection that can be raised against it is that it is sometimes so involved as to be not easily understood; Erasmus experienced this, and in his preface to the works of Augustine he says of his style, “*Habet Augustinus suum quoddam dicendi genus, argutum et periodis in longum productis multa convolvens, quod lectorem et familiarem et acutum et attentum et bene memorem requirit, denique tædii laborisque patientem: qualis non ita multos reperias.*”

He soon became famous, his influence was felt throughout the whole Western Church, is still felt in the Church, and he died, repeating the penitential Psalms, at the age of seventy-six, whilst the Vandals were besieging the city, with the shouts of the victors ringing in his ears.

We shall now proceed to examine the only point we have to investigate, and for that purpose we shall take his commentary upon Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, in which justification by faith is most emphatically laid down, and we shall show that the commentary of Augustine which excited so much attention and changed

the tenor of the Church in his day, coincides exactly with the celebrated commentary of Luther upon the same epistle.

Augustine in the opening part of his commentary points out that the law was given for the demonstration of sin not to take it away. The Galatians, he says, though converted were willing to remain under the law which had been imposed upon them by God as upon those who did not follow after justice but sin, thereby imposing the law upon unjust men, to demonstrate to them their sin, but not to relieve them of its burden; for nothing takes away sin but the gift of faith which operates by love. That is the text of the whole subject upon which we shall have to treat, but we must pause to make a few observations upon this consciousness of sin, the first step towards leading men to feel a necessity for justification.

The existence of sin in the world was the continued puzzle of the philosophers of every age, though as philosophical investigation progressed the consciousness of evil became stronger. The cause of this difficulty was the want of the knowledge of the origin of evil. They regarded evil as a derangement of the original harmony. Evil with Plato was brought about through the contact of the soul with the body. In the ethical system of Aristotle it is a sort of disturbance of the balance of the reasoning faculties and defective perception of the good which led to the conception of that grand idea, that “the good man judges in every thing rightly . . . and the principal difference between the good and the bad man is that the good man sees the truth in every case, since he is as it were *the canon and measure of it*; but the generality of mankind are deceived by pleasure, for it appears to be the good though it is not so,” (*i.e.* the bad man fails to perceive the truth and mistakes evil for good).

The Jews having the revelation were the only people who had any true knowledge upon this subject, but as they progressed in their career, the law which revealed sin to them became perverted, the spirit was lost and the letter only observed. Again,



the consciousness of sin, though not exterminated, became dulled, and at the time of the coming of our Lord was almost obliterated. It was his work to revive that consciousness of sin, and to point out the only mode of justification, the only means of recovering union with God, through himself, who had been sent from God for that purpose. It was no new thought, but a revival of the old justification, as given to Abraham for faith. As he believed in the promises of God, it was counted to him for justification; so should those who believed in the fulfilment of those promises in Christ, also be justified. To bring men to this faith then it was necessary that they should be convinced of sin, and the solemn declarations of our Lord upon that subject tended to deepen men's consciousness of sin, and proved the necessity of a justifying faith.

In the time of Augustine, the Pelagian controversy broke out. It turned upon this point—the origin of sin; the Pelagians contended against the doctrine of original sin, maintained that the sin imputed to men was their own, that their posterity received no corruption from the Fall, but came into the world as pure as Adam from the hands of the Creator. Augustine, after years of vigorous conflict, succeeded in crippling this heresy, and laid down a definition of sin which reserved the original purity of creation, but still recognised the general taint or tendency towards evil through the Fall.

After his death that doctrine was pushed to extremities, and ultimately became what was then called Semi-Pelagianism. We shall endeavour to delineate it, because it will throw much light upon this doctrine of justification.

Evil, Augustine taught, was only deprivation of good; for what is it that is called evil but deprivation of good. For the imposition of diseases and wounds on the bodies of animals is nothing else than to deprive them of soundness; for even when the cure is effected,

the evil which was there does not go anywhere else, but is destroyed, for wounds are not substances, but injuries of the carnal substance, which must be good to suffer this injury, the deprivation of its good, which is its health. So also the vices of the soul are deprivations of the natural good, which when they are cured are not transferred somewhere else, but annihilated. For all natures are good, inasmuch as the Creator of all natures is in the highest degree immutably good. But for the reason that they are not, like the Creator, immutably good in the highest degree, therefore the good in them may be diminished and increased. Evil then is corruption, because it deprives of some good, for if it did not deprive of good it would not injure; but it does injure, and therefore it deprives of good. And if the corruption increase, there must be still some good in the nature capable of being corrupted. Therefore every nature, if it be not corruptible, is a great good; but if it be, is a lesser good. But it is clear that there can be no evil if there be no good, but the good which is without evil is only perfect good, and the good in which there is evil, is vitiated and depraved good. "Whence a marvellous thing is brought about, that because all nature, inasmuch as it is nature, is good, nothing else can be meant when it is said that a vicious nature is an evil nature, than what is good is now evil, nor could it be evil unless it had once been good. Therefore nothing can be evil but something which is naturally good, and we must be careful lest we fall under the malediction of the prophet, 'Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil, that put darkness for light, and light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter.'"

Augustine commences his commentary by dwelling upon the canon of apostleship: "He who is sent by men is false; he who is sent through the means of men may be true, because God, who is truth, may send him through the means of men; but he

\* The fact that evil has got into our nature lends a point to the pungent satire, put into the mouth of Mephistopheles in the "Faust:"

"Den Bösen sind sie los die Bösen sind geblieben."

"The evil one they now have not,  
But still the evil have remained."

who is sent neither by men, nor through the means of men, but by God himself, must be true. Therefore the first Apostles are true, being sent, not by men, but by God, through Jesus Christ; and so was the last of the Apostles, who was sent by Christ after his resurrection." Augustine then adds "The gospel which is according to men is a false gospel." Upon the 16th verse of chap. ii. "by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified," he says, "They who were under the law believed in Christ, not because they were ordered; but they attained to the grace of faith, that they might be justified."

The law was a curse, and Christ redeemed us from that curse by becoming a curse for us (chap. iii. 13.)

"Therefore he who was made a curse for us, in that he hung upon the tree, that is, Christ, has liberated us from the curse of the law, in order that we should no longer be justified by fear in the works of the law, but by faith in God, which works not by *fear* but by love."

Augustine then repeats, "The ancients were not justified by law, but by faith in the coming of Christ, as we are justified by faith in his having come. For the law was not yet given, nor could it have been given for many years after (430 years, see chap. iii. 17), or it would have made the ancient promises to Abraham of none effect. For if only the law justified, then Abraham was not justified, who lived so long before the law. And because that cannot be said, it must be confessed that man is not justified by the works of the law, but only by faith. Similarly also we must understand that all the ancients who were justified, were justified solely by faith. For as we are saved by believing, as regards the past, in the first coming of Christ, and as regards the future in his second coming, they also were saved by believing in his future coming, which had been revealed to them by the Holy Spirit. Hence that saying of Christ 'Your father Abraham rejoiced (desired) to see my day: he saw it, and was glad.'"—John viii. 56.

*All are included\* under Sin.*—Upon the passage which announces this

truth (chap. iii. 22) Augustine thus comments:—

"Therefore, the law is given, not that it might take away sin, but that it might conclude all under it. For the law showed that to be sin which they, blinded by custom, might think justice: and in this manner might know by humility that their salvation was not in their own hand but in the hand of a Mediator. For humility recalls us whence pride has prostrated us, and humility itself is adapted for the reception of the grace of Christ, who was also a singular example of humility."

*Our Brotherhood with Christ.*—

"But," continues Augustine, "it is by looking to Christ through faith that we become sons—not sons by nature, as the only Son, who is also the Wisdom of God—nor by superior power and singularity of capacity for taking naturally and adopting the person of wisdom, like the Mediator, himself one with the wisdom which he took up without the interposition of any mediator; but we are sons by the participation of wisdom, through our faith in the mediator; which grace of faith is now called a garment, because they who believe are said to have 'put on Christ' (cap. iii., verse 27), and therefore are made sons of God, and *brothers of the Mediator.*"

*The Freedom of this Faith.*—"In this faith," says Augustine, "there is no distinction of Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, man nor woman. For inasmuch as all are faithful, so are they one in Christ Jesus; and if this faith does so much for us in this life as to enable us to walk justly, how much more perfectly and more abundantly will the actual sight do for us when we shall see Him face to face? For although we now have the first fruits of the Spirit, which are life, through justification of faith, yet because the body is still dead on account of sin, that distinction, whether of race, or condition, or sex, though indeed removed by the unity of faith, yet remains in our mortal conversation; for the Apostles have commanded that such order should be maintained in the journey of this life, and have handed down the most

\* The word in the Greek text is most expressive, *συνελεσεν*—from *ἔλεος*, "a key." The sentence might be translated "But the Scripture hath *locked up* all under sin."

healthy laws : how Jews and Greeks should live together, as regards difference of race ; how master and servant, as regards difference of condition ; how husband and wife as regards difference of sex, and in every other respect."

*Christ in the Soul of the Believers.*

—The Apostle says (chap. iv., v. 19), "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." Augustine enlarges upon this passage :—"For Christ is formed in the interior man of him who believes, who has been called to the grace of faith, who is of a meek and humble heart, not boasting of the merits of works, *which are nothing*. For Christ is formed in him who has taken upon him the form of Christ, and he takes upon him the form of Christ who cleaves to Christ with a spiritual love. From this it comes to pass that by the imitation of Christ a man may be like Him as much as is allowed to his capacity. He who declares he is in Christ, says John, ought himself to walk as He walked."

*Boasters of Works.*—"Wherefore thus the Apostle refutes those who boast of the works of the law when he shows that the ancient works were but shadows of future sacraments, which he also demonstrates were no longer necessary to the free heir after the coming of our Lord. For good works which pertain to good manners cannot, be completed save by *love*, through which faith works. Wherefore, if certain works of the law after faith are superfluous, those before faith are of no effect (Gal. v. 6.) Let the just live by faith, that he may both cast away the heavy burden of slavery, taking up the light burden of Christ, and not transgress the bounds of justice, being restrained by the light yoke of charity." Augustine then sums up the whole doctrine in the following remarkable passage :—"So that the *first* life of man is that before the law, when no wickedness nor vice is prohibited, nor in any way is there any resistance against evil desires, because there is no prohibition ; so the *second* is that under the law, but before grace, when sin is prohibited, where there is a struggle on the part of man to abstain from it,

but he is conquered because he does not love justice on account of God, but wishes it to serve himself in seeking after earthly things. Therefore, when he perceives his temporal advantage lying in a different direction from his spiritual, he is betrayed under the weight of temporal desires, and relinquishes that justice which, though he did strive to hold, yet did abandon, that he might gain that temporal advantage he would have lost had he retained it.

"And the *third* is the life *under grace*, when no temporal advantage is preferred to justice. But this state cannot be, save from the spiritual charity which our Lord has taught us by example, and with which grace has endowed us. But even in this life, although there still exist desires of the flesh, through the mortality of our body, yet they do not subjugate the mind to the consent of sin. Therefore sin does not now *reign* in our mortal bodies, although it cannot but inhabit in it as long as it is only a mortal body.\*

"But first it does not *reign*, when in our hearts we serve the law of God, although in the flesh the law of sin, that is, after the penal habit (inherent proneness to sin the lot of all men), since from this (proneness to sin, which is our penalty through the fall) arises those (carnal) desires which however we do not obey (under grace).† But afterwards it (sin) is extinguished since, if the Spirit of Jesus dwell in us, He who raised Christ from the dead shall also quicken our mortal bodies by the Spirit that dwells in us. Now, therefore, is our position under grace completed, that we may do in the spirit what we cannot do after the flesh, that is, that we do not obey the desires of sin, to yield our members to it as instruments of unrighteousness, although we cannot avoid the existence of these desires.‡ So that, although we are not yet in that eternal peace, where everything will be perfected, yet we cease from being under the law, where the mind was held accused of prevarication when the desire of the flesh led it captive to the consent to sin ; but we are *under grace*, where

\* Rom. vi. 12, 14.

† Rom. vii. 25.

‡ Rom. vi. 13.

there is no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus; *because the punishment will fall, not upon him who struggles, but upon him who yields* (quia non certantem sed victum pena consequitur)."

This is a clear declaration of Augustine against Asceticism, and not the only one by many in his works. He clearly shows that a human being cannot in this life be wholly freed from the influence of sin, "*quandiu mortale corpus est*," neither before the law, nor under the law, nor under grace. The life of the Christian must ever be a life of struggle; he is still liable to temptation, "*a mortalitate corporis*," and must fight against it, but he must be saved by faith, so that the punishment will not fall upon him who has faithfully maintained the struggle, but upon him who has yielded and been conquered—not upon the struggler but the yielder. So that the notion that a man by sacraments of penance, of confession, and by external discipline, can be purged of every taint of sin, and become as pure as though he "*had never been bribed by it*," is in direct opposition to this teaching of Augustine, based upon that of Paul.

Augustine then adds, by way of further explanation—"For sin does not reign in our mortal bodies that we should obey its desires (Rom. vi. 12), although it inhabits in our mortal bodies, the impetus of natural custom not being arrested, and in our own life when we ourselves by sinning increase what we have inherited from original sin. It is one thing *not to sin*, and another thing *not to have sin*; for he in whom sin does not reign *does not sin*—that is, he who does not obey his desires—but he in whom these desires do not in any way exist *has no sin*; which state, though in some degree it can be effected in this our mortal life, can only be completed in every degree in the resurrection and change of the flesh" (1 Cor. xv. 51).

We shall conclude our extracts from the commentary of Augustine with his remarks upon *sowing in the spirit*. He defines it as "*in faith and charity serving righteousness, and*

not obeying the desires of sin, although they exist in the mortal flesh; for the harvest of eternal life will be when the last enemy, Death, is destroyed, and the mortal will be absorbed in life, and this corruptible shall put on incorruption (1 Cor. xv. 20). Therefore, in this third state, in which we are under grace, we sow in tears, since desires exist in our animal body which, by not obeying, we resist, that we may reap in joy, when, the body being renovated, no trouble will in any way disturb us, nor any danger of temptation; for this animal body is deposited as seed. The Apostle says in one place (1 Cor. xv. 44), it is sown a natural body that it might belong to the harvest when it will rise a spiritual body."

So ends our analysis of Augustine's commentary on the Galatians; and this is not the only point where Luther's teaching coheres with his. Like Luther, he also advocated the liberty of private judgment, and the sole authority of the Scriptures. Speaking of the writings of those who to him were the Fathers, he says:—"This kind of literature is not to be studied under the necessity of believing, but with the liberty of judging."\*

"Every reader or hearer has free judgment to either approve what pleases him, or to reprobate what offends him, in the writings of the Fathers."†

"The authority of Cyprian does not terrify me," he says in another place. "I acknowledge the great merit of Cyprian, bishop and martyr; but was he greater than Peter, the apostle and martyr?"‡

"The Church ought not to put herself before Christ, for He always judges truly; but ecclesiastical judges, like all other men, are frequently deceived."§

But after the death of Augustine (430) the light of this doctrine became dim. He was the first and last bishop of Hippo, for the barbarians revelled in the city whilst he lay dead. The Church then passed through many stages of turmoil and trouble, chequered by Nestorian, Eutychian, and other heresies, by the Vandal persecution, and by a

\* Cont. Donat., c. 8.

† Cont. Donat., lib. ii., c. 1.

‡ De Trinit., lib. ii.

§ Cont. Crescon., lib. ii., c. 21.

schism which severed the Eastern from the Western Church.

The materialization of theology may be traced from the time of John of Damascenus, who flourished in the early part of the eighth century. He revived the study of Aristotle by compiling a statement of his teaching, and endeavoured to harmonize it with Christianity; this work had great influence upon the then present and subsequent heresies. He was the shining light of the times; and in addition to this influence in the revival of Peripatetic philosophy, he is accredited with the reputation of being the first to reduce the principles of Christianity to a system of dogmas. His work, in four books, on the Orthodox Faith, and another called "Sacred Parallels," were eagerly accepted, and became the canon of theological truth.

But his theology was seriously affected by two deleterious influences—by his love of Aristotelian philosophy, of which he could have had but a limited knowledge, and which he sadly perverted, and by his sycophancy to the Byzantine Court. That Court ruled both State and Church; its declarations were accepted as the only orthodox faith, and the dogmatic system of John of Damascenus was its faithful reflector. From that time all search after the truth was suspended, and the axiom began to be accepted that "he who did not believe according to the delivery of the Church Catholic was an unbeliever." We pass through what may be called the Dark Ages, and we find no more revivals of Pauline faith, but rather a sad wandering and degeneracy, and come to the mediæval period, the gradual transition through darkness into light, through semi-barbarianism into civilization, through ignorance and superstition, into the renaissance of learning, art, and science, which heralded in the last revival of Pauline Christianity.

The commonly received impression of the mediæval Church, as derived merely from Protestant sources, is, that it was one of the most plastic of all institutions of which we have any

record; that it assimilated itself with every phase of life and passion of humanity surging around it; that it sanctioned whatever was necessary to the state (political) of the country in which it was placed; that it bestowed its blessing upon warriors who were setting out on a mission of carnage, and upon bands of fanatics, who, from misguided religious zeal, were ready to start on the path of persecution; that it enslaved men's consciences by the subtle influence of a professed infallibility and possession of supernatural powers; that it made a market of religion, and by working upon the superstition of the ignorant and uncultured societies around it, filled its coffers with gold wrung from wounded consciences; that it encouraged kings and nobles in crime, to enrich itself with the price of their absolution and the power to be wrung from their penitence; that it wantonly buried the vitality of the faith under false doctrines and external ceremonies; that it hid the truth, and gave men shadows and delusions.

Was this really the case? Did the Church of the middle ages thus sell herself for power and wealth? We think not. Although power and wealth resulted from her peculiar organization, yet it resulted more from the necessity of her peculiar organization and its active development, than from any forethought or preconceived design of any council or cabal of her priests or popes at any one period of her history. Even the much-censured Hildebrand may be redeemed from the severe sentence which later times have passed upon him, if we reflect upon his surroundings, and examine the state of things with which he had to deal. There may be more truth than we usually imagine in his last words, when his glory had waned—"I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and I die in exile." So it was with Leo, with Gregory the Great, and others. In their times it was a struggle to the death between Christianity and barbarianism, and these great Churchmen were filled with the strong conviction—and being human, a con-

\* ὁ γὰρ μὴ κατὰ τὴν παραδοσιν τῆς καθολικῆς ἐκκλησίας πιστευὼν ἀπίστος ἐστίν.  
John, Damasc.—De Fide Orthod. iv., 10.

viction not untainted with human weaknesses—that Christianity was to be established at any cost, and by any means, not only for the well-being of their contemporaries, but for that of all future ages—a conviction that they must assume and enforce a power over those semi-barbarous monarchs who spent their lives in fighting, or the Church, and with it Christianity, must fall altogether. Though the Church could not rule the State, it was necessary that it should acquire an influence over it which should, to a great extent, control its rulers, and that was the basis of ecclesiastical power.

We are not here speaking of results, but of motives. A good design may accomplish its end, and yet in the development of its work be the cause of many evils. The only question we have to decide in our own minds individually as to the problem of the mediæval Church is this—whether the preservation of Christianity did not absolutely depend upon the attitude assumed by these men? whether that attitude were not forced upon them by the pressure of the circumstances by which they were surrounded? and whether the preservation of Christianity does not atone for all the evils which resulted from the measures they may have taken, and for the faults of the administrative instruments of those measures in the course of its preservation and development, and the long accumulation of errors and evils during those ages of its firm establishment amidst the wild lawless life of the times?

The moral and religious discipline of an age of transition must necessarily be different from that of an age of settled culture and civilization. The attitude of the Church to the State becomes then different. From being politically influential, the Church becomes essentially spiritual. When nations have so far advanced as to be able to govern themselves, and have acquired an individuality which, as a characteristic, is stamped upon every individual—the true historic sign of national existence—at that period the Church is, by a natural law of things, relieved from that portion of her responsibility, and can devote herself more entirely to her spiritual work. Does not this law become more patent to us every day?

Is there not in all civilized countries a tendency at a certain point, not to destroy the influence of the Church upon civil power, but to assign the whole exercise of the civil power to the State? and, after all, is not this the very secret of the destiny of the Church—a destiny given by her Divine Founder—that she was to be in the world, but not of the world—a spiritual kingdom, whose Prince and Head was He who said, “My kingdom is not of this world”?

We think this view will enable us to look with more charity upon that system of things which, though it would not do for us in these times, may be shown to have been absolutely necessary for the times when it existed, and may tend to relieve those great men from some of the odium which has gathered around them. In pleading this for fairness, we are not blinded to the fact that the simple faith of Christianity became materialized and corrupted during this age of transition, that the instruments used in stabilizing the Church availed themselves of the power they gained over men’s minds for other purposes, and that interpolations of human invention crept into the teaching of the Church. We will not enumerate them here, but confine ourselves to the one point before us, and we shall find that one of the results of that divergence from the pure teaching of Paul and Augustine was that this justification by faith was lost to the people by the interpolation of other means. We shall show presently that it was not lost to the Church, but we note here that it was not taught by the Church to the people, and we ask why? Could it have been that the men who were in possession of the Scriptures, and who had a deep knowledge of them, could have combined together to misrepresent the teaching of those Scriptures? or might it not have been that people were not fitted for the freedom of that teaching—that their capacity was not equal to the conception of the glorious freedom of a justification through faith, and that it might have pleased the Almighty to subject them once more to the works of the law? We are continually and emphatically taught that the law was given as a training for faith, “a schoolmaster to

bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith." Might they not then have been under the school-master ; and is it impossible that the necessities of the world at that period demanded that this doctrine should be suspended for a time, and the law of works once more imposed ? That the doctrine was not unknown to the Church we could show from the great theological works of the times ; but we shall confine ourselves to one. In the "Summa" of Thomas Aquinas, a work written at a time when the power of sacramental salvation was most loudly and universally asserted, we find passages on the doctrine of justification by faith in Jesus Christ which might have been written by Augustine, or even by Luther. Listen to one from St. Thomas.\*

The question propounded is—"Whether the ceremonies of the old law had the power of justifying during the time of the law ?"

As the modern Ritualists, having long abandoned the danger of appealing to the practice of the Apostolic Church, rely for the authority of ceremonies upon the Jewish ritual, perhaps the declaration of this great Catholic Father—one of the greatest lights of any age—may prove interesting, if not convincing.

Having propounded the question, St. Thomas goes on to show that it had *not* the virtue of justifying.

"In the old law there was a twofold uncleanness regarded—the one a spiritual, which is the uncleanness of sin ; the other a corporeal, which deprived a man of fitness for divine worship, such as leprosy. The leper was pronounced unclean, or he who had touched any animal which had died of disease (*morticinum*), and this uncleanness was nothing more than a sort of irregularity. From this the ceremonies of the old law had power to cleanse—in this that the ceremonies were certain remedies in the ordination of the law for the removal of the uncleanness superinduced by the statute of the law ; and therefore, said the Apostle (Heb. ix. 13), 'the blood of bulls and of goats and the ashes of an heifer, sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to

the purifying of the flesh ;' and as that uncleanness which was cleansed through these ceremonies was rather of the flesh than of the mind, so also these ceremonies were called by the Apostle 'carnal ordinances.' (Heb. ix. 10.)"

"But from the uncleanness of the mind, which is the uncleanness of sin, these ceremonies had not the power of cleansing, and for this reason that the *expiation of sin can never be accomplished save by Christ, who took away the sins of the world.* Therefore, because the mystery of the incarnation and passion of Christ had not yet been accomplished, the ceremonies of the old law could not possibly contain the virtue which flows from Christ, who was incarnate and had suffered, and therefore could not cleanse from sin ; just as the Apostle says (Heb. x. 4), 'it is not possible that the blood of bulls and goats should take away sins.' And this is what he calls (Galat. iv. 9) 'weak and beggarly elements'—weak because they cannot cleanse from sin ; and this weakness arises from the fact of their being 'beggarly,' that is, that they did not contain *grace* in themselves.

"But the mind of the faithful in the time of the law could by faith be conjoined to an incarnate and suffering Christ, and thus through faith in Christ they were justified, for the observation of that mode of ceremonies was a sort of foreshadowing of this faith, inasmuch as they were a prefiguration of Christ, and therefore certain sacrifices were offered for sins under the old law, not because those sacrifices could cleanse from sin, but because they were the evidences of that faith which cleanses from sin, as was hinted at by the law in the mode of speaking, for it is clear from Leviticus (iv. & v.) that in the offering of the victims for sin the priest will pray for the offerer, and he will be dismissed as though the sin were set aside—not by the power of the sacrifice, but by the faith and devotion of the offerer. But let it be known that the fact that the ceremonies of the ancient law did expiate for corporeal uncleanness, was a type of the expia-

\* Summa Theologiæ, Quæst. ciii. art. 2, Primæ secundæ partis.

† Or rather "powerless" (*ασθενη*).

tion of sins which is made through Christ. Thus, therefore, it is clear that the ceremonies of the ancient law had not the virtue of justification."

In another part of the same work\* St. Thomas says that the justification of the sinner was a greater work than the creation of the heavens and earth.

The question mooted is, "whether the justification of the sinner is the greatest work of God?"

"A work may be said to be great from a double point of view: first, from the mode of acting, and thus the greatest work is the work of creation, because something was made out of nothing. In another way a work may be said to be great, on account of the magnitude of that which is made, and according to this the justification of the wicked, which terminates in the eternal good of divine participation, is a greater work than the creation of heaven and earth; and therefore, Augustine, when he said, 'It is a greater thing when a wicked man is justified than to create heaven and earth,' he adds, 'for the heavens and the earth will pass away, but salvation and justification will remain forever.'"

But although these sentiments are to be found locked up in the works of such men as Aquinas and Peter Lombard, yet the practice and teaching of the Church was different.

During the Scholastic period, theology was made subservient to Aristotelian philosophy, and even the treatises were written in the phraseology of the Stagyrte.

The principle of meritorious works was grace, whose manifestation was by a movement which originated in God, who, as the ultimate moving principle, directed the motion of the will. The will, when it hovers between the act of willing and not-willing, must be moved towards one point or the other by an external influence, and that is God, as the final cause of motion.

Some taught that when a man had done a good work it was pleasing to God, who infused into his heart love, which infused love they called a "*qualitas hærens in corde*," and such quality became a "*justitia formalis*." The man was then, by virtue of this grace which made him gracious (*gratia gratum facientem*), formally

justified. Then this "*forma inhærens*," or virtue infused into the heart—namely, love—was a work of the law, as it is said, "*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God*;" that the man was not only formally justified (*formaliter justus*), but effectively.

But Scotus and Occam with their followers did not agree to this. They went further, and contended that a man did not require this infused love, but could of his own strength love what he liked; and just as a man can love a woman, a greedy man gold and money, so he can also love God, who is the highest good; and therefore man, as he has by virtue of his natural powers a love for the creature, so by virtue of the same has he a love for the Creator.

It is not, then, a matter of wonder that during all this philosophical theologizing and quibbling about terms, the simplicity of the truth, as laid down by Paul, was soon lost, and men fell into doubt and dissension.

Neither is it a matter of wonder that under such circumstances the Church should take upon herself to supply, as means of justification, asceticism, retirement from the world, worship of saints, ceremonies, penitential impositions, indulgences, so that the worship of God in spirit and truth was regarded as a relic of the past—a heathen and Jewish custom.

So the times went on; the strife between the schools lasting down to the fifteenth century—struggles between Nominalists and Realists, Thomists and Scotists, Pelagian doctrine against Semi-Pelagian. Philosophy had subdued theology; the light of faith had gone out; men groped their way in darkness, and lived by works.

But before the sixteenth century dawned a change had come over Europe; a general revival of learning took place; Greek began to be studied; ancient manuscripts were reproduced and subjected to criticism. It was also whispered that some were learning a new tongue they had discovered, which they called Hebrew, and which if a man only studied he became immediately a Jew; men's minds were being agitated in every quarter; satire raised its voice; the colloquies and adages of Erasmus,



the broad revilings of Rabelais, held up to the ridicule of men's minds that philosophized theology and inane philosophy which had long enslaved the human intellect. Men began to inquire; busy hands were at work amongst the rubbish of the past; busy pens writing for the future, when suddenly the printing-press ushered in the broad daylight, and the whole aspect of things changed.

As the fifteenth century was closing (1483, November 10), a child was born of poor parents, at the village of Eisleben, who was destined to be the next great apostle of vital Christianity.

Like the Great Master whose cause he was to advocate, his entry into the world was lowly. In his table-talk of after-life he says, "I am the son of a peasant; my father, my grandfather, my great grandfather all were peasants." The incidents of his life are well known. We have to do here merely with his work.

As his predecessor, Augustine, was first aroused to the truth through reading the works of Paul, so Luther was in turn aroused by reading the same works, and confirmed by those of Augustine. Let him speak for himself as to his first awakening, that "rising of the day-star of righteousness" in his soul. "Even when I was at school, in studying the Epistles of Saint Paul I was seized with the most ardent desire to understand what the Apostle meant in his Epistle to the Romans. One single phrase stopped me, '*Justitia Dei revelatur in illo*.' I hated the expression *justitia Dei*, because, according to the custom of doctors, I had learned to understand by it that active justice whereby God is just, and punishes the unjust and sinners. Now, I who led the life of a harmless monk, and who yet felt painfully within me the uneasy conscience of a sinner, without being able to attain an idea as to the satisfaction I might offer up to God, I did not love, nay, to say the truth, I hated this just God, the punisher of sin. I was indignant against Him, and gave silent utterance to murmuring, if not alto-

gether to blasphemy. I said to myself 'Is it not then enough that wretched sinners, already eternally damned for original sin, should be overwhelmed with so many calamities by the decrees of the decalogue, but God must further add misery by his gospel, menacing us even there with His justice and His anger?' It was thus the trouble of my conscience carried me away, and I always came back to the same passage. At last I perceived that the *justice* of God is that whereby, with the blessing of God, the just man lives, that is to say *faith*; and then I saw that the meaning of the passage was this:—*The gospel reveals the justice of God, a passive justice, whereby the merciful God justifies us by faith*. Thereupon I felt as if born again, and it seemed to me as though heaven's gates stood full open before me, and that I was joyfully entering therein. At a later period I read St. Augustine's book on the Spirit and the Letter, and I found, contrary to my expectation, that he also understands by the justice of God that wherewith God clothes us in justifying us."

The greatest and most valuable work of Luther is the "Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians," and which, in fact, might be regarded as the foundation-stone of Protestantism. It is valuable for many reasons; not only for its complete exposition of the great doctrine, but for the reviews it contains of mediæval theology, especially that of the Scholastic period. It is an embodiment of the whole life-work of Luther, the reflection of his very soul, the fruit of his ripe mind, after long years of thought, mental struggle, and the discipline of bodily danger.

The history of this great commentary† begins at the series of lectures given by him at Wittenburgh on this Epistle, which were afterwards collected together and enlarged. As we have already examined that of Augustine, we shall do the same with this of Luther upon the same points.

After fully explaining the divine call of Paul to the ministry, Luther

\* Quoted by Michelet, in his "Life of Luther," from Luth. Opp. Pref.: Jena, 1612.

† I allude to the *complete Commentary*. Amongst his works there is another shorter commentary. The edition I use is the "Ausführliche Erklärung der Epistel an die Galater." Schlawitz, Berlin, 1856.

is equally emphatic in his definition of the work of the law.

"The curse (of the law) is the wrath of God upon the whole world. Christ, the power of God, righteousness, blessing, grace, and life, overcometh and destroyeth sin, death, and the curse, without war or weapons, in His own body and in Himself, as Saint Paul delighteth to speak, spoiling all principalities and powers, and triumphing over them Himself (Col. ii. 15), so that they cannot any more hurt those that do believe."

"Hereby it appeareth that the Gospel speaketh nothing of our works or of the works of the law, but of the inestimable mercy and love of God; that our most merciful Father, seeing us to be oppressed with the curse of the law, and so holden under the same, that we could never be delivered from it by our own power, sent His only Son into the world, and laid upon Him the sins of all men, saying, 'Be thou Peter, the denier; Paul, that persecutor, blasphemer, and cruel oppressor; that sinner which did eat the apple in Paradise; that thief which hanged on the cross; be thou the person which hath committed the sins of all men, see thou pay and satisfy for them. Now, sin being vanquished, and death abolished in this One Man, God would see nothing else in the world, if it did believe, but a mere cleansing and righteousness.'"

Augustine had noticed that the ancients were not justified by the law, but by faith in the coming of Christ, for the law was not given till 430 years after the promise, so that if the works of the law only justified, Abraham could not have been justified. Upon this Luther remarks:—

"Hereby it appeareth that Abraham obtained not righteousness before God through the law. For there was yet no law. If there were yet no law, then was there neither work nor merit. What then? Nothing else but the mere promise. This promise Abraham believed and it was counted to him for righteousness. By the selfsame means then that the father obtained this promise, the children also obtained it and retained it. So say we also at this day. Our sins were purged by

the death of Christ above a thousand and five hundred years ago, when there were yet no religious orders, no canon or rule of penance, no merits of congruence and worthiness. We cannot now, therefore begin to abolish the same by our own works and merits."

"The Scripture hath concluded all men under sin. Where?" says Luther. "First in the promises. 'The seed of the woman shall bruise the Serpent's head.' 'In thy seed shall,' &c. (Gen. xxii.)"

"Wheresoever is any promise in the Scriptures made unto the Fathers concerning Christ, there the blessing is promised, that is righteousness, salvation, and eternal life. This promise is not obtained by any merit, by any law, by any work, but it is *given*. To whom? To those that believe. In whom? In Jesus Christ, who is the blessed seed which hath redeemed all believers from the curse, that they might receive the blessing. These words are not obscure but plain enough, notwithstanding we must mark them diligently and well weigh the force of them.

"To put on Christ according to the Gospel," says Luther, "consists in a new birth and a new creation—that is, in putting on His innocency, righteousness, His life and spirit. We are clothed with the leather coat of Adam, which is a garment of sin; this is what St. Paul calls the old man, which must be put off, with all his works, that of the children of Adam we may be made the children of God. This is done not by any laws or works, but by a new birth and by the renewing of the inward man. Therefore Christ himself is our garment. Now, Christ is no law, no lawgiver, no work, but a *divine and inestimable gift*, whom God hath given to us that he might be our Justifier, our Saviour, and our Redeemer. Wherefore to be apparelled with Christ, according to the Gospel, is not to be apparelled with law or with works, but with an incomparable gift, that is to say, with remission of sin, with righteousness, peace, consolation, joy of spirit, salvation, life, and Christ Himself."

Luther thus illustrates the allegory of the Schoolmaster:—

“The law was our schoolmaster;” this similarity is worthy of note. Although a schoolmaster may be very profitable and necessary to instruct and bring up young children, yet show me one child or scholar who loveth his master; for how can we love him who keepeth us in prison; that is, who suffereth him not to do that which he would? If he do anything against his commandment, by-and-by he is rebuked and chastened, and is constrained to kiss the rod when he is beaten. Is not this a godly righteousness and obedience of the scholar, that he obeyeth his master, so sharply correcting him, and kisseth the rod? But doth he this with a good will? As soon as his master hath turned his back, he breaketh the rod and casteth it into the fire. The schoolmaster therefore is appointed for the child, to teach him, to bring him up, to keep him as it were in prison; but to what end—for how long? Is it to the end that the child should remain in continual bondage? Not so, but only for a time; that this obedience, this prison, and correction might turn to the profit of the child, that when the time cometh he might be his father’s son.”

Finally, to sum up the whole matter, in Luther’s words:—

“We therefore hold and teach that there are two worlds, the one a heavenly and the other an earthly world, wherein we share this twofold righteousness, so that each one has its place. The righteousness of the law is an earthly righteousness, associated with earthly matters, and in so far we through it do good works. But in the same manner as the earth of itself bears no fruit, but receives its blessing from above, for the earth certainly cannot rule, renew, and guide heaven, but must rather allow itself to be ruled, renewed, and guided by heaven, that it might be fruitful and work God’s will. Therefore do we as much as we can according to the law, and yet there is nothing done; fulfil much, and yet it remains unfulfilled, if we are not first, independently of our own works and merit, justified through the justification of Christ, which has nothing to do with the justification of the law, as an earthly thing and our own act. For this is a heavenly justification, which we have not of ourselves, nor can in any way accomplish through our doings, but

we must receive it from on high through faith, by which we are elevated above law and works, and as the Apostle says, “as we have borne the image of the earthly we shall also bear the image of the heavenly”—a new man in a new world, where there is no law, no sin, no death, but joy, justification, mercy, peace, life, happiness, and glory. And when I have this justification it is with me as though a fructifying blessed rain had descended from heaven, such as makes the earth fruitful; that is, I proceed and enter as it were into a new world and another kingdom, and do all kinds of good works. Am I a preacher or have the care of souls: I teach, console the desponding, administer the sacrament. Am I a householder: I rule my servants, bring up my children in the fear and honour of God. Am I a ruler: I discharge the duties of my office as God has commanded me. Am I a servant: I attend to my master’s business as well and as truly as I can. In fine, whoever feels sure, knows, and holds that Christ is his justification, in the sight of God he not only does from his heart and with joy everything proper to his position and calling, but he subjects himself even to his godless masters, yea, even risks his body and life in times of difficulty and danger for them, since he knows for certain that God will so have it, and is well pleased with such devotion.”

Here we must pause. To give a just view of the elaborate commentary of Luther on this great Epistle, the charter of vital Christianity, is impossible in our limited space; we can only call attention to its general tenor, and strongly recommend any inquirer anxious for clear notions as to what salvation is, to read that commentary, and if possible to compare it with others, with that by Augustine, by Aquinas, by Peter Lombard, and note how the vitality of Christ, as the operative, sole operative spirit of Christianity, is its whole subject-matter.

The consciousness of utter inability to effect his own salvation, or to purge himself from sin, must be the result of every thoughtful man’s experience of life, and that consciousness must increase as years roll by, bringing no peace of mind, no assurance of any definite hope as to his future state. It becomes clear then that the only

true, vitally effectual religion, the only religion that can give a sure and certain hope in the future, is that which elucidates the solemn and emphatic teaching of Scripture, that the salvation of humanity rests not upon any effort of our own, but rests eternally upon the mercy of God, who has promised to those who believe on Him, and put their whole faith and hope in the sacrifice of His Son Jesus Christ, that He will not impute to them their trespasses. This is the only means of salvation. The world has tried many others, asceticism, laceration of the body, sacrifices, penance, weary wanderings, hunger and thirst, but found no satisfaction. That only is the real salvation which is effected by Christ, and preached by his own chosen Apostle Paul.

Are works then of no avail? is a natural question. They are only of avail *as results, not as causes*. They can only be of vital use when they result from this faith, and no man can have this faith really and vitally in his heart, but it must compel him to a life of good works. Just as Luther has put it: "faith is the blessed rain from heaven," and good works the fruit of the vitalized soil.

It was this quickening faith which made of Saul the persecutor, Paul the Apostle, which drove him over the world, during a life of ceaseless activity, "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils of the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren: in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." It was this vital faith which made Augustine—the licentious sceptical student—the mightiest and most active Churchman of his age. So active, that although he was not baptized until he had passed his thirteenth year, yet he preached more sermons, wrote more works, and has exerted a more lasting influence upon the Church of subsequent times than any other Father. It was this vital faith which made Luther the hero he was, which strengthened him to face all opposition, to denounce false religion in the presence of kings and nobles, to stand up and profess the true faith in the very stronghold of his enemies,

who were secretly plotting against his life, to devote all his time, all his thought, and all his strength, to the revival of this doctrine of justification by faith in Christ.

It is faith alone that can make works of any avail. If a man have no faith, if he work not by and through faith, "though he speak with the tongues of men and of angels, he is as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; though he have the gift of prophecy, understand all mysteries, all knowledge, and have no faith, *he is nothing*."

Our utter inability to fulfil the law lies in the nature of the law itself, and in our own nature. There is an apparent difficulty (but only apparent) between the statement that "the law cannot give life," and the statements "the man that doeth them shall live in them," and "we know that the law is spiritual," "*πνευματικός ἐστι*." It is in this very nature of the law our inability lies; the law is spiritual, *πνευματικός*; but man is a compound of spirit and flesh (*πνεῦμα and σὰρξ*) and being so constituted, cannot attain to the completion of a spiritual law. Were he a wholly spiritual being there would be a perfect harmony between him and the law; but being a compound of spirit and flesh, there arises in him continually that struggle, so vividly depicted by the Apostle, "the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary, the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things ye would. But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law;" and he has defined in the opening of the chapter (Galat. v. 5), the being led by the Spirit as a "*waiting for the hope of righteousness through faith*."

It only remains for us now to ask ourselves the question—how do we in the latter half of this nineteenth century, stand with regard to this vital Christianity of Paul, Augustine, and Luther? More than 300 years have rolled by since its last revival, bringing great changes, such in fact as to alter the face of Europe. There has been a great freedom of thought and opinion, and unceasing search into history and science; all the old problems have been subjected to new methods, and though the most important of them still remain unsolved, yet out of this research, and in the course of its prosecution, many useful discoveries have

been made, tending to the benefit of humanity, to its solace and comfort, to its improvement and advancement, in its journey through the world. But with all this culture and improved living, how do we stand, we must still ask, with regard to the simplicity of the faith? Are there not signs amongst us of a reaction from reality towards symbolism, sacramental salvation, and abandonment of that liberty which is the privilege of those who believe in Christ Jesus? Are we not rapidly losing hold of the faith, and clinging to human means? Are we not tending from a spiritual towards a stock and stone worship? to a worship of the Cross, rather than the Crucified One—towards looking for the real presence, not with the eyes of spirit subjectively in the soul, but with the fleshly eyes objectively in the elements? We are determined to have sacrifices, though Saul declared that where there is remission of sins, there is no more offering for sin. We are turning the Supper Table of the Lord into an altar, and shedding his blood afresh, that blood which was once shed for us all. Worship, instead of being spiritual, is becoming material, and the same arguments used in the earliest ages by pagans against the reproaches of Christians, are now advanced by the defenders and advocates of this material worship: "We do not worship the images, but the gods whom they represent."

It is a marvellous truth in the history of humanity, that where an almost universal scepticism prevails, there is lurking close at hand dark and gloomy superstition. Is it not so now? Do we not see in the midst of this age which doubts in the divinity of Christ; which has come to the conclusion that we have neglected too much His humanity;\* which preaches the doctrine that He saved the world through His humanity;† nay, advances still further, and, abandoning all belief in the necessity of a Saviour, teaches that the end of human life is, without any dreams of the future, to help on the progress, the development, and culture of humanity here in this world, and to

maintain an Aristotelian virtue as a means to an end, the attainment of an abstract "good."‡ I repeat, in this age of hard materialism, scepticism, and open infidelity, we see an effort, a vigorous effort, being made to plunge us back into the darkness of mediæval superstition, to deprive us of that spiritual freedom with which Christ has made us free, and which is enjoyed through faith in Him alone, and to bind us once more with the fetters of ceremonies and mysteries: an effort to take men's souls captive through their fancies and through that love of mystery which lurks in the human heart. It is an anomaly, but still it is in accordance with the teaching of history, that in such an age of doubt and scepticism, such great efforts should be made to restore belief in ancient delusions—in the midst of this age of free thinking to endeavour to reduce the human intellect once more to the subjection of spiritual tyranny, hateful to men and offensive to God. It is the actual living proof that superstition is the handmaid to infidelity.

The worship of God and Christ is not through matter, but in spirit. The fundamental law of Christianity, its vitality, is that it is a spiritual religion—a worship of Spirit in spirit and in truth, and the obtaining through that worship union with God. Where Spirit is, there is freedom, light, love; but where the material is, there is darkness, doubt, superstition. But Christianity is essentially a spiritual religion only through the mediation of Christ; our spiritual yearnings must be satisfied by appealing to the Father through Him: our sins can only be pardoned through His mediation. We can only effectually pray in His name. So that as He is the very fountain, source, and spirit of Christianity, so is He, in the highest sense, the Light of the World; and if we substitute any other light we shall be led into darkness; "if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin;" if we hold fast to Him through life,

\* Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, on "Ecce Homo," in *Good Words*, Jan. 1868.

† Baur. Paulus der Apostel Jesu Christi, 3 theil, 6 kap.

‡ J. S. Mill's Inaugural Address to the University of St. Andrew's.

then in our last hour, the dawn of our immortality, we may joyfully sing with the poet—

“Du sollst sein meines Herzens Licht  
Und wenn mein Herz in stücken bricht  
Sollst du mein Herze bleiben!”

Shall we then sink into darkness? Will matter extinguish spirit? Nay; the soul of Paul still lives amongst us in his immortal Epistles; and as the light has dawned from them in dense darkness upon Augustine and Luther, so will it, in this darkness now closing

in upon us, dawn upon the mind of some earnest student searching after truth. Let us hold fast upon the firm conviction that as the Spirit of God rests upon Christianity—as sure as Christ watches over His Church, so surely will that Church be purged from its material degeneracy in His own time, and made once more a spiritual Church—pure, regenerated, like the Holy City of the Evangelist’s vision—“coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.”

#### SPIRITUAL WIVES.\*

It was an accepted fact in the very earliest times that no new sect could even establish for itself a footing, much less achieve permanent success, without the accession and the active aid of a woman.

The acceptance of such a fact was authorized by a celebrated example. When the devil desired to found a church of his own on earth, he looked at those who peopled it, and he tempted Eve. By her accession he got half the world on his side. Woman was left to do what Satan dared not try. *She* lured man to his fall, and the second half of the then existing world came under Satan’s intolerable yoke—according to the interpreters.

The founder of Islamism was at least as cunning as the Father of Evil. When he set up for a prophet he had more than the proverbial ill-luck of such persons as profess to be wiser than their neighbours. Good luck came to him when he gained an adherent, a wife, and considerable wealth, by marrying the widow Khadijah. His fortune and influence increased by his wedding with the melting Ayesha and with the confiding Hafsa, the richest of all the wives of the Prophet.

Long before the success of the great Arabian reformer, who, at all events, brought back his country from idolatry to Unitarianism, women had played prominent parts in the establishment of various sects. The bar-

barous names of those sects, what they did, and how they lived, what they suffered, and how they flourished in despite of, perhaps because of, the bloodiest persecution—it may be all read in copious and elaborate church histories.

In most of these communities, if men composed the rules, women gave them force and application. The houris, black eyes, much love, and heavenly sherbet, were the rewards that compelled men not only to live well that they might deserve, but to die speedily that they might enjoy, them. The earlier heresies were rendered attractive by missionaries whose seductive propagandism was not to be resisted. Hence, perhaps, came the idea of a mixed conventual life, of nuns and monks under one roof. When these communists slipped into these islands is not known; but they went out with the Danes, not entirely, yet so nearly so as to warrant us in saying that their extinction may be dated from that time.

Very naturally are they supposed to have had their origin among the isolated Brothers of the Desert in Egypt, who found that it was not good to be alone, and that a Platonic companionship was better than none. One of those very brothers, St. Pacome, founded a double monastery of monks and nuns in the desert, living under the same government and in the same place; but the venerable founder took care that the Nile should run between

those sisters and brothers in religion. In Belgium, Germany, and Frankish Gaul, those mixed communities, or double monasteries were to be found. The crowds of neophytes of both sexes that gathered round *St. Fructuosus*, led to the foundation of a similar establishment in Spain; and we know that there was one even in Rome in the seventh century, since there is record of a monk named Andrea, "*di vicino Virginum*," who was thought to be worthy of the papal dignity itself.

In Ireland, for some such reason as led to similar results in Spain, the double communities were to be more frequently met with than in any other country. Some monks braved the temptation that might tend to win them from the spirit and surrender them to the world. Others feared and avoided it, did their duty when necessary, no doubt, but happy as soldiers who survive the hard fight into which they have been driven by command, to be well out of the strife, even if not quite unscathed. How far the communistic life of nuns and monks was carried on is best learnt by the prohibitions against further observance of such a spiritual rule of life. St. Patrick ordered that the two sexes of religious should not be in the same houses or use the same oratories; monks and nuns were not allowed to be companions when sojourning at the same *hospitium*; "nor can they be allowed to go driving about in the same carriage from one town to another; and as to their eternal gossipings, these must be put an end to." Such rules and prohibitions help us to realize a social-religious life of that period, which, after being put down in one form, rises in another form, and not a renovated spirit.

In religious societies abroad founded by Irish ecclesiastics sprang up that singular regulation which placed all the men of the community under the rule of the abbess. She was the pre-eminent power before whom the brothers and the sisters alike bowed. These houses, subject to the distaff, were common in France and Germany and Belgium. From the Continent they were introduced into England, and princesses of royal blood saw in the convents where they were educated the priests and monks who lived at their gates humbly submis-

sive to the abbess or prioress, and confessing their sins, not to God, to one another, or to a priest, but to the chief lady, who lent her ear, encouraged penitents to make a clean breast of it, and administered such chastisement as the nature of the case might require. The tradition of such a custom, has never gone out. One of the distinctive rites of the German Muckers or Ebelians was (probably is) confession made by men to women. The ladies are supposed to be endowed with a spirit that is of heavenly quality; they are of rank, of great personal attractions, and have, or had, wonderful alacrity in stimulating reluctant male penitents to reveal all their sins without any coyness or reserve. So exacting do some of these attractive *confessorins* appear to have been, that men, out of a desire to gratify female curiosity as to man's iniquity, have invented a catalogue of offences, after they had exhausted the list of their own backslidings; and their ghostly lady, unsatiated, eagerly asked for more—for fresh sins and increased confidences. A thousand years ago, at Wimborne, and the other day, perhaps *to-day*, at Königsberg, the same practices prevailed, as far as this custom of confession rendered by man to woman is concerned. Hercules knelt also before Omphale, and from the hands of another Dejanira he received a penitential shirt, as unpleasant to wear as that of the Centaur.

The spiritual brotherhoods and sisterhoods in England did not go out quite so early as M. De Montalembert fancies. He thinks that the double convents did not survive the incursions of the Danes. Can it be that those rough visitors were a little shocked at the everyday sort of worldliness which they saw carried on and exemplified in those strange societies of people who professed to have abandoned the world, and to have taken to dying daily, while they really lived in the most pleasant social communion, and did not die till their time came and it pleased God? Nobody pretends that life was without its peculiar blots in those double communities. We are willing to believe the best of them. Charity is a sublime thing, but human nature is not a trifle, neither is it given to change. Whoever suppressed those spiritual

communities did well ; but the idea of communion with women long prevailed as a very pleasant thing, which it undoubtedly is. In those interesting old chronicles now publishing under the sanction of Government, there is one edited by Mr. Henry T. Riley, which treats of the monks of St. Albans, and which is partly of contemporary authorship. Those monks in their days were perhaps of the best quality to be found in England. The abbots were not afraid to invite the very finest of the ladies—and, we presume, their lords—in the neighbourhood to partake of their hospitality, and to sojourn with them. In the gayest time of that noble monastery the frocks of the brethren were not much more numerous than those of the sisters ; and the intercourse had probably no greater harm in it than what might come from fair indulgence in the good things abundantly supplied from the larder and the cellar. Whether the same quality of life prevailed in all times is somewhat doubtful. We find that monks and nuns lived in a spiritual vicinity, but some irregularity must have occurred now and then, or wherefore those directions that they should be separated ? There are traces too of consequences which result now from similar causes. If people live in too great numbers in too ill-ventilated edifices, the health is sure to suffer. It was so of old, and there appears to have prevailed among these good cloistered-up people a manifestation of leprosy which caused those afflicted to be locked up apart. Great fears were entertained of this disease spreading, to the consequent suffering of that and other communities. Leprosy, however, went out of itself or changed its name. It is certainly not much to be met with in records after the time of the latest Crusaders, who brought with them from the East, among other memorials of war and travel, not a few new names for very old-fashioned things. "Leprosy" seems to have grown vulgar, though under no form of designation could it be fashionable.

The German Anabaptists of the sixteenth century, who appeared in the streets without any clothing whatever, defended themselves when taken before the magistrates by maintaining that they were "the naked truth."

They found imitators in America. The "Puritans" of Vermont failed to see any spiritual life in the churches, and they accordingly endowed themselves with such purity of heart and exemption from all subjection to human passions, or even commonplace decency, that they sat naked in their public assemblies, and were utterly unconscious of their degradation. Yet, people of intellect joined this body, whose orgies were of the grossest character, and many of apparently good practical sense joined the community. But great scandal came of it—sin, ruin, and sorrow ; the thing stank in the nostrils of even not over-nice people, and the "Puritans" of Vermont came to grief. They disappeared, however, only to crop up again in other sects, to which none are so easily drawn as intellectual persons with strong passions and weak principles. The "Cochranites" of Massachusetts were greater beasts than the "Puritans." Their public acts were marked by such violations of decency that, free scope as the Government gave to the whims, fancies, and devilities—so to speak—of men, the authorities had to interfere in defence of common morality.

In no single item did these societies, whose founders pretended to be in direct communication with God, resemble such spiritual sisterhoods and brotherhoods as were known in southern Europe, and particularly among those Dalmatian islanders called the *Morluchians*, as late, at least, as the last century. In their ritual there was a service for the solemn union of two friends, male or female. The former are styled *pobratimi* (half brothers), the latter, *posestre* (half sisters). Their duty is to assist and avenge each other. A quarrel between two such friends was held to be a sacrilege and a scandal, such as the good old times of spiritual affinity had never heard of. A consequent depravation of morals was laid to the account of the Italians, whose intercourse with these Dalmatian islanders is alleged to have utterly corrupted the people. A similar spiritual kinsmanship has a well-known illustration in that excellent work, "Anastasius."

The more modern spiritual theory is altogether another matter. In Germany and England its authors were scholars of pure life—priests



who went crazed through force of imagination and fleshly weakness in presence of temptation. It is curious to contrast the various manifestations of feeling which have been exhibited on the popular side—that is, on the side of the public generally—against those who favour the spiritual wife theory. In Germany, where so many high and sentimental personages, from royalty downwards, sympathized more or less with this theory—in the country where the “Sorrows of Werther” has expressed tears even from manly eyes—there seems to have been less of indignation than of a practical and good-humoured censure. The students of Königsberg have best, and most reasonably, liked to hoist the cannoneers with their own petards, and, so to speak, to put in practice their own practices. Accordingly, when a meeting of Pietists is held, these young fellows, leaving the brethren, attack the sisterhood. They raise the cry of “Seraphim kisses!”—those supposed unimpassioned salutes, which rendered fragrant the bowers of the truly initiated. Therewith the profane flutter the Mucker Virgins, who fairly flee without seeming, by feigned delay, to at all invite pursuit. Many a sacred lip has thus been violated, although male Pietists have raised their arms and let them fall heavily in angry championship of pretty saints that are for their own eating. Much of this, however, seems to have been done, and, we believe, continues to be done in mere wanton mirthfulness. There is a meeting invaded, a joyous shout, a few timid screams, manly protestations, a rush, and a row in the streets, with the cry of “Seraphim kisses!” to rally or to scare, and then the moral and imperturbable military police descend into the arena, protect the oppressed, arrest the evil-doers, clear the streets; and quiet is restored. No more Seraphim Kisses can be snatched—at least in public.

No great indignation pursues the founders of the German Spiritual Wife Community. Ebel, the archdeacon, who persuaded himself and others that he was an Angel of God, if not God himself, died the other day. He had with him his Countess, his disciple, wife, sister, confessor of the brethren, Seraphic Kiss dispenser, to the last.

The lady survives the apostle and continues to believe in the fashionable preacher who took upon himself the attributes of divinity. People who were their neighbours were not at all shocked. Ebel and Ida seemed as far above all suspicion of evil as Law, the author of the “Serious Call,” when he kept common household with Mrs. Gibbons and Mrs. Hutchinson, and was almoner and chaplain in the little domestic church, of which the three were the sole members. Such churches often and necessarily fall into a certain sort of confusion, and accordingly Law advocated the ideas and principles of Jacob Behmer. Cowper, sitting at the feet of the womankind to which he loved to attach himself, fell into dreamy unprofitable speculations. This sort of church and society may be highly respectable, but it is exceedingly unprofitable. They are only healthy when they are resting-places *in* the world, and not hiding-places *out* of it.

In these islands, although we may have fanatics springing up and succeeding in their turns, there is no permanent life for them. We may have women, like those of the Agapemone, whose children are not expected to be born, and we may find a “Peculiar People,” among whom, if children should appear, and happen to fall ill, they are “left to the Lord;” but there is an honest detestation generally prevailing against all that is impure and unfair. When Henry VIII. gave a spiritual or religious turn to his expressed desire to be divorced from Katherine that he might marry with her servant and his mistress, Anne Boleyn, it was the honest womenkind and the religious matronage throughout the king’s dominions who most loudly proclaimed their disbelief in the spiritual protestation, and their execration against him who made it. Putting away the faithful and patient Katherine in order that he might choose for his mate one whom, as he said, he might more religiously take to his bosom, was a sort of spiritual divorcing and conjugating which honest folk of any creed could not away with. The women would have killed Anne if they could have laid hands on her. The people sang ballads which satirized the spiritu-

ality of the love-making, and the pulpits, though they used all the caution that was necessary to escape the vengeance of a despotic government, spoke so intelligibly, struck so right home, and so much to the purpose, that Cranmer was obliged to prohibit preaching altogether, except by his own especial licence.

In the present day, the Princeites have contrived to avoid much persecution by simply keeping themselves to themselves. They are wealthy people, who pay their way, and keep their religion, or what they call by that name, in the background. To the out-of-door people they are ladies and gentlemen, like others of their quality. What they really are when shut in from the outer world, the Devil probably knows much better than Mr. Dixon. Although the latter gentleman saw and was told a good deal, and had a happy, not to say audacious knack of getting at the bottom of what to others would have been a fathomless pit of obscurity, he neither saw nor heard all. He, probably, dared not even guess at some riddles that were placed before him. The Agapemone consists only of persons, male and female, who carry their wealth thither in order that they may be saved. A lady, with a few thousand pounds, would there be welcome, and put in the way of salvation. A penniless lady, we fancy, would have no such welcome. The answer given to her would, in some sort resemble that given to the honest homeless girl who asked for shelter at the Magdalen, and who was told that she was ineligible, not being qualified.

Mr. Prince, or the "Beloved," and the handsome sisters, with the crazy brotherhood, are in the Abode of Love. The echoes of an angry popular voice have more than once reached the inmates, and the sacred enclosure has been polluted by the invasion of hostile strangers. The law, however, protects any people who keep the peace, and the Princeites protected themselves by means of a couple of bloodhounds. This precaution has, however, now disappeared, and the Princeites fear nothing. They have, or rather, the Beloved has reconciled man with God, the Holy Ghost with the flesh; they have departed, as it were, from earth, established here

the outposts of the kingdom of heaven, and know nothing of mortality. Death is not known among them, albeit the sisters pass away and the brethren follow, and their forms are laid below the lawn on which the devotees play croquet! Well, the public leave these individuals to their own devices. Nothing appears on the surface that could authorize interference. What there is beneath the surface, which even Mr. Dixon could not penetrate, it is impossible to conjecture. It would be unfair even to fancy evil of sincere people, pure and earnest, who, on points of religion, go irretrievably mad; but what is the Great Manifestation which was the climax of their madness? If it was what we are compelled to suppose it was, after carefully reading all that is written about it, the Princeites are lucky in the ignorance of their rude neighbours. A few hundred years ago they would have been burnt alive, and no pure or pious memory would have honoured them as martyrs.

If we turn from these men who "run away from their posts, shut themselves up in a garden, muse and dream, surround themselves with lovely women, and eat from rich tables, pretending that the passions are dead, and waiting in the midst of luxury and idleness for the whole world to be damned;" if we turn from these Bedlamites, and the unutterable iniquity of their Great Manifestation, to people perhaps less mad, but with no less method, we shall find that an outer honest world either outlaws the religious knaves by their scorn, or comes into collision with them to the great damage of the Anointed.

These collisions are well illustrated in the case of reverend American gentlemen who once upset all social and religious rules, annihilated worldly marriages, and took the helpmates of their friends to be spiritual wives of their own. "But the squatters and teamsters, living out West," says Mr. Dixon, "not having been saved from sin and born to a new life, felt bound to resent this arrangement in their neighbour's house, and when a child was born of this spiritual pairing, they seized their axes and firelocks, broke into the log shanty, collared the three male saints, stripped them to the skin, smeared

them with tar, rolled them up in feathers, and set them on a rail." This public judgment and execution of sentence was followed by the prosecution of the far-seeing squatters and teamsters; but the law said that the rascally husbands of the spiritual wives had offended against public morals, and they got nothing by their motion but additional exposure and a supplementary load of execration.

On another occasion, we find a leash of three execrable rascals travelling with their spiritual wives, and being hospitably received in the house of one Chapman, whose wife was fair, gentle, and open to all religious impressions. One of the three reverend scoundrels persuaded the poor woman to leave her husband in the flesh and be *his* wife in the spirit. When this was accomplished the other spiritual wives shifted their mates, and Mr. Chapman arrived at home after the arrangement had been carried out to its utmost conclusion. When the good man of the house understood what had been done in his absence, "he knocked the Rev. Jarvis Ryder down, and kicked him black and blue." Mr. Dixon was told by men who did not seem crazy, that when Chapman raised his hand to smite the sleek scoundrel, he was smitten with blindness. The injured husband is described as having implored pardon for his offence, solicited his wife's spiritual husband to again make Chapman's house his home, and to be lord and master of its destinies. In recompense for this submission, Chapman went to New York, and after a few months had his eyes opened. This is a miracle in support of the spiritual system, and we heartily believe in the last part of it.

Like all history, however, this abominable story is told in two ways. The second version is that Chapman thoroughly horsewhipped Ryder, to whom he was afterwards reconciled, and that much scandal ensued; but there is not a word about the blindness.

The volumes in which Mr. Dixon narrates in brilliant and eloquent sentences the inner and outer history of the men who have founded or furthered the spiritual wife system are in the hands of the universal public, and we have rather touched upon his subject than dealt largely

with his book. It is one, however, that is written with a purpose and that carries with it an important moral. It shows what society may come to which sets up false idols and secretly denies or openly dethrones God; which takes the letter of His word and perverts its spirit, and which welds fragmentary passages of Scripture to obtain a rule, or a misrule, by which to live according to their desire. St. Paul was often accompanied by a sister in the faith, therefore, say the new impostors, it is lawful for us to take such sisters too, and call them spiritual wives, for of such must the sister have been who travelled with and ministered to the Apostle, whose example they profess to obey. St. Paul denounced the old love feasts, because of the gross irregularities into which they sank; therefore let us have our Agapæ! cry the modern grossly irregular, for Paul did not denounce them, but only the vices and orgies by which they were distinguished. The new givers of the modern love feasts, and the numerous guests who sit down at them, take care that the vices and orgies shall be kept within the circles; and industry, refinement, and decorum are the outward and visible sign of the nastiest people on the face of the earth. Their vice and their stupendous hypocrisy are all practised in the name of God! One almost respects, in comparison, the Owenites, and Fourieristes who pull down God altogether, sweep heaven clear of its glory, and curse the Word as a poor but malignant forgery. These are at least iniquitous only after a frank, candid, but rather devilish fashion. While, in contrast with the crapulous sects which profess to be inspired by God, we have those which frantically proclaim that there are no such things as God or inspiration; so, in contrast with the same impure sects who profess to be clean from all soil of fleshly ill, passionless as statues, chaste as the icicles on Diana's temples, we have in free America the votaries of Free Love. At Berlin Heights and Modern Times these hogs have their sties. The places themselves are shone upon by the sun as impartially as on all the world besides, but Circe and her train were angels of light and grace in comparison with the swine who bask in the

sunshine and fester where they lie. The law of the locality is that there is none. The State may enforce its legislative Acts, but socially and morally the above-named places have no law whatever. The households there are the temporary homes of comers and goers, and sojourners, of both sexes. They form temporary connubial engagements, snap them asunder when convenient, form fresh ones according to their fancy, and meet any timid objection on the part of passers-by with a "what's-that-to-you" sort of defiance.

It will be hardly necessary for us to say that these voluntary outcasts are not samples of the American people. They are no more so than the scum is identical with the rich essence beneath, which flings it off. We judge of Americans by the Peabodys, not by the Butlers, and there is nothing we should more guard against than the supposition that an

American Spiritualist Prophet resembles an American Christian. There is as much difference between the two as between a swaggering, lying, insane, mountebank Yankee, and that most attractive of persons, the thorough, well-bred American gentleman, whether he comes from the North or the South.

Mr. Dixon has added to the history of religion details hitherto unwritten, we might almost say unknown. Those persons who have read his book will at once recognise its wise purpose and its conservative treatment. It treats of a chronic malady having symptoms of spreading; and he informs and warns society. He shows the perils of contagion; and if we would avoid the consequences, we thankfully learn from his volumes that it can be done by prevention, but *cannot* be done by after-attempt at cure.

## JOHN HALLER'S NIECE.

BY RUSSELL GRAY.

### CHAPTER LIV.

#### SPRING DAYS.

"THE heart knoweth its own bitterness," and Ethel Haller was a very miserable little girl on that evening, when she had left Darrell and returned to the Grange, with her secret still untold, her engagement still unbroken. Alone she bore her burthen, alone she felt the bitterness of heart, and it was a trial very heavy to be borne, very crushing and heart-breaking; and the weight of it was beginning to tell upon her, and wear into her life, and rob it of its sweetness.

She went home while the evening was yet early, through the fields, while the soft light of sunset was in the sky; a sweet, fresh evening, and she went through the woods, under the trees, by banks rich in moss and slender fern-leaves; through fields thick with bright young grass running into sweeps of white and gold daisies and buttercups, and the gay yellow and blue carpets of primroses and violets. Through the pleasantest,

cheeriest ways, full of birds and big bees, and the far-off monotonous lowing of the cows, and "Caw! caw! caw!" of distant rooks, slowly she went, idly, like one wandering along in an objectless way, having no aim or goal in view; and truth to tell, Ethel had no motive to hurry home—it was the old, weary, listless life, the humdrum, lagging life, so full of sameness and monotony, so wanting in any active interest, so hopeless!

Other people had their occupations and amusements, and plans, and hopes, but hers had fallen from her. John Haller had his farm, his fields and cattle and barns; and his life was a busy one—he had no time for pining and sorrowing; he lived to act; but she? why, she only lived on from day to day, not in the present, not in the future, but in the past; thinking ever of the past, regretting it always, and dreading to look on into the future, it was so bare and bleak.

One of our poets has written that

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all,"

and yet I sometimes feel disposed to disagree with him; for I cannot help thinking that an unfortunate love often robs a great deal of softness and faith out of generous natures. There are very few who, thinking of their beloved dead, can say honestly,

"All my heart is buried with you,  
All my thoughts go onward with you."

There are very few who love so perfectly, so intensely, that their love becomes part of their life, the better, stronger part which they carry with them into eternity. So many weak, hopeless souls sorrow, like Rachel for her children, and will not be comforted, crying always, "I have lost!" wearing their lives out in one long, weary dream. There are so few who can kneel down and clasp their hands, and bow their heads, and say humbly, truthfully, from their hearts, "Father, I thank thee, not for what is, but for what was! not for what I have, but for what I have lost!"

Preaching again! moralizing as usual! and yet a great man has said that "even moralizing is entertaining, when one laughs at the same time;" but there are two sides to almost everything, and Walpole says, "I pity those who don't moralize till they cry;" and I, like so many who have lived, and thought, and written, am too apt to write what comes into my head, all the foolish ideas and speculations with which my brain throngs sometimes; in fact, "my pen is not always upon its guard, but is apt to say whatever comes into its nib," and pens being what Byron calls "the mighty instruments of little men," I sometimes see very foolish, useless things which I have written, and wish unwritten, and am ashamed of; and so, for fear of adding to that budget of idle words, for which I may one day be called to account, I will break off in the middle of my sermon, and leave it for some one wiser and cleverer to finish.

Ethel wandered home slowly, through the lanes and fields, by the bright orchards which were all in blossom, through the sweet, old-fashioned Grange garden, now bright with hyacinths and lily-of-the-valley, with many-coloured stocks, with co-

lumbines and lady-smocks, and the gay red of peonies. And sweeter than all, stronger, heavier, came the perfume of the syringa. Whenever I smell that rare, oppressive scent, I am away in the pleasant old Devonshire garden, in summers that are long, long gone, and I call to mind its shade and silence. The little bush fruit-trees, the flowers and shrubs, the long line of gravel walk, arched over with green summer trees, and the plash! plash! plash! of a tiny fresh brook flowing near the garden, below the yew hedge; and living now in a busy town, my heart grows sick with longing for "the days that are no more," for the fields and trees, and quiet silent places that are far, far away; for while I write I look out upon the gabled roofs in an old city; the sun is shining on an hundred little diamond panes, a bell from a distant belfry-tower is ringing solemnly, and voices, young and old, come wafted up, and they are speaking in a strange tongue. I am alone, as it seems to be my fate to be alone, here in this foreign land, as I used to be in the old Devonshire days, among the English fields and woods. I have come here to begin my life anew, here where I am unknown, where people do not look inquisitively at me, or watch my goings and comings; like many others who have roamed the world before, who have sought out places—

"Where their language is not spoken,  
And none know their hearts are broken."

I have come to live, and in the end to die, and perhaps be buried in the little flowery graveyard which I can see from my window; where the children play in the mornings, where the sun falls and the grass grows, and over which the moon shines in the still night, even as it used to shine over another far-away graveyard, where my beloved dead lie sleeping! But I am not telling my own story, as it would appear: I fly with a start from my strange new home, and go back to Ethel, and "the long ago." The sun shone then, warmer, brighter than ever it shines now in these new days, on the red brick walls of the Grange; on the jessamine porch, on the heliotrope and verberna on the wall and round the windows;

on the lattice window of old Sally's snugger, which looks out over the garden and stable-yard.

Sally is on the look-out for her pet; she is knitting by the window, which lies open, and the scent of the syringa fills this room also, as it fills the others. The cuckoo in the fields is calling its song, and the merry chirping of the sparrows in the ivy, and the sunlight steals into the room—a pleasant, cheery room, such as we know in Dutch pictures, primitive and cosy; oak chairs, oak panels, a wide, old-fashioned fireplace, and such a cheery wood fire, whereon sings a little shining copper kettle; a basket-cage, imprisoning two gentle wood-doves, hangs near the window, and while the sparrows twitter outside, the mild, innocent doves, “murmuring ever of love,” keep up a perpetual “Coo! coo!” in answer from their prison. Sally is a little round, rosy, winter-apple of a woman, with little wrinkles formed by smiling, round her eyes and mouth. She had a whole budget of stories of the good old times, wonders and impossibilities which might have been very valuable additions to “Munchausen.” There were stories of ghosts calculated to make the smoothest, heaviest hair stand on end; love stories so unfortunate and heart-rending, that they melted the hardest hearts: in fact, Sally was a regular old gossip and story-teller. Ethel had listened often with a childish delight to those tales of wonder; they suited her taste, her thirst for everything of a strange and mysterious nature. She used often to creep up to this snug Dutch room when it grew dusk, when her pretty chintz-covered drawing-room was lonely, while John Haller was still away in the fields, or at the farm, and sitting down in the window-seat to wait and watch for his coming, she would say—“And now, Sally, tell me a story.”

Everyone spoils Ethel—old Sally among the number. There was “Miss Ethel's chair” in the Dutch room, “Miss Ethel's corner” by the fire; and of course it was the snuggest corner, and the most comfortable arm-chair. There were water-colour sketches done by Ethel hanging on the wall; and bright blue, and red, and gold texts illuminated by Ethel; there was Ethel's picture, a photo-

graph framed; and a little book-shelf with some of Ethel's pet authors, which she read in the window-seat while she waited for her uncle. The doves were Ethel's, the pots of musk and scarlet geraniums were hers, and even the little blue and gold cups and saucers, out of which she and Sally had their tea, were also the property of this spoilt young lady: altogether the Dutch room contained a great deal of Miss Haller's belongings, and she spent much of her time there.

But it was late on that pleasant spring afternoon when she walked listlessly up the gravel walk under the fruit-trees towards the house; the sun had half set behind the hills, and then Ethel came home.

Sally, watching from her little window among the leaves, thought her darling looked weary and pensive, as she came slowly along. What had come to gay, light-hearted Ethel, that now her footsteps lagged as she trod the bright garden-walks, that now her voice sounded little laughing, and singing about the house? What had come to her that she had grown so pale and sober-looking? Was she ill? She never complained. Was she unhappy? No one ever saw her shed tears; she was a mysterious little person; her face did not carry a story written upon it; no one looking at her could have told whether her life was an intensely sad one, or a quiet, happy one. She bore only the passing shadows which are always on thoughtful faces, never on thoroughly careless ones, and yet my heroine is changed; the story of her life has waxed a weary one, since the long ago summer day when she and her lover parted sadly, never to meet again, until changes had come to both, until trial and sorrow had humbled them both, when the stony places were all passed, when the shadow and storm was over, when the still summer days had come again, and a whole long year of bitter experience had past away, carrying with it so much of the evil of their lives.

Sally watched her as she came slowly along, very slowly, like one walking in a dream; and it flashed upon the old woman suddenly, as she sat watching the slight figure, the bright hair, and the sad young

face, that her little pet was wasting away; was fading slowly, gliding from among them all, and that their eyes had been darkened to the fact. It was not illness, not disease, only that slow, stealthy wasting away of life and energy, which comes to the young sometimes, and carries them away gradually, and none know of the flitting until they are gone. "Whom the gods love, die early;" and I suppose it is from these words, which have become household words among us, that the superstition has arisen that young people, blessed with gentleness and loveliness, and pleasant ways, are too good to live. The superstition certainly does live among our old people; they do not like to see a child what they term "unnaturally good;" they do not like to see a young person too grave and sober; they say of such, "He's too good for the world;" and I suppose it was something of this superstition which made old Sally Bird say, "God bless the child; what ails her?" with a

strange pang of uneasiness. She had been so used to see her young favourite day after day, that she had not noticed the changes which she now saw suddenly, distinctly, as though a veil had been lifted from her eyes. The pale face, which now wore almost habitually the shade of sadness which, long ago, had only crossed it like a cloud in a summer sky; the frank, impulsive manners which had given way to a certain stillness and gentleness; the old daring love of fun and frolic, which had died away in the past months; and remembering the Ethel of old, the spoilt, troublesome, wild little girl, who had been such a trouble and such a pride to all, Sally could not help sighing, as she saw the grave, weary little figure coming slowly along under the garden trees. She was changed! That stealthy sorrow which had been wearing into her life had changed the whole tone of her being, and Ethel Haller was a very unhappy little girl.

## CHAPTER LV.

## ETHEL'S LETTER.

"Uncle John, I want you to help me to write a letter."

"A letter, little puss!"

Ethel smiled.

"Yes, a letter," she answered.

"You're wondering what I have to do with letters, aren't you?"

Miss Haller was knitting, sitting in her favourite window seat in the Grange library, after breakfast.

"And so you must stop away from the farm for an hour or so, and help me to write it, for it's a very important letter," she continued.

"Am I to know who it's for?" John Haller asked, smiling, as he came over, and stood looking down upon her.

"Of course," Ethel answered; "of course you are to know, but—but when I tell you all about it you mustn't try and dissuade me from doing it."

She spoke gravely, looking up at him with her big eyes, and the smile died away out of John Haller's face.

"You are very mysterious, little puss," he said. "I don't know what you mean."

"Never mind—give the promise."

"I won't make any promises in the dark," he said.

"Then I can't tell you anything about it."

"Ethel!"

She looked up again, surprised at his grave voice.

"Well?"

"Are you going to have any secrets from me?"

And Ethel laid down her work, and came and stood near him. "Have I ever had any secrets from you?" she questioned.

"I don't think so," he answered.

"You know I haven't."

"Are you going to begin now?"

"No indeed, Uncle John; I want you to write a letter from me to Sir Henry Darrell, and tell him that I will *not* marry him."

For a minute John Haller didn't speak. Of late he had been living in a kind of fear that this day was coming, and with this fear the consciousness of his great ambition for his niece's future came before him, never until she so spoke, until she declared her intention of renouncing

the great advantages which were hers, had he acknowledged, even to himself, how dear, how very dear the hope of seeing her one day a great lady, had been to him.

John Haller was an essentially good man; honest, tender-hearted; a good Christian, for whom the better part all lay in his hopes of heaven; and still he was ambitious, not for himself, he lived simply, humbly, not vaunting his riches; but ambitious for Ethel, so ambitious that his whole soul lay in the hope of one day seeing her great, and rich, and happy! This last clause was always with the others, to see her happy was the aim of his life. And yet when she came to him, and said that she would *not* marry Sir Henry Darrell, he forgot how little he could know of how such a determination would affect her happiness: the fear of losing something which had become very dear to him made him speak and say—

"Ethel, I think you are wrong."

But she crept closer to him; she whispered, "Hush! I know what you are going to say to me—you are going to say that I am treating Sir Henry very badly, that I am trifling with him; don't say it, Uncle John, don't reproach me, for I am very, very unhappy"—and her voice failed her, other words wouldn't come.

"I think," said John Haller, speaking quietly, "that you are making a great mistake, darling. You are throwing away the love of a very patient man—he has waited for you so long."

No answer came. Ethel's little head lay hidden on his arm, and she listened, making no response, hearing him condemn her, hearing him tell the whole story of her great folly, and never interrupting him. Surely Ethel was changed!

"It is not right so to trifle with anyone's affections; you do not know the pain and anguish you may inflict, it is a terrible wrong, Ethel—a terrible—terrible wrong."

And still she never spoke, although in his voice rang the sharp, bitter pain which she had heard there once before when he told her, word for word, the story of his own unhappy love.

"If you have once found it in your heart to tell him that you loved him, no time or change should ever make you alter," he said.

"I never told him so," Ethel interrupted then; "he knew I did *not* love him."

"But you accepted his love."

"I know I did."

"Then, darling, you must not in a hasty moment cast that love away." Unknown to himself, John Haller was trying to fight a battle for his ambition, trying to persuade Ethel not to lose heart. But she spoke again—

"I am not acting rashly, I have thought over it all, I have weighed it all, and—and it is making me so unhappy—oh, Uncle John, it is breaking my heart!"

And then she broke out crying in the old passionate way, nestling close to him. And he? Why he gathered her to him, and folded her in his arms, and stroked the sunny hair in the caressing way which he kept for her only; and his heart was moved, as it would never have been by any argument, it was softened; she was unhappy! his darling, his treasure, and so he took her to himself, and felt that he had been wrong, and his spirit grew humble and bowed itself, and he laid aside his ambition and he said—

"Then, darling, let us write the letter, it is best."

She never knew how much the words cost him—how much of the spirit of his life grew faint and weak while he spoke; few, very few have the courage to lay down their dearest hopes, and renounce them in a breath: few, very few, can boast of love so pure, so tender, that selfishness belongs not in any way to it. But John Haller was a man to whom it came very easy to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done," sacrifice and self-denial coming so naturally to him.

And they wrote the letter, sitting close together, the letter which was to lay a seal upon John Haller's hope, and hide it for ever.

"Tell him how sorry I am," Ethel whispered; "tell him how sorry and ashamed I am."

And Mr. Haller wrote patiently, a long letter; once or twice he had paused with the hope still rising; once or twice he had turned to Ethel, looking into her face, with the hope, become a pain, still in his heart, but she never bid him hold his hand, she never looked at him, she only went on telling it all—all!



"There is no need to tell him that you love some one else," he said, pausing then, but she answered—

"He knows it."

And after that he spoke no more words; whether his ambition was quite dead or not I cannot tell, but something whispered him that she was right not to marry such a man; and when it was all written and folded up, and directed, he took it in his hand, and as though he desired not to spare himself one drop of the bitter cup, he said, "I will take it to him myself," and he put it in his pocket; and then he turned to her once again. He had stood up when he had finished writing, but she still sat by the table, with her head resting on her hands.

"God grant that it may all be for the best," he said; but Ethel didn't speak.

Alone he walked to Darrell that morning across the fields. The sun shone on the green hedges, and greener trees. The birds were all singing, the rooks in the wood kept up their own monotonous pleasant noise, everything seemed to rejoice in the gladness of the new spring-time, as John Haller sped on alone on his errand; he held the letter tight clutched in his hand, deep in his pocket, and he never paused on his way. Mr. Haller had a way of walking which was characteristic, a steady business-like way; he kept looking straight before him, always walking evenly. There is something even in a walk, if we study it; and studying John Haller's walk, I would say he is a steadfast man.

The great glare of the sun fell full on the front of the stone house, as he emerged from the wood-path on to the green slope below the terrace. It looked best in the sunlight this great bare house, a stately, solemn house, surrounded by such forests of fine old trees; he paused, and with a keen experienced eye took in the whole scene. To east and west stretched such a goodly kingdom of England's richest land; fields and meadows, pastures for any number of cattle; and then he turned his face towards the south, and there stood his own snug farm-house, the barns and stable-yard, the greenest trees, the richest fields, as far as the eye could travel was land and house belonging to Darrell, and he thought—

"all this might have been hers," with who knows how much of bitterness and regret in his heart, and still his better self conquered, and although the tempting voice of worldliness kept ringing in his ear, "all these will I give you if you but fall down and worship me." He put the thoughts far from him, and he said, "Get thee behind me, Satan." He took his eyes off that fair tempting view, and he let them rest only on the grass, and little world of leaves and daisies at his feet, and he felt then, in his own thoughtful gentle way, that a few years and the leaves and daisies would be growing above his dreamless head, and where, where would be his ambition then?

That was the only time he paused on his errand, looking neither to right or left, he pursued his way across the terrace. My lady, sitting working in her usual window-seat, looked up surprised.

"Mr. Haller," she said, pleased; she and John Haller were friends. He went over to the window, which she had pushed open.

"I came to see Sir Henry," he said, and something in his face, or his manner, or both, made her drop her eyes timidly.

"Come in," she said, holding the glass door open, "Henry has not returned yet."

Mr. Haller seemed almost relieved as he listened. "Oh, indeed," he said, "when do you expect him?"

"Some time to-day," she answered.

"Then I shall leave a letter for him with you, if you will let me; it is from Ethel, Lady Darrell."

A guilty feeling made my lady's heart beat quickly, a feeling of fear, her old timidity came upon her, she only said, "Oh," very gently, still looking on the ground.

"And Ethel is writing to break her engagement; I am afraid you will all think very harshly of her, Lady Darrell," John Haller said again; he hadn't tried to break the news, or shape his words prettily, he was a blunt straight-forward man, this Devonshire farmer, who spoke always in a rough open way.

Lady Darrell was not surprised, she only said again, "Oh," a feeblér more frightened "oh," and Mr. Haller spoke on—  
"She has been so spoilt at home,"

he said, "such a pet, I am afraid she does not always know her own mind." He was trying to frame some little excuse for her. "I have been but a poor guide, and I have had to do it all alone," he went on, "and—and I am afraid I have left a great deal undone." He was trying to excuse himself now, but she needed none, there was joy in her heart, such joy as had never been since Victor went away, a whole long year ago.

"No, no," she said then, "you mustn't judge her altogether by one act. Ethel is a very dear good little girl, you mustn't speak against her."

Speak against her!—he started—was he turning against her quite?

"It has been her misfortune, but she has never had anyone to look up to, or associate with; I am but a poor companion for her." And the old, old sorrow of his life brought a mist into his eyes, and saddened over all his face.

"Mr. Haller, I don't know what you will think of me for saying it, but I think Ethel is right."

He turned surprised.

"Then you forgive her?" he said. And she answered—

"Fully. I don't think she would ever have been happy with Henry."

"Why?"

"They are not suited, and—and I may be wrong, but somehow I fancy she once liked someone else."

"And you are like me in believing that having once loved, it is hard to love again?" he asked, looking on her with his sad, clear eyes.

"I am," she answered, with a firmer, surer voice than was usual with her. "Am I right?"

"You are," he answered slowly.

"Mr. Haller, tell me this, is that old love quite forgotten?"

And he answered "I don't know."

"Because," Lady Darrell continued, with her pale face flushed, and a tremble in her voice, "because he loves her still—does she know that?" She spoke quickly, excitedly, seeing light at last.

"Who?" He asked.

"Victor."

"Lady Darrell, you are mistaken," John Haller said gravely, his honest face flushed a little, if he felt harshly or bitterly towards anyone in the world it was towards that young officer who had been so false to Ethel.

"I am not," she said hotly: "every

day, every hour, he is thinking of her; his letters are all full of her name; I can show them to you. He is breaking his heart for her."

John Haller stood amazed.

"There must be some mistake," he said; "Ethel has heard very different things of him."

"From whom?"

"Sir Henry speaks often of his cousin."

"It is false, all false; Victor is as true in this as in every other act of his life."

But still Mr. Haller doubted.

"He came here some time ago," he said, "and never tried to see her."

"Because she was engaged to Henry."

The truth began to dawn in Mr. Haller's mind.

"Are you sure of this?" he asked.

"Quite sure," Lady Darrell answered; and then she crossed the room, and unlocked her davenport, and out of one of the little sliding drawers she took a bundle of letters. "Will you read this?"

It was the letter written by Victor, wherein he said, "I do not want ever to see Ethel now, because it is my misfortune that I love her still."

John Haller read the words over and over again, incredulously, and he looked at the date, and then back again at the words; and he put his hand up to his head in a helpless confused kind of way; and a touch of the old pain and sorrow made him speak.

"If this is true, I thank God that I wrote that letter."

"Will you let me send for him?" she continued; fighting her battle bravely. And John Haller said very humbly—

"You will do what seems good in your own eyes; I am not fit to meddle in such things."

Poor, brave-hearted fellow, he felt that he had been very, very near some terrible precipice, and he saw the danger now.

They talked long together; and all Victor's many letters, which had lain treasured in the davenport, were laid before John Haller, and then my lady said—

"I will write for him."

And it was arranged that until Victor should come and explain for himself, Ethel was to know nothing.

## CHAPTER LVI.

## WEDDING BELLS.

AND so there was going to be a wedding at Nante.

To her rage and confusion Miss Bell received a card one morning; Major and Miss Townsend requesting the pleasure of Mr. and Miss Bell's company; and at the bottom of the card she also read, "Ceremony at eleven o'clock."

She didn't need to be told anything more. Nante was a very gossiping little place, and the romance of the Connemara cloak and alpaca coat travelled rapidly; but it was the cruelest cut of all when she was requested to go and witness a ceremony in which she had once fondly hoped to take a prominent part. Mr. Bell suffered severely in these days; his snug, red brick house was made too hot to hold him, and consequently he spent even more of his time than usual at the club.

Milly wore a silver-gray silk gown, and a simple white tulle bonnet, as became a country clergyman's bride; no wreath, or veil, or trailing satin. The trappings and suits of the ceremony were all very simple, because the people themselves were simple; and they knelt together, hand in hand, where so often foolish, castle-building Milly had knelt in her dreams on the red cushions by the communion-rails, and were married just like other people; and when away in Wales for a fortnight, honeymooning, in a one-horse shay; and let us wish them God's speed on their new journey. The major wore a new blue frock coat, and made a very eloquent and long-winded speech at breakfast; and the sherry not having come from Messieurs Todd, Heatley, or any other great man, I believe he had a headache next day.

There was a good deal of old-fashioned speech-making and joking, and everyone, with the exception of Miss Bell (who by-the-by went after all in her Paris silk), enjoyed the wedding.

Several char-women were put to work at the rectory to scrub the floors and staircases; and the servants were in a state of mutiny at the idea of a mistress; but the rector was very

happy—very happy, and very nervous, so nervous that he made half a dozen terrible mistakes at the ceremony—kneeling at the wrong side of his bride—answering questions before they were put to him—mislaying the ring, and committing a score of such blunders.

They were married, and went away on a little trip into Wales; and the tall, bony curate had the whole of the parish business cast upon his very incompetent shoulders for a whole fortnight.

And while at Nante Milly's wedding bells were chiming, Sir Henry Darrell was away in that wild, fishing village lying south. The days, and weeks, and even the months, had glided by, creeping along, but leaving no change in the lives of those two.

"If I can keep her quiet until after the marriage," Sir Henry thought, "what will it matter then?"

He was a cruel, selfish man; he knew how powerless Ethel would then be to break the bonds between them, and so he kept on going to the fishing village, seeing that strange, beautiful woman, and so hiding his hopes from her, that she saw only the old lover-like manner, the old tender voice, and eyes, and, incomprehensible as his other conduct was, this satisfied her. It was late in the day—such a clear, fresh evening as usually follows one of our bright June days; the little cottage-parlour was lit only by the fire-light—the same fitful fire-light. As Sir Henry sat there; at his feet crouched the gipsy figure—up to his face turned the great gipsy eyes in their devotional way. He had been speaking, as he only knew how to speak, in his own beguiling, soft words, as the serpent of old, tempted. Cautiously, warily, he had been sketching out a new life, back again under the Italian skies; here all that was impossible! So he told her: the bonds that could bind there were no bonds in England; and she listened, trusting, believing still. He went on with his story, speaking slowly, monotonously, like one reading, and while he spoke he let his fingers wander through her thick

hair, caressingly; he went on through it all,—a long story it was; and when he said at last, "and that is the end," there were tears in the great passionate eyes, for he had painted a life such as she had once dreamt of, a paradise full of sunshine, and old palaces, of gondolas, and still, sweet nights; and the dream was beginning over again.

"Oh, Henri, Henri!" she whispered, "those will be blessed days," and the tears fell in a kind of thankfulness on the hand which she was clasping in both of hers.

"Will you go," still spoke the tempter, "only for a little while, and I will be with you again?"

But she clung on to the hand.

"Let me wait for you," she said; "I will be very patient."

But his face darkened then; he took his hand impatiently away.

"Will you never be reasonable?" he said; "must I always command, instead of asking?"

He spoke angrily, he was not a man to bear crossing, but now she spoke firmly.

"I will never leave you again!" she answered him, "never."

"You cannot trust me?"

"I cannot."

"Mignon, I have told you everything. I have showed you how my father has left me bound and promised to another woman; will you not help me to break those bonds—must we part now?"

"No one can ever part us," she said; and there was something in her voice that made him look down upon her, almost startled, it was such a strong fierce voice.

He was not a passionate man, or he might then have spoken angry hasty words, he only said—

"I do not believe in your love."

"If I do not love, no one ever did," she said.

And he put his arms round her while she knelt, and drew her to him and whispered again, "you will go, then," in the same tempting wooing voice; but she answered, "no," so quickly, so passionately, that he loosed his arms from about her—"no, I will never leave you again."

He was not a desperate man; but there are some things which would render any man desperate—he started up, he seized her wrist, and almost dragged her from her kneeling pos-

ture; he held the firm white arm so tightly that she winced with pain, the colour dyed her face, and neck, and brow.

"Do you want me to kill you?" he whispered, in a hard struggling voice, "fool! do you want me to kill you?" his lips trembled while he spoke, white lips speaking terrible things; but she stood undaunted, the lion spirit only roused a little fiercer.

"Do you think I fear you," she answered; the great wild eyes gleamed upon him savagely, "do you think I fear your threats;" and she laughed a short scornful laugh.

"I mistrust you, Henri; you have deceived me once; false in one thing is false in everything; I will not leave you."

For one moment he stood like a man about to spring from a height into a precipice, white lipp'd, with a strange light in his eyes; but he had not the daring reckless spirit which belongs to desperate men. He only buried his hands deep in his pockets, and strode away to the window, and looked out into the pleasant light outside. Gray rocks, upon which the sun's last rays cast little rainbow streaks of red, and gold, and purple; the still clear surface of the sea, so still, so peaceful, that its very calm was at variance with the storm in his heart. The half distant song of a boatman, paddling home across the water, and the ripple! ripple! of the little wavelets close under the window, all, all so different from his thoughts; he turned again impatiently.

"I don't know what you want to drive me to," he said; "do you think a man, bound as I am, can shake himself free in a day?"

"I can wait," she answered once again, the same old song of hope deferred, surely she was very patient; wronged much, she yet forgave much. But he continued—

"It must be one thing or another, if you go, why you only go for a little while; if you stay, I must cast you off for good."

But she said then, "That is impossible."

The Panther—beauty, proud, and defiant—threats were only thrown away upon her, and he saw that; he went over to her once again, he spoke in the soft caressing voice, so hard to deny

"Little Mignon, I know you love me," and he felt the arms about his neck tighten their hold, he needed no words, he knew so fully. But it was a battle hard to fight, and she won; she held to her resolution of not leaving him; her love was a passion, but while she worshipped, she knew that her idol was an unworthy object.

It was late when Sir Henry Darrell walked away from the cottage, quite late; there was silence over land and sea.

He walked away hurriedly in the night, with his hands deep buried in his pockets, and his sullen eyes bent on the ground; all along the silent road, by the great craggy uneven rocks, and the clear still water; over that calm glassy surface of sea the moonlight shone in a wide path of silver, touching the little ripples and rocky points. It was a long quiet road, winding close to the sea, quite close; and while he walked he was thinking, as people only can think when they are alone, in thoroughly lonely places; a thousand thoughts crowded his brain, a thousand, thousand unhappy thoughts. Was ever man so unfortunate before? was ever man so punished for past errors as he was now? This was the tone of his thoughts; and he paused in his walk and stood still in the moonlight, and looked away over the sea; he was not a passionate impulsive man, not a daring reckless one either; still there comes periods in many men's lives, when the thought is uppermost

in their minds—"I would that I were dead!" The wicked, impious thought of self-slaughter, against which God has set his canon.

He stood there, alone in the still night a very miserable man; with the burthen of an evil secret lying so heavily on his heart that it seemed to weigh it down, and press the life out of it. He stood on one of the low flat rocks overhanging the sea, with his hat in his hand, and his head bare to the cool night air.

Did any dream of a long quiet rest beneath that clear still sea enter his mind, as he looked down on its peaceful surface then? perhaps the faintest wish did come to him, but fear withheld him; it must be a brave man, as well as a desperate one, who deliberately lays down his own life in such a way, and Sir Henry Darrell was neither brave nor desperate, and yet he was becoming very weary of his life; he had tasted all of what men term the sweets of life, and they had but become as bitter; the gall had begun to mingle very greatly in his cup, everything seemed so hopeless and weary. But he turned again to the world, and its woes and tears, in preference to that other "somewhere" which is such a haven of rest to some tired souls. He turned and walked away into the night, bearing his burthen with him, little dreaming of the one other bitter drop yet waiting to be added to his cup of sorrow.

## CHAPTER LVII.

### STILL WAITING.

WHEN Sir Henry returned to Darrell, there lay Ethel's farewell letter awaiting him.

It lay on the hall table, where John Haller had placed it, and Henry Darrell's heart sank within him as he took it up and broke the seal.

It was Ethel's farewell, only what he had been expecting of late, and yet while he read his brain grew dizzy. He felt heavy and stunned, like a man who had just received a blow, and he put his hand up to his head in a helpless kind of way, and groaned aloud. This, then, was the end, the one pure honest hope of his life was taken from him.

For a moment he stood there like one stunned, and then, with the letter still in his hand, he walked out into the pleasant sunlight on the terrace.

Old Sir Hugh's favourite view of trees and fields, and distant grange, lay there just the same; so calm and sweet, and summer-like, the blue smoke curling up from the red-bricked Dower House chimnies up to the bluer sky; he looked out over it all, and his heart grew sick with bitterness and envy—envy of the peace and happiness which belonged to other people, and not to him. The dull deep pain was still

in his heart, the heaviness in his head; the dream of quiet life, of love and Ethel Haller, was quite over; that vain hope of living anew, of beginning anew an illused life was dead. He was back again in the old aimless time, and such a world of anger, and wounded pride, of wicked, cruel hate, lived in his heart, such hate against Victor, that while he looked away over those pleasant green fields he determined to frustrate his cousin's hopes somehow or another.

"He shall never marry her," he said to himself over and over again. And then he determined to see her—to see Ethel, and once more, if only once, plead his love. And he thrust the letter into his pocket, and walked away in the direction of the Dower House.

That morning Miss Haller had been paying one of her charity visits to the cottage in the glen. With the sweet spring time new life was coming to the budding trees and flowers, the sun shone "on a thousand fields," and along the lanes the hedges were all in blossom; the birds sang daily in the little garden among the basil and mint, their frail little lives rejoicing in the earth's gladness, but the strong heart of the child was sinking, and fainting into death.

Ethel went often to see her little friend in these days; and every new visit which she made to the pleasant cottage made her sadder. She was of a very loving nature this heroine of mine, and there were not many things in her life worthy of the intense love with which her heart abounded.

Little Freddy, with his pretty gentle ways and teachable nature, had been a very worthy object for love, my heroine thought; his still sad little life, so hopeless and weak, had touched the generous, strong part of her nature, and made it yearn to him. She read to him pleasant stories, she spoke to him of pleasant things, she told him of the fields and rivers, the world's bright places and scenes, as she would have told another child a fairy tale, it was all new to him; his world lay in the cottage room, in the cottage garden—his future in that golden city of the sunset.

And while Sir Henry walked to the Dower House, Ethel was passing away out of the glen garden, by the basil and mint, and twining jessamine, out on to the sunny road, which lost it-

self in that land of golden sun and purple sky.

At the wooden gate she paused with her hand on the latch, and looked back. The little pale face smiled out upon her from among the monthly roses. The boy's bright, beautiful hair shone in the golden light; it was so that she saw him for the last time. It was so that in the after years, when other faces were well nigh forgotten, fresh, and clear, and angel-like, that one young face came ever before her in its transparent beauty, with the glory of heaven upon it.

Oh, could we but know when we look our last upon some beloved face, could we but know sometimes when we part for the last time from some beloved object with a careless word or look, that it is so we take our farewell of them for all time?

She stood and smiled back at him, her little golden-haired, blue-eyed friend, and then she walked away down the sunny road.

And little Freddy watched, and watched the pretty figure—the sweet familiar figure, as it hurried on, his angel! down the bright hill road, which lost itself in the golden city, and the lonely little boy only said, "*I shall see her soon again.*"

Ethel went home through the fields, through Darrell, by Sir Hugh's lake and swans; under the trees, and out into the meadow below the Dower House lawn. And there she met Sir Henry Darrell. He had been to the Grange, so he told her. He stood before her, impeding her progress while he spoke. He looked down upon her sternly, gravely, and Ethel's heart fluttered up, and the colour rippled up to her face, and then her heart sank again, and the warm colour went with it; and my poor little heroine stood there looking very foolish and frightened. And he took a crushed letter out of his pocket, and held it before her, and asked—

"Did you send me this?"

She glanced at it.

"Yes, I did," she answered in a firm, clear voice, so clear that it surprised herself.

"You are treating me very badly," he went on; he spoke quietly, standing there before her; but his face was pale and stern, his eyes shone strangely—

"What have I done, that you should use me so?"

And Ethel had no answer, her heart smote her.

"Will you take back your letter, Ethel; will you think a little before you give it to me; I have waited very patiently for you, I have never worried you or plagued you; will you think it over—you must think it over—you are wrong, Ethel; and—and I will wait still, as I have waited, any time."

He stopped, for his voice died.

"No, no," she cried, passionately, it is over now, quite over; I have been wicked and cruel, but I am sorry; you mustn't think of me any more, you mustn't indeed, I am unworthy of your thoughts; you will forget me, Henry, and in time learn to forgive me, too, for I am sorry."

Then he laughed that bitter laugh which sounded so cruel; which made his whole handsome face look ugly.

"You talk of forgetting and forgiving, very coolly," he said; "I shall never forgive you; you have used me dishonestly, wickedly, and I shall never forget or forgive; I will be revenged."

"Oh, Henry!"

"Yes, you may talk and wonder, but I do not forgive wrongs, I don't pretend to be a saint, and I will never forgive you, Ethel—never."

"You would if you knew all," she said quietly, but he answered—

"I do know all, and my revenge shall reach even to *him*; are you satisfied?"

Poor frightened little Ethel, she had romantic dreams of duels, and bloodshed, and dying words; her face paled, she went up to him, she laid her soft hands on his arm, and looked up to his face, with such frightened eyes, "don't speak that way, oh! don't; it is very wicked."

It was the same voice which had spoken scores of other times in his heart, in his mind, telling him that half the actions of his life were wicked; the voice which had led his thoughts away to a new time, to hopes and interests, and good, wise deeds which would be worthy of a good man's life. But all that was over now, the voice spoke across a great gulf, it only angered him, and made him desperate "wicked!" he echoed, "what matter if I am wicked, you have made me so; if I do wicked things, you are the cause; remember this."

"Oh, hush!" she said, frightened, horror-struck; in her eagerness she had come close to him, quite close. The Cenci face agonized, pleading looked up to his, "Oh, Henry, you mustn't speak so; oh, God! what have I done?" Her voice rose almost to a wail while she spoke; before her came the terrible thought that she was shipwrecking a soul, the most agonizing thought that could live in any earnest mind.

She didn't break out crying, as many women would have done under like circumstances, the tears seemed dried up; it was a pale terrified face that turned to his then—colourless as marble, with wild eyes—unconsciously she had come so near to him that her hands, lying on his arm, seemed almost to clasp it. For a moment he did not move, he looked down upon her with that strange light still in his eyes, and then suddenly, as if moved by some sudden impulse, he caught her in his arms and strained her to his heart, and held her there while he spoke—

"If you cast me off," he said, "you will ruin me; you don't know what you could have done with me, you could mould me how you would, for good or evil; I have great capabilities for either; oh, Ethel! oh, darling! don't ruin me."

She couldn't move, she couldn't speak; although while he held her in his arms, in that meadow field where she and Victor had stood in the old summer days, a world of passionate regret rose in her heart, and she almost cried out. His voice was such a terrible despairing voice, his words were so wild, she didn't speak or move; she just lay there passive, motionless, and he went on pleading, praying in such wild incoherent words.

"Stay with me; oh, darling, don't leave me! I never knew what it was to be good until I knew you; I never knew what it was to be happy, and good, and honest until you promised to be my wife; oh, Ethel! Ethel! don't destroy all that; give me a hope, give me a chance."

He stopped there for the lithe slender form had slipped from his arms, a dead heavy weight, down among the long grass and wild sorrel leaves; poor frightened little Ethel had fainted!

## CHAPTER LVIII.

## HOME AGAIN!

VICTOR DARRELL received a long letter from his aunt, and she said, "come to Nante, for you must see Ethel."

And she also told him that the engagement between Miss Haller and Sir Henry was at an end. Ethel free! Why did his heart bound up to his throat? Why did the colour all die out of his face; as it only did in some great suspense? Poor Victor! was the old vain dream beginning over again. I am afraid, almost unconsciously, he was growing once more to feel that he was living for her, and her only!

He stood in his barrack window, with the letter in his hand thinking; it was early morning, a gray misty morning; sombre and dingy looked the great stone barrack buildings, across the square; far away over the wall he could see the blue mountains, the woody gaps, and the sun's first streaks of colour in a dull leaden sky, and Victor was away in a dream, near other hills, and trees, and valleys, away among the pleasant places of his life; near Ethel!

But he was proud, and he had been injured much; and although there came moments when the old tenderness came over him like a dream, subduing his anger and almost humbling his pride, when his heart swelling up with a hope to which it had been long a stranger, would soften, and grow tender towards that lonely little girl living at the Dower House at Darrell. Still again there also came times when bravely he resolved to forget her altogether, to live his old pleasant life again, among men, and men's sports and amusements; and at such times Victor in his impulsive way would seize a gun or a fishing-rod, as the case might be, and wander off into the far country, half persuading himself that he was busying himself like other men.

And so it was to-day, but half understanding his aunt's letter; with his mind in a tumult; in the early, early morning he took down his rod and basket, and set out on a fishing excursion, but every man who carries a rod is not an Isaac Walton; and Victor had lost his keen appetite for

the sport. He roamed away into a quiet wood, by a clear singing brook, where hundreds upon hundreds of little golden brown trout lived, and swam about; hushed was the wind, still all the leaves, and grass, and tree tops, such a calm was upon all, and he let his line float away where it listed, and his thoughts floated off too, and so he caught no trout that morning, although he remained by the stream until the morning was well on, until the sun shone through the boughs and branches, and it was mid-day; and he went back again to his room, and wrote to his aunt, and told her that Ethel bound, or Ethel free, was nothing to him, he did not want ever to see her again. Although while he so wrote, his soul yearned towards his love.

Ethel free! even while he wrote, saying that he did not want ever to see her again; he determined that he would see her before he went abroad.

Mr. Darrell had applied for leave, and it had been granted, and he crossed the channel, and went all the long journey into Devonshire, and arrived at Nante in the night, when all the little village slept; when the lights in the hotel were out, and a hush was over the town. And it wasn't until he was alone in his room that Victor began to think, "why am I here?" He was such an impulsive fellow, he did things on the spur of the moment always, and now he scarcely knew why he had come all those long miles.

To see Ethel Haller! to look upon her, to hear her voice, and be near her, but never, never again to talk with her! These were the strange contradictory thoughts in Victor Darrell's mind. He sauntered down to the coffee-room late in the morning, and breakfasted near the bow window which looked into the High-street; the little world of busy souls went by on their daily courses; the carts and waggons rumbled by, an occasional fly, or donkey shay drove clattering over the pavement, and a score of faces, old and young, some strange, some familiar, passed the window



where Victor sat, but *she* never came! and the day crept on, and still he sat there waiting; the sun sank further and further into the west, and then Victor stood up and shook himself, like a big dog that had been dozing in the sun, and took his hat, and sauntered out.

He was well known in this Devonshire village, that big, handsome young officer, well known and well liked, for he had such winning, manly ways, such store of pleasant words for all; half a dozen times he paused to exchange greetings with old friends, faces smiled on him, young and old, he was very popular here, and the evening was fast creeping on, as he walked at last down the pretty glen road, which lost itself in Freddy's golden city. He didn't know why he had chosen this way above all the others, but some instinct very strong within him led him by the cottage, overgrown with jessamine and roses; for often, oh how often had he and Ethel sauntered here together in the sweet summer time, when trees, and flowers, and singing birds were all about them, when the basil and mint in the cottage garden, filled all the air with scent. He paused at the top of the hill, and looked down upon the valley, away in a long line of white stretched the road winding on through the glen, and away over another hill, into the bright west—silent and picturesque, with its tower summit and broken belfry touched and

painted by the sun's deep dying rays, stood the ruin of the old mill, and peaceful as the humble home, which sheltered the "Tom pouce" of our childish imagination, stood the lonely cottage where Freddy's little life began and ended; the blue smoke curled up in a slender cloud, the rooks cawed in the surrounding trees, and the delicious scented calm of a sweet June evening lay over all the scene; and Victor sighed!

And he wandered on, like a man in a dream, by the sweet fields and hedges, by the banks of moss and ferns, and bright wild flowers, until he stood among the deep dark trees close to the house.

And then it was that, like a dream, he saw Ethel. She walked out in the pleasant light through the flowers; at the gate she paused, she turned and smiled the old sweet tender smile, which haunted him still, and then she walked away along the road, and once again at the summit of the hill, she stopped and waved her hand, and smiled again to the little watcher in the window, and Victor, standing hid among the trees, could see her face and bright hair; his love! his dream! and then she disappeared over the hill. "And when she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music," for the sunlight had grown dark and dim, the trees and flowers, the singing birds, and still sweet air had lost their charm.

#### THE DUBLIN BOOK AUCTIONS AND BOOK BUYERS OF YESTERDAY.

THE old-book trade in our old city is not what it was from twenty to thirty years since. The great purchasers of those old days are dead, and their places have not been filled. Dr. Renahan of Maynooth, Mr. Conway of the *Evening Post*, Mr. Doyle of Rutland-square, and though last, the greatest buyer of all,—Dr. Murphy R. Catholic Bishop of Cork, kept the old-book shops from overflowing, and their owners from the *Gazette*. These gentlemen, with one exception, also frequented Mr. Sharpe's auction-room in Anglesea-street, or Mr. Jones's, Trinity-street; but the Bishop always made his extensive purchases in the

shops or at the stalls. The fastidious reader is requested not to turn up his literary nose at the vulgar looking word "stall." A brother and sister kept a stall at the Four Courts, and retired to the country to enjoy a competence, before old age had made his approach to either, and this in our own recollection.

In those good old times, the purchasers came to the shops to select the books; but when the visits became like those of the angels, the shopkeepers were obliged to send the books (*i.e.* their representatives, the catalogues) to the expected purchasers. Indeed the catalogue system is more

pleasant and convenient than the visitation one in some respects. The shopkeeper while writing out his catalogue, and correcting the proofs, fancies himself a man of letters, and thus acquires an addition to his ordinary stock of self-complacency. He is full of hopeful fancies while despatching his missives to all parts of the empire, and there is something very agreeable in receiving letters charged with stamps or post-office orders, taking down, and dusting his heavy-moving stock, and getting rid of them through post or railway train. Under the old regime, he should probably neglect all other matters to dance attendance on his great customer, and listen to his disparaging remarks; and perhaps effect an inconsiderable sale after all.

This would not be the case however when Dr. Murphy visited our city—he, the owner of myriads of volumes, and who did not grudge to give shelter to a dozen copies of the same work. When his library could hold no more, he shelved his parlours: when these were full, he furnished his bed-rooms. The attics were next fitted up; and when these were filled, and the lobbies could afford no standing room, what could be done but shelve the staircase! beginning at the top, and descending as need required. When you opened the door, you fancied you had mistaken the library for the hall; and deeper into the bowels of the earth, the carpenter would have pierced, but for an illiterate cook who had no taste for doings such as these. Armed with spit and pot-lid, she took her station at the top of the kitchen stairs, and vowed to do bodily injury to the man of the saw and plane, if he attempted to fix another shelf. He was a man of weak nerves, and preferred the safety of his insignificant person to the glory of perfecting a great work: may this failing not be reckoned in his account!

Great excitement and much pleasure did every visit of the good Bishop cause among our old-book sellers, whether they rented shops, or enjoyed free standings along the quays. There was arranging and dusting of volumes, and goings backwards and forwards, and frequent questionings as to the hour of his arrival. At last, the anxious guardian of past literature is gladdened by the apparition of the

gold-headed cane, the silk stockings fitting in the buckled shoes, the waistcoat not innocent of snuff, the loose coat, the broad-brimmed hat, and the kind good-natured face under it. If the bookseller had wife and children—and what second-hand dealer in books is unprovided with these allies, they presented themselves to receive his blessing, and cordially did he give it. Then went on for an hour or two, according to circumstances, a succession of enhancing, and cheapening, and joking, for our good Bishop could afford to joke. If a price was asked which he affected to think too high, he would stop short, gaze ludicro-sternly over his spectacles, at the culprit, and cry out, "Ah! you think to impose on the poor Con-naughtman." He made up his bill as he went along; and when he left the shop, he left behind him cheerful hearts and something to meet the rent or the auctioneer's bill. The words of the old song might be appropriately applied to the kind hearted Doctor.

"He brought the summer along with him."

Besides the two classes of book buyers mentioned, we had a third—those who invariably attended Mr. Sharpe's auction-room in Anglesea-street, and never, except in most rare cases, made a purchase at shop or stall. As many of these gentlemen rarely read any portion of their purchases, they were scarcely better members of society than the collectors of old coins, china monsters, or autographs. If the purchase was not a rare copy, or did not belong to a rare edition, or if it was in bad condition, and did not enjoy large margins, and if it was not got at a low price, they derived little pleasure from its acquisition.

We will watch the movements of a model man of this class during one or two occurrences of his agitated though uneventful life. He was well known to us, but is no more. As every occurrence in this short sketch is genuine fact, we would have given his name in full but for the fear of not pleasing surviving relatives. There is nothing disparaging however in what we have to say of his memory. We speak first in the present tense of what really took place to our knowledge. He lives in the outskirts of the city, and is un-

incumbered with children, and his life is spent arranging and re-arranging his books, walking into town to make purchases, and walking back with them when made. He sees in the *Saunders* of the morning that a sale will be held in three days' time, and that catalogues are ready. He is in the auction-room at 11, and from that to 3, P.M., is occupied with the examination of the catalogue, and reference to the lots ticketed and arranged on the shelves. He finds four or five desirable lots, but as mostly happens, they are thinly scattered through the catalogue, and he will perhaps be obliged to attend three days watching them. He has merely been alive for a week or ten days; now he is a prey to a slow fever of expectation till the sale begins. At last the first day of sale dawns, after an interval of what seems to our virtuoso seven years. He comes down Grafton-street, where, if disposed, his eyes may feast on the choicest literary food of the day, but their charms are without attraction. They are new, they are at fixed prices, and they appear as common as the air he breathes or the water he drinks, things without value according to Adam Smith and Miss Martineau. He finds a few of his brothers in taste at the auction-room, and they occupy the long half-hour that still remains by striving to fix the time and the locality of the earliest printed book. You may listen if you please for remarks on the genius of any author, the object of any of his works, its excellences or its shortcomings, but you will hear nothing on these heads. You will however get ample information as to printers' names, dates, sizes, &c., and be enlightened about breadth of margins, quality of paper and ink, number of pages, and names of libraries where copies of rare works are to be found.

But the minute and hour hand indicate five minutes to one, and the ordinary frequenters begin to secure their places. Some occupy the inner sanctuary, and get a few silent curses from the porter for their obstruction to his free movements, while carrying

unsold lots to the pulpit, and sold lots back to the shelves. Others of a more retired turn, take possession of the forms on the auctioneer's left, outside the little gate. To the hawkers belong the narrow tables in front of the auctioneer. Close to these they sit, haul the books about when laid down before them, pass disparaging remarks on the volumes, on each other, on the auctioneer, on gentlemen who attend there "to take the bit out of the poor man's mouth," and on the quality of the liquor sold next door but one. They are generally kept in tolerable order by the mild but firm demeanour of the auctioneer, and are seldom guilty of an act of overt rebellion: they know the penalty—exclusion from the room. But the moment approaches, when an *Aldus*, or a rare *Elzevir*, or a *Caxton*, or a *Colgan's Irish Saints*, or a *Ware's Antiquities*, or a *Breeches Bible*, or a folio *Shakespeare*, or a folio *Chaucer* is to be set up, and our epicure's (Mr. L.'s) heart is beating. There are several promiscuous offers, but at last it is left between himself and Ned Moore the hawker.\* Ned does not want it at all, but he is determined to "salt it on the nagur, that never leaves a sixpence with a poor fellow that's slavin' from Monday mornin' to Saturday night, carryin' his books from post to pillar, and would be dead with cowl and hardship, only for the odd pen'orth o' whiskey he gets on his rounds." So he watches our hero and bids on while he can see the fixed earnest expression on his features. The work has already got beyond the price the amateur had determined to give, but the fine preservation, the large margins, and the comparative scarcity of the volume, has taken possession of his heart, and "vulgar Ned Moore" shall not bear away the prize. But Ned has blown the bubble to the bursting point; and seeing an expression of hopeless indifference settle on his rival's features, and his head turning away, he holds his tongue. The lot falls to the man who so strongly coveted it, but the price is so exorbitant as to destroy

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\* Poor Ned! Right well we knew him, and so did every frequenter of Mr. Sharpe's or Mr. Jones's auction-room. He was a well-informed man, had read much, was a fair amateur actor, and to the best of our belief a strictly honest and sincere man.

any pleasure he might feel in its possession.

Well, it is very annoying ! but it must be borne, and the next lot which is only forty numbers in advance, will probably find its way into his shelves at a moderate tax. The half-hour creeps away at a snail's pace, and a beautiful copy of the "Delphin Virgil," original 4to edition, is set up. It has arrived at three and six pence, and a brother dilettant asks an unseasonable question. He turns to answer it, and the answer is only a shoeing horn to another query. Good manners oblige him to hazard a hurried answer ; and as he looks to the pulpit in a fright, the hammer is ringing on the board, and the persecuting Ned has secured the prize for four shillings. If time, place, impunity, and other circumstances, were favourable, he would have remorselessly wrung off his thoughtless neighbour's nose. That proceeding, however, though refreshing to his wounded feelings, would not recover the "Virgil," so with a smile on his face, but a coal in his heart, he offers to relieve Ned of the stick,\* for five shillings. Ned does not "look on it in the light of a stick, considers he got it very reasonably, bought it for a gentleman who allowed him to go to five half-crowns for it, but will give it to Mr. So-and-so for the five half-crowns." "Twelve imps with horns and tails ! he would see it in the Liffey first ; but he will advance six pence." "No ! twelve shillings is the lowest penny he'll take." They keep up the tug a little longer, but no force nor weight applied to Ned's reason or sentiments, will pull him below ten shillings. "I never should come into this room," angrily remarks our man to himself ; he walks out, and without taking distance into account, he finds himself at the corner of Stephen's-green. The picture of his feelings from College-green to the top of Grafton-street would be interesting, if our canvas was large enough. Anger towards his inquisi-

tive neighbour, hatred of the hawker, regret at the high price given for the now despised volume under his arm, sorrow for the loss of the other darling, and hesitation about turning back, and sacrificing the half-sovereign. Resentment and love of money prevailed as far as the middle of Grafton-street ; but thence, and to the corner of the green, "Virgil" gradually and steadily rose to the ascendant. At the point mentioned, he turned on his heel, and five minutes later, he was again in the auction-room. He looked round, but no Ned Moore was to be seen. On inquiry, he found that he had left the place about five minutes since in company with Mr. William Doyle of Rutland-square. "Distraction ! Where shall I find him now ? It serves me right. Why did I let it be carried off for the sake of a paltry half-sovereign !" "Perhaps, sir, you would find him at the next grocer's ;† he goes in to take a drop there, *sometimes*." "Thank you very much ; I will try." In a minute or less he is inside the pile of tea-chests, separating the liquids and solids in that establishment. Oh, joy ! the hawker is there, and another hawker with him, and the glasses in their hands are filled with whiskey or amber-coloured poison. "Well, will you take six shillings ?" "Really, I can't, sir ; I told you I wanted it for a good customer," and some more haggling ensued. "Well I suppose I must give you your price, but it is a great deal too much." "Musha, sir ! I wish you made that offer in the auction-room. My customer came in just as you went out, and I gave it to him for six and six pence, because he never buys a book only from the likes of us, the way he'd put a few pence in our way." The life of our hero's consort and of his servant was not to be envied for the next three days.

Ned returned to the scene of his double triumph with an additional spur in his head from the glass of coloured mixture just taken. Doctor Byrne, his patron, was waiting anx-

\* A too dear or valueless purchase, in hawkers' slang.

† No 81, Anglesea-street, at that time, and once the book-shop of Mr. Mercier, and the office of the *Anthologia Hibernica*, and containing the letter box into which young Thomas Moore dropped the first poetic piece which was honoured with print. The eccentric Captain Grose had in his day taken more than one tumbler of punch in the same house, and there did Mr. Mercier religiously preserve his portrait.

iously for him, as one of the coming lots would just answer his small collection. He mentioned the price which he would be satisfied to give for the book. Ned got it at as low a figure as he could within that sum, and the doctor allowed him a fair commission on the outlay. Transactions of that kind between himself and the hawkers, had long settled him high in their estimation. They would do for him what they would scarcely do for their mother or father, or even the priest, *i.e.*, acknowledge what any book had cost them! knowing from long experience that he would not abuse their confidence. It was rare that a day-auction at Sharpe's, or Jones's, or a night-auction at the pawnbrokers' sale-room occurred without the presence of the doctor.\* Still his purchases were not extensive, and all were made in the manner described. He was a kind, conscientious man, and his death was a loss to the dealers in old books. Ned had collected many odds and ends in literature from occasional spells of study among his wares; and next morning he had a disagreeable recollection of the slave sitting in the chariot of the old conquerors. Elated by his four or five successes of the previous day, and by the drink taken behind the tea-chests, and irritated by some remark of the auctioneer's, he had towards evening burst into a display of angry eloquence, which seemed to amuse the company much more than it did the president in the pulpit or his assistants. These last having neither music nor eloquence in their souls, laid hands on the orator, and conveyed him as far as the street flags. He showed his sense of their attention by leaving one of them a bleeding nose, but even this advantage failed to rouse his depressed spirits on his awakening next day.

This day went by in the usual manner: he took a drop at an early hour to raise his spirits, went with his armful of books through the old book-shops, the banks, the College, and other places, where he knew cus-

tomers to resort; took a glance at the old marine-store collections in Patrick's-close, Charles-st., Liffey-st., and among the coffins in Cook-st., and purchased at a very low price, the very few saleable volumes that he could find sprawling among old latch-keys, tea-cups, and fire-irons. Perhaps his quest furnished him with a 24mo "Elzevir Plautus," a "Butter's Spelling-book," and a defective "Mangnall's Questions." He brings the "Elzevir" to a college man, and the "Butter" to Angelsea-st. He reserves the "Mangnall" till his return home late at night, when he uses it to complete another imperfect copy; and so he increases his stock about 2s. by his rambles among the by-streets, obliges the Angelsea-st. man, and the woman that is sure to come in a day or two for second-hand school-books for her little daughter, saves the valuable little "Elzevir" from probable destruction, and gladdens the Trinity scholar by its acquisition.

Ned having through the day eaten moderately and drunk liberally, took his seat in the evening at the table in the pawnbrokers' auction-room, Capel-street. A person who had witnessed the decorum and order prevailing at Sharpe's and Jones's would be scandalized by the license of word and deed allowed to the supporters of the present sale. Not so our friend Moore. He was used to the manners of the place, and a contributor to the disorder that prevailed. There were but few old-book shops or stalls in the city, that had not their representatives in that wide hall, and the number was unnecessarily increased by the presence of all the hawkers. Very seldom did the man of the hammer address individuals of this class by his baptismal or family name. It was either "Roast Beef," or "Blue Devils," or the "Counsellor," or the "Prime Minister," that was put down for such and such purchases, or was plainly told that his credit was at a discount. Just as in the Four Courts, counsellors, who were intimate friends

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\* This gentleman, an ex militia-surgeon, lived with the family of one of the literary men of Dublin at that period, say a quarter of a century since. The landlord would prefer to live in London where his works were published; but Dr. Byrne would not leave the old Danish city. So strong were the bonds that bound the buyer and the writer of books, that the latter remained here against his will till the rather early death of his estimable lodger.

or near relatives, would seem at deadly feud with each other on account of *Shan Dhu* having pulled *Owen Ruadh's* nose two months back at Ballyshannon, so here a couple of dealers obliging and friendly outside, would be ready to cuff each other about a misunderstanding in which a penny or two, more or less, were at stake. When a book of ready sale, especially a popular school book, was put up, the biddings would go on till the possessor might expect no more than two or three pence profit on an outlay of half-a-crown or three shillings. "Whittaker's Pinnock's School Histories," "Mangnall's Questions," "Thomson's Geography and Arithmetic," and "Walker's Lucian" were the prime favourites. The smaller booksellers, and the keepers of stalls, frequently let bills run up till the payment became a matter of difficulty. So they were often obliged to part with their goods at a loss, in order to keep up their credit in the sale-room. The auctioneer sold his goods without any guaranty of their being perfect either in leaves or volumes; there could be no time allowed for collating in the room, and so losses arising from these circumstances were frequent. Thus these night-auctions excited the same sort of unhealthy interest that attends on gambling tables, and always drew together, numbers of dealers and amateur book-collectors of the third or fourth class.

A nicely bound copy of "Goldsmith's History of the Earth and Animated Nature," 8vo, 8 vols., Christie, Dublin, was put up on this evening, and excited a lively contention. Our friend Ned secured it, for a wonder, at a moderate price, and arranged the volumes before him with great complacency. Some jealous glances were cast on the purchase, till a neighbour on examining the backs, cried out, "Oh, poor Ned, you're stuck; they've given you the seventh volume of the 'World Displayed,'\* instead of the seventh volume of Goldsmith." "Stop the auction,"

cried the agitated purchaser. "Here, sir! you must put this up again; there was a strange volume in the lot." "Do you see any thing green about my eyes?" said the auctioneer. "Don't you know the rules of the place?" "Oh the D—— rule you! is a poor man to be robbed that way before his eyes?" "They were before your eyes, sure enough: why didn't you use them?" "How could I, with the short time you give, and everybody flittering them about?" "It's all a lottery: you know the rules of the room, and must submit to them." "And I'll make you know something of the rules of common honesty. I'll not let a book be sold here to-night till my money is returned." The pawnbroker's man who was in attendance to make a sort of arrangement on the books, and hand them up to the auctioneer, here interfered. He was a small low-bred young fellow, with much pretension and bad taste in his dress, and much insolence in the expression of his face. "Mr. Hawksworth," said he to the auctioneer, "don't allow this fellow to stop the business: send out for a policeman." "Ah, then, you little contemptible cur!" said Ned, "I won't give him the trouble of coming for nothing;" and with that, he charged at him across a table and forms; and only he got shelter behind one or two stout fellows that were assisting, his very sweetheart would not have known him when he returned home that night. The peace-makers had no object but to save their impudent little chief, but Ned was in a towering passion, and struck at them furiously. They had Celtic blood in their veins as well as their assailant; and after experiencing a blow on the nose, and a drive on the collar-bone, they began to return the compliments in the same spirit as they were given. Ned being obliged to give way before overwhelming odds, fell back; but here his fellows and rivals in the trade, rushed to his side with loud cries, exhibited their clenched fists,

\* From 1808 to 1818 a spirited printer, J. Christie of James's-street, struck off large editions of "Keating's Ireland," "Taaffe's Ireland," the two works in the text, Fielding's and Smollett's works, &c., each in several volumes 8vo, and furnished with plates. Literature proved to be only a rotten step-ladder to poor Christie in his attempts to attain a high social position among his fellow-citizens.

brown from the handling of dusty books, and a heady fight ensued. Fain would I, in Homeric strains, recount the aspects and the various fortunes of that fisty encounter; but unfortunately the Auctioneer, Dr. Byrne, and a few other influential people interfered, and the furious foes were separated.

After a word or two addressed by the doctor to the auctioneer, that officer announced his intention of suspending the standing order, reselling the disputed lot, and handing over the balance to Mr. Moore. This notice calmed the still boiling waves, and the issue was, that Ned secured the lot at half the former price. The other moiety was returned to him in hard cash, and the sale proceeded in its usual style, sometimes quiet, sometimes excited. There was a little commotion among the assistants; and immediately after, the missing volume of the set was thrown on the table! General excitement, cries of wonder, shuffling of feet, and pulling of the volume backwards and forwards. "Now, boys," said Ned, "do not take the good out of this volume, and I'll do as much for *you*s another time." "In thrath an' we won't," was the ready reply. They would not be so ready to give this pledge on other occasions, but owing to the late occurrence a spirit hostile to the pawnbroker's interest was rife among them.

"Sixpence for this volume," said Ned; "Two and sixpence," called out "*Little Impudence*," from among the unsold goods. "Oh, ho!" was the general cry. "The Adam-court man will salt your bargain, Ned. Bid on: its worth more nor that to you; but it's a shame for '*How Much*' to be bidding on his own goods." Ned kept his courage up to 3s. 6d., and the next step it went on the seller's part up to four. "Indeed, Ned, I'd now let him keep his bargain, and doctor the eighth volume if I was you." Ned was much vexed, and took the advice. And so in this, as in many other worldly transactions, each of two parties had a worthless commodity on hand, owing to the want of an obliging spirit on one side and on the other. Ned fell to doctor without more ado. Wherever Vol. VIII. occurred either in title or bottom of each sheet, he

scratched out the last I., and so every place read Vol. VII.; and when he got to the privacy of his own apartment in Bishop-street he pasted a neat printer's ornament over any spot where information was given concerning the number of volumes. Let it not be supposed that he would have palmed the unlucky purchase as a perfect work on any of his old literary patrons through the city. He had a spirit above such a mean piece of shabbiness. He would dispose of them to some comfortable-looking stranger, whom he would find in Smithfield or in the market adjoining Newgate, with his big pocket-book well lined with five and ten-pound notes. The future readers of these volumes, whether located by Loch Lane or Loch Owel, would in all probability never detect the ingenious tampering; and the seven volumes perused in the solitude of the country by intent and undistracted minds, would probably diffuse more information than ten times the number in a grand library in Merrion or Mountjoy-square.

Towards the conclusion of the sale the repentant clerk offered Ned the missing volume at the price he had bidden for it—3s. 6d., to wit, not having noticed the Cæsarean operation that had been performed in the interim. Moore thanked him with a grin, and offered him four pence. The reader is not to set down our old friend as a hardened book-doctor. A few of the *trade* made it their speciality to dress imperfect sets in the garb of completeness, and with such success as to deceive the very pawnbrokers themselves. The practice is not even now sunk into abeyance, but the delicate manipulation of old days has fallen into the category of lost arts. Our living bunglers stand in the same relation to the practitioners of former times, as pork butchers to delicate-handed surgeons.

One of the beautifully printed "*Books of Common Prayer*," issued by Baskerville of Birmingham, was set up towards the close of the sale, and purchased by our friend Moore, who seemed much pleased with his bargain. One of his brothers, however, soon abated his pride by finding a deficiency of two leaves. He was vexed, but was unwilling to renew the war, and the condolences of his rivals

kept the wound green. He would no more be subdued by their raileries than the Spartan boy by the teeth of the fox. After fumbling with great apparent care for a while with one of the covers, the leather of which had parted from the board, he started up, flourishing a pound note. "See what I got," said he, "inside the leather. Thanks to you all for your pity. I'd be very glad to earn more of it at the same price." His comforts remained in an uncomfortable plight. They openly jeered the pretended finder, but still they could not acknowledge to themselves that they were sure he had not found it. There was a recent precedent of a genuine "find" of fifty pounds in the same room, which had sunk the unlucky pair to whom it befell still lower in the social mire than their former position. One managed to get the money into his possession, and drank for joy while it lasted. The other, after several efforts to secure a dividend, drank for grief during the same period. Two grocers had their *moderate* profits on the fifty pounds. The families of the lucky men lost their services for two months; they themselves lost health, spirits, and the little character they formerly enjoyed; and their brothers of the trade lost the sum which they subscribed to set up the prodigal boys again.\*

We wish neither to disparage nor enlogise the caterers of old literature. We present a truthful sketch of the class, and unwillingly acknowledge that they were not strict truth-tellers, nor very temperate in the use of the adulterated mixtures sold by grocers and the powers that reign in gin-palaces, under the titles of beer and spirits. Abusive language often proceeded from their mouths, and in the settlement of controverted cases, they were more ready to appeal to physical force than pure reason. But when a death or a severe loss of any kind occurred in one of their families, the latent good qualities of the brotherhood were at once apparent. While the sorrowful excitement lasted they were prodigal of their time, their little money, and their efforts for the relief of their distressed

neighbour. Without any very pure intentions on their own parts, they were the means of saving many curious and valuable books from destruction. At old furniture auctions, and on stands in back streets, they secured works well worth preservation, and brought them to the known book collectors by whom they were justly valued; and if a virtuoso wanted an odd volume of a valuable set, or a rare article, they searched every available spot in and round the city for him.

There is nothing that can be calculated on with less certainty than the prices to be realised at book auctions. No doubt but when the library of some eminent personage is announced there will be a great concourse to D'Olier or Anglesea-street; and fashionable works, old or new, especially if long sets and well bound, will bring fair and even extravagant prices. But let there be no particular excitement connected with the sale, and you will see valuable old works bought at prices varying from one to six pence per volume. Now, only for the intervention of the hawkers those would fall under the knives of the dealers, who value literature by the stone-weight, and crush the lives out of Hesiod, Plato, Virgil, Tasso, Milton, and Shakespeare in the paper-mill. The criterion of these Vandals is the size of the leaf; so a few pounds weight of the *Mud Island Intelligencer* is more precious in their estimation than the lost books of Livy if limited to 18mo volumes in size.

When a literary collector dies it is pitiful to witness the haste with which his heirs pack up the now unregarded library, and cart it off to the furniture mart, from which many valuable volumes will find their way to the caverns of the literary undertakers abovementioned. The fine collection of old Irish music in the possession of Mr. Bunting, found itself soon after his death among the coffins and old account books in Cook-street, whence it passed piecemeal to sundry soap and candle-shops. Fortunately, a learned and patriotic doctor, to whom the nation will find

\* The writer was a determined hunter of auctions at the time here specified. What he here relates he *bona fide* witnessed in Anglesea-street and Capel-street.



itself one day deeply indebted, got wind of the transaction, flew on the wings of a jaunting-car to every place, likely and unlikely, and secured a part of the invaluable treasure. Much of it was irrecoverable. There are still, even in our island, souls who can sympathise with the heart-suffering of the poor doctor for the next few months. This estimable gentleman still enjoying a useful existence—there is no necessity to mention him by name.

A shop filled with new or well bound books, on shelves and tables, the backs exhibiting a variety of colours and tasteful gilding, is as cheerful a sight to a man of letters as can be conceived, but a stand of old unsaleable volumes is a very different matter. You have seen the same stand very often; and now passing on a dry, harsh evening, you see the stand-keeper gazing on vacancy: looking at his stock, you do not miss a volume since the last time you saw it. There are the same sombre-coloured backs, with faint trace of ancient gilding, and frequent glimpses of gray or brown paper through rents or worn parts. The unhealthy, foxy hue, wrought by the action of the air, prevails over all; and you imagine that, if you take out a volume the body will fall out of the dried-up, cracked boards. The stock consists of old almanacs, odd volumes of the "Racing Calendar," do. of French works printed in the early part of the eighteenth century, and school books, not heard of in schools within the memory of the present generation. You are on speaking terms with the guardian of the stock, and after beating about the bush, you "obnoxiously make your approaches," and ask, "have any of the shelf-keepers moved since last week?" the answer is not satisfactory; and your next question would be (if asked), "how does the stall-keeper make out the cause?" guessing from the puzzled expression of your face,

the query which good manners prevent you from shaping in words, he enters on an explanation. "I suppose, sir, you are wondering how I live, and I don't wonder at your wonder. A good many people come by from Monday morning till Saturday night, offering books for sale; and I buy all that I know I can dispose of to the booksellers that have shops. So a good book never stays twenty-four hours in my possession; I can't afford to keep them."

A person of our acquaintance, occupied about thirty years since in tuition, took more interest in studying Dibden and other authorities on the best editions of the classics, and rare old English works, and in attending auctions, than in the success of his pupils at their public examinations. He at last emptied his pockets of money, but filled his rooms with good old standard authors, and then a bright thought seized him. He would open a shop, and in a few years, rival Luke White of Dublin, or James Lackington of London. After opening, he continued still to add to his already large collection, small collections of the same character. He exhibited his jewels in his window, advertised occasionally, and held long consultations with learned customers on recondite literary subjects, but very few sales were made. He gradually and painfully awoke from his delusion, made no more purchases of heavy stock, got by degrees into the popular school-book line, and barely escaped a sheriff's sale. However, an unincumbered person of good taste and some means, may still make out a decent livelihood by watching sales, making cheap purchases, and distributing catalogues; but if he cannot refrain from senseless competition at crack sales, he will find the business of a green grocer more safe in the end than that of a second-hand bookseller cursed with a good literary taste.

## MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK IN THIRTY YEARS TO COME.

My book is out of date now ;  
 You'll find it very slow ;  
 For the people in it live, sir,  
 Thirty years ago !

Thirty long long years, and now  
 Their faces all are strange ;  
 For faces change like hearts, you know,  
 And time works man's change.

That one ? Well that's myself—yes ;  
 You'd never think it, now ;  
 But then, you know, 'twas taken, sir,  
 Thirty years ago !

I hadn't any wrinkles then,  
 My hair was brown, not gray,  
 My cheeks were soft, they're parchment now,  
 And I'm growing bald they say.

And this ? Ah dear, how pretty, too,  
 That little tinted face !  
 It's faded like the rest, tough,  
 And sadly out of place

Dear ! what a girl that was, sir !  
 Such eyes and such a nose ;  
 Married, and went to India, then  
 She's dead now, I suppose.

This fellow, such a noodle too—  
 A hopeless kind of spocoy ;  
 He emigrated on a chance,  
 And made a mint of money !

And this one, on the other page,  
 Oh such a handsome fellow !  
 He took a fever at the Cape,  
 And died, they say, quite yellow !

My ! what a handsome man he was !  
 Such eyes, with such long lashes,  
 Such glorious, glossy whiskers, too,  
 Such hair, and such moustaches !

The woman in the velvet gown—  
 An authoress, you know ;  
 She wrote "The Bloody Secret !" and,  
 "The Murderer's last Blow !"

Striking ! Do you think so !  
 I never cared about her ;  
 I met her but the other day,  
 Grown gray, and so much stouter.

These two, a happy couple then,  
 A bridegroom and a bride.  
 It was the fashion then, you see,  
 To be taken side by side.

They had a little quarrel, sir,  
 Thirty years ago ;—  
 She was a little fast, they say,  
 And he a little slow.

Some say *he* was the cause of it—  
 That fellow all in gray ;  
 It never was cleared up, you know,  
 But I heard she ran away.

And this, sir, is my "beauty page :"  
 There are a set of graces !  
 I never see such women now,  
 Such beautiful young faces.

That one, sir, with the curly hair,  
 She was a charming creature ;  
 Such splendid eyes you never saw,  
 No fault in any feature.

And this one, on the other side—  
 Dear ! how the colours fade !—  
 She, too, was then a beauty, sir,  
 She's living—an old maid.

And that one with the laughing eyes,  
 And tresses black as jet—  
 How well I can remember her—  
 She was a sad coquette !

How has the cold world dealt with her,  
 Where has her life been set ;  
 And have those laughing eyes of hers  
 With many tears been wet ?

Who knows ? I never saw her since,  
 And life is always so ;  
 But the photograph was like her then,  
 Thirty years ago !

And this one, with the sunny hair  
 And eyes divinely blue ;  
 It is the dearest in the book,  
 The sweetest, and most true.

It isn't a face to draw, you see,  
 Or to carve in marble cold ;  
 But a living face to blush beneath  
 A halo of warm gold.

It isn't a face to rave about,  
 To cut one's throat, and yet  
 It's the kind of face that having seen  
 It's hard, sir, to forget.

She's vanished, like the others, now,  
 The way that all things go ;  
 But I would have given my life for hers  
 Thirty years ago !

It's only a shadowed picture, too,  
Of an innocent young face,  
With nothing to commend it  
But its gentle girlish grace.

But oh ! the passionate longing,  
As I see her smiling so,  
Still swells within me, as of old,  
Thirty years ago !

My book is out of date now,  
You'll find it dull and strange ;  
For fashions fade like faces, sir,  
And time works many a change !

L. C.

## SWEET ANNE PAGE.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## ISOLA ROSSA.

THE peaks of the Balagna were capped with snow. And a chill, icier than all the snows of Caucasus, had fallen upon Fiordilisa, the Lily of Isola Rossa. And the little town itself was melancholy ; there was less gaiety in the less frequent songs that arose under Chilina's mulberry tree ; for the stranger, who had brought joy to Isola Rossa, had now given it grief.

The letters of Raphael Branscombe to his wife had grown fewer and briefer. There was something forced and false in their tone. They jarred upon the ear of love. Raphael was not a fiend ; he had simply great power of enjoying the present, great power of forgetting the past. What of the future ? Well, it did not trouble him much. He was a Pyrrhonist as to the far future, while of the immediate future he took no count. He could sup well and sleep well, though to be called in the grayest, chilliest hours of morning to fight a duel. He could utterly forget a man killed or a woman ruined. And he could enjoy the present with a boyish and poetic glee, with a gaiety and insouciance, which seemed dreadful to those who knew him best. Students of human nature will not readily declare such a temperament impossible. Critics will doubtless declare him a monster — a mere novelist's Frankenstein. *I know the man.*

Raphael occasionally reflected with what he called seriousness on the position in which he found himself. It was curious, if not awkward. He was married to Fiordilisa ; he loved her with the purest love of which he was capable ; he had spent with her the happiest days of his life. But, now that, having left Isola Rossa far behind, he had reëntered London's strong and vivid life, he felt a curious reluctance to return to the idyl of that Corsican-seashore. Was it indeed true that he had been there ? Was the *Fantasia* a real barque, or "a painted ship upon a painted ocean ?" Was there indeed such a fountain, with children playing round it—such a house of refreshment as merry guitar-playing Chilina's, with the marble bench under the mulberry tree—such a white sea-beach, veined with red coral—such a noble old patriarch as Angelo Montalti—above all, such a delicious creature, pure in her maidenhood as Eve in Eden, as Fiordilisa ? Or was it all a vision ? Was Fiordilisa a phantom, a myth, like the fair-haired Lilith, the first wife of Adam ? Verily that picture of the mid-sea island seemed much like a dream. But the Seraph had certain bills of jewellers and others to show that it was not altogether visionary ; and therefore he could not escape from the undoubtful conviction that there existed a person with a

right to be called *Fiordilisa Branscombe*. Strange mixture of language between the liquid South and the harsh and guttural North.

The Seraph, at intervals, wished himself back at *Isola Rossa*—in the quaint *Casa Montalti*, living a life of the heroic age, with his *Nausicaa* to serve him with goat's flesh and fruit and wine, and in due time to place in his arms a young Branscombe in whom the blood of the famous races commingled. But then, he was very jolly where he was; he could not bring himself to quit the fatal fascinations of London. Besides, he had his sister *Claudia* to look after, and he felt a strong misgiving that there would be hard work there. Moreover, he had a strange amorous hunger for that pretty little plump Anne Page, of whom he deemed himself defrauded by *Humphrey Morfill*. And he felt a strong impulse to revenge himself on the said *Humphrey Morfill* by means of his wife. Wherefore evil predominated over good in his mental processes.

And my last chapter's discovery of course increased the chances against our poor little *Fiordilisa*. There was a new uncle on the scene, an "uncle from India," as the French novelists put it. What was the grim old unexpected Wolf going to do with his doubloons and his diamonds and his daughter?

The Seraph, fond of eventful living, could not conceal from himself the fact that this abrupt apparition was what they call in dull country society "a great acquisition." Here was a man who openly announced his intention of reinstating *Devil Branscombe* in his ancestral acres—a man who carried about with him a box full of sapphires as big as eggs, and gold coins that resembled cheese plates—a man who owed a heavy debt of revenge to poor *Farmer Pringle*, and a heavy debt of gratitude to him, the Seraph. Hang it! he must stop and see it out.

This is the species of reasoning wherewith *Raphael Branscombe* blocked the swift bowling of remorse. Meanwhile, what were they doing in *Isola Rossa*? Ah, the *Lily* was fading. She kept up, womanfully. None ever heard from her lip a word of complaint; none ever saw a tear in her beautiful eye. A true woman,

true and pure, and loving and believing, this little Corsican endured martyrdom for her recreant husband. To her the ties of civilization were incomprehensible. She was wearily perplexed by her husband's strange absence; and as it lengthened, she began to believe he never would return; but the idea of his basely deserting her would not enter her mind. Had he not, this wise man of the world, been fool enough to send her chilly apologetic letters—had he become suddenly silent—she would have believed him dead, and gone to her grave in that faith. But those apologetic letters, which in time (as the Seraph got tired) ceased altogether, were merely an enigma to her. And when at length no news came, she faded—nothing more.

But *Angelo Montalti* understood better. He came, slowly and painfully, to the conclusion that *Raphael Branscombe* was a villain. Of this conviction nothing did he say, to any man; but in the midnight solitude he agonized over the terrible blunder he had made in giving this darling of his, this cherished girl, the last of the *Montalti*, the sweetest flower of the race, to a wandering Englishman, of whom he knew nothing. What a fool he had been! She would die—*Fiordilisa* would die—and there would be a sad ending to the *Montalti*. Thus soliloquized venerable *Angelo*, in his chamber, alone.

*Marc Antonio* had gone round to *Ajaccio* in the *Fantasia* to meet the *Marseilles* steamer for letters. The beautiful barque came merrily round the point into the phosphorescent bay. All *Isola Rossa* was awaiting it, that evening. All the little town was silently sympathetic with the great grief of the *Montalti*. *Baidue Chilina* was there, of course, awaiting her husband. And tall old *Angelo* had walked down in stately fashion, with pretty *Fiordilisa* leaning on his arm. Ah me, she leaped too lightly.

*There was no letter.*

*Angelo* and his grand-daughter returned slowly to the *Casa Montalti*. The sun was setting over that sapphire sea in beauty that would foil the words of *Shelley* or the colours of *Titian*. Had a stranger suddenly descended, as in an evil moment descended *Raphael*, upon *Isola Rossa*, he would have thought it a *Paradise*.

He would not have dreamt that the noble old man, the exquisitely beautiful girl, who went slowly homeward amid the ruddy light, were stricken by a great grief—a great grief from a cause so commonplace as that the post had brought no letter. But let me ask my reader whether he has not known the two common place words—*no letter*—involve a tragedy?

Angelo Montalti sat down to supper. Fiordilisa did not allow her bitter misery to interfere with her duties. Was she not a Corsican, like Vittoria Malaspina? She served her grandfather at table, in the primitive old fashion; and brought him the viands and the wine which he loved; and made no moan, though the anguish of a lost love gnawed her innocent breast. But later in the evening, just before they went to bed, she said in a low constrained voice, "Will he ever come back, grandfather?" "I do not know, my flower," replied the old man.

"O, I hope he will," she said, "I hope he will. Would he not love his baby, grandfather, as you love me?"

In her room that night Fiordilisa knelt before a picture of the Madonna, and confessed to the Virgin Mother a grief which yet she had scarcely confessed to herself. Ave Maria! Beautiful worship, which Doctors Colenso and Cumming, together with Archbishop Longley and Mr. Spurgeon, unite to assure me is wicked. Wicked? Possibly. Better perchance worship the Virgin Mother than Mammon or Belial, each of whom has fashionable chapels of ease among us Protestants. To whom could this crushed lily softly tell her sorrow as to her who bore upon her breast the Man of Sorrows—to her who knew, with a knowledge shared by no other creature, that God had become man?

However, as our poor darling Fiordilisa was a good Catholic, she needs no excuse. She belonged to a Faith with which Reason has never entered into partnership—the only lasting kind of Faith, by the way. And she knelt before her picture—and she told the Lady of Galilee what she might have told her mother, had a mother's ever-loving breast been vouchsafed to Fiordilisa in her trouble, that she knew not where her husband was, or whether ever she should see him again, and that there

moved within her bosom a young life that belonged to him as well as her. And O how fervently those young pure lips prayed that Raphael might soon return, to embrace his child! Well,

"Saints will aid if men will call,  
For the blue sky bends over all."

and it is certain that Fiordilisa's sleep that night was calmer and happier after her prayer than it had been for a long time.

Poor child! She lies upon her snowy pillow, her too fair face flushed by a dream of *him*, her sweet lips half apart with some delicious visionary anticipation, her arm astray upon the coverlet. Well for her that in her dreams she cannot see that recreant Raphael. Well for her indeed that she cannot behold the interior of the adjacent room, where Angelo Montalti holds sleepless counsel with himself.

Angelo Montalti knew nothing of the world beyond Corsica. He was a thorough islander of that marvellously romantic island. Through his long life he had never known fear or shame, he had never uttered an untruth, he had never even contemplated the possibility of doing a deed of dishonour. More than this: I doubt if Angelo Montalti had ever *heard* a falsehood. You see, he must be excused: he lived in an uncivilized country. The lie is a noble invention; they are to be pitied, doubtless, to whom it is unfamiliar; but it would be unfair to blame them.

There is good old blood in Corsica. The Buonapartes, comparatively *novi homines*, seem to have been there A.D. 947—and my friend Mr. Bertrand Payne can only trace the progenitors of Millais the painter back to 1331. For me, I can trace no farther than Ralph de Mortimer, *tempore* William I.: but my friend James Hannay is the fellow for a genealogy. Was it not of his ancestors Bon Gualtier the inimitable wrote—

"Hannay had a son  
Who married Noah's daughter,  
And nearly spoiled ta Flood  
By trinking up ta water:  
Which he would have done  
(I at least believe it)  
Had ta mixture peen  
Only half Glenlivet."

Strange how family failings last through centuries. However, the Montalti, though not so preposterously

antique, belonged to a good old race—a race among whom brave men and chaste women were the only men and women known. And now he found himself face to face with a terrible event. He had accepted a stranger as the husband of the last of his race. Bitterly now did he regret the simple trustfulness, natural to a man who has never deceived or been deceived. This stranger was gone, none knew whither; of his return there seemed slight hope; and Fiordilisa was shamefully deserted—would be mother of a child whose father was devoid of all honour and faith. Thus thought Angelo, wrung by a manly agony, and more than paternal pity for the last fading flower of his race.

He was bowed down by a double grief. It was sad that the Montalti should be thus insulted—that the pure old race should end disgracefully. But it was even more sad that Fiordilisa, that sweet mixture of gaiety and gentleness, that purest, most loving of women, should die of grief. Nothing less could happen to her, Angelo Montalti knew well. Her love was her self: when it died, she also must die. The old man foresaw this, without question; he foresaw himself, bereaved of his daughter, wandering vaguely, a dagger in his breast, over realms which were as yet mere names to him, seeking for revenge on Raphael Branscombe. And the thought came suddenly upon him, filling him with pain—

“Shall I live to do it?”

And he also knelt—not to pray, but to vow—and he vowed that he would live to take vengeance on Raphael Branscombe.

There was no *if* in that vow. The future for him had assumed certainty.

He unlocked a quaint cabinet, of some wood blackened with age. He took down, one after another, curious weapons that seemed to belong to the Middle Ages. One after another he examined them carefully—at last he seized a dagger with a long sharp blade of bluest steel, on which were engraved some strange Arabic characters. The handle was a cross of ivory, on which shone a plain silver plate. This weapon Angelo Montalti selected, returning the others to their places.

Then he took from a shelf in the cabinet a corrosive liquid and an engraver's tool, and on the silver plate which adorned the handle of the dagger he cut three words—twenty-two letters. It was a careful and a painful work. But Angelo Montalti grudged neither care nor pain for the purpose before him.

It is hard to describe the way of life which became the rule with Fiordilisa and her grandfather at this time. The old man was mellowed by age into a ripeness of Nestor. He was incapable of hasty conclusions. He was incapable of injustice. He had, moreover, the old man's power of prevision. He saw that a brief time must infallibly show the truth. And he had that tenderness of great age to girlish youth which Landor nobly showed in his *Heroic Idyls*, in the relation of Laertes to Agatha. To a very old man there is nothing more touching than a dainty young girl. The one is a finished product of the race: the other is its freshest bud of promise. Angelo Montalti did his utmost to conceal from the beautiful child whom he loved the fierce thirst for revenge which had seized upon him—the result of an unalterable conviction that Raphael deserved his vengeance. He was kind to her with an old man's kindness. They wandered together on that coral-tinted sand where you see Isola Rossa's blood-red cliffs glowing in the sunlight. They watched the *Fantasia* at anchor. Ah me! that was a cruel sight for our sweet Fiordilisa. That was the merry skiff which had carried her and her Raphael over the joyous sea in the happy days of love. There it lay, waiting—for a freight that might never come. And Fiordilisa waited also; waited with that divine patience and child-like faith which God has given to women, and which ought to paralyse the man who ventures to deceive them. She hid the anguish in her bosom; she faded, poor child, she could not help it; but even to her grandfather she made no complaint of Raphael, but only asked, in the supreme moments of sorrow—

“Will he come back soon?”

The stern old Corsican knew not how to reply to this sad questioning.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THREE LOVE AFFAIRS.

CLAUDIA BRANSCOMBE, rejected abruptly by Stephen Langton, felt within her a feminine determination to marry somebody. Sir Arthur Willemsden, she thought, was at her service. So, when this impertinent boy left her, she became kinder to the baronet, who thereupon presumed immensely. Sir Arthur was a man so utterly devoid of sensitiveness that it took much to move him; of all delicate shades of human feeling he was as ignorant as a blind man of colours; but if he did get an idea into his head he carried it out with that fine, obstinate, unreasoning ferocity with which a bull butts at a young lady's scarlet petticoat, under the impression apparently that it is a personal insult to himself.

Now, my feminine readers will, I trust, understand that the Panther had a somewhat difficult business in making this burly baronet believe that she really did like him a little. I wish I had the delicate hand to thoroughly work out this part of the affair. Egad, though Mr. Maxwell might protest against the irregularity (and publishers are devils to protest) I'd add a fourth volume to the story. It is such a nice bit of comedy. Here's the fiery Claudia anxious to make the stolid Sir Arthur believe that she loves him. He, poor fellow, though dull enough to be member for Stamford, has sufficient wit to see that she ought not to love him. Besides, there's another element. *He can't marry her.* The Hebrews (dear descendants of Abraham) only permit him to exist on condition of his making a good marriage. Claudia Branscombe *has nothing*.

Now, if you'll get any generous manager of a theatre to pay for pure comedy, I'll work this little situation out in three acts, and put it on the stage. But I can't afford that expenditure of brain for a mere novel. I must merely narrate results. A game being played between the Panther and the Baronet, we know where lay the skill. If the Destinies gave the antagonists anything like equal cards, we know whose must be

the victory. But the Destinies didn't. They gave the Baronet the ace of trumps. For when a game is played between a man and a woman, the man of necessity holds the ace of trumps—that card invincible being his *sex*. Indeed the moment the game begins, it is lost by the female player. She can't win. She draws the game about once in a millenium.

Claudia lost. Claudia, with all her beauty, all her experience, all her dauntlessness, all her wit, lost the game to this perfumed Assyrian—this miserable melange of Poole and Buckmaster and Lincoln and Bennett and Jouvin and Atkinson and Truffitt, and God knows whom else. *Lost!* to this animal. O if Raphael could have known in time. Raphael was not a hero—something very different, indeed; but at the critical point of this desperate, damnable game, he would not have thought twice before killing Sir Arthur Willemsden.

Meanwhile, what *was* Raphael doing? He was not introducing the old Wolf, his uncle, to the more exclusive regions of aristocratic society. The Wolf did not want that sort of thing, and would not have had it at any price. The Wolf had devoted himself to his daughter Isola.

Her arch "Good evening, papa," had been sufficient introduction. The Wolf, mind you, was of gentle blood; and, like our old friend Odysseus, he had seen the world, city and country, palace and hovel, princess and wench; and wide experience had given pliancy to his mind; and he could appreciate and enjoy the beauty, the quaintness, the serpentine flexible movement, the uniqueness, of his daughter Isola. So the rough old boy buried himself in her *menage*, and monopolised her. He declined Stephen's offer of quarters with him in Jermyn-street. He brought his weighty oaken casket, and much other luggage, which came later by the Plymouth waggon, to Isola's abode. The little girl was bored, I dare say, but she did her duty well.



She shut her door resolutely to all admirers ; she excluded Raphael, whom she held in the deepest reverence as her saviour, and Stephen, whom (this in strict confidence) she loved ; and she did her girlish best to rejoice the heart of this rugged old villain of a father who had just turned up to claim her, and to enrich her. Do her justice, I beg. She did not care overmuch about his gems and gold, diamonds and doubloons, sapphires and opals. She liked the idea of them, of course. What woman does not delight in adornment ? The apple with which Satan tempted Eve was a jewelled fruit, I suspect. But what delighted Isola above all things was his love. It was true fatherly love ; had there been no other proof, it might have shown his relationship. The old Wolf had been doing cruel and wicked and lustful things all his life. I will not defile this page with any deed of his. And yet he came home to look for his daughter ; and somewhere in his flinty old heart there was a spring of love that burst out towards her. And now he would have cut his own rascally old throat if he had thought it would do her any good. It was supreme and infinite happiness to him to sit in front of the fire in that room, where we first saw Isola, while she, strangely charming, sat lightly on his massive knee, and passed her tiny slender fingers through his mighty matted beard, and lavished upon him a daughter's endearments.

Wisely, he asked her no questions of the past. Had he done so, she would have told him truth. But he did not know how far truth would pain her, so he left her alone. Love taught him delicacy. What will not love teach as instantaneously as lightning ? He caught her to his bosom, this stern old wanderer ; he treated her with loving tenderness ; he tried his utmost to give her happiness. *How* to do this was the problem which he could not solve. It was the only point on which he ventured to question her.

"How can I make you happy, Isola ?" he would ask.

"O, papa !" she would exclaim, "am I not happy enough with you ? What more can I want ? I'll pull your beard if you tease me."

And her fairy hands, white as snowflakes, would weave themselves into the vast waves of that noble beard, the growth of realms where razors are not known.

"But you will want to marry, some day, my child," the old Wolf would say. "You are very young, I know, but youth will not last for ever ; and I shan't last for ever, either. And why shouldn't I find you a husband you could love ?"

"There is but one man I will ever marry, papa," she said, one day ; "and I know he will not marry me. So why say any more about it ?"

"Tell me who he is," said the Wolf, sternly.

"Never, sir ; if you talk like that. Why, you don't surely think you're going to frighten a Branscombe !" she exclaimed, springing from her seat, and clapping her hands delightedly.

"Well, I really *should* like to know who he is," said her father, whom her merry antics soothed and fascinated.

"Should you ? I suppose, sir, you think you'd frighten *him* into marrying me. But I should not wish for a husband on those terms."

"I won't say a word to him, if you'll only tell me, Isola."

"And I won't tell you, papa. Why, you'd always, when I happened to be at all out of spirits, be laughing at me for being spoons upon him. No ; he doesn't care twopence about this child, and this child is a little too proud to go down on her marrow-bones and say, 'Please, Mr. So-and-So, marry me, and I'll always be a very obedient wife.' If I could do anything that would make him love me, I'd do it, though I died the next minute. I'd put my hand into that fire to save him from trouble. But he doesn't care for me, papa, so I may as well shut up."

Isola moderated her slang somewhat, inasmuch as her father's long absence abroad had rendered him unacquainted with the more recent niceties of "young English."

The old Wolf could not, from his daughter's language, ascertain who was the man whom she loved. But, being a sagacious old Wolf, he thought that in process of time he might discover it from her manner to the few persons whom at this time she began to re-admit. He heartily hoped it

was her cousin, Raphael, for whom, as her deliverer from a miserable life, she had a strong affection. Isola had been wont to *tenir salon* after a pleasant lax fashion of her own; and she resumed the habit for a short time after her father's return; but by-and-by she declared herself tired of it, and cared to see nobody save the Seraph and Stephen. Subtle as she was, Marmaduke Branscombe did not take long to decide that it was Stephen whom his daughter loved.

Stephen, of course, paid no visits to the Panther now. And he was, therefore, glad to spend an hour occasionally in Isola's drawing-room. He greatly delighted in this strange girl. To his poetic, dreamy nature her romantic circumstances gave her an additional charm. There seemed some destined connexion between her and himself. Her rare and singular beauty, her oddities of costume and language, lent her an attraction.

Isola had given up "scamandering." She spent her evenings quietly at home with her father, except when she declared a dinner at Richmond or Hampton or Greenwich necessary to dispel her dulness. The old Wolf always took her wherever she wanted to go; and lavished upon her every luxury wealth could procure; but preferred a quiet dinner at home, and any quantity of old Jamaica and negrohead afterwards. He encouraged his nephew and Stephen to drop in unceremoniously, either to dine, or to pass the evening, or both. Stephen came often. Raphael was a much rarer visitor.

One evening the Seraph met his friend about five, and proposed going over to see if Isola would give them some dinner.

"I've got two or three things on my mind, Langton," he said. "I'm in no mood for the Club; I can be as surly as I like in the company of my dear uncle, Marmaduke, who is a surly old beggar himself. And you can amuse the child."

"How about his paying your father's debts?" asked Stephen. "Is that to come off?"

"O yes. The old gentleman's expected in London in about a week. There'll be a great gathering of the clan. I wish it was over. I want to be off."

"Where are you going so suddenly?"

"I've only one reason for not telling you, my dear fellow, which is that if anybody asks you, you can say you don't know."

"Well, I hope I shan't lose you for long. You're my guide, philosopher, and friend. I shall be all at sea without you."

"Faust will be better without Mephistopheles," said the Seraph.

They went to Isola's residence, and found the Wolf smoking, as usual, in an easy chair by the fire. All the patchouli and mousseline and mare-chale and frangipanni which his dainty daughter used would not conquer that negrohead. Like Charles Lamb, he thought tobacco "the only manly scent."

"Ah," he said, in gruff tones of hospitality, "glad to see you both. Isola's dressing for dinner. The young minx always dresses for dinner, though she's only got me to show off upon. However, she'll have you to-day."

"Yes," said the Seraph, "we came here purposely to dine, and have some of that wonderful rum."

"Ha, ha! We'll brew a mighty bowl of punch. I bought a great china punch-bowl a day or two ago: it holds twelve gallons. That'll be enough for us, I guess."

"Rather," said Raphael.

"Have you given notice to all those confounded lawyers that are pester-ing Ralph?"

"Yes," answered the Seraph. "I set a solicitor to work a week ago. All the claims will be ready in due time."

"You can't guess how much there is, I suppose?"

"About twenty-five thousand, besides the mortgages."

"And they're forty-five, you told me," said the Wolf. "Seventy thousand, more or less. It's not much."

"Egad, I think it's a good deal," remarked Raphael. "Where the deuce it has all gone puzzles me."

"Well, luckily I don't think it much. I paid more than double into Coutts's yesterday," said the Wolf. "We shall be ready for the rascals. I think, when they meet, I shall kick them all round, if they charge it in their bills."

He laughed ferociously. He evidently regarded a lawyer as something far worse than a brigand or a pirate. He was right, I think.

"I have made a discovery to-day," he said, in a changed tone. "I have set some of my people on the track of a scoundrel I want to find. I think he's found."

"Whom do you mean?" asked his nephew.

"Pringle," said the old man, in a low tone.

"The devil! Where is the fellow? What do you mean to do?"

"He's in England. I don't know as yet what I shall do. Hist! here's Isola."

She entered. In her wealth of hair lay a circlet of pearls, and a loose pearl necklace fell with a graceful curve into her bosom. A low dress of light blue, soft and devoid of rustle, was set off with knots of amber ribbon. Her bright eyes brightened more when she saw her friends; she put out one little hand to Raphael, the other to Stephen; she laughed merrily, and said—

"O how glad I am! So you are come to dinner."

To dinner they went. Isola's dinners were now of a mixed order. She was a dainty, delicate little bird, and liked to peck at two or three particularly nice things, just as a blackbird pecks at the cherries and peaches, and liked therewith a glass or two of some light fragrant sparkling wine. But the Wolf was a ponderous portentous feeder, a drinker of mighty draughts and strong. Isola eating her sweet-bread and sipping her Moselle, while her father devoured sirloin or steak and drank great draughts of old ale, made up a curious contrast. The Seraph was wont to remark that at this table one could get any sort of dinner.

After dinner, Isola went away to her drawing-room, and sang a song or two in rippling merry fashion, for her own delectation. "O pescator dell' onda!" came first; and then some merry, quaint chanson, with a refrain of "Lariette-larira;" and then a romance of Madrid by Alfred de Musset; and then, in sudden change to melancholy—

"But now they are moaning  
On ilka green loaming;  
The Flowers of the Forest  
Are a' wede awa."

She had no marvellous vocal organ, this Isola; she had none of the Panther's passion and power; but

she had a sweet voice, and a quick ear for all the innumerable nuances of song. From the sad pathos of Jane Elliot of Minto's tearful ballad to the old Frenchman's

"Ca donc, mignonne, vien-t'-en,  
Et m'étend  
Ta bouchette coralline"—

the transition for her was easy and natural.

She wiled away an indolent half hour at the piano; then, curling her little form in her habitual fashion in a vast easy chair, she was soon fast asleep over a novel.

Meanwhile, the Wolf and his guests drank port wine. Marmaduke Branscombe had ransacked the cellars of the city wine merchants for stuff of the right sort; and as he scattered his gold lavishly, he had got what he wanted. A magnum of Château Margaux just sufficed to cool the port, and then they went to claim coffee of Isola. The little beauty was fast asleep in her chair; and, when she awoke, looked round upon her father and his friends with an expression of drowsy amazement that was very comical.

By-and-by Marmaduke Branscombe produced his mighty punch-bowl, and would have brewed punch therein. But Raphael convinced him of the impossibility of doing justice to such a brewage; so a smaller vessel was brought, which, however, would hold quite enough to intoxicate three ordinary gentlemen. The Wolf showed himself a master in the art of preparing the fragrant fascinating beverage. Stephen recollected his clerical friend's punch at the Chapter Coffee House, and thought he was predestined to headache from that especial liquid.

"Ay," growled the Wolf, when Isola had left them "to get mops and brooms by themselves." "Ay, I have found that young Pringle. I can't make up my mind what to do with him."

"Better leave him alone," said the Seraph.

"I'll be hanged if I do. But he can't get away—he's watched—and there's no hurry. We'll settle with those cursed lawyers first."

"What is Pringle doing?"

"He's turned carrier. Comes twice a week to London with a waggon."

"Are you sure it is the man?"

"Quite sure," said Marmaduke. "He's been traced from the time you thrashed him at Brighton. My people don't make mistakes."

"I suppose we mustn't ask who your people are," said Stephen.

"You may ask," he said. "They're people who know their work, and do it. Look here."

He took from his pocket a small silver whistle. The room in which they sat was on the ground-floor, fronting the street. The Wolf opened the shutters, lifted the window, and blew a shrill call upon this whistle.

"We shall have the new police here," said the Seraph.

Scarcely two minutes had elapsed when the window was opened farther from the outside, and a very ruffianly head was intruded. The Wolf made some brief remark in a foreign language. The fellow shut the window and went away.

"You see I am well attended to," said Marmaduke.

"I hope you're not engaged in any awful conspiracy to dethrone His Majesty, or rob the Bank of England, or blow up the Houses of Parliament, or set the Thames on fire," said the Seraph.

"No," replied his uncle. "My work is pretty well over. The people whom I employ at present have seen some sharp service, but they have done almost all I want them to do."

"I have three things to do," he resumed. "When they are done, I don't much care what happens to me. I have to set Ralph straight; that's very simple work. I have to punish that fellow, Pringle. And I have to see Isola happily settled. When those things are done, I'll just go quietly into a corner, and drink rum and smoke niggerhead till I die."

"But why are you in any hurry to see Isola settled?" urged Raphael. "She is very happy with you."

"No, she is not. She is a good little thing, and makes believe to be happy extremely well; but she would be a deal happier married to a man she loved. And I could make him rich. He might live like a prince, if he liked. I wish you and she fancied one another, Raphael."

"Cousins shouldn't marry," said Stephen, with a laugh. "So they

say—but it's a mistake. If you've a good breed, it doesn't want crossing."

"It was a fortunate thing for me, Mr. Langton, that we met that night on the thicket. Though, no doubt, I should have learnt all about Isola from Raphael, in time. But you and I were bound to meet."

"I am very glad we did," said Stephen.

When Raphael and his friend were walking homewards, arm-in-arm, under a frosty crescent moon, the former said—

"He wants you to marry Isola, Langton. Why not? She's young, and exquisitely beautiful, and rich. And—I think she loves you. Anne Page is lost to you; and as for my sister, if she would have you, she is too old. But Claudia will not marry."

Stephen made an inquiring remark to Raphael, almost in a whisper.

"Never, by heaven!" said the Seraph.

Now, whether it was to Isola or Claudia Stephen's question referred, must as yet remain a mystery. Or, perchance, it had reference to neither.

"Do you think that uncle of yours will murder Pringle?" asked Stephen.

"Likely enough. He doesn't look the man to stick at anything. It was very curious that you should pick him up; but Destiny has evidently determined that you shall be mixed up with our affairs. From the day your amiable old grandfather brought you over to Kingsleat you have been drawn into the current. I can't congratulate you."

"Well," replied Stephen, "I've got some two thousand a year out of your family; and if you are right in supposing the old gentleman wants me to marry Isola, there's a prodigious fortune to be had without trouble."

"Which you won't take, I suppose."

"You can easily guess a few of the considerations which would cause any man to hesitate."

"Why," said the Seraph, with a laugh, "you don't know where the old boy got his money. I suspect *he* didn't hesitate. However, I don't think my respected father will hesitate either, when it comes to paying his debts and making him Branscombe of Branscombe again."

"That's not all," said Stephen. "Have you ever been in love?"

"Have I! I don't think I was ever out of it. I've had no end of grand passions. And I'm in love now with Baby Morfill—as Isola calls her;—by-the-way, if you make Isola Mrs. Langton, you must cure her of slang."

They had strayed from their homeward path, and had unconsciously reached Waterloo Bridge. Any bridge over the Thames is a pleasant place to lounge on a moonlight night—when the misty radiance falls upon the silent city and shadowy stream. Unluckily, the parapets of Waterloo are ridiculously high. If I remember rightly, a Boeotian baronet wanted those of beautiful Westminster Bridge heightened, for the purpose of rendering suicide difficult! That's legislating for the minority with a vengeance.

The Seraph and his friend had mounted on one of the stone seats or steps, and were looking over the parapet upon the royal river, smoking thoughtfully.

"There must be a difference, Branscombe," said Stephen at length, "between your love and mine. I loved Anne Page, you know. I love her still. I thought I wanted to have revenge on Humphrey; but now my feeling towards her is such that I would implore you not to tempt her—if I thought my eloquence would move you. But I have never felt what I imagine to be love for anybody else. I had an ambition—which I don't mind confidentially confessing to you—to teach your sister that I am not a mere boy, to pet and play with; and as to little Isola—why, she fascinates and delights me as if she were a fairy—I can hardly think of her as a woman."

"She isn't; she's a Branscombe. There'd be some truth in applying Walpole's or some fellow's saying to us. The human race should be divided into *Men, Women, and Branscombes*. But how did your laudable ambition get on with the Panther? Did she scratch?"

"I don't think I should tell you."

"All right," said the Seraph. "But, look here. My worshipful uncle, for reasons which he does not assign, is going to settle the business with my father's creditors down at Idlechester. It will be convenient, in some respects. The estates are all thereabout,

and a good many of the mortgagees are local people; and Drax, who is our agent, wouldn't like to be long in town. We're going to have a grand affair, I assure you; the whole of the Half Moon Hotel has been engaged for our especial use. So there'll be plenty of room for you, and you must come down and look on. It will be as good as a play."

"I shall be in the way," urged Stephen.

"Not a bit of it. My dear fellow, I should be as dull as a catalogue without you. Besides, I'm going abroad directly afterwards, and mayn't see you again for an age. We shall all be there; my father, my two uncles, Claudia, Winifred, Isola. And all the townspeople, from the Bishop downwards, will go down on their knees to us, now that we have come into our fortune; and our creditors will be plaguy polite, though they've been hunting us with sheriffs' officers for years. It will be great fun, Langton."

"Well," said Stephen, "I suppose I may as well go down with you. Of course, it will amuse me very much; but a stranger seems always in the way when a family party is assembled on business."

"You're *not* a stranger. You belong to us. You have come among us, and can't extricate yourself. And you're safe to marry a Branscombe. By Jove, it will be Winifred, I dare say, as you don't relish either of the others."

Stephen Langton laughed, and suggested turning homeward. The clock of St. Paul's struck two, and a hundred other clocks gave similar evidence of the flight of time. Dr. Young ought to have been there to moralize, in a long night-shirt, as I remember seeing him depicted in my boyhood in the frontispiece to his "Night Thoughts"—a book which, thank heaven, I have never seen since. And, a few seconds after the chronometric clangour had subsided, a sudden rocket flashed upwards from somewhere near the great Cathedral's sombre dome, leaving a momentary trail of light, and descending in a shower of blue and crimson and golden globes. It was not a meteor: they heard the hissing sound of its ascent.

"That's queer," said the Seraph.

"Fireworks in London! Peel's new police must be asleep."

They strolled westward, and parted at Stephen's door, Raphael remarking,

"Then, you'll come. We'll go down together. My father and uncle can take care of the girls."

Stephen Langton gave an hour to reflexion when he was alone. He liked to reflect luxuriously, by his dressing-room fire, in loose costume, with a cigar. He was right, I think. When you throw off the attire which society demands of you, you isolate yourself, render yourself independent, become quite a different being. If we may judge by analogy from the freedom a man feels when he gets rid of coats and waistcoats and other gear, what a wondrous liberty the spirit or soul or whatever you like to call it—the *Ego*—will experience when it throws off the body with which it was clothed without being asked whether it liked the pattern, and which is so often a confounded misfit! Besides, when one has to wear that corporeal clothing till it gets shabby, and ragged, and past all patching from the sartorial empirics who write M.D. and M.R.C.S. after their names, how great will be the luxury of undressing!

"I certainly *am* drawn in among these Branscombes very queerly," reflected Stephen. "First, Mr. Page takes a fancy to me, then Claudia; then that perfectly unintelligible Seraph determines that we shall be cronies; then I get intimate with Isola, who certainly is a nice child; then I pick up her father at an out-of-the-way inn, where I never intend to go. I'll be hanged if it isn't odd. I wonder if they have any more missing relations for me to discover. I shall be sure to drop upon them, if there are. I'll ask Raphael to-morrow."

"And what the deuce am I to do? I've promised to go down to Idledchester, and I don't at all know how the Panther will look at me when we meet. And then, there's Isola—I'm almost tempted to make love to that little party. Would Claudia be jealous? Would there be a row? I mustn't do anything that would rile Raphael, or he'll be wanting to fight a duel, and I really don't particularly care about being shot."

"Gad, I'll go to bed."

He carried out that wise resolve, and did not ring for his brandy and soda till noon.

As to the Seraph, he also reflected. He was rather dissatisfied with himself. This little Anne Morfill had, somehow, got a hold upon him. He had subjugated *her*, without much difficulty; but now she had caught hold of him. This was absurd, unphilosophic, contrary to the law of his life. Although he looked forward with much expectation of amusement to the Idledchester gathering, he really did not like the notion of suspending his flirtation with her—a flirtation rendered facile by her intimacy with Claudia. But, bah! this was very absurd. He couldn't take her with him, clearly. 'Twould be hardly the thing to ask Morfill for the loan of his wife for a week or two. Still, mightn't Morfill be invited to the gathering, by reason of his assumed legal knowledge, and asked to bring his wife, who was, after all, half a Branscombe? Raphael, amused at his own weakness, determined to mention this to his uncle Marmaduke.

So he dropt in upon that gentleman at about eleven. Isola was not yet down; she was dressing, according to her maid's report. The old Wolf, whose early habits adhered to him even in London, had gone out, and had not returned. The Seraph sat down, and waited.

"What were you doing on Waterloo Bridge last night?" asked the Wolf, when he entered, with a grim, noiseless laugh, which seemed to be transacted low in his chest.

"How did you know we were there, may I ask?"

"O, I get plenty of news brought me. Did you notice anything unusual?"

"Well," replied the Seraph, "as you know we were there, I suppose you know what we saw. Was it *you* who were letting off fireworks?"

"Only a signal. It was odd you should be there to see it. However, it doesn't matter. What news brings you here so early?"

"No news. Only I have been thinking Morfill and his wife may as well meet us at Idledchester; so I came to suggest it."

Now, the old Wolf, whose half-sister, Algernon Page's wife, had been

born after he ran away to sea, had not been much interested by what he heard of this niece of his; except one point, gathered from Isola's laughing gossip, that Raphael was "spoons" upon her. This amused him. He gave the Seraph a knowing look, and said—

"All right, my boy; you don't want your flirtation interrupted, I see. I'll ask them."

Humphrey Morfill promised to come, of course. He foresaw possible business from the connexion. He liked the idea of re-appearing in Idlechester with the Branscombes in the flush of their unexpected and most marvellous prosperity. He thought only of himself: all the rest of the world was subservient to him, the hardworking law student, soon to be a rising barrister, with Parliament and the Attorney-Generalship not far ahead, and the Woolsack in the divine distance. His was the right temperament for a successful lawyer. "A hard heart and a strong stomach," said Talleyrand, or somebody, will carry you happily through the world. The Irishman says, "A light heart and a thin pair of breeches." Some of those sayings attributed to Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord are as full of concentrated pabulum as Périgord pies—and about as wholesome.

Raphael, when he reflected on Madame's acquaintance with his stroll on the bridge, and on his claim to the midnight pyrotechny, thought to himself that a deucedly queer melodramatic uncle had turned up. "And now," he said to himself, "he's going to take us all down to Idlechester, and bring us into the same inn, and invite our friends and enemies to meet us. What if he means to do some deed of horror! A massacre of the innocents—an utter destruction of all the creditors and their attendant lawyers—would have a fine effect. Just the way the Sultan pitched into the Janissaries the other day. I'm sure I don't mind, if it takes the old Wolf's fancy. It would make the papers readable for at least a week; and, by Heaven, that would be an enormous blessing. There's nothing in them now, except the howlings of a lot of unmitigated idiots who want Reform."

Thus reflected the unenlightened Seraph, who thought politics the depth of babyish silliness. But shortly the papers contained a short announcement which surprised a good many people, and interested even him, *videlicet* :—

"Ralph Branscombe, Esquire, of Branscombe, has arrived at the Clarendon Hotel, from the Continent."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE GATHERING OF THE CLAN.

IDLECHESTER was not, normally, a dull city. A city with a Bishop of latitudinarian tendencies, matched against a Dean who, besides being the very lowest of Low Churchmen, was a relation of the First Minister, and had married a lady divorced by or from somebody else, could scarcely be very dull: not to mention the fact that the Archdeacon of Riversdale, who was a near relation of that mighty potentate the Duke of Axminster, Lord Lieutenant of the county, was the highest of High Churchmen. Socio-theologic disputes were not unusual in this sacerdotal vicinage: Bishop Bythesen, an episcopal Gallio, who cared precious little for High and Dry or Low and Slow if only he was left in peace, often desired translation to

some see in which there was a slighter infusion of hot water.

Apart, however, from polemic amusements, Idlechester assuredly was not a dull city. Its society was pleasant. County and ecclesiastic society blended amicably: your county people can't condescend to an ordinary town, but a cathedral town is a very different thing. People who wouldn't have been seen in the Rope Walk of Riversdale gossiped with one another in the booksellers' and drapers' shops of Idlechester High-street. It was quite a fashionable lounge, indeed. You might see the Duchess of Axminster, a very pretty girl in those days, of whom the severest criticism I ever heard was that she hadn't pride enough to match

the Duke, walking along the not too ample pavement with Mrs. Bythesea or Lady Hinton Powys. And all manner of pleasant ladylike dissipation came off at Idlechester. Croquet and the Social Science Association had not been invented; Jaques of Hatton Garden, Brougham and Vaux (hall), had not entered on their lofty career as purveyors of feminine amusement. But there were plenty of fixtures at Idlechester, notwithstanding. It was a city in which pretty girls got married with alarming rapidity. It was a city whose picnics, balls, archery meetings, and other pleasant arrangements for flirtation, were a caution.

But Idlechester, never dull, grew wonderfully excited in expectation of the coming of the Branscombes. Marmaduke Branscombe, whom his daughter Isola rightly described as "a wary old card," took all possible precautions to prevent the general public from knowing anything about the family assembly. But he had to engage the Half Moon Hotel; and what old Winslow knew was hardly likely to be a secret from his daughter, and I fear Jack Winslow gossipped a little. Queer rumours got into circulation. Something was to happen at a certain time in June: but *what*, nobody seemed able to conjecture. All Idlechester, however, looked forward to the date announced, and one or two people thought it worth while to make inquiry.

For example, Mrs. Bythesea thought it worth while to ask her friend, Miss Branscombe, with whom she had not corresponded for an age, what the rumour meant. And she got an answer of this sort—

"Clarges-street, Piccadilly.

"DEAR CIS,—Yes, I'm coming down. So is papa. So are several others of our bad lot. I shall call and request your episcopal blessing.

"Your untamed CLAUDIA."

Which note the Bishop's wife, being not precisely the same individual who once romped in a Kingsleat bedroom, thought rather impertinent. However, she deemed it advisable not to quarrel with a lady of fashion like Miss Branscombe, especially as it appeared that her father was likely to resume his ancient position. And in this the Bishop entirely agreed with

her, being a thorough man of the world, and far readier to believe in the Premier than in St. Paul.

So Claudia received a marvellously affectionate epistle from her old acquaintance, and laughed over it with provoking perspicacity.

And Devil Branscombe himself, when it was noised abroad that he was indeed in London, and was coming down to Idlechester, got a note of inquiry from his true liegeman, his loyal follower, Stephen Langton the tanner. The old boy was not dead yet. Writing letters had never been a favourite business with him, but he was resolved to know what this report meant. So he indited a laborious epistle to Ralph Branscombe, at the Clarendon Hotel, where the *Idlechester Guardian*, copying the London papers, had informed him the Squire was staying: and the old gentleman handed it over with a heap of others to his son, and said,

"Write to old Langton, Raphael. He's been a true friend."

So the Seraph, whom it rather amused to write letters, sat down to delight the old tanner with the following:—

"DEAR MR. LANGTON,—What you have heard is quite true. My father is coming down to Idlechester on the seventh, to settle a few debts that have been outstanding rather too long, and Claudia and I shall be with him. My intimate friend, Mr. Stephen Langton, your grandson and namesake, has promised to come down with me, although he can scarcely get away from London society. We shall stay at the Half Moon Hotel, where we shall hope frequently to see you. Convey our regards to your amiable family—especially to Miss Harriet Langton, whom I have often heard my friend Stephen mention in terms of the warmest affection.—Yours, &c.,

"RAPHAEL BRANSCOMBE."

"There," said the Seraph to himself, after rapidly writing this epistle, "I fancy Langton's relations will be astonished, rather. I wonder what that old catamaran of a maiden aunt of his will say to my piece of flattery."

The Seraph did not know much of the nature of maiden aunts. He had never encountered the animal. Old



Langton received the letter in the morning, and brought it into the breakfast room, and read it aloud for the edification of his assembled progeny. When he had finished he said,

"The Squire don't forget old friends, you see. And how well Steve seems to be getting on!"

And Aunt Harriet exclaimed—

"The dear boy! I was sure he had never forgotten me. How glad I shall be to see him again. He was always a good boy."

Whereat one or two of his cousins, there present, grinned to excess, mindful of Aunt Harriet's past objurgations. The said cousins, sons of Uncle Charles and Uncle Tom, naturally envied Stephen: sheer luck had made him a gentleman: they were destined to work at a rather unpleasant trade to the end of their days. And, when they got together, these young louts of Langtons, they talked over some possible way of revenging themselves upon him for his unmerited good-fortune. They had no rapidity of imagination, and could not readily hit on a scheme of vengeance. But there was a consensus of opinion that something ought to be done to make him ridiculous. If a man unexpectedly rises in the world, his own relations are naturally aggrieved. They cannot see anything in *him* which justifies his elevation above *them*. Of course, the less refined the original breed, the more certain is this feeling to arise. It was very strong in the breasts of the three or four male cousins whom Stephen Langton had at Idlechester. They would have liked to duck him in a peculiarly unsavoury tanpit. Their ultimate decision was, to await an opportunity to do something.

Far different were the feelings of old Stephen Langton, the tanner. He was not a good old man, this—as we already know. But he was loyal to the Squire. And the idea that the Squire should have his own again filled him with as much delight as the most loyal of cavaliers experienced when Charles II. came from over the water. And, when he found the Squire's son writing of *his* grandson as his intimate friend, it rejoiced his heart. His delight took a form which would have given no special satisfaction to Stephen—but still less to Stephen's uncles and cousins.

"By jingo," said the old tanner, "he's my eldest son's eldest son—and he's my namesake—and he's the only fellow in the lot with any spunk in him. *I'll leave him the business.*"

And he went off to the great Mr. Drax, and insisted on his drawing a will to this effect, and keeping it a secret. The lawyer vainly reminded his client that Stephen was already a man of property, and would not carry on the business if he had it.

"Never you mind," said the old man. "*He's my heir.*" You draw up the will so that he shall have every penny and every stick that belongs to me when I die. If little Polly had lived, 'twould have been different. But Steve shall have it all, now—and don't you tell a creature, Mr. Drax."

As to Aunt Harriet, whom, without offending many of my readers, I may now venture to call an elderly lady, she was delighted with Stephen's kind mention of her, as averred in Raphael Branscombe's letter. She went about boasting of it. She persuaded herself that she had been very kind to him. It is to be regretted that, in time, we forget our own misdeeds. The Past fades; the Present glares upon us with all its sunlight. Aunt Harriet began to believe that her nephew had really been a great pet of hers, and that he ought naturally to be enthusiastic in his gratitude. So she looked forward to his arrival in this enthusiastically grateful state.

By-and-by the great day came. The Event was ripe. Post-chaises, in the early morning, brought to the Half Moon Hotel the august travellers, who had travelled through the night. A vague tremor of excitement passed through the city of Idlechester. Post-chaises brought the travellers from town. Humphrey and his wife in one; the old Wolf and his daughter in another; Devil Branscombe and the Panther in the third. The Seraph and Stephen were, however, of a different taste. They preferred His Majesty's mail; they liked the changeable company, the possible adventure, the gay open-air travel. But adventure, though possible, is not always obtainable; and I think it will be admitted that our two friends had recently had their share.

The Half Moon had a large room in its very centre, with a corridor run-

ning round it, in which balls and concerts were wont to be given. Marmaduke Branscombe had this turned into a kind of public room, whither might come all who sought audience of his brother and Mr. Drax. With that ferocious fancy for food which pertained to him, he made even such people as bill-discounters and mortgagees eat and drink, so that this room was a perpetual refectory. Of course, any real business was carried on with greater privacy; but, for the nine or ten days in which settlement was being made, this great room was from morning to night thronged with visitors, and the old Wolf thoroughly enjoyed the humour of the scene. As for the ladies, they had a gay time of it, driving about the neighbourhood, and seeing all that was to be seen. One delicious moonlight evening they went together to those old enchanted gardens—no longer kept in the Elysian beauty in which Algernon Page had loved to keep them—but still full of marvellous bloom, and breathing a magical fragrance. The Seraph was with them, and Stephen. Mr. Morfill was having an interesting legal after-dinner conversation with Mr. Drax, whom, as a giver of briefs, he desired to impress favourably. For Stephen those gardens were haunted; there he had wandered hand in hand with his sweet Anne Page, in their poetic childhood; there Claudia Branscombe had pressed upon his lips a kiss. Mrs. Morfill did not experience any feelings of remorse or even regret as she tripped along the familiar paths. One feeling only could occupy her at a time, and she was filled to the brim by that wild and wicked passion which Raphael had awakened in her heart. Not so with Claudia. That first evening amid those emerald lawns and delicious flower-plots and long lustrous avenues and sleeping lakelets was all agony to her. Her heart throbbed with passionate fierceness. Well she remembered the days long ago, when she had humbled herself to gain Stephen's love. Now he had contemptuously rejected her. Yet she was obliged to walk with decorous placidity with him, and the rest of their friends. Well for Stephen Langton, perhaps, that she did not, like many a Spanish maiden, carry a keen stiletto sheathed in her corset. As for Isola and the

Seraph, the situation to them was picturesque comedy.

"You have been here before," said Raphael to Stephen, as they stood beneath the pendent acacias, still the favourite resort of the ruby-eyed ring-doves.

"Ages ago," he replied.

"Ay, but since we came down?"

"O yes. I came here to smoke a cigar and revive old memories a couple of nights ago."

"Quite romantic," laughed Isola; and she sang—

"Blossom of hawthorn whitens in May:  
Never an end to true love's sway.

Blossom of hawthorn fades in June:

I shall be tired of my true love soon.

Blossom of hawthorn's gone in July:

Darling—I must be off—Good-bye!"

Merrily rang through the garden alleys Isola's exquisite girlish voice. Not so silvery the plash of the fountains, or so musical the coo of the doves. Stephen said—

"I hope I am not quite so bad as that. When I love once, I love always."

"A mistake," said the Panther. "If you hate once, hate always; that's wise. But don't try to believe love permanent, or you'll be alone in the world, Mr. Langton: nobody else does it. You'll be isolated."

"Isolate him with Isola," said the Seraph, laughingly, "and he won't mind. But don't be bitter, Claudia, or people will say you're an old maid."

"As I am. Don't you think the rôle suits me? I wish you'd marry, Raphael, and give me some babies to nurse. Marry Isola."

"Talking of marriage," said the Seraph, "I have been recommending Winifred to Langton, but he doesn't seem inclined to take good advice. He says she's too religious. I feel certain that he is destined to marry a Branscombe."

"Why?" asked Isola.

"Because he has become so queerly associated with us. From first to last we have borrowed him from the people over the way. You did not know, perhaps, Isola, that he was born just across the street. Have you called on your worthy relations yet, Langton?"

"No, faith. I have seen my grandfather at the Half Moon, you know."

"Irreverent boy, not to pay your respects to that charming old aunt of

yours. That's a pattern of maiden aunts, if you like, Claudia. You should study her, if you want perfection in the part."

"Let us all go there in force to-morrow morning," said the Panther, "and see the tanyard. I never saw a tanyard. It must be very amusing. What do you say, Mr. Langton?"

"I shall be delighted," said Stephen. "There is something picturesque about a tanyard, and I like the smell. As to the aunt—the less said of her the better, I think."

Hence was it that this moonlight stroll in Mr. Page's gardens was followed by a morning visit to Mr. Langton's tanyard. Winifred accompanied her three cousins; the Seraph and Stephen were their cavaliers. It was very amusing to see Winifred and Isola together. The Panther to some extent understood her new-found cousin, but the Saint was utterly perplexed by the charming little vagrant's oddity and slang. Winifred was by this time more thoroughly than ever the deaconess-nun; Father Remigius confessed her still, but she had relinquished the faint half-unconscious hope she had entertained of making him renounce his vow of celibacy; she had settled down contentedly to that semi-sacerdotal old-maidism which is so common among English ladies. Yet Winifred Branscombe was not thirty, by a year or two, and was still very beautiful.

They were a gay company in that old house of the Langtons. The gray old tanner received them with delight, and Aunt Harriet shone upon them so smilingly that they all declared her charming. They were shown that famous best bedroom in which the head of the Branscombes lay perdu, awaiting his daughter's visit, and baffling the bailiffs. They were shown the very tanpit in which the unlucky attorney had passed the night. Stephen, acting as cicerone, doubted whether he was awake or asleep, and fancied that all that had occurred since his boyhood was a dream.

The gathering of the Branscombes at Idlechester was remembered in that city for many a day. Marmaduke, resolute to do nothing by halves, set Mr. Drax to reorganize the estates and to rebuild the old manor-house, which had been uninhabitable for at least a quarter of a century. Every-

body was paid in full, principal and interest; and everybody in gold. The old Wolf had laid in an enormous stock of sovereigns; he would have nothing to do with notes or cheques. The Idlechester bank did a good stroke of business at this period.

Of course the restoration of the Branscombes excited the county and city magnates. The Duke of Arminster drove over to visit the head of the house: minor potentates of all sorts did him honour. The Duke asked him to come to Beau Sejour while the Manor House was rebuilding; the Bishop and Mrs. Bythesea wanted him to bring the Panther and stay at the Palace; half a dozen equally hospitable offers were pressed upon the man who a week or two before dared not have walked down High-street. The Mayor and Corporation of Idlechester presented him an address: the Mayor and Corporation of Kingsleat followed suit.

Meanwhile the time was fruitful of events. One afternoon, Nathaniel Narrowsmith, bill discounter, of Kingsleat, had received payment of the small amount due to him—two thousand five hundred pounds, all in gold. He had come in too late for the Idlechester bank.

"I'd just as soon have your cheque, Mr. Branscombe," he said.

"We don't give cheques," growled the Wolf. "Sorry you don't like gold."

"It's so much trouble to take home."

"Leave it till to-morrow," suggested Ralph Branscombe. "You can pay it into the bank the first thing. We'll give you entertainment if you like to stay, though you have charged sixty per cent."

But the old rascal didn't like keeping his money at an inn; and wanted to get home, because the idea of his servants wasting food and drink in his absence, made him utterly miserable; so, groaning over the expense, he hired a post-chaise, and transferred thereto himself and his five canvass bags of five hundred pounds each.

Poor Nat Narrowsmith! Half way to Kingsleat the post-chaise was stopped by a couple of men on horseback, and he and the postilion were gagged and tied to a couple of trees, and the bags disappeared. It caused an immense sensation. Ralph Brans-

combe liberally offered a reward of a hundred pounds for the conviction of the thieves. But nothing was ever heard of them; and the unhappy bill discounter lost his money, and was never the same man afterwards.

Another event of about the same date was an assault made upon our friend Stephen by three of his disaffected cousins. They had noted his habit of taking a solitary stroll late at night in the gardens he had loved in his boyhood. Their idea was to revenge themselves upon him for his good-fortune by giving him a ducking in one of the ponds which ornamented those gardens. Now it chanced, on the evening fixed by these cowardly louts for their idiotic enterprise, that the Seraph had accompanied his friend. But they resolved to carry out their scheme; Raphael was not apparently the sort of person to show fight; Stephen they believed to be a milk-sop; and they were three burly thickset fellows of the true Langton stamp. So they made a sudden rush at the two friends in a solitary part of the gardens, and separated Stephen from his companion, and hauled him towards a piece of water. They found they had made a slight mistake. Stephen was stronger and more determined than they fancied. But, Raphael, when he saw their game, sprang after them—struck one fellow a blinding blow across the eyes with a small cane which he carried—seized a second by the wrist, giving it so sharp a twist that he yelled with pain—and exclaimed to Stephen—

“I leave the other to you.”

The words were scarcely uttered when that other splashed into the water in which he had designed a ducking for his cousin. It may be supposed that the trio sneaked away in lamentable plight.

“What fools!” ejaculated the Seraph.

And the next morning there was much mirth in connexion with the adventure which, somehow or other, became generally known. It made the old tanner more resolute to adhere to that astonishing will of his.

However, this gathering of the Branscombe clan came to an end at last, after various incidents of fun, flirtation, assault, and highway robbery. The last day arrived, and there

were assembled at supper the whole family, with Morfill, and old Langton, and his grandson—no others. They sat together in the cosiest room of the Half Moon—a room such as old-fashioned inns contain, but which are not to be found elsewhere. There was Devil Branscombe, lazily lying back in a huge easy chair; again the recognised chief of this wild race; again furnished with the sinews of war for as fast a life as he might choose to live. But too old for this—too old—Ralph Branscombe began clearly to see that the time had arrived for him to settle down quietly, to consider his wild oats sown, to live like a highly respectable Lord of the Manor of Kingsleat. And he accepted the rather melancholy fact. He had tasted the marrow of life. It would be hard to mention any gentlemanly wickedness in which Devil Branscombe had not participated to the utmost. His only hope was that his son Raphael would do him credit, and it was a subject on which he had not much fear.

Yet the inexperienced spectator, who had seen the Seraph this evening, would scarce have shared his father's confidence. His boyish beauty—the beauty that had ensnared Emilia and Fiordilisa—adhered to him. He looked a creature to be petted and played with. You would not for a moment have deemed the Seraph dangerous—have imagined him to be utterly devoid both of conscience and of fear. I don't think he cared much for the changed position of his family. He had always lived a pleasant reckless life, and always meant to do so, whatever might happen; and so, though the eventful current of affairs interested him, he certainly cared less about the change in his circumstances than any other member of the family.

I can scarcely say what Claudia Branscombe felt. Her recent adventure with Stephen Langton had completely disturbed her ordinary course of thought and feeling. She would have liked to revenge herself on that young gentleman, but saw no way to such an issue. She, of course, enjoyed the idea of plenty of money, and accordingly plenty of fun; but there was no definite hope in her heart, and it was a very vague species of happiness to which she looked forward. Per-

haps she thought, now and then, of the boy-baronet.

The Rev. Walter Branscombe was there, cordially rejoicing in the improved prospects of the family, though to him personally they mattered little. He had received his long lost brother Marmaduke, with true Christian kindness, asking no inconvenient questions. His faith in the Branscombes took precedence of all other faith. As to Winifred, she was rather puzzled. She had some idea that the right thing for her unexpected uncle to do was to build a cathedral, or an abbey, or something. Any nice feminine endowment, of which she could have been Lady Abbess, would have been the very thing. St. Winifred was patron saint of the Branscombes, everybody knew. Why shouldn't she be a second St. Winifred? Ah *petite*, are you not aware that this is the wicked nineteenth century—in which hypocrisy is permitted, but not sanctity—in which you can only play at being a saint?

As to Isola, who chanced to be sitting between Winifred and Mrs. Morfill, I don't think she wanted to be a saint. I know what she *did* want. I know she longed, pined, panted for it. I know too that she thought herself wholly unworthy of it. Poor Isola! so gay, so bewitching, so exquisitely formed to conquer the world—yet so humble. She would have given herself to be the slave of the man she loved.

As to our heroine, she was in a dream all this time, and it was a dream of Raphael. To be in his presence sufficed for Anne Morfill. Her keen-sighted husband must, I think, have perceived this, had he not possessed that fatal fatuity of the quick but shallow intellect which estimates itself far higher than any other entity. Humphrey Morfill was, I believe, quite as able a man as Lord Westbury, and he looked down upon Stephen Langton and Raphael Branscombe, just as Lord Westbury would probably have looked down upon, say, Count d'Orsay and Lord Byron, if he had known them. He had an impracticable incapacity for understanding faculties different from his own.

The old Wolf felt, I believe, very much like the creator of a mighty drama. To have restored his brother and recovered his daughter, surely

these were mighty deeds. All was his doing. He was both dramatist and protagonist. And he had an unselfish delight in what he had accomplished, and, beyond that, thorough gratitude to Stephen Langton, from whom he had received aid so valuable; and one especial longing he had, to which he gave no utterance—that Stephen would marry Isola.

As to the two Langtons, grandfather and grandson, who completed the party on that last evening at the Half Moon, their feelings were naturally peculiar. The old tanner was rather mystified. He was delighted at the Squire's restoration, and puzzled at the sort of share which his grandson seemed to have in it. As to Stephen the younger, to him it seemed a vision. I suspect he felt very much as De Quincy was wont to feel when, in magnificent panorama, there swept before him in his opium-dreams some tale of Troy divine, some tragic story of Thebes or Argos. Stephen Langton's principal perplexity was, what would happen when he awoke.

The last hours of this last night waned rapidly. Several were going away at an early hour—the Rector and his daughter home to Kingsleat, Ralph Branscombe and Claudia and Mr. and Mrs. Morfill to London.

"Raphael," said the Wolf to the Seraph, "will you take charge of Isola to town to-morrow?"

"With pleasure. But are you not coming?"

"No; I have other business of considerable importance. You won't see me for a week, perhaps."

"Well, Isola won't be afraid to trust herself with me, I know. Will you, *cugina mia*?"

She gave a merry trustful smile as answer.

"By-the-way," said the Seraph, "Stephen and I meant going together. I hope you're not afraid of *him*, Isola."

Isola blushed.

For some ridiculous reason, Devil Branscombe and Morfill had decided to start at an early hour in the morning. Not so Raphael. When the proposition was made to him, he replied,

"No, thank you. I never waste the hours of night, except for some good reason. Sleep comfortably in your bed a third of your day, and you may do pretty much what you like the other two-thirds."

So, when the sun was just rising the Seraph and his friend had the pleasure of seeing off a couple of post-chaises, containing four members of the party. To their surprise, when these had started, there came up to the gateway a dog-cart, with an unknown personage sitting in it, and Marmaduke Branscombe, oak chest in hand as usual, got into it and took the reins.

"Good-bye, my boys," he said, cheerily. "Take care of Isola."

So Raphael and Stephen returned to their sitting-room, where wisely a fire had been kept up, by which Isola at this time was sitting, half asleep. And the Seraph sent that young lady to bed, authoritatively, and, having done so, he said,

"Look here, Langton, we'll go by the mail. It's a deuced deal pleasanter than posting."

"Most certainly. By-the-way, where is the Wolf gone? and who is his friend?"

"I suppose his friend is one of those agreeable banditti who let off sky-rockets when you and I are lounging on Waterloo Bridge. *Where* the old pirate is gone I don't know; but I can guess what he's gone to do."

"What?" asked Stephen.

"*Pringle*," replied the Seraph, with emphatic laconism.

"By Jove, I hope he won't murder that bucolic idiot. Can't we prevent anything tragical?"

"I don't quite see how. We don't know where he's gone, and we haven't an idea where Pringle is. It is all mere conjecture, of the emptiest kind. No, we must leave them both to their fate."

"It would be rather awkward," said Stephen, drily, "if your highly respected uncle were to be hanged, which doesn't seem entirely impossible."

"Egad, I'll take the risk," said the Seraph. "The old beggar deserves hanging, no doubt. But he looks as if he was tolerably capable of taking care of himself."

Raphael and Stephen, with that elfin beauty Isola under their convoy, did not start for London till the following day. And before leaving the Half Moon Isola delighted the heart of Jack Winalow by a magnificent present of jewelry in remembrance of her loyal service to Devil Branscombe in days gone by. And Jack, by way of showing her appreciation of the generous gift, drove the mail the first stage towards London, the Seraph on the box by her side, chaffing her on her style of holding the ribbons.

Thus ended the famous gathering of the Branscombes at Idlechester.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### PRINGLE.

JONAS PRINGLE was a flourishing specimen of the British farmer in his youth. He was of the middle height, stout and florid, and fond of beer. He rode after the hounds, and kept greyhounds for the coursing meetings. He could drink any quantity of the diabolical stuff which the bucolic lout calls beer. He had excessive pleasure in smoking the worst possible tobacco in a clay pipe. He went to church regularly. He read, with some difficulty, the news as supplied weekly of that famous periodical, the *Reading Mercury*. Though Reading is the chief town of the county in which Jonas Pringle dwelt, reading is far from being the chief accomplishment of its farmers.

Jonas Pringle's entanglement with

that wicked little Isola was a surprise to himself. He never could distinctly remember how it began. He never could recollect how it was suggested that he should pretend to make love to teacher instead of pupil. Somehow or other the gay girl had bewitched the young farmer; and in her presence he possessed a capacity which never approached him elsewhere. These things are not impossible. The electric effect of intellect has never been properly estimated. There is an undeveloped science in that direction. I may perhaps elucidate it when I have made a snug little fortune by novel writing. But it is certain—to dwell only on the roughest elements of the subject—that a great general may

make an army of cowards brave, that a great preacher may make a congregation of scoundrels religious, and that a loving woman may inform a mere clod with much of her own exquisite *esprit*.

Such was the temporary effect on Jonas Pringle of our Isola's influence. He could not understand his own marvellous cleverness. Indeed, stupidity was a kind of heirloom of the Pringle family, whereof they were rather proud than otherwise; so when this Jonas found himself making love to one girl while he admired another, he could scarcely believe in his own identity. You must associate with small farmers to learn how stupid they are (out of their own vocation, of course), and how proud of their stupidity. I am not inclined to blame them. Keener intelligence would probably result in discontent—in a desire to be something entirely different from what they are.

Isola made Jonas Pringle for the time clever enough to conduct an intrigue to successful issue. We know already a good deal of what happened. In process of time they reached Brighton, and took lodgings at Hove, and there the girl of fourteen proved mistress of the situation. She was already contemptuously weary of the blatant and florid young agriculturist. She took the lead in everything. She informed the old lady whose lodgings they engaged that they were brother and sister. She would not permit him even to kiss her. Poor young man, infatuated though he was, I verily think he would gladly have escaped from her. She tyrannized over him. He heartily wished, more than once, that he had run away with the fat governess with the shoulders.

And worse things yet were in store for him. Isola was wont to make him walk with her regularly every afternoon. Gladly would Jonas Pringle have been back smoking a pipe of horribly bad tobacco with his cronies in the neighbourhood of Maidenhead; but he was Isola's slave, and dared not say her nay. And then came the terrible day when, summoned by Isola, the Seraph fell upon him on the Chain Pier, like an avenging angel indeed. The young farmer was not a coward. He could hold his own well among

his lumbering equals. But when our friend Raphael came down upon him with such appalling suddenness, his presence of mind departed. He was "knocked out of time."

So the Seraph took Isola to his hotel—Pegg's, I think—Harry Pegg was a little boy at the time—and poor Jonas Pringle went miserably home to his lodgings at Hove. And at those lodgings, over which, even for this dull fellow, Isola had shed a kind of poetic halo, he had received from Raphael a contemptuous message to the effect that he would fight him if he wished.

Pringle by no means liked the idea. He was not a coward, I have said: but both courage and cowardice have different phases: and the young farmer had no idea of setting himself up to be shot at, twelve paces off. You see he was not a gentleman. The code of honour among *gentlemen* is such that they learn to supersede physical cowardice by moral courage. At least, it was so: the foolish way in which the law has been rendered more stringent against duelling has done infinite harm: and men in the army, who are in a difficulty whether they fight or whether they decline to fight, are singularly ill used. There are some injuries which nothing save the duel can redress; and I firmly believe that there will be a reaction from the milksop legislation of recent days. We are already beginning to flog again: I pray God we may soon begin to fight again.

Well, Pringle did not want to be shot at, and so slinked off. Raphael made no inquiry about him. He was profoundly disappointed in Isola. He had imagined a career for this wild waif, this baby Bohemian. She had run away with a stupid young farmer. It was sadly disappointing. However, he was the man to make the best of a bad bargain; so he found her a home in London, where we have already had the pleasure of meeting her.

Pringle returned to his own neighbourhood. But he found it impossible to live there. His old friends looked askance at him. His was an iniquity of a different kind from any they were accustomed to. They would sell you pork the product of choleraic pigs, or mutton which resulted from the slaughter of very invalid sheep: but

the abstraction of a little girl from a boarding-school was a form of rascality to which the worthy farmers were unaccustomed. Such is life. There are men who would deem the sale of diseased pork for food a crime that deserved hanging, but who would think it very correct to run away with a pretty girl. The farmers, Pringle's friends, thought quite otherwise. They made the poor fellow's life miserable, when he returned. So he got somebody to take his farm, and turned his stock into money, and, hearing of a carrier's business to be sold on the Great North Road, purchased it, and settled down to its necessary work.

The old Wolf, Marmaduke Branscombe, had traced him. Pringle's waggons started for London twice a week, from a town about forty miles down the road. In the outskirts of this town there was an old-fashioned inn, the *Bel and Dragon*, with a courtyard surrounded by galleries. From this inn the waggons had been wont to start, and Jonas Pringle had taken it with the carrying business. Here, late one night, some twenty-four hours after his departure from *Idlechester*, Marmaduke Branscombe pulled up in his dog-cart along with a very villainous-looking ruffian who officiated as his groom and valet. We saw them depart from the cathedral city.

Jonas Pringle came out to welcome the visitors, who had driven under the gateway into the yard. There was a fine ruddy flush of brandy and water in his broad face, as he stood in the line of light which crossed the courtyard from the bright bar parlour. The young fellow had married; married the daughter of the man from whom he had purchased the business, a fine buxom wench who kept him in capital order, and certainly suited him a world better than *Isola* would have done. Fancy *Isola* mated to this coarse crass carrier and innkeeper!

Marmaduke Branscombe and his henchman descended.

"Look to the mare," said the old Wolf gruffly to his follower. "I want to sleep here to-night," he said further, to Pringle; and then stalked into the bar, where a few of Pringle's cronies sat smoking and drinking, while Mrs. Pringle served them in buxom buoyant fashion. He sat down without hesitation in an arm-chair by the fire-side

which chanced to be unoccupied; and then, opening his marvellous chest, produced a bottle of rum and a lemon, and called for hot water. The assembled company stared at him, open-mouthed and silent. He was worthy of amazement, that grim old Wolf, lying back in his chair, and drinking rum of fragrance and flavour miraculous.

By-and-by Pringle came in, and the Wolf's follower, a grimmer-looking fellow than even the Wolf himself, and the company began to resume its previous loquacity. They discussed the price of wheat and of pigs; they talked of a hundred things dear to the bucolic heart. They became very gay indeed when Marmaduke, fixing his eyes upon a punchbowl high upon an upper shelf, proposed a bowl of punch. And not only did he propose it, but he also made it—an artistic bowl, a full and fragrant, strong and steaming bowl—a bowl such as these rustics had never conceived. Very gay they got over it. Stout, red-faced Mrs. Pringle was induced to sip a glass or two, and seemed to like it.

"By the way," said Marmaduke, suddenly, "didn't you use to live down *Maidenhead way*, Pringle?"

The landlord of the *Bel and Dragon* did his best to turn pale.

"I know something of those parts," he answered.

"You didn't get married down there, I guess," said the Wolf. "The 'missus' is too fine a woman for *Berkshire*."

Mrs. Pringle accepted the compliment, you could see. Her husband murmured something unintelligible.

"I asked the question," said the Wolf,—"your health, Mrs. Pringle—I asked the question because somebody was telling me the other day of a young man of the name of Pringle running away with a girl from boarding-school. Some relation of yours, perhaps?"

The red-faced young landlord began to show unquestionable pallor. The old Wolf chuckled inwardly, and gulped a glass of punch. But Pringle's wife interposed—a *dea ex machina*—pert and decisive.

"He's got no relations that would do such things. And I don't look much like a boarding-school miss, do I? No, no, you've come to the wrong shop, master."



"It was a curious story I heard," said Marmaduke, meditatively, puffing away at his negrohead. "The young lady was taken away to Brighton, I think; and some friend of hers followed her there. But of course it doesn't interest you: only, being the same name, I thought of it to-night when I came in."

The old Wolf looked peculiarly grim and savage. Young Pringle, although, as I have said, not a coward in ordinary circumstances, was utterly unprepared for such an attack as this. His boon companions, as well as his wife, could see that in some mysterious way it affected him. Marmaduke smoked and drank, as if to smoke and drink were life's only business; and his villanous-looking associate imitated him; but a curious chill fell upon the rest of the company, which no quantity of rum punch seemed able to dispel. By-and-by they dropt off, one after the other, and there was no one left save Marmaduke and his henchman, and Mr. and Mrs. Pringle.

"You can go to bed, Gregory," growled the old Wolf. "Mind and be early to-morrow."

The fellow took a final gulp of punch, and Mrs. Pringle showed him to his room.

"Send your wife to bed, Pringle," said Marmaduke, in that lady's absence to the luckless landlord. "I won't to talk to you."

Pringle began a hesitating explanation, but the Wolf stopped him at once with—

"Do as I tell you."

He dared not disobey. He got rid of his spouse, how I know not—and sat down opposite his grim guest in a strange state of trepidation. Marmaduke took very little notice of him for a long time, but went on smoking and drinking without cessation.

At last he said—

"Pringle, is your wife safe in her room? Isn't she listening at some keyhole? I know what women are. Go quietly and see."

Pringle was stupefied into obedience to this terrible stranger. He crept up the stairs towards his own room. The door stood ajar, as was usual when Mrs. Pringle went first to bed; a rushlight burnt upon the table; and cautiously putting his head into the room, he saw a ruddy face upon the

pillow, and heard his stout spouse snore the snore of the virtuous.

So he descended again—slowly, I must admit, for he had no special desire to face his strange guest. However, he came back and resumed his chair, and sat awaiting what might happen.

"Safe, is she?" said Marmaduke.

"Fast asleep."

"Good. Drink some more punch. This is better tobacco than yours. Help yourself."

Poor Pringle obeyed orders.

"You were the man," said Marmaduke Branscombe at last, with diabolical deliberation—"you were the man who took a young lady away from a school on Maidenhead Thicket. Is it not so?"

"Yes," said Pringle.

"You took her to Brighton?"

"Yes."

"You lived with her as your wife?"

"No," he answered. "I was willing to marry her," he went on to say, speaking with unusual volubility. "She was above me—I knew it. But she wouldn't have anything to say to me; and she laughed at me till I thought she was bewitched; and then she wrote for the gentleman who put her to school, and"—

"I know. He came down at once, and gave you the horsewhipping you richly deserved, and took her away. I know."

The old Wolf smoked for some time in silence.

"Look here, Pringle," he said at last. "I have reason to think you are telling me the truth. *Are you?*" he asked, with fierce emphasis, rising from his seat and glaring at him. "By God, if you lie, I'll find you out and kill you, wherever you are."

"It's all true that I say—I swear it is," said the landlord of the Bel and Dragon, thoroughly frightened.

I am not astonished at his fright—Marmaduke Branscombe was not at any time nice to look at; but when that scar on his forehead grew innumerable colours with rage, and his great eyes glared fiercely down in the dark caverns where they dwelt, he was an appalling apparition. Pringle was frightened.

"It's all true—I swear it's all true," he said, over and over again; and even while, in his abject terror, he repeated this formula, rather to the

old Wolf's amusement, the door was burst open, and in came Mrs. Pringle.

She had not been asleep. Infalible uxorious instinct had told her there was something wrong. She had heard Pringle creep up the creaking stairs. She had snored the snore of the virtuous with unnatural unction. And now, after vainly attempting to listen, her fear that something would happen to her husband had conquered all other fear, and she burst suddenly into the room. Her round, ruddy face was surrounded by curl-papers, and a voluminously-frilled night cap. She was rather a picture.

Marmaduke Branscombe laughed grimly and quietly as he looked at her.

"Give your wife a chair, Pringle," he said. "What can I have the pleasure of doing for you, madam?"

But, having ventured into the room, Mrs. Pringle did not know what to do next. She had an instinctive idea that there was something wrong, but could not understand what. She was naturally rather a dull woman—in this well suited to her husband—and the present position of affairs completely paralysed all her faculties.

"You had better take Mrs. Pringle to bed," said the old Wolf, at last, "and then you can show me where I am to sleep."

Pringle continued obedient. When he returned, Mamaduke said—

"Don't be frightened, my good fellow. I did intend to kill you, but I have altered my mind. You are a fool, I see."

And he went to bed.

And so did Pringle, who received from his wife a strangely incoherent curtain lecture. It had dawned upon her, somehow, that there was another woman involved in the affair. The dullest female intellect brightens a little with this stimulus. That her "master," to use the good country phrase, should ever have run away with a young lady from a boarding-school, was to her incredible. Yet clearly there was something in it. Clearly there was ground for objurgation. So she objurgated—in that weary whine of the stupid scold which is one of this world's worst inflictions.

Pringle fell asleep.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### A GLASS OF MONTRACHET.

"LET us have a glass of Montrachet together," said Stephen to the Seraph.

They had taken Claudia and Isola to see the exhibition of paintings at Somerset House. Claudia had come unwillingly, and she was getting more and more interested in the Assyrian baronet; but there was talk of trying to induce Sir Thomas to paint the portraits of the ladies, and so art was the fashion of the moment.

They went to Stephen's rooms. Auguste Lancel, his admirable valet, knew exactly what sort of a luncheon to produce for ladies. It was spread with a master's hand, and the Montrachet, to which Stephen had invited them, was decanted with skill. 'Tis a delicate wine, and needs skill.

Isola, exquisitely lost in a vast velvet chair, held her bell-glass up to the light, and regarded the pale sparkling fluid with the air of a connoisseuse, but the light which glittered in her wondrous eyes was more beautiful than the sparkle of the wine.

"You look wicked, Isola," said the Panther. It would be hard to say precisely how Claudia at this time felt towards Stephen. Before the Idlechester gathering he had kept out of her way; but that event had forced them into proximity, and they could not ignore one another. I think Claudia heartily regretted that she had discovered real strength and manliness in Stephen at the moment of altogether losing him. But she was infatuate. She had dressed up that doll, Sir Arthur Willeaden, in all manner of adventitious attributes which did not belong to him—and then she fell down and worshipped him.

'Tis woman's habit this, and has absurd results now and then. Yet is it fortunate for mankind—if a woman in love could see the man she loves as he really is, instead of as she imagines him, how long would her love continue?

"When are you off?" said Stephen to the Seraph.

It was tacitly understood that Raphael Branscombe was going somewhere or other very soon; he had dropped remarks to that effect in various directions; but nobody understood where he was going, or when to return.

"It's a question of days, now—hours, I may say. It doesn't quite depend on myself."

"I hope you won't be long away," said Stephen.

"O, so do I," exclaimed Isola, with eager emphasis. "I *shall* miss you so, Seraph. Do come back soon."

"Can't promise, child," he said; "I'm rather tired of you all, and want a change."

"Complimentary," said the Panther, listlessly.

"Well, hang it, Claudia," said her brother, "you give us all the impression that you're deucedly tired of us. I don't know what's come over you lately. I should say you were in love, if I thought our family given to that very ridiculous weakness."

"You're not, we know," she said.

"Certainly not," he replied, with a laugh; "I leave that absurdity to your sex, my child. If they like to fall in love with me, 'tis another affair."

"What a coxcomb you are," said the Panther.

"But I fear it is true," interposed Stephen Langton. "All the handsomest and cleverest women do fall in love with him. He has the fatal gift of Paris."

"Paris! what do you mean?" asked Isola. "Is there any secret at Paris to make people fall in love with you? How delightful! I'll make papa take me there directly. Where do you buy it?"

"There, that's your punishment for talking classically before ladies," said the Seraph. "Even Claudia doesn't understand you, though she has read everything."

"I plead guilty," said Stephen. "But you have more than once reminded of me Alexander *theosidhyc*, that's the fact. Hadn't you an interview with Aphrodite on Ida once upon a time?"

"I should not object to anything of the kind. But don't be pedantic, old fellow. Remember that you've a pretty fresh recollection of your Greek, while I've learnt languages

enough to extinguish it since I left Eton. Not that I ever knew much. My great accomplishment was playing girls' parts in our Datchet Lane theatricals. We played in a coal warehouse, if I remember, after the Long Chamber performances were given up. It was great fun. You've no idea what a pretty girl I made."

"You'd do that now, I think," said Isola. "Suppose you dress up, and let's go and have a spree somewhere?"

The Panther looked horrified.

"What you used to call scamandering," said the Seraph. "I really should not mind, if I knew where to go to the spree in question; but town is very dreary just now."

"If you were anxious to cause a sensation in that particular line, you should have exhibited at Idlechester," said Claudia. "We might have introduced you to everybody as another of Uncle Marmaduke's daughters."

Stephen, struck by a sudden idea, rang the bell.

"Auguste," he said, "what's going on to-night?"

The intelligent valet enumerated several public entertainments.

"All slow, you see," said the Seraph. "What's the use of asking?"

"Pardon, monsieur," said Lancel, "I forgot one thing. Signor Cellini has a *bal masqué* to-night."

"Cellini," said Raphael; "is that the fellow who calls himself greater than Vestris? Where is it?"

"At the Clarendon Rooms," said the valet.

"Get tickets," said Stephen. "Four—it will be grand. We can dine with you, Isola, can't we? and then arrange about the dresses."

"Better get five tickets," she said. "Papa will be sure to want to go."

It was settled with electric rapidity. The Panther was not in her gayest mood, and did not enter into the fun very readily; but the contagious vivacity of her companions soon aroused her; and she made a sensible suggestion.

"If we are to have dresses fit for anything, it's absurd to leave it so late. It is two o'clock now."

"I thought Raphael could borrow a dress from you, perhaps," said Stephen.

"Look here," said the Seraph; "send your fellow round to Louis;

he'll bring a costumier here in no time."

This was done; and very shortly a couple of Hebrews, male and female, had audience of the merry party, who had not yet grown tired of Montrachet. And, after much discussion, they came to a decision. Raphael, the main figure of the quartet, was to be arrayed as a lady of fashion, in the days of the Second Charles. Stephen appeared as a cavalier—a tall edition of the wicked and witty Earl of Rochester. Isola chose to be costumed as a page—a Lilliputian page she looked; a baby servitor.

"You ought to go as a baby in long-clothes," laughed Stephen, "and I'd be your nurse."

The Panther was difficult to determine, but at length resolved on a Spanish costume, which suited her dark beauty and little figure exquisitely well. And, these important arrangements being finally made, they went to dine at the Wolf's Den, as Raphael irreverently styled the residence of his uncle and Isola.

The grim old Wolf was away. He used occasionally to rush off abruptly, as if on momentous business, just scratching down a brief note to tell his daughter not to expect him. So they sat down to dinner together, these four. At about half-past nine the dresses arrived, and away went the ladies to try their part. They were soon ready. Claudia looked as if she had stepped out of one of Alfred de Musset's lyrics; she was that very marquise whom the passionate chansonnier loved; the beautiful Andalusian, half demon and half angel, to whom he sang songs in Madrid. He who caught the gleam of her black eyes flashing through her mask, would be fixed and fascinated at once.

As to Isola, in her close-fitting quaint costume of azure velvet with silver tags; and cap of the same with crimson feather, hiding her beautiful hair; her silk stockings revealing the daintiest of well-cut legs and ankles—she was a marvel of Lilliput.

"Some one will steal you, Isola," said the Seraph. "Some giantess will put you in her muff and carry you away."

"I'm not afraid," she said with a

laugh of silver. "Go and dress, Raphael."

There was great fun in getting him into his feminine garments—much difficulty with bodice and caleçon; but, when the clothing was done, nobody would have detected his real character. He was a very piquant beauty of the days of amorous comedy. There was not a masculine turn about him; Count Antony Hamilton would have recognized him as one of his own portraits.

As to Stephen, he made a very fair imitation of a Caroline cavalier. The dress is sufficiently becoming to a good looking young fellow. He was to take the two apparent ladies under his escort, Isola following as page. A carriage came for them at eleven.

The Clarendon Rooms have disappeared in the improvements of London. But, beloved readers, if any of you remember the building of the Burlington Arcade, or even the foundation of the University of London, you will surely have both danced and dined in these dear old rascally rooms. You will remember their awkward staircases, their tortuous passages, their convenient anterooms. You will possibly have played whist and vingt-un in their card-rooms. If not, why, so much the better for you.

There was a great crush at the Clarendon to-night. When our friends arrived the fun had already become fast and furious, though the dancing was not as yet precisely Tam O'Shanterish. They were soon in the thick of adventure. A domino in blue was intriguing Stephen; the Seraph found a partner in a burly personage, magnificent in the attire of Henry VIII.; but the Spanish lady, not so easily pleased, held longer aloof, and her page kept close to her.

By-and-by, however, the Panther was accosted by a mask bearing a suspicious resemblance to Sir Arthur Willemsen. She turned away with him; and Isola, finding herself deserted, naturally looked round for a companion. She soon found one in the shape of a gentleman over six feet high, dressed in excellent imitation of a giantess from Yorkshire, at that time being exhibited in London. A good humored giantess apparently, ever on the broad grin. She and

Isola went through a quadrille together in grotesque fashion, and then made their way to the supper-room for champagne.

So the party were separated. Stephen, soon tired of his domino in blue, looked round for some of his companions ; finding none, he strove to console himself with a domino in amber. This was a gayer creature rather, and he took her down to supper, all the while keeping a look-out for his missing friends. When he had polished off a prodigious quantity of pigeon-pie, with that abnormal appetite which such scenes create, he returned to the ball-room. There, to his satisfaction, he found that the Seraph and Claudia had joined each other ; they were walking up and down in the pauses of the dance with a buoyant vivacity which attracted numberless eyes. Stephen tried vainly to shake off his amber domino, in order to join them. All at once their way was impeded by three or four resolute admirers. They were surrounded. Some of these fellows had evidently found the wine too potent ; one stalwart personage, dressed as a Highlander, "shivering in kilt," as Theodore Hook has it, made a sudden attempt to embrace the Seraph, whose masculine character was unsuspected. This was too much. Down he went with a well-planter facer from Raphael's rapid fist ; and then the Seraph and his sister slipped in an ante-room, where Stephen at once joined them.

"We shall have a row," he said. "These fellows are half of them drunk. I should be for going home at once, only I can't imagine where Isola is."

"Who the deuce cares for a row?" said the Seraph, contemptuously. "If you and I can't take care of Claudia, it's queer. We'll keep together, and stroll through the rooms, and look for Isola."

This they did, accordingly, and encountered no farther molestation. The Highlander had disappeared. The Seraph's prowess had astonished and appalled these ebrious Lotharios. A lady who could hit so straight and hard, though in the costume of a Duchess of Portsmouth, was not with impunity to be annoyed.

But where was the page, the dainty Lilliputian in azure velvet? They could not find her in any of the rooms. It is notoriously difficult to find a friend in an ever-moving crowd—especially when that crowd surges through a labyrinth of rooms and ante-rooms. The company grew thinner—but no Isola.

At length there seemed a sudden tendency of the whole crowd of revellers in one direction, as if led by a rumour or a noise. Stephen and his companions went with the rest. The current of motley humanity drew them towards one of the entrances. The folding-doors were open ; and as they looked down the wide stone staircase, they saw a strange sight below them.

It was a giantess flying down those steps, with a pretty page in azure velvet grasped in her mighty embrace.

"Stop her!" shouted Stephen, in a thunderous voice, rushing down the stairs with headlong haste, much to the discomfiture of the crowd below.

But before he could reach the hall, the scene had changed. There was a struggle—a flash of steel ; the giantess lay on the ground, a stream of blood staining her dress ; and he had a momentary vision of Isola, full in the glare of gas, which brought out the strange opalescent splendour of her wild eyes and wondrous hair, uncovered and dishevelled. On the instant she was gone ; but he picked up the jaunty cap with its crimson plume.

## EUROPEAN FOLK LORE.

## THE WILD DUCK; A BOHEMIAN STORY.

"ONCE there lived in a deep dark wood a poor widow named Jutta, with her daughter Adelheid, and her nephew and niece, Heinrich and Emma. The children were good and helped the old woman. Heinrich herded the sheep which were their chief support, and the little girl spun their wool.

"One evening when the rain was coming down in streams, and the lightning was flashing, a poor aged woman knocked at the door, and was welcomed. She was brought to the fire, and Emma offered to kill one of her pigeons for her supper. She would not allow her, and would take nothing but milk.

"When she was going away next morning, her appearance changed, and she was a beautiful woman with diamonds hanging from her dress. 'Dear child,' said she to Emma, 'for your good-nature to me last night, I give you this gift that every tear you weep for grief or joy shall be changed into a pearl and every hair combed from your head will become a gold wire, but you must never let a sunbeam fall on your face. When you go out or sit before the door or window always wear a thick veil on your face,' she vanished and left the family in great wonder.

"The aunt wished to try the truth of the fairy's words at once. She made Emma sit down, and began to comb her hair, and just as the fairy said, every hair combed out became a gold wire. She then began to tell her a comical story, and every tear that came from her eyes with laughing was turned into a pearl. It was the same when she told her sorrowful stories; and indeed the aunt kept her poor niece too long sitting to have her hair combed, and made her shed tears too often.

"She bought a thick veil for her niece, and she sold the pearls and the gold thread, and every thing about the house became very nice. But the neighbours began to talk and annoy them, and so Jutta sent her nephew into Prague to take a house for them. No one would mind the change in their circumstances there

"So Heinrich came into the city, and as he was a handsome young fellow, and had money in plenty, he got into society, and a young nobleman took a great liking to him. They drank a great deal of wine one evening together, and Heinrich blabbed out all about his sister. He praised her beauty so much that the count between that, and the gold thread, and the pearls, and the wine, fell deeply in love at once, and put Heinrich in a carriage that very evening, and started him off, and desired him to send his bride home to his castle the very next day.

"They were all much surprised when Heinrich told his message, but it was good news, and the aunt, and her niece, and her daughter set out in the carriage next day. Heinrich had gone before to tell the prince of their consent.

"When they were driving through a wood, they heard a great clatter of arms and of horse-shoes, for a guard of honour was coming to meet them. The bride forgetting herself, flung up her veil to see the richly dressed followers, but a sunbeam fell the same moment on her face, and she was changed into a duck with golden feathers, and away she flew up over the trees.

"The poor old woman was terribly frightened, but she did not lose her wits. When the guard came up, they found her wringing her hands, and crying bitterly. 'Oh,' said she, 'my poor daughter got out of the carriage a few minutes ago to walk about, and some ruffians carried her away. Oh, will you pursue them and bring me back my dear child!'

"While they were searching about, she threw the thick veil over her daughter, and bade her answer to the name of Emma, and act as if she was the bride. The guards returned, and they all went forward, and came to the count's castle. And indeed he was very much disappointed at the sight of his bride. Her mother said it was necessary to have the rooms where she sat all kept very dark for a while, but the count was worse and worse pleased every day. His bride was not beautiful, nor could she con-

verse like a lady, nor did her hair become gold thread, nor her tears pearls.

"He called on her brother and spoke angrily to him for the deception he had used towards him. Heinrich answered hot and angry, and there was a great dispute, and the count finished it by ordering his men to seize Heinrich, and confine him in the upper room of one of the towers that stood at the four angles of his castle.

"Hercarcely ever came near his wife now, and she was so annoyed and sorry for the deceit, that she begged her mother to confess to the prince all that had happened. She would not be persuaded, and the poor wife then went to her husband's room to tell him every thing, but he went out by another door as she entered, and after trying three or four times to get him to listen to her, her heart broke, and he found her on her death bed when he came home one day.

"As soon as she was buried, he banished her mother to a distant part of his estate, and began to live a wild life as he formerly did.

"One night poor Heinrich heard a beautiful song in the air outside his wicket, and the voice was his sister's. He listened with delight, and when it was over, in flew the duck with golden feathers, and nestled in his bosom. Her wings and feathers were all of pure gold, and those on her neck shone like diamonds and mother of pearl. She told her brother what had happened on the journey, and now she lamented his hard fate, confined within the walls of a prison and bewailed her own, her life being exposed to danger from the snares and shots of hunters. When morning came she was obliged to fly away, but promised to come the next night.

"Night after night she came, but after a time she was seen no more, and her brother fell into great grief.

"In a day or two the intendant of the castle came for the first time into his prison, told him he was free, and conducted him to the chamber he formerly occupied. The young count soon paid him a visit, embraced him, and begged his forgiveness. For the guards had seen the beautiful bird, and heard the conversation between her and her brother, and told all to the count. He bade them set nets

to take the enchanted girl, but she escaped, and now he was consulting with Heinrich what was best to be done. He begged him the next time he would see her, to entreat her to stay with them in the castle, and perhaps the enchantress would restore her some time to her own form.

"One day as Heinrich was alone the gold-feathered duck flew once more in through the window, and complained much of the snares and nets which the count's people had set for her. Her brother entreated her to remain in the castle, but she seemed frightened at the offer, and hearing a noise in the next room she flew away in a moment. When he had considered over the matter a little, he decided on not telling the count, but he had seen her fly in, and felt vexed with Heinrich for not telling him.

"The next time she came in through the open window, the count who was on the watch from the floor just over it, shut the lower window by means of a cord, and was down the stairs and in the room in a few seconds, and had fastened the door; but she arose and was through the key-hole like a flash of lightning.

"Heinrich who then feared he would never see his dear sister again, said bitter words to the count, who was not slow in returning them; so he made up his mind at once to quit the castle, and go seek his fortune.

"He travelled and travelled far away, and at last as he was passing through a dark pine-wood a noble-looking woman came before him, the same who had lodged at the cottage one night, and had made the rich presents to his sister.

"'Why have you left the castle,' said she, 'where you could have been of some service to your sister, of whose misfortunes you have been the cause? Go back, and tell the count to repent of his past life. He was not worthy of such a woman, for it was for the pearls and golden threads he wished first to marry. If I find him and you truly sorry, perhaps your sister may be restored, and not dread to let the sun's rays fall on her face again.' She vanished as soon as these words were spoken.

"He took her advice, and went

back to the castle. Some of the servants met him on the way. They told him they had been sent after him by the count, who was now lying sick through grief and loneliness.

"When he came into the sick room the count was much rejoiced to see him, and expressed his sorrow for the bad things he had done. Heinrich comforted him, and they felt again towards each other like loving brothers.

"Just then the window opened, and in flew the golden duck. She lighted on the bedside, and rejoiced the hearts of both by telling them that the time of her enchantment was past. She changed before their eyes into the most beautiful young woman that the world ever saw, and there were no three happier people in Bohemia than she, and her brother, and her betrothed. Joy soon drove away the illness from the count, and a noble wedding was held in a week from that day."

Bohemia has been inhabited by the Czechs, a Slavonic people, from the fifth century. They and the Germans and the Jews now occupy the country. The literature of the Slavonic natives dates from the tenth century. There are twenty-one poetical and forty prose pieces still extant, none of which were composed as late as A.D. 1400. The Bohemians consider the century between 1526 and 1620 as their golden age of letters. In 1774 the German language was ordered by an Imperial decree to be used in all schools and colleges, and many were the indignant protests made against the harsh measure. In 1818 the restriction was removed, and many valuable native MSS. were brought to light; native literature revived, and still flourishes.

Our specimen is taken from a collection of Bohemian folk's stories collected and edited by Wolfgang Adolph Gerle, Prague, 1819. Others are contained in the *Abendzeitung* (Evening News), 1821, and in the *Bibliothek Unterhaltender Lektüre* (Library of Entertaining Reading), Prague, 1839, by J. Maly. We have seen no translation of *Die Goldene Ente* (The Golden Duck) in any English collection.

#### SIOGA'S SON: A SHETLAND TALE.

"The crew of a boat once landed on a strand with the object of catching seals. They had great success. They stupefied them with heavy blows on the head, and then they stripped off the skins with the paws attached, and left the bodies there in a heap. As they were getting to their small ship the waves began to rise so high that there was not a moment to be lost. One unlucky man was not able to reach in time, and though his comrades wished much to save him, they were entirely unable, the wind blew so strong and the big waves were dashing with such fury on the strand.

"A dark stormy night fell on the poor fisher, and he saw nothing before him but death by cold and hunger. There was a break in the clouds for a little, and he saw a number of seals coming in out of the sea. According as they landed they took off their outer skins, and appeared as sea-trows. Their first care was to waken again up to life their insensible companions. They resumed their nearly human shape, but the storm wasn't louder than their lamentations for their sealskin coats, for without them they could never again pass down into their dwellings under the waves.

"Above all they lamented the loss of the skin of Ollaritinus, son of the wise old Sioga, their chieftainess, as he must now ever remain a wanderer in the upper world. The lamentation ceased for a moment when they saw the unfortunate fisherman, who, with pale face and trembling limbs, was looking from a rock over the raging ocean.

"Scarcely did the miserable mother see him when a thought came into her mind for the delivery of her son. So she went over to him, addressed him in mild terms, and offered to take him on her back through the waves to Papa Stour, on his solemn promise to get back for her the skin of her son. He readily agreed, and she put on her sealskin coat, and was ready in a few minutes. He was so afraid of slipping off her back, that he asked leave to cut slits in the skin over her shoulders, and so great was her mother-love that she allowed him. So when he got into his place she sprung into the sea,



and went straight along its surface till she landed him at Papa Stour. Hence he went by Skeo to Hamna Voe (islet) where the booty was, and restored her son's sealskin to Sioga. She returned joyfully, and her son was enabled to dive with her to their home under the ocean."

Several of the Shetland tales turn upon the supposed virtue of the seal's very useful wrapper. We have already given in this MAGAZINE one curious legend of a Shetlander securing a beautiful trow by taking possession of her sealskin covering while she was dancing with her companions on the shore, and her proving a good wife to him for some years, till she discovered her magic wrapper. Crofton Croker furnished a similar story of a merrow taken on the coast of Kerry. In the *Volundr Saga* the fair one is taken captive by losing her swanskin. Perhaps the inventor of the original myth intended to impress on the beauties among his audience the danger of going outside the circle of their relatives and intimate friends. If not, the invention originally belonged to the same class with those of Anchises, Endymion, and Tithonus.

The most superstitious Shetlander does not suppose that all the seals or sea-dogs enjoy this double life. Their sea-trows, who dwell in the grots, and sport about on the meadows at the bottom of the ocean are merely obliged, when they visit the upper world, to put on the hide of some amphibious animal. Each is provided with one, which, if he or she loses in this land excursion, a dismal life, spent out of the water, is to be the result. The land-trows of the Shetlanders dwell in caverns, under green hills, like the Irish fairies. These imputed abodes must have been suggested to our early romancers and poets by the existence of such ancient remains as the subterranean building at New Grange, and those in Scotland, the Orkney Islands, and Brittany, already treated in the *Archæological Papers of the UNIVERSITY* for the last seven years.

THE WOLF AND THE NIGHTINGALE: A HOUSEHOLD STORY OF SWEDEN.

"THERE lived once in some kingdom or other a king and queen, as good

and as handsome a pair as could be found. They had a son and a daughter, and when the queen died the king also nearly died of grief for her loss. However he married a second wife some years after her death, and a wicked enchantress she happened to be. Aurora, the princess, was very good, and very beautiful, and was sought for by many young princes. At last came the prince of Eastland, and he pleased her, but the day before they were to be married the step-mother took Aurora and her brother to walk in a dark wood adjoining the garden, pretending that she had a curious tree to show them. They were no sooner inside than she struck each of them with her wand, and Aurora became a little gray nightingale, and her brother a wolf. She sprung up into a tree and began to sing her sorrowful song, and he ran away howling through the forest. The wicked queen ran into the palace, crying and wringing her hands, and shouting that a band of robbers had run away with the brother and sister.

"Armed men ran in every direction, but no trace of the prince or princess could be found. The king had every hill, and crag, and cleft, within several miles of the palace searched, but all in vain. He sent messengers into all the neighbouring countries, but could get no tidings, and at last he concluded that the robbers had killed his children for the sake of the gold and jewels that were on their dresses, and had then buried them. So after enduring his grief for the space of three years, he at last died of sorrow, appointing the queen to succeed him, and charging his nobles to obey her as their sovereign.

"She knew she was not at all well liked by nobles or people. So, with the late king's treasures, she hired soldiers from foreign countries to come and be her standing army. She kept her people in terror of her, but great discontent spread among them, and much ill was spoken of her in every quarter.

"The poor prince was in a hard case. He was obliged to hunt smaller beasts for his food, and often to endure hunger and cold. He had lost man's understanding, but however hungry he would never taste human

flesh. He shivered without knowing why, whenever he came near the spot where he was transformed, but always kept in the forests surrounding the castle, and particularly loved to be near an oak tree on the bank of the river. The queen got all sorts of snares and traps laid for wolves, and had them hunted daily, but the prince-wolf still escaped.

"The poor princess-nightingale had a clearer understanding than her brother. Her song was so sweet though so sad that the trees waved their branches, the budding flowers blew out, and the stones would have danced only their hearts were so cold. But the wicked queen fell sick in appearance, and declared that the songs of all birds gave her a terrible headache; so fowlers with guns and with nets were employed for miles round the palace, catching and killing every song-bird. And at last no one would take a walk in summer or spring through fields or woods, it was so dismal to be without hearing the cheerful noises of the poor little feathered things. Still the princess escaped.

"A favourite resort of hers was the thick-branched tree which grew upon the bank of the river. The wolf was brought to the same spot by some dim feeling of his former state, and he would be there for hours, listening to her sweet song. She sung on to please him, and often pitied his hard fortune that he could not fly from bough to bough, and had not thick feathers to keep out the winter's cold.

"Every year, the prince of Eastland, who was to have been her bridegroom, came to the same place for a fortnight. He was as delighted in listening to her as the poor wolf, but still not one of the three knew who the others were. This prince, at a particular season of the year, felt himself obliged to leave his palace in a kind of waking dream, and ride to the meadow where the thick-branched oak-tree grew, and there he stayed for fourteen days and fourteen nights, sleeping in a thicket in the day, and listening to the nightingale in the night. As long as the nightingale sung he was wrapped in a pleasing melancholy, and she seemed to enjoy his presence very much for these fourteen nights, and to sing more sweetly than at any other time. When the prince arrived at

his father's court, many hundred miles away, and had taken a sleep, all that had passed in the fourteen days at the thick oak tree was completely vanished from his mind, and remained so till he set out again.

"The wicked queen thought the nightingale had perished among the other song-birds. So she now determined that she would put an end to the wolf. A strong feeling of fright always kept her away from the meadow where the large oak tree stood. But now she collected all the great hunters about her court, and ordered all her captains and great soldiers to put on their full suits of armour to attend. She sat in a high carriage with her armed warriors all around, and she laughed, and chatted, with those about her though a shivering would come on her every now and then.

"The chase began, and bears and lions were killed, and everyone was quite eager about the sport. At last they were near the meadow and the oak tree when the cold of death came on the queen's heart, for she heard great outcries on the outside of the guards. Immediately after she shrieked out for the horrible howl of a wolf was heard, and she saw her people falling away this side and that side, as she caught sight of the terrible beast rushing directly towards her carriage. The armed men seemed deprived of all sense and courage, for they neither struck at him with their swords, nor flung nor levelled their spears at him. Instantly he was near the carriage, and with one high bound he was up in it, and the throat of the queen between his jaws, and both rolled out of it and down on the ground. Those at hand now collected their courage, and rushed to rescue the queen, but she was lifeless and a noble looking young man standing where the wolf was a moment before. They recognised their rightful prince at once, and came round, and fell on their knees before him, and kissed his hands. He stood all dazed and astonished, and asked those about him what all this meant. For the last thing on his mind was the walk with his sister and his stepmother seven years before. He soon learned what had taken place, and was grateful for his rescue, and returned to the palace, where as soon as could be he was anointed and crowned.

"In the middle of this joy felt by

his people for being released from the tyrant-queen, and getting their natural sovereign back, his heart felt very sorrowful for the loss of his sister. He supposed she had been transformed like himself, but he feared she must have been killed in the general slaughter of the poor little birds, as soon as he heard of the queen's doings about them.

"The nightingale had seen from the close and thick leaves of her oak tree what was passing, and at the moment when the queen's heart blood began to flow, she felt a sudden light come in on her mind, and a knowledge of all that had happened to her brother and herself. That was the day when the prince of Eastland came to visit the place of her retreat. As usual he lay in a dark wood till night, and then stood under the oak, and waited for the bird's song. She began at once to sing sweeter and more melancholy than ever, but she did not know all the time who he was. At last he began to speak to her in loving tones, and she flew down and nestled in his bosom, for though she did not know him for her bridegroom, she felt a great attraction for him even as he did for her. He spoke as if he thought she could understand him, and asked her to come home with him to his father's palace, where she should live in his room and in the garden, and where she should be secure from nets, and hawks, and every danger. But she fluttered and raised the feathers on her head and neck, and looked displeased.

"At last he took a sudden resolution and seized her firmly and gently in one hand, mounted his horse, and rode swiftly away to the court of Eastland. He spoke lovingly all the way to the bird, but she either kept silence, or uttered dismal cries. When he arrived at home, he went to his own room, closed the windows, and set his prisoner at liberty. She had too much sense to fly against the window, but she sat on the back of a chair with her head drooping, and would not sing or chirrup let the prince speak as lovingly as he could.

"He sat down dismally enough, and began to think on all the old stories he had ever read, and the thought came into his mind that as the prince had been changed into a wolf this might be the princess. So as he had heard of a curious disenchantment in

an old story he set about the same at once. He took his penknife, made a cut in the finger of the left hand next the little finger, rubbed the blood on the head and body of the nightingale, and the next moment he had like to lose his life with joy and surprise, for there before him was standing his bride, as young and as beautiful as she had appeared to him seven years before. That is the way in all enchantments. When people are freed they are no older than when the spell had been laid on them, though it might have occurred a score of years ago.

"No one could describe the joy and pleasure the betrothed pair felt on recovering from the first surprise, but everyone may fancy the delight of her brother when he heard the news, and what a happy wedding was held as soon as he could arrive from his own kingdom. May everyone that hears this story live as happy as the prince and princess of Eastland!"

We shall not try our reader's patience here by introducing an outline of the Norse mythology with its Asgard, its Midgard, and Nifflheim, with their inhabitants. For the mythology which was common to Iceland, Sweden, and Norway, see Mallet's "Northern Antiquities," translated and edited by Bishop Percy, and now forming a portion of Bohn's valuable library. We are concerned with the household stories. The one we have selected is from Arndt's collection, Berlin, 1842. Geijer and Afzelius made a selection in verse which appeared in Stockholm, 1814, 1816, under the title *Svenska Folk Visor*, (Swedish People's Stories). A translation of Afzelius into German was published in Leipzig in 1842, with a preface by Ludwig Tieck. A still later collection embracing Norse stories generally, has been made by Asbjornsen and Moe with the title *Norske Folkeeventyr* (Northern Folk Stories), and translated into English by G. W. Dasent. This valuable work must have been in the hands of many of our readers.

#### THE DWARFS' FESTIVAL: A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

"In Norway not far from Drontheim, there once lived a man of large possessions and lord of many stout warriors. He had a very beautiful daughter, named Aslog, who was sought

in marriage by many young chiefs. She told her father that she had not seen any man whom she would wish for a husband, and he was satisfied for a while. But she continued to refuse one wooer after another, and at last he became angry. 'I give you,' said he, 'till next Yule-eve to make your choice. If I were to attend to your whims I might be left without an heir to succeed me in the possessions which I received from my ancestors.'

"Alas! the fair Aslog loved, and was deeply beloved by Orm a young warrior of her father's household. She and he well knew that he would not consent to their union. So when Yule-eve was only two days distant they fled from the house, and after much fatigue, reached a distant mountain, and took shelter in a cave where they lived till the warm summer came to them, Orm hunting, and Aslog minding the fire, and taking care of the inside of their dwelling. The snow was melted, the green grass clothed the sides of the hills, they enjoyed the warm sunshine, but alas! Orm returning one evening from the chase, frightened poor Aslog with the sad news that he had just seen her father at the head of many of his people below the hill.

"They fled from the cave without delay, and when they came to the coast they found a boat by good luck. Into it they went, and Orm seizing the oars they were soon out on the wide water. For three days and nights they suffered from hunger and thirst, but at last in the afternoon they came in sight of an island surrounded by many smaller ones. Every time they attempted to land, a high wind blew from the shore and raised the waves, and at last Orm saw his dear companion sink back as if she was going to expire. 'Oh good God!' he cried out and made the sign of the cross on his head and breast. Scarcely had he done so when the wind fell, the waves became smooth, and in a short time he was on shore. He gathered some muscles and both recovered their strength and spirits a little, and walked inland.

"They soon came to a house half above and half under the level of the ground, and listened, but heard

no voices within, nor did they get any answer when they knocked. So they opened the door, and found the inside clean and furnished with all necessary things, and fish boiling in a pot, which hung over the fire in the middle of the room. They were at first shy of touching anything, but hunger and thirst were troublesome, and after a little they sat down, and ate and drank. They found a good bed with all its coverings laid nicely on it, and enjoyed a good rest, but they were kept awake for a long time by the expectation of the return of the owners of the house. They were not disturbed however by anyone that night, nor next day, nor all the days that followed.

"They lived there very happily. Orm shot wild birds, and caught fish, till harvest when a son was born to them. In the middle of their joy the door opened, and a large sized aged woman came in. There was something very noble in her air, and strange in her manner, and these were the words she spoke:—

"Do not be frightened. I am the mistress of this house, and thank you for the order in which you have kept it. I could not visit you till your child was born. While you follow my directions, everything shall be well with you, and if you are in any pressing need, call on my name three times. I am of the race of the ancient Norse giants, and am called Guru. While you are under my protection that NAME which we dare not pronounce, must not pass your lips, nor must you make the sign of the cross, nor cut it on wood or stone, and you must not go to the mainland for a priest to baptize your child. You shall not be disturbed in the possession of this house, but from the time the sun sets on Yule-eve till midnight you must leave this room free to the dwarfs, and my husband, and myself, to hold our yearly festival. If you cannot leave the house retire to the loft, and keep perfectly quiet. Observe my directions, and a long and happy life shall be yours.'

"She vanished at these words, and left Orm and Aslog in great astonishment. They attended to her directions, and when Christmas-eve came round, retired to the farthest corner of the loft as soon as the sun had set.

"Orm had the curiosity to peep out through a small hole, and was greatly surprised at what he saw. All the little islands were covered with blue lights, waving backwards and forwards, and these, coming nearer and nearer, at last reached the shore of the island where they were, and drawing themselves out into a wide circle, surrounded a huge stone which Orm had often remarked before.

"While he was looking on he heard a heavy tread and saw the lights moving this way and that at a point in the circle, till an opening was left. In through this stalked the giantess, now the size of the great stone, and going forward, she threw her arms round it, and it woke up into life in man's shape and lovingly embraced its awaker.

"Then all the little dwarfs that were bearing the torches began a strange wild song in honour of their king and queen, and while Orm listened, he had time to examine their frightful appearance.

"Their faces were wan, their noses large, their eyes red and resembling those of owls, and they had short thick beaks of birds. They soon began to move in procession to the house, and the couple on the loft could hear the heavy dull tread of the giant and giantess approaching, and entering the house which had been carefully tidied up. The dwarfs began to shout joyfully as they entered; they took their seats, and the clatter of silver vessels began to be heard. The feast went on noisily and joyfully, but when midnight was approaching Orm and Aslog heard such music as would make a wounded man forget his pain, and a man in trouble forget his sorrow. Soon they heard the noise of dancing on the floor, and Aslog felt herself obliged, whether she would or no, to come from the far corner of the loft and peep through a slit at them.

"There she sat wrapped in ecstasy by the sweet music, and in admiration of the lively dancing, the dwarfs hardly seeming to touch the floor. At last the infant fell asleep on her arm, and she, as is the custom, and forgetting the giantess's order, made the sign of the cross on its mouth, saying *JESUS CHRIST* bless thee, my child!"

"The words were hardly said, when

a dreadful uproar took place in the feast-room, and a noise as if hundreds of bodies were tumbling over each other out through the door. The lights were extinguished, and in less than half a minute silence fell over all. The pair in the loft remained in their corner, half dead, and never dared to come down till the sun's first ray was seen shining into the opening over the fire. Then they descended in awe, and found the room in this state. The table was covered with silver vessels richly carved, there was a large copper vessel on the floor, half filled with sweet mead, and beside it a drinking horn of pure gold. The awful huge figure of the giant was seated at the table, but he was as cold and hard as the coldest and hardest stone.

"Just as they were looking on in awe, the giantess came in, flung her arms round the neck of the figure, and wept so bitterly that it was a long time before she could speak. Then she said still sobbing 'Alas! I befriended you two here, and now you have made the rest of my life most wretched. I bear you however no grudge, as what you did was unintentional of evil.'

"Ah," said she, 'there sits my husband never again to breathe nor open his eyes on the light of the world. Three hundred years did I live happily with my father on the isle of Kunnan, rejoicing in my youthful spirits, and hundreds of giant heroes contended for my love. The shallows of the sea round the island are full of pointed rocks which they threw at each other. Andfind was the most mighty of the wooers, and him I loved. But at that time came the terrible Odin, and drove us from our island. My father and my sisters took refuge in the hills, and Andfind and I gained this island.'

"We were living here happily when we heard that the great Olaf was coming from Britain to destroy the power of the giants. They called Olaf the HOLY, and talked much of his might. But my husband did not fear him; and when his skiff was ploughing fast and straight to our isle, he stood on the shore, and blew the level water into mountain billows. In vain; the skiff came through them like an arrow from a strong bow. When the prow was just touching the shore, Andfind took the gunwale in

his right hand, as he had so often done with other vessels, to turn it over and send it to the bottom, but Olaf stepped forwards, and with his arms in form of a cross, he cried in a commanding tone ; 'Stay there a lifeless stone to the last day !' On went the ship, struck at the rocky hill which hung over the sea, and scattered it into the water, where it formed and still forms the dwarfs' islands. Thus was I left desolate ; the only comfort that I or any of my race had, was to wake any loved friend to life for nine hours on Yule-eve, but for every time this happened a hundred years were taken from our own lives. Many of my race did not use the privilege, but I loved my dear husband so well that I never let a Yule-eve pass without waking him to enjoyment of life, and I have never reckoned how many centuries I have lost. What are they worth ? What is life without the society of a loved object ? You by pronouncing a name which we dare not hear or say, have made my future life one long grief.'

"You may still keep all the treasures you see about you. Let no one trespass on the small islets of my poor dwarfs. Farewell !'

"She vanished and it would be hard to describe the feelings that had possession of the two listeners. They were glad that they could get their child baptized, and themselves lawfully married, and that their worldly state was so bettered, but they pitied much the poor giantess, who had been so generous to them, and bitterly bewailed her loss."

This very curious legend seems to have been written by some scholar of the early Christian times in Norway, which as well as Iceland and Sweden, received the light of Christianity at a comparatively late era, (11th century), the zealous but hasty King Olaf being determined to make his subjects good Christians whether they would or no. Though he fell in fight against his own people, his relics were soon regarded as possessed of miraculous powers, and till the change of religion in the 16th century he was venerated as the patron saint of Norway. The spirit of the story is imbued with a loving and regretful leaning towards the state of things in the old pagan times, no blame whatever being laid

on the Christian pair for their practical denial of their faith. The legend is found in Grimm's "Mythology of the Fairies and Elfs." A version appeared in the "Christmas Box" (1828 or 1829), edited by Crofton Croker. The only portion of which that has remained on our memory being the reproach of the giantess and the remorse of the faulty pair.

#### THE OGRE : A GERMAN TALE.

"There was once a king who had a beautiful daughter, and at a very early age she was betrothed to the son of a neighbouring king and queen. The young prince was of a bad disposition, and humplacked besides, and his mother was a powerful witch. The princess did not like him at all, especially as she had fallen in love with the pastrycook who supplied the court, a fine handsome young fellow. The time of her marriage with the prince was approaching, and she was always crying when she was in her own rooms. Her nurse who was an enchantress, found out the cause of her trouble, and so she got admission for her lover into the palace, and they spent much time in discourse together, the nurse being always in the same room.

"But the prince was acquainted by his mother what was going on. So he took her father and mother one day to the princess's chamber, and opening the door in haste, there they found the pastrycook and the princess lovingly conversing. The king and queen nearly fainted at the sight, and the prince burst into a fury. The pastrycook darted away through a private passage, and the prince as soon as his anger gave him liberty to speak, cried out, 'Let everyone in this palace become stone, and so remain till I choose to restore them.' So it happened : each remained in the position he or she was in at the time, except the nurse, who being an enchantress herself, was not subject to his power.

"She soon paid the pastrycook a visit, and told him what had happened. He was sunk in grief, but she informed him he might release his princess by means of an Ogre, who lived in a dark wood many thousand miles away. She gave him directions what to do, and as he was so eager to deliver his true love, she gave him

a sealed letter, told him to open it outside the gate of the city at midnight, and three times read aloud the words that were written in it. He would then find himself in the thick wood where the Ogre's castle was, and wait there till the clock struck four. At that time the Ogre went to hunt, and he was to go to the castle and get the Ogre's wife to aid him.

"He obeyed her orders, and as soon as he had read the magic words of the letter the third time, he found himself before the Ogre's castle in the thick wood. He hid himself in the darkest part till he saw the frightful Ogre go out. He snuffed and snuffed as if he smelled the flesh of a man. When he was out of sight, the lover entered his house, and asked his wife for a night's lodging. She was frightened very much, but said she would give him some food, and he should go away, or her husband would eat him on his return. But he told her what he wanted, and all his sorrows, and how she could help him, and as she was a kind creature, and had been taken by force from her first husband, she consented to assist him.

"Just when she heard the Ogre at the door, she hid the lover under the bed. He came in very cross for he had hardly caught any game, and snuffed, and cried out, 'I smell man's flesh; where is it?' 'Oh, dear husband,' said she, 'it is not here at all. There were some strangers here just now, but I frightened them away. I think you will find them in the wood in the morning. Here is a dish of meat better than the flesh of the nicest man you ever ate.'

"When he was asleep and snoring, the woman took hold of one of the feathers\* of his tail, and plucked it out. He awoke with a start, and cried out, 'Woman are you mad? What's this?' 'Ah dear husband,' said she, 'I have had a frightful dream. I thought there was a castle in a distant country with all the inhabitants turned into stone, and myself among the rest. I suppose I must have gripped you hard in my fright.' 'Your dream is true enough,' said he, 'and there is little chance of

the enchantment being removed. The lover of the princess should come to the waterfall in this wood (the castle is thousands of miles away), and watch till he'd see a dwarf come out from under it with a stone on his shoulder, and throw it into the river. Then he should strike this dwarf with one of my feathers in the face, and he would become a great giant, and return with the lover to the enchanted castle. The lover would then touch the princess with my feather, and all regain life. A likely thing all this to happen! I'm sleepy. Yaw, yaw! don't disturb me again!'

"When she heard him snoring again, she pulled another feather out of his tail, and he gave a great jump. 'Wife,' said he, 'you do not mean to give me any sleep the whole night, and I so disappointed of man's flesh that lies about somewhere. What is disturbing you now?' 'Oh, dear husband, I had a frightful dream. A prince planted a vine in his garden, and it was thriving well, when a frightful-looking thing came into the vineyard, and carried away the old vine from which the man had taken the slip to plant the other. So the prince became sick, and the vine sunk into the earth till no one could see it. What does it mean?' 'Oh it means that some one took away this prince's wife, and their child was transformed into a young vine, which has since withered.' 'And is there no means to restore the prince and his son?' 'Oh yes. If anyone gets the speckled cock in the fowl-house, and brings him to the spot over where the vine is sunk, and puts a feather of my tail in his bill, then will he scratch away the earth till he has thrown out three toads. These must be burned, and the ashes scattered on the roots of the vine, which will then spring up and bloom. When it is touched with one of my feathers, it will become the young prince, the son of the sick one, and he will regain his health when he is touched with the same feather.' The woman on hearing these words ground her teeth, and nearly drove her finger nails into her palms, for these were her husband and son from whom the Ogre

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\* The name of the Ogre in the original is *Popanz*, whence perhaps our *popinjay*. The idea of his bearing a feathered tail adds to his frightful personality.

had carried her away. 'Now, wife,' said the Ogre, 'if you awake me again I'll give you a good beating. Yaw, yaw!'

"But he was no sooner snoring than she gave the fiercest pull of all, and he roared, and jumped out of bed, and slapped her severely. 'What's this for?' said he. 'Am I never to be allowed to rest again?' 'Oh, dear husband,' said she, 'it was all for grief of parting with you. I dreamed that a strange man was taking me away from you, and that I was going with my own free will, and that a ship which sailed on land as well as water was bearing us off. I suppose I must have gripped you very hard with the fright.' 'Gripped me, indeed! I thought the whole tail was pulled off me. But I forgive you on account of your loyalty to me. There is such a ship which sails as well on land as on sea, but no one can get it without being provided with one of my feathers. You set the feather on the ground with the quill end forward, and away it sweeps till it meets the ship. You then stick it at the top of the mast, and merely manage the rudder, and away it goes in whatever direction you please. Good wife, good wife! but sure you won't waken me again?' 'No, dear husband,' and he fell asleep once more.

"When he was fast asleep she arose quietly, and walked out, the lover following her. They came to the waterfall, saw the dwarf, struck him on the face with the first feather, and he became a giant, ready to obey their orders. They laid another feather on the ground, and on it went, the giant pacing swiftly after it, with the woman on one shoulder and the man on the other. They had not gone far when they heard a terrible roar behind them, and there was the Ogre tearing after them, with hundreds of armed men, sprung from the ground at his word.

"Fast and far went the giant, but the crowd was pressing on him, when the Ogre's wife turned round, shook a feather at them, and they all sunk to their knees in the earth. The Ogre had lost much of his power with the three feathers. He stopped to raise the men from their pits, but was not able. Then he raised a troop of tigers, bears, toads, frogs, and dragons; but before these could come

up to the giant, he had reached the ship. Into it he sprang, and fixed the feather at the mast-top. The man took the rudder, the woman sat at the prow, and away flew the ship like an arrow from a bow. A terrible uproar came from the beasts, but there was no more seen or heard of them or the Ogre.

"When they came to the palace of the woman's true husband, they stopped, got the speckled cock, and brought him into the vineyard. When they put the feather into his mouth he scratched away till he came to the three toads. These being burned, their ashes were scattered on the roots of the decayed vine, and it sprang up, flinging out its beautiful ribbed leaves and purple grapes. The princess all this time was sobbing as if her heart would break, and when she touched the shrub with the feather, and saw her young son fresh and blooming before her, she fell in a faint on the sod, for she recollected the life she had been obliged to endure by the Ogre. They brought her to herself again, and with all the people around them shouting for joy, they entered the castle. There was her husband lying nearly lifeless on his bed. She had not courage to come near him, but the lover was not long about touching him with the feather, and his health returned, and his son was in his arms in a moment. Both then ran to the princess, and it was who could have the most of her. Still she cried and sobbed—but the giant and the lover had not patience to wait for the end.

"They entered their ship once more, and on it went over land and sea, till they came to the enchanted palace. There they were nearly frightened by the awful appearance of so many stone figures, one occupied this way, another that, but all stiff and still. The first that the lover approached was the princess. He touched her lightly with the feather, and while you could wink, life came upon every one in the castle. The lovers fell into each other's arms, though the king and queen were by, and when the father heard all that had been done, he could not find it in his heart to refuse his daughter's hand. When all was quiet neither giant nor ship was to be seen, and if ever an unequal match turned out happy that was one."



Our readers need not fear being treated under the title "German Story," to any of Grimm's *Märchen*, as yet translated. Those and Andersen's versions of them (not always an improvement on the original) are too well known to be admitted into our repertory. The story just told is from a collection by F. H. Van der Hagen, Prenzlau (Prussian States), 1824. Of other collections we shall speak at the proper opportunity. Probably the best issue of the gathering made by the brothers Grimm is that of the second edition, Berlin, 1822. The fifth edition appeared in Göttingen, in two vols., 1843, and the sixth in 1850. The amount of literary labour done by Jacob Ludwig Grimm and his brother, Wilhelm Karl, is astonishing. The first was born 4th January, 1786, and died on 20th September, 1863. William Charles was born on 24th February, 1786, and died in December, 1859. Jacob, besides filling diplomatic and other situations, hinting to German princes some defects in their political systems, and losing their favour in consequence, found time in co-operation with his brother to publish the following works, which, with regard to minuteness, fulness, and care, cannot be surpassed. A German Grammar, 1819, 1840, is so comprehensive that the vowels and consonants alone take up 600 pages. It embraces all the German dialects, ancient and modern. "Antiquities of German Law," was published at Göttingen in 1828. "German Mythology," same place,

1835, left nothing connected with its subject matter unexplained. The same may be said of the "History of the German Language," Leipzig, 1848. His work on the "Origin of Speech" was published in Berlin, 1852. The German Dictionary, commenced in 1852, had not got beyond the letter F in 1862. Of all these important and useful works, each in its way, the only nonsensical and trivial one (in appearance) is that which has attained a world-wide reputation. Far be it from us to detract from their merits as works of reference; but let us reflect on the small number of scholars outside of German universities who have conscientiously spelled through the 600 pages, all treating of nothing but German vowels and consonants. The very idea of that portion of the dictionary (six letters only) which occupied ten years to complete is painful and distracting. Meantime the value of the *Volks-Märchen* can scarcely be over-rated. They have pleasantly and healthily occupied the minds of unnumbered numbers of the young, and many of the old for many hours in each one's life to the exclusion of bad thoughts, bad books, or bad conversation, and they have induced thinking people to the study of the old Teuton myths of which many of them are corruptions. This has further led to the study of the condition of our ancestors in prehistoric times, and thus given much aid in a most interesting and curious investigation.

## TOWERS AND TEMPLES OF EARLY IRELAND.

### THE ROUND TOWERS.

OUR readers are requested not to place within this century the epoch when our island enjoyed its youth. Even before the building of Solomon's temple Ireland could scarcely be called young. The Milesian Scots were then in possession of the land, and the Danaan sages tolerated among them, for the sake of their learning, and the instruction they afforded their conquerors' children, held them attentive many a long evening, relating the travels and voyages of the various

colonies that had inhabited the island from a short time after the separation at Babel, the retrospect extending back through a perspective of upwards of a thousand years. Mr. Marcus Keane, and a considerable section of Gaelic archæologists with him, are convinced that our Round Towers, and some temples, generally supposed to have been built for Christian worship, were raised by these Danaans, at a period which, when set side by side with our year of grace, 1843, may surely claim the epithet, young.

Young indeed, and vigorous, and hopeful, and far-seeing, were the spirits of the mighty men of old, who projected and partly accomplished Babel, and laid the high and massive walls of Babylon, and reared the pyramids, and the mighty temple of Thebes, with its avenue of gigantic Sphynxes, and the monolithic temple at Saïs, and left at our own doors the great stone circles, and the great avenue of standing stones at Karnac, in Brittany. Not inferior in skill, and resources, and strength, were the rare workers among the predecessors of the Scotie Gael, if, as Mr. Keane is heartily persuaded, they launched into the air our graceful and strong and still enduring towers. Let any calculating philosopher endeavour to get a mental grasp of the millions on millions of years it would require of Dr. Darwin's oyster, or Horace's two savages fighting for roots, to fit them for these undertakings; if he does he will experience a dazed and distracted state of mind, brought on by the useless attempt.

Mr. Keane, zealous for the skill and civilisation of the ante-Scotic colonies in our island, is not disturbed by such insane mental efforts. Abundant knowledge was obtained by the Post-Diluvians from their great ancestor, Noah, whose father had been and conversed with Adam. Some of the most stupendous piles reared in the dawn of the world's history were the work of the descendants of that unhappy son of Noah who inherited his curse, and it is the conviction of Mr. Keane that the builders of our towers belonged to that family, called Cuthites, from Cush, son of Cham, and father of Mizraim, the earliest king of Egypt on record. For our own parts we see no reason why the Danaans, who were obliged to give way to the Scots, should not be left in possession of the ancestors appropriated to them by Keating and our other old historians—viz., the Japhetians. But we shall not dwell in this place on points of difference, but bring forward Mr. Keane's arguments and illustrations in support of the Pagan origin of these long-enduring and mysterious piles:—

"Buildings answering to the descriptions of our Round Towers," he remarks, "have been noticed as existing in every part of the world, but everywhere despised, and

to a great extent unused—the memorials of a race whose name and religion have been lost and forgotten. The specimens of such towers to be met with in Eastern Europe and Asia are comparatively few and far between, because the conquerors of the race for whose religion they were erected left no vestige of the towers or the other temples of their predecessors except such indestructible rock-temples as defied their power to destroy. The circumstances of Ireland in this respect were different. The Celts (Milesians) who conquered the Cuthites, raised no stone buildings of their own, either for temples or palaces, and they seem to have utterly despised the stone-works of their predecessors, and so allowed them to remain. In later times, their superstitious reverence for these remains was the means of preserving them to this day. The English and Scotch plantation-farmers having neither superstition (?) nor a taste for archæology, have caused much destruction among the Irish ruins wherever they have settled, and in some cases have removed all vestiges of them, leaving only the names to mark the sites of ancient ecclesiastical establishments.

"The only unquestionably Celtic remains of Ireland seem to me to be cromlechs for the worship of the sun in the open air. Some circular mounds known by the names *Cahir* or *Liss*, probably used for the occasional protection of their cattle, and the erections called bee-hive huts, found near the sea-coasts, where timber, the ordinary building material, could not be procured. To the exceptional character of the conquerors then we are indebted for the fact that the temples of the conquered have been permitted to remain for 3,000 years to puzzle archæologists of the nineteenth century."

A considerable section of archæologists look on the cromlechs as marking the burial places of heroes. The lioses or cathairs were merely mounds enclosing spaces for the erection of wooden buildings. Our bawns are the modern representatives of the ancient cow-enclosures, *bo*, cow (*buin*, genitive case), forming the root of the word.

Mr. Keane has furnished upwards of thirty charming wood-cuts of the towers, their bases, their entrances, their windows, and were we young and beset with small worldly trouble, we could sit down and copy every one of them with pen and ink, such fine relief is given by the dark recess of door or window, and such nice opportunity for hatching, afforded by the interstices of the stones! Some of the doorways have the Norman arch, some are covered by one ponderous alab,

Cut stone (*ashlar*) work, with two or three round ribs, form the jambs and copings of some, and some bases present irregular cyclopean junctions, which, as everyone knows, conduce to strength much more than regular layers of masonry. In all the entrances there is a slight inclination of the jambs to each other, as they rise. The strength of these buildings, especially those of the irregular cyclopean layers at bottom, was immense. Mr. Keane mentions the tower of Kilmacduagh, in Clare, as having been struck by lightning, and thus thrown two feet out of the perpendicular. A Clare gentleman has informed us that Ireton, when coming by that way from Gort, tried the effect of three cannon shots on the old sun-temple, with the effect above quoted. It was the ill-luck of Cromwell's son-in-law not to have had the privilege of availing himself of the labours of any O'Brien, or O'Halloran, or Petrie, or Keane, of his day. Let his vandalism be overlooked.

Fig. 164 presents the fluted Round Tower found by Hanway near Asterabad in Persia.

"Fig. 165 represents a Round Tower in Hindoostan described by Lord Valentia. He says of such buildings: 'It is singular that there is no tradition concerning them, nor are they held in any respect by the Hindoos of this country. In this latter particular as well as in their general form, and their not having the doorway on the ground level, they resemble our Irish Round Towers.'"

This building has several belts round it on a lighter ground, large openings towards the top, and just under the conical cap, a parapet from behind which a fine view might be enjoyed.

Fig. 166 represents the Round Tower of Allyghur, East Indies, injured towards the top, but strikingly like the Irish structures. The name of the locality is Coel, which if cognate with Gaelic, would imply a wood or lonesome place. We are ignorant of the description Captain Smith, 44th Regiment, gives of the neighbourhood.

Fig. 166 is taken from Markham's travels in Peru, and presents a tower 36 feet high, and crowned with a stone beehive-like-dome overlapping the wallplate. The layers are irregular, and have the cyclopean jointing.

Fig. 168 is borrowed from Stephens's "Central America," the beehive covering being rather higher than the main body. The height is about 30 feet, the wall five feet thick, and within is a cylindrical solid stone with a vacancy of three feet between it and the wall.

In another structure of the same kind in the same place, four doors placed at the cardinal points admitted to a corridor five feet wide, and in its inner wall were four more doors placed diagonally with the outer ones. These led into an inner corridor four feet wide, in the centre of which was a solid cylinder of stone.

There is a Round Tower on the Bank of the Terek, a river which falls into the Caspian sea on the west side, the door being twelve feet above the soil. Delhi has its beautiful, tapering polygonal Tower; others are at Ghuznee. Henry Maundrel in his journey from Aleppo found a monolith, round-tower-shaped, and thirty feet high, near the sea-coast, and a little south of Aradus. There was another about the same height, and only ten yards distant, and under both were found large chambers, cut out of the rock, with smaller enclosures, apparently for the reception of dead bodies, attached to them.

Lucian makes mention of a circular tall temple at Hieropolis, connected with the worship of Astarte. A priest climbed up this tower once a year, and remained in an uncomfortable position near the summit for seven days. The faithful crowded round the base, and offered presents. These and their donors were shouted to the man at the top, and he from his "bad eminence" uttered a prayer for the generous worshipper, and then rung a bell further to trumpet the good man's fame, and excite imitation.

At Mycæne in Greece are the remains of a conical building, with ledges and brackets on the inner surface of the wall for the support of lofts and statues.

A few structures of the kind existing on the Continent and attached to establishments founded by Irish missionaries, were probably erected by these zealous men out of a yearning after the old piles near the little churches where they had in their youth offered up their devotions.

If the Milesians at first despised and neglected these pillar temples or fortresses of the Danaans, it is more than probable that in aftertimes they used them for places of retreat, when unable to meet more powerful encroachers in the open field. Taking their strength and the height of the entrances from the ground into account they must be looked on as impregnable. This use and the reverence increasing with time of the magic skill of the old Danaans, must have left among the Milesian Scots at the time of their conversion to Christianity a great respect and attachment to the piles, and the missionaries apprehended no evil but much good from the erection of their simply-constructed churches by their sides or in their close neighbourhood. In expectation of an attack from neighbouring foe or foreign Dane, the religious community, the sacred vessels of the Church, and the helpless women and children, and the aged, had a sure asylum in the protecting tower. Mr. Palgrave, in his late travels across Arabia found, only the other day, strong towers in sundry Arab villages or little towns used for the self-same purpose.

So, instead of one purpose it would be easy to discover three or four for our conical enigmas. One of the objects of their builders was most probably a quasi-religious one. We dare not deny some astronomical knowledge to those remote ancestors, and the apertures at the top generally facing the four cardinal points, were just what an earnest star-gazer would desire. He probably had fine strings crossing each other within, and by their means could track the passage of moon, star, or planet across the field of his wicket. Besides these uses, the lofty windows afforded the means of examining the surrounding country, and detecting the approach of an enemy while still at a considerable distance.

Mr. Keane accounts for the absence of Round Towers in France and Britain, if they ever existed in this last-named country, by supposing that the stone-building Romans took them down, and used the materials in piles reared by themselves. They escaped destruction in Ireland, as the Scots, using only wooden structures within their circular moats and mounds,

could not convert them to use. Our own opinion, for which we claim only moderate attention, is that the poetry and romance and reverence inherent in the Gaelic temperament would excite respect for the relics of the skilful and wise people rather than a mischievous impulse to destroy them. In concluding this portion of our subject, we incidentally remark that the only tower mentioned in our trustworthy annals as having been built within Christian times was that erected at Tomgreany (*Tuam*, mound, tomb, fortress; *Greine*, gen. case of *Grian*, the sun) in Clare. Of this there does not remain a stone standing on a stone. The Danaans were our masters in masonry.

#### EARLY CHURCHES.

Mr. Keane, not content with appropriating the honour of the "Celestial Indexes" to his beloved Cuthites—our Danaans, shows that the best of our ecclesiastical structures, or at least some portions of them, were originally reared by the same people in honour of their divinities. We shall lay before our readers his reasons for holding this opinion. The examples and proofs given are well calculated to excite interest even where they fail to convince. To support his propositions that "The Irish Celts were not builders in stone before the twelfth century, he calls upon the evidence of John Henry Parker (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1864, 1865.)

"The earlier churches of modern Europe were generally of wood. It was not until the eleventh century that churches were built of stone. The building entirely of ashlar or cut stone was not anywhere attained until the twelfth century. The other European nations copied the older buildings of the Romans, but Roman civilization never penetrated to Ireland. The Irish had no Roman buildings to copy as the other European nations had (*Jan.* 1864).

"After the Conquest the English brought with them their own laws, their own arts. . . . They erected buildings in the style of their own country, modified by having to employ native workmen, and by the material they had to work in; and in general, buildings in the same style are later in date in Ireland than in England."

After mentioning the palace of smooth wattles built for Henry II. in Dublin, he notices the castle built by the English at Clonmacnois, its very rough workmanship, the absence of

cut stone, and the rude loops that do duty for windows. "Stone walls are built," he says, "with the same materials for churches as for other buildings," and concludes by asserting that "the Irish were not accustomed to the use of cut stone even at the end of the twelfth century."

Proofs that before the Invasion the Gael despised stone buildings are easily met with. When some Irish chiefs attempted to raise strong defences after that woeful visitation, the Northern bards prophesied the impending downfall of the native chiefs.

"Let us," said one of them, "pull down those fortresses of the insidious enemy, and cease working for them by erecting any of our own. Their stratagems will assuredly wrest them out of our hands. Our ancestors trusted entirely to their personal valour, and thought the stone houses of the *Galls* (foreigners) a disgrace to courage."

The natives were as partial to wood in their churches as in their dwellings. Mr. Keane makes an apposite quotation from Dr. Reeves (*Ulster Journal*, vol. 1, p. 170).

"St. Malachy's first oratory (Bangor) was 'constructed of boards, but well and closely united, a Scotch fabric, respectable enough;' and this was a step in advance of the early structure which probably answered to the description of 'wicker-work interwoven by a fence, and surrounded by a ditch.' Subsequently, however (in the year 1120), when foreign travel had enlarged his views, it seemed fit to Malachy that he should build at Benchor (*Bean*, fine; *Cor*, music; *Coire*, a circle) an oratory of stone like those churches which he had seen in other countries. But when he had begun to lay the foundations, some of the inhabitants were astonished, for no buildings of the kind were known in that land. Whereupon a factious crowd gathered round him, and one who was chosen as their spokesman, expressed their sentiments in these memorable words: 'O worthy man, what is your motive in introducing this novelty in our neighbourhood? We are Scots, not Gauls. Why this vanity? What need of a work so extravagant, so aspiring!'"\*

The building called Cormac's Chapel, perhaps the finest specimen extant of Irish ecclesiastical architecture, is said to have been built seven

years after this attempt of St. Malachy's, and apropos to this unlikely feat, our archæologist asks—

"Are we to believe that Cormac's Chapel was built by an Irish provincial chief, who aspired unsuccessfully to the throne of Munster, and that he did build Cormac's Chapel, with all its beautiful sculpture more than forty years before Henry II. erected his Royal Palace in Dublin 'of smooth wattles after the fashion of Ireland,' and more than 209 years before Christ Church was furnished with a bell-tower of stone?"

Our author is enthusiastic, and indeed with good reason, on the subject of this temple. We willingly copy items of his description.

"It appears to have been built without windows suitable for glass, for the lights now appearing in it were manifestly an effort to adapt it in after times to Christian uses. It is built of cut stone within and without, and ornamented with the greatest variety of minute and beautiful architecture."

He then particularizes it as—

"A temple small in dimensions, yet more costly by far in proportion to its size than any church or cathedral ever erected in Ireland since the conquest by England. A temple in design and construction unlike any church in Christendom, whose building can be proved to date within the Christian era. A temple roofed with a thorough semicircular arch of cut stone, appearing like one of the rock temples of Hindoostan. This arch is again surmounted by a cut-stone roof having chambers between both."

There is a considerable resemblance between the style of these old Irish structures and that of Norman buildings introduced by the English, but our author points out differences which are uniformly found in all the specimens of both, and a general superiority in the Irish structures, which would hardly be the case if the Norman style was the parent. Here are some of the points of difference—

"Every so-called Norman doorway and window in Ireland, which I have examined, and found in its original position, has the cyclopean peculiarity of sloping or inclining sides, and I have been informed that a single specimen of such characteristic is not to be found in any existing example of English Norman.

\* St. Malachy visited St. Bernard at his populous monastery of Clairvaux, and a strong and tender amity united these eminent churchmen ever after. The above is substantially taken from the life of St. Malachy by his Gaulish friend.

† Cormac was in reality King of Munster, if Keating and O'Halloran are trustworthy.

"The construction of windows is another point in which the ancient Irish architecture stands in direct contrast with the English Norman. Glass was known throughout England since the eighth century. It was in general use in churches since the earliest age of Norman architecture. But in Ireland there is no specimen of the ancient Norman window adapted to the use of glass, the only exception to the rule with regard to England being, that in some country churches—specimens of the early Norman—rude loop-holes were used instead of windows to admit light. But the rudeness of such unglazed windows, without a morsel of ashlar, stands in striking contrast with the Irish windows belonging to the so-called Norman style.

These Irish windows are all made of the best cut stone, closely and perfectly jointed; some plain, others highly ornamented with the richest devices of so-called Norman sculpture. . . . They all admit a very limited supply of light; they are not adapted for fitting of glass; and they have got slightly inclining jambs, being generally from half an inch to two inches wider at bottom than at top. The large window at Kilmacdagh consists of about 200 superficial feet of beautifully cut stone, used to admit about 9 superficial feet of light. This is one of the largest in Ireland, but the characteristics of all are alike, namely, thoroughly well cut stone, little light, and no preparation for glass or frame. While hundreds of this class of windows are to be found among the 'Norman' ruins of Ireland, I have not heard . . . of the existence of a single specimen in England of a well-executed window with ashlar jambs, having sloping sides, but unprepared for the use of glass."

The early English (Gothic) which succeeded the Norman in England, much excelled it in picturesque effect and finish; "but (we quote the text) if the best specimens of ancient Norman in the richest localities of England manifest a considerable degree of roughness in the masonry, compared to the styles which succeeded them, the very opposite is found to be the case in Ireland. The so-called Norman ruins in Ireland, in point of masonry and the abundance of ashlar used, are as far superior to Gothic buildings (the genuine Christian churches) as the Gothic of England is superior to the English Norman. This anomaly has never before been attempted to be explained."

"Almost every church in Ireland, built within the period of authentic history, is found to be in the pointed style like the

English of the same date, but far inferior to the English churches in point of material and execution. . . . Even in their improved state they fall far short of the 'Norman' ruins, in respect of the quantity and workmanship of the cut stone used.

"There are particular dates assigned to more than a hundred Gothic churches and monasteries in Ireland. The earliest are ascribed to the twelfth century, but there is no historical record whatever of the foundation of a single one of the so-called Norman churches."

The zig-zag ornament on the Irish buildings seems to identify them with the Norman; but Mr. Rickman, quoted by our author, points out its existence on the buildings of Diocletian. He also refers to the buildings in central America as described by Stephens, where many instances of it are to be seen.

Mr. Keane has given views and descriptions of some beautiful pieces of Norman architecture in doorways, &c., still extant at Kilmelchor in the S.W. of Kerry, and others at Glandeloch, localities not in English possession till comparatively modern times. There being a hostile feeling between Saxon and Gael at the period when Norman architecture might be supposed to be introduced, he argues with every appearance of reason, that native artists would not adopt the favourite style of the intruders. Generally, remains of structures in this style are found in localities which came latest under foreign power, and belong to churches dedicated to Irish saints of the fifth and sixth centuries. The skill of English architects would naturally be exerted for fanes dedicated to English saints.

Mr. Brash of Cork, a high authority on architectural matters, states in the *Ulster Journal*, April 1859, that "from the year 1200 to 1260 were erected the following monastic houses:—Drogheda, Newtown, Lorha, Kilkenny, Youghal, Trim, Ballybeg, Buttevant, Athenry, and Kildare. These buildings were erected in the first pointed style."

The proofs adduced seem to deprive English architects or their pupils of the honour of having raised any ecclesiastical buildings in Ireland except those belonging to the Gothic style. So the thing narrows itself to this:—The so-called Norman churches were either built by native architects in the fifth or sixth century,

or they were modified Heathen remains, found by these artists ready to their hands, and adapted well or ill to Christian worship.

The portion of the work now under consideration is richly illustrated with remains of door-ways and other parts of the old fanes. Some of the entrances are crowned by the semi-circular arch, others by the ponderous slab, the jambs approaching each other in every instance as they ascend, and the cyclopean irregular layers distinguishing many of the basements the fine cut stone work of windows and doors excepted. Specimens of similar styles are engraved from the ancient piles at Ferentinum, and Matrium (Italy), Roselli (do.), Norha (do.), Mycenæ (Greece), Avantipore (Cashmere). In some of the illustrations the similarity of the beautiful spiral ornamentation on Irish door-pillars and others found at Mycenæ and Avantipore, is very remarkable.

There are notices in the annals of the Four Masters, which seem to fix the building of Cormac's Chapel, and of other religious houses within Christian times. However the word used to express the action is *Forbadh*, which implies "finishing" and is not used to express complete construction, which belongs to the word, *Dean*, to do.

As the Christianized Gael were not more partial to the erection of stone buildings than their Pagan forefathers, our author is convinced of the great improbability of buildings exhibiting such architectural beauty to have been raised by them. It might be conjectured that the foreign missionaries would have brought the knowledge of such architecture as was then the fashion on the Continent along with them, and instructed their neophytes in the art. But with the exception of St. Patrick and a few coadjutors, the visits of Continental divines, or scholars, or artists, were exceedingly rare. The great saint himself was more intent on the conversion of his people than on instructing them in the principles of

any human art. He was well satisfied with a present of a barn for the performance of religious functions. His biographers enlarge on his solicitude to provide for the comforts of the workmen who raised his church at Armagh, but say nothing of the style of the building, the greater part of which we may suppose to consist of wood. There being such an amount of apathy among our sixth-century ancestors about the construction of stone churches, if they had not these Chapels of Cormac, Temples of Kilmelchedor, &c., to convert at slight expense of labour and genius into churches, there must have taken place an irruption of masons free or otherwise from the Continent, who had retained a knowledge of the solid cyclopean style of architecture known to the ingenious building-artists contemporary with Homer, and averse to any insinuations of the learned Vandals of their day, who would naturally prefer the pointed style, which has taken its name from their relatives the Goths.

No one except a "modern philosopher" commends the Emperor Julian for lapsing into Paganism after he had been made acquainted with Christian faith and practice. Nor do we expect many *Christians*\* to change their faith for Heathenism on the perusal of the learned book before us. The author is not a man likely to take offence: he modestly states his opinions, but issues an edict of toleration in favour of all who take the liberty of differing from his views.

#### CONCLUDING REMARKS.

We have touched but on very few of the many subjects handled by the author, who as well as the lamented scholar, Henry O'Brien, has ransacked all the Heathen systems, and the treasures left us by little known authors of the East, that land of ill-arranged and incoherent myths. We, ourselves, have treated in this MAGAZINE of Hecateus's account of Apollo's visits to the Hyperboreans (the ancient Gael, *qu.*), of the visit of

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\* The *Profane* are hereby informed that in *Archæological Argot*, those who advocate our author's views are "Heathens." Those gentlemen who attribute the raising of the Round Towers and the "Norman" churches to architects later than the conversion of the Island, are acknowledged to be "good or indifferent Christians."

Abaris, of the Ocean Stream of Homer, of the Riphean Valley, of early Celtic Saints, of the decadence of Pagan myths into Christian superstitions, of the derivation of Bonfires, Halloween-incantations, Holywells, &c., from the practices of the Heathen Gael, all of which are learnedly treated in the present volume. The reader will get much curious information in Mr. Keane's richly illustrated work, on these sub-

jects as well as about the Aborigines of America, Arkite mythology, and that in which worship was paid to mere animal functions, Hindoo and Egyptian and Chaldean myths, the Rock buildings of Bashan and the Cave temples of India, the transigrations of the early dwellers after the Flood, and many other subjects of a useful or at least very curious nature.

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#### THE USURER'S GHOST ; A FIRESIDE LEGEND.

THE following story was heard some half century since by the writer on a winter's night after a good many tales had been told of a humorous or extravagant character. The farmer by whose hearth the assembly were mutually amusing each other was of a pious turn of mind in his way, and wished to bring the imaginations of his guests round to a more healthy condition, than they were left in by the abundance of wild or grotesque circumstances already detailed. Our readers are qualified to form their own judgments on some peculiar views of the unseen world entertained by the narrator and his audience. We have since heard the mere outline from other story-tellers, and it is probable that it may be heard wherever Gaelic or Breton *sealuidhes* still exist. As told by the respectable John Byrne of Chapel (the name of his townland) it had a marvellous quieting and serious effect on his hearers, resembling what one of the old stories of the *Legenda Aurea* had when introduced by a preacher of the middle ages into his sermon. Mr. Byrne possessed a tolerably well cultivated mind, and made use of correct enough speech, but we do not profess to give the tale in his identical words.

Once on a time, and a very hard time it was, for it was only a week before Christmas Eve, and it was snowing, and along the frozen road there was sweeping an east wind, that would dry the marrow in your bones to elder-pith—a poor young man was struggling along the same road, and he had not even the comfort to have the wind in his back. The poor fellow could hardly keep anything like

heat in his inside, for it was many hours since he had eaten his scanty breakfast, and he was nearly ready to drop with fatigue and hunger. At last, at a turn of the road, he came in sight of an old manor house on the ridge of a slope, that lay a little off the road. He hoped to find the entrance gate at the end of a little grove, that stretched on for a bit inside the road-fence, and he got all his strength together to help him on. At last, he came to where the road bent round on the grove-side, and there, sure enough, was an open space, and a farmhouse, where he expected to find the gate and the gate-lodge.

He lifted the latch, and found the family seated round the big kitchen-table at dinner. The mistress sat at the upper end, the master on her right hand, the handsome young daughter on her left, and the labourers and servants filled up the lower part. As soon as the door was opened, a blast of wind rushed in, and almost blew the fire about the house. The traveller closed it at once, and made the usual salutation, "God save all here! Much good do you!" "Oh! God save you kindly!" answered the mistress: "that's a hard day to be on the road. Come and join us." "Thank you kindly, ma'am! but with your leave, I'll stay near the fire till I feel the blood once more in my hands and my feet." "Well, don't go too near it, or you'll have chilblains; and you may as well be eating a bit while you're getting the benefit of the heat."

So a round stool was settled for him near the fire, and a big plate full of good cup-potatoes, and a noggin of skimmed milk, and a print of good



fresh butter were laid on it ; and if he did not make a hearty dinner, never believe my word again ! As hungry as he was, he could not help looking at the young woman near the top of the table, and thinking he had never seen so good or so well-looking a face on anyone. When the master thought he was at leisure to answer questions, he asked him how far he had come since morning. "Oh," said he, "I came from beyond the mountains, and I believe I never worked or travelled on such a cold and blowing day."

"And where, may I ask, are you going ?" "Indeed, I am going no farther if you have any employment for me. I have left an old couple and a little girl behind me, and I want to earn something for them." "Well never say't twice. One of my men is in the sickness, and it was God sent you to fill his place. If he recovers I'll find work enough for you both." "God prosper you, sir ! I expect you'll never have cause to be sorry for holding out a hand to them that stood badly in need of it."

It was a rather late dinner, and there was not much done after it except looking to the wants of the cattle for the night. When the evening's work was over, the whole family sat round a roaring turf fire, the women knitting or sewing, one man making a whip, another mending a horse collar, and others merely resting their backs against the partition wall. The chat and gossip never ceased till the potatoes were turned out on the big table. The conversation at the table was continued afterwards at the fire for a short time, and then all joined in the litanies before separating for the night.

The boys made a luxurious bed for themselves in the barn ;—straw under them, walls of straw round them, and heaps of bedclothes over them. One or two reposed on the stable loft,—a resting place which I do not recommend : Bryan slept in the barn. Next morning all were on their feet betimes ; and through the day, the master was struck by the intelligence of his new ally, and the interest he took in every occupation that fell to

him. He was particularly handy about the cattle, and the very dogs and cats seemed to take kindly to him from the first.

At nightfall they assembled again round the hearth, and by this time Bryan looked a different man from the tired and hungry traveller that had lifted the latch on the previous day. Few words had yet passed between himself and the farmer's daughter, but their eyes had met more than once, and probably their thoughts also.

The night before Christmas Eve, Bryan's new master detained him a little after the rest, and thus addressed him in the presence of his wife and daughter. "If you please me as well during the rest of the year, as you have to-day, I will give you eight pounds at the end. Perhaps you would like to let your family know what has happened at once : they would spend a happier Christmas I am sure, if you do. Here is a quarter's hire ; and if you wish, you may go back to-morrow, and spend Christmas at home. I will expect you back, the day after St. Stephen's.

Poor Bryan was hardly able to speak for wonder and joy. The tears started to his eyes, and he grasped the good man's hand with both his own, and expressed his gratitude in a very confused manner. "You need not wait for breakfast, if you wish to start early. You will find a square\* or two of bread on the kitchen table, and you can begin your journey at day-break. Good night, and God speed, and a happy Christmas to yourself and family !" "The same to you, sir, and all belonging to you, and may your heart never know sorrow !" The farmer gave a great sigh at these words, and the women's faces looked sad. Bryan longed to know the cause of this sadness, but good manners kept his mouth closed.

Next day the air was calm, the sun shone, and the road was pretty clear of the snow which had been blown into the dykes ; and Bryan's spirits were so good, that he would not have minded drifts, if they lay

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\* A round griddle cake is cut into four parts (*quadrants*) by two straight lines, crossing each other at right angles in the centre. Each of these pieces is a "square" in country parlance.

in his way. His little family were startled, and glad, and sorry, to see him back so soon ; but joy got the upper hand, when he told them of his good fortune, and of the kind family that had engaged him. There was some bustle for the next two or three hours, providing something better than they had hoped for, against the next day. They went to bed with content and gratitude in their hearts ; and were up and in time for the day-break mass at the neighbouring chapel, next morning.

Bryan's new mistress did not give much praise to her husband for his off-hand generosity to the young stranger. She said it was a chance whether they would ever see him again or no ; but her words did not much lessen the confidence which both father and daughter felt in his honesty. There was also a division of opinion on the same point among the servants and labourers ; but about noon on St. John's Day, there he was again on the kitchen floor, a strong handsome young fellow, nearly six foot high, with joy in his face to see the family again.

He put his little bundle of clothes in the barn, and at once fell to work ; and whenever there was nothing particular for him to do, he made out some employment for himself. When others would be sitting with their hands in their breasts or their pockets, around the big fire in the long evenings, his hands would be ever employed at something of greater or less use, mending or making.

Before he was two weeks in the house, he was struck with an appearance of great sadness in the master's face at times. He sometimes came by chance on the family, when none of the servants were by ; and then he could see that the mother and daughter were just as sorrowful as the father. They shook off this feeling when conversing with their neighbours, or joining in the general chat round the fire in the long evenings. Though Bryan felt some curiosity to know the cause of their melancholy, he was gifted with that natural politeness which results from the possession of good blood and a strong Christian spirit : so he never asked a question on the subject from anyone employed about the farmhouse.

About three months after his engagement, he happened to be returning from Mass one Sunday in company with the family ; and as they were sitting on the grassy side of a fence, and looking at the cattle grazing or chewing the cud, and seeming to enjoy the beautiful sunshiny day, he ventured to broach the subject. "I have often taken notice, sir," said he, "of some trouble that you seem to be suffering from at times. Would it be too great a liberty for me to take if I asked you to let me know the cause ? The mouse once was of service to the lion. Who knows but that I might be able to do something in return for the great kindness you all have shown me. I suppose it must have something to do with the deserted house on the hill, for so long as I have been here, I never saw anyone going near it, nor heard any of the people talking of it."

"It is not a pleasant subject at all," said the farmer, "nor one I like to speak about, but as you have asked the question, I will answer it as well as I am able. I spent all my youth, and some part of my married life in that house. My mother died when I was about thirteen years of age, and my father kept but a small household about him. He was not very social in his habits, and, I fear, was more fond of money than a good Christian ought. He gave me but little of his confidence in his private affairs, but I could guess that he was in the habit of lending money at high interest on all kinds of securities. He left the management of the farm pretty much to me, keeping a close look to the receipts and expenses ; and when I married at the age of twenty-four, my good woman managed the house concerns, and brought some life and cheerfulness amongst us. My father used a back parlour and an adjoining closet as offices, and continued to transact business with gentlemen, farmers, and shopkeepers, who were continually calling on him. He was a constant attendant at the assizes in the next town, when they were held ; and I often remarked mean and suspicious-looking fellows coming and going about the house for a week or two after. I do not say that he was an unkind father to me ; but

his mind seemed ever dwelling on disagreeable points connected with these law matters, and he was never open in manner, nor seemingly at leisure to enjoy the ordinary comforts of life. If he took pleasure in anything or anybody, it was to sit and look at his new daughter as she would be going about, regulating her household matters ; and he was very fond of the little daughter, and paid her more attention than I could have expected. About ten years ago, one evening just as supper was ready, Ellen was sent to call her grandfather. He had been in his office for two hours or more with the door locked. She tapped, but there was no sign of a stir. After a while, she tapped again, and put her ear to the keyhole. She heard something like a sigh, but no one came to open the door. She cried out, 'Grandfather, I am sent to call you to supper,' but still there was no step on the floor, nor any other sign that she was heard.

"She ran back, and told us how she had heard a groan inside, and said she was afraid that something was amiss with grandfather. We all ran to the door ; and as there was no other way of opening it, we burst it in, and there we found my poor father lying on his back beside his office-chair. His eyes were wide open, but except that he still breathed, and could move his eyes, and now and then the ends of his fingers, all the powers of life seemed lost. We raised him up, laid him on a sofa in the next room, and spoke to him, but he was unable to do more than turn his eyes from one to another. After a little time spent in great anxiety, we sent off for the priest and the doctor. The doctor came first, and felt his pulse, and touched him in several places. He looked earnestly at him for a little time ; and then taking me aside, he said there was not the slightest chance of his recovering the use of his tongue or of his limbs. Just then the priest arrived, and sent us all out of the room. He opened the door in about twenty minutes, and comforted us very much by saying that he had great confidence in the contrite disposition of the patient. 'I joined his poor hands together,' said he, 'and repeated the Confiteor

and the Act of Contrition ; and from the earnest and contrite expression of his eyes as he raised them to heaven, I hope that his soul is in a fit disposition to be called away. I expressed aloud, what I supposed from the manner of his life he would have acknowledged if he had the power ; and as far as his eyes could show consent, they did. I have given him absolution, and humbly trust that it is ratified by Our Merciful Father.' He then directed us to kneel down and join in the litany for the dying. You may be sure that we all joined devoutly in the prayers recited by the priest ; when we were rising from our knees, we found that life had departed.

"Well, I need not enter into all the particulars of what followed. There was very little money found in the desks or boxes, and no papers of the slightest consequence. I was called on by lawyers to appear in court to recover various sums due to my deceased father ; but I could not produce any documents to strengthen my claims, nor had I any personal knowledge of the transactions. So the different parties got off free at some expense to myself. To say truth, I felt very little interest in the cases, and soon washed my hands out of them altogether.

"From the very night after the funeral the disturbances began that soon drove us from the big house. No one could get an hour's rest through the night in any room, up stairs or down stairs. Steps would be heard pacing from one room to another, sighs and groans heard by the bed-sides, doors clashed and banged, and frightful noises heard from the apartments formerly used as offices. A tenant had quitted this house where we now live, a week or so before the death of my father. We could not endure the terrors of the nights beyond the third : so we removed down here, bag and baggage, and here we are likely to remain.

"At different times within the past ten years, four foolhardy fellows undertook to spend a night in the deserted house. I never gave them the slightest encouragement, rather did what I could to dissuade them ; but they would see it out, and it was a sorrowful seeing they had of it. In one point they all followed the

same plan : everyone would take a bottle of whisky with him, and here is the way they succeeded. The first person that tried the adventure was seen next morning, making his way out of the country, and he has never since returned. The second was found on the parlour floor next morning, a miserable paralytic : he never spoke an intelligible word afterwards. The third walked down hereafter his night, a helpless, witless idiot ; and the fourth was found cold and stiff, lying across the threshold. No one has made the attempt since then, and I hope no one ever will.

"As during my father's lifetime, I had always received from himself whatever sums were necessary to carry on the farm business, and handed him over the produce, I was left at his death with bare hands ; but God has enabled me to be even with the world. The first year or two, several distressed people applied to me for relief, alleging that their distress was owing to my father's hardness in money matters. I was not able to do much for them, besides I could not be sure whether their statements were true, or overcharged, or altogether false."

They had got up and proceeded homewards during the narrative, and were arrived at the bawn-gate just as the farmer came to this point, so nobody will be troubled with Bryan's observations, as he had no opportunity for making them. He was very much occupied with the workings of his own mind for the rest of the day, and made some inappropriate answers to questions that were addressed to him. The next day he remained very silent, and Ellen, who was no more stupid than other country girls, caught him looking very earnestly and lovingly at herself when he supposed no one was taking notice. The same Ellen had discovered within the last two months, that Bryan was of a respectable stock, though his parents had been reduced to poverty, and that he himself had received a fairish education ; that he employed his leisure moments in useful reading, and that he was blameless in speech and conduct as well as she could judge. Whether these his good qualities drew her attention to his handsome face and good figure, or these last induced her to search for his good qualities,

neither our readers nor ourselves can at this time determine. All we may venture to declare fearlessly is, that if her father had, on any evening after supper, expressed a wish to make Bryan his son-in-law, and if she lost two hours of good sleep that night in consequence, grief would not have to bear the blame. This day she found herself obliged to pass where Bryan was employed in the haggard ; and after a word or two she said, "You have been very thoughtful or very sad since our return from mass yesterday. I hope you have no intention of imitating these rash people whom my father spoke about." "I am sure, ma'am," said Bryan, "that I am very grateful for your kindness in thinking about it ; but wouldn't it be a very gratifying thing to all your family, if this curse was removed from the old family dwelling ? I think it would make my future life happy, if I could have a hand in bringing it about, and bring back gladness to the hearts of your father and mother, and yourself, since I can't help saying it." "But you cannot make any attempt without the risk of your life or your reason ; and if anything bad happen to you, you may fancy what further affliction it will bring on us all." "It would grieve me to the heart to give any trouble to your father, or mother, or yourself, Miss Ellen—but there's the master calling me. Here I am, sir. If they say anything before you, you may—In a minute, sir. God bless your kind heart, ma'am," and Bryan, not sorry for an interruption, which would in other circumstances be very unwelcome, hastened to see what he was wanted for by "the master."

For some time past he had been promoted to the dignity of a sleeping-room under the roof of the dwelling-house ; a flight of stone steps led up to it from the yard. To this room he retired at an earlier hour than usual this evening, giving for excuse that he was troubled (as he really was), with a head-ache. Ellen was uneasy till the boys and men had betaken themselves to their slumbers. She then began to look about earnestly for something or other, and at last asked Esther, one of the maids, who was preparing for her well-earned rest in the settle-bed, if she knew what had

become of her "Poor Man's Manual,"\* which she had laid on the dresser after breakfast. "Musha, faith! myself doesn't know what happened it. I saw Bryan looking at it just as we were all after getting up from dinner. Poor boy! how devout he is to be sure! I saw him kissing the picture of OUR SAVIOUR on the cross, with the death's head and the serpent at the foot of it, when he didn't think anyone was spying an eye on him. Maybe if it belonged to Judy or myself, it wouldn't have the same effect on him. Well, if he won't make us proud he won't make us sorry; for all the time he's in the house I never heard an improper or jibing word out of his mouth, nor oath nor curse." "Would you think bad, Hetty, of going up the steps and tapping at his door, and asking him if he recollects where he laid the prayer-book? I want to read my penance." "To be sure I will, ma'am; but maybe some of the boys will see me, and goodness knows what a life I'd have to-morrow with their jokes and their goster!" "Oh, they are all in bed, and even if they were not, I'll take care that they shall take no liberties of the kind!"

Eather went out by the back door, and returned in about ten minutes. "I declare, Hetty, it is too bad! what has delayed you?" "Oh, ma'am, nothing has delayed me, for I saw nothing and heard nothing." "Did he not give you any answer?" "Not an answer did he make me. I do not think he is in it at all. I did not tap very loud for 'fraid the boys would hear me from the barn or the stable loft, but from that to this I never stopped tapping or calling to him through the keyhole." "And you heard no stir?" "Neither stir, nor move, nor whisper—purshuin' to his concait! But maybe he is away serenadin' at some of the neighbours' houses." "No, no; he's fast asleep. You know how hard it is to waken working people, yourself among the number." "Ah, Miss Ellen! you'll have your joke. Good night; you may borrow the mistress's 'Key of Paradise' to make your *thurrish*" (penance).

I fear that Ellen's devotions were

much disturbed that evening. She was morally certain that Bryan had proceeded to the waste house to strive to undo the spell; and she passed the night in terror, lest he might undergo the same fate as befel the other unfortunate adventurers. Still her fears were not without a mixture of hopes, as she was conscious of his good intentions, and was certain that he would not resort to the treacherous aid of the whisky bottle. She neither undressed, nor lay down on her bed; she spent part of the time walking about, and part resting in a chair. If she happened to close her eyes through weariness, she soon awoke again in a fright, with her heart beating and her nerves fluttering. Sometimes she had a thought of rousing her father, and getting him to go up to the house with two or three of the labourers. But then, if she was mistaken, it would be hard to let her father and his assistants suspect that Bryan occupied so much of her mind and heart; besides (as was hinted before), her hopes of Bryan coming safe out of the trial were strong. So she endured this harassing suspense, one of the hardest of life's trials to be endured, praying, and thinking, and hoping, and fearing, till the view through the window changed from dark to uncomfortable gray. She then took her seat near the window, and never turned her eyes from the lane that led up to the haunted dwelling. At first, she could distinguish nothing; then the fences of the lane appeared of a deeper gray than the fields; then they became darker and the fields brighter, and at last different colours began to be distinguished. She began after a while to feel the stupifying effect that is caused by gazing long on one object. She occasionally started up, being ignorant for a moment of the cause of her being in her present position, and in the wandering of her mind she sometimes fancied that it was breakfast time, being unable to decide whether she had been watching the lane for minutes or hours. At last her wearied eyes closed for a moment, and when they opened again, she could scarcely trust them for surprise and joy; for there were

\* A popular Roman Catholic prayer-book of the last generation, printed and published by that estimable citizen and sound Protestant, Wm. Jones, 75, Thomas-street.

the hat and great coat of Bryan, and the well-made form under them, entering the bawn. She started back from the window still keeping him in sight, and she could perceive signs of weariness about him as he proceeded to the steps that led to his dormitory. When she lost sight of him she fell on her knees, and offered up heartfelt thanks to heaven for his preservation. With the mental relief came a strong inclination to sleep, and she had hardly laid her head on her pillow when she was wrapped in a blessed forgetfulness.

When all were sitting down to breakfast, Bryan and Ellen were missed. "Where can Bryan be staying?" said the mistress; "he is never unpunctual at his work, and seldom unpunctual at his meals." "I called at his door about a quarter of an hour ago," said one of the boys, "and he said he was not well, but would get up shortly." "I hope," said the master, "that it is nothing serious. This is his first complaint since he came to the house. Why isn't Ellen here?" said he to his wife. "I hope there is nothing amiss with her." "I don't think there is. She seemed in a very sound sleep when I was in her room, just now. The like so seldom happens, that I did not disturb her; we can afford to let her sleep one morning of her life." The odd coincidence struck the attention of everyone at table; some looks were exchanged, but no one gave his thoughts an airing.

When they had all scattered after their breakfast, the farmer said to his wife, "I will go see what is the matter with Bryan, and you can look after Ellen. I'll be back in a few minutes." They went on their separate errands, and met again in the kitchen in about ten minutes. "Bryan is getting up," said the farmer, "and will be ready for breakfast as soon as it is ready for him. He says he is quite well now, and makes ever so many apologies for the trouble he has given." "He surely need make none; he is the most ready and willing boy that ever was on our floor. Ellen is getting up, too. She complains of a head-ache, but says it is almost gone."

In less than half an hour the four were sitting at the parlour table, employed in diminishing a pile of but-

tered squares of a hot wheaten cake. It was a great treat to Bryan, and not unwelcome to Ellen, for it was only a Sunday evening luxury. Ellen examined Bryan's countenance as earnestly as opportunity and bashfulness permitted, but could learn nothing of what she wished to know. The elder folk took a cup of tea to keep them in countenance. Bryan was sensible of the respect shown him, but was a little embarrassed. Great was the pleasure with which he received his cup of tea from the young girl's hand, but he was afraid to show it, and he was searching for the best mode of beginning his narrative of the last night's proceedings. The mistress was pressing him to take another cup of tea, but he thankfully declined it; and seizing his courage with both hands, he leaned his elbows on the table for better support, and began his tale. His voice was at first unsteady enough, but it soon acquired strength.

"Dear master, yourself and the mistress have been very kind to me since the day I first entered your door, and last night I attempted to make some return. I kept watch in the waste house from after supper till daybreak this morning; and now, with God's blessing, anyone may eat, drink, and sleep there from New Year's Day to next New Year's Eve, without hurt or harm; and there is a little box in the wall with thousands of guineas lying in it, and the whole is yours without let or dispute."

The farmer eagerly grasped Bryan's hand, his wife would have hugged Bryan's neck only something prevented her, and his daughter had like to burst out crying, and there was great but pleasant confusion for a while.

"But how," said the farmer, at last, "can I repay you for the terrible risk you have run, and the great, great service you have done for me? I declare you must share this money with me. I never expected a farthing of it, and the half will make me as rich as I ever wish to be: the rest must be yours." "Not a penny of it will I take," said Bryan, "but you can make me a present if you like, and that present I value above anything in the world." "Ah! what can that be?" said he; but just then he caught sight of Ellen turning away

her blushing face. "Oh, oh ! I see how it is. Settle it between you, and if you please one another, you will please me." "And me, too," added his wife. Bryan in the height of his joy grasped the hands of father and mother, and then went in quest of the hand of the daughter, who, in her confusion, gave him that, and a modest loving look into the bargain.

"Now," said the farmer, "let us hear all that happened to you last night. I am sure that I am glad enough that I had no suspicion of what you intended."

So Bryan began his narrative.

"Since last Sunday, at noon, I could not let the haunted house out of my mind for a moment, and all yesterday I was determined not to allow the night to pass without trying my fortune. I got a couple of candles, a flint, and steel, and tinder, and secured the dark lantern. I also put my old prayer-book in my pocket, and left the house without being suspected immediately after supper. While we were finishing the family prayer, you may be sure that I prayed pretty fervently for a blessing on you all, and protection for myself. When I got to the bawn gate of the old house, I felt my heart beat a little ; the deserted place looked so gloomy and ghostly. There were some gleams of moonlight about the chimneys and the edges of the roof, and the bawn near where I stood, was out of the shadow of the building, but everything else under the canopy, and the moon, and stars was all deep shade. I lighted one of my candles, put it into the lantern, and walked to the kitchen door ; and you must not think me a coward, if I acknowledge that I was a little daunted by the ring of the nails of my shoes on the pavement. I lifted the latch, and felt some awe, while my eyes were wandering over the dark corners of the big kitchen, half expecting to meet some terrible looking faces glaring at me out of the gloom. The things on the dresser that had any metal in them were all brown with rust ; so were the grate and fire irons ; and cobwebs were hanging in all the corners, and from the ceiling.

"I passed into the hall, and from that into the front parlour, and that was nearly as gloomy as the kitchen.

The wall-paper was mildewed, and hanging in big flakes, and the floor had a quarter of an inch of dust on it, and shook with every step I made, for the boards were all rotten. The back parlour had a desk in it, and a form, and some chairs. There were rusty bars to the windows, and the night breeze was blowing through broken panes. Well, there was nothing very cheering in all this, but I saw no reason why I should not make myself as comfortable as I could. I searched about and found the remains of a fagot, and bits of boards, and some turf in the kitchen. I swept the old dust off the hearth under the grate ; lighted a few sticks, very few at first, as the chimney was so long out of use, drew a little table towards the fire, set my lantern on it, and then knelt down and said my prayers ; first sprinkling round the table with holy water. When my night prayers were finished, I read the litanies and a part of the rosary out of the prayer-book. I used to stop and listen every now and then, but nothing I could hear but the wind outside, and the crackling of the sticks in the grate. You may depend that there was an awful lonely feeling all over me, but I felt confident in the power given to my guardian angel against anything that an evil spirit could do.

"So the time wore on between reading, and thinking, and praying ; but at last, when I was getting a little drowsy, and leaning my elbows on the table with my head between my hands, a frightful shiver ran through me, and I knew that something not of this world was in the room. I raised my eyes ; and there, with nothing between me and it but the table, was the dim appearance of a man looking at me as intently as if he could see through my solid body. His face and clothes had the same appearance as if you were looking at a body through a fine black veil, and his eyes never winked nor turned away, but seemed as if they were fixed on something behind my head. I could not utter a word for a while ; but during that short while, I concluded that the appearance was nothing evil, as it seemed to be inside the circle of holy water. So I made an attempt to speak ; but the sounds I made were like what I remember hearing long ago from my own lips, when I would be awakening up

from a frightful dream, just as if my heart was jumping into my mouth, and I could only utter half words. However, what I intended to say was, 'In the Name of the FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST! let me know what is disturbing you.'

"Well, there came a mild expression over the face, and I began to get a knowledge of what I am going to tell you now; but I heard no sound and his lips never moved. How I felt and understood what he communicated, I cannot explain. It seemed as if I was carried out of myself, and that there was a strain on my seeing and hearing, and that my soul was suspended in the air with a feeling of cold and terror on it, and it wishing to get back again into the comfortable home of the body. In that state, I saw people, and things, and places, and could tell what the people thought or wished to say to me, just as I could hear my own whisper; and all the time, what I saw and heard seemed a part of myself, or as if everything was passing within my mind like a moving show. This is the substance of the vision, or whatever it was.

"For a week before your father's death he had been very much troubled in his mind. The thought of having beggared so many struggling people was tormenting him, and at last, through God's grace, he formed a strong resolution of restoring all that he had got by too high a rate of interest, and of giving assistance to everyone that had come to poverty by his means, or to their children, if themselves had been called away. At the very moment when the fit seized him, he was beginning a list of all the people whom he had injured. For the sincerity of his resolution, and the sincerity of his sorrow before death, he escaped the torments of the damned, but his soul was not to know rest till all possible reparation should be made to his victims. Out of this arose the disturbance ten years before at the old house, and its speedy desertion. All that had ventured to sit up were more or less drunk every one, and none had sufficient courage or presence of mind to address the ghost. The hoard was behind the wainscot in a recess in the back parlour, and a book containing the names of his former debtors and his dealings with them in another recess near it. A panel of the wood-

work was the door of each, and they were opened by pressing round bits of wood about the size of a small button, and no one could, except by the merest chance, find the spot where they lay, or distinguish them from the wood-work in which they were set. You are to take possession of the money, and to the best of your ability restore all the ill-got portion to those who have been wronged or treated harshly, or to their children.

"While these things I have mentioned, and the instructions I got were revealed to me, I was under no terror from the sight of the apparition after the first few moments. It was as if my sight and hearing were strengthened and strained in some way. At last, just as if a thick veil fell round my eyes and ears, all was dark and silent. I felt the shiver running over me again, and found the candle burned out, and a streak of gray light across the window. Ah! I would not for any possible advantage to myself, go with my own free will through such a trial again, I felt so chilly, and dispirited, and awed, when all was over. However, I fell on my knees, and returned thanks from the bottom of my heart for being allowed to do some good for my dear friends, and for my own preservation through the sharp trial. The beating of my heart ceased by degrees, and I found my courage gradually returning. I stepped into the other room, and found even in the dim light, the knobs of the presses as if I had been using them for years, everything was so clearly laid before me in the vision or whatever it was. The panels opened, and there lay the gold and notes in one, and the book in the other. I closed them after taking a look, hurried out of the house as fast as I could, staggered home some way, and got a three hours' sleep, and never was a sleep so much wanted.

"You offered to take me as your son-in-law when you thought you were much richer than you will now find yourself to be, after you have returned so much of the hidden treasure to those who have the best right to it; so I must set a greater value on your favour." "Richer or poorer, I would select you out of thousands: you have made us happier, I am sure, than we can express. The soul of my poor father is, I hope, at rest, and



the curse is removed from the old family place."

About half an hour later they were passing through the rooms of the old house. Where the windows were not broken, there was a close unhealthy smell ; and the dust disturbed by their feet floated up through the broad slanting sun rays in white volumes. They opened windows and doors, and of course inspected the secret recesses, and spread great joy and excitement among the domestics and labourers on their return. Father and son were diligently employed for a week or two inspecting the book, and returning most of the property found in the

recess to the rightful owners or their heirs. Then it was a work of love to put the old house again in habitable repair, and to prune trees, clip hedges, clean walks, and bring the orchard, and the flower garden, and the kitchen garden into a healthy condition. Bryan's family were brought and settled comfortably on a skirt of the farm. Bryan and Ellen were married, and if themselves and their parents met with after-trials and crosses, it was to prevent them from looking to find heaven on earth, a place where it has never yet been found by any of Adam and Eve's children.

#### SPRING THOUGHTS.

PRIMROSES beneath the trees,  
Fling their scent upon the breeze ;  
Rooks are calling in the air ;  
Birds make music ev'rywhere.

Swallows come from far away,  
Lambs in ev'ry field at play,  
Hawthorn hedges dress'd in white,  
Cormorants chirp from morn to night.

Meadows bright with golden hue,  
Woods are carpeted with blue,  
Cattle grazing in the mead,  
There a sower sows his seed.

Searching for a rosebud here,  
Cuckoo's notes upon the ear,  
Fledglings flutter as they sing,  
There a bee is on the wing.

Shadows on the mountains cast,  
Light appearing then as fast,  
Pheasant crying in its flight,  
Orchards full of blossoms white.

Life and joy are ev'rywhere ;  
Lurks a thought of sadness there ?  
Yes—for grief must linger here ;  
First a smile and then a tear.

Sunshine hours must pass away,  
Flowers cannot bloom alway ;  
Songs that make the greenwoods ring  
Shall we hear them after Spring ?—

Hear the lark who sings above,  
Rapturous notes of joy and love—  
As I hear sad thoughts take wing ;  
Heaven is bright, and still 'tis Spring.

## MOLIERE AT HOME AND AT THE PLAY.

## ANCIENT AND MODERN CONTRASTS.

WE are probably gainers by the low condition of the French drama in the days of Shakespeare. There is a serene and leisurely air stamped on the features of the extant portraits, which induces a suspicion that he would not take more trouble with his mental creations than was absolutely necessary. We know that he unscrupulously borrowed his plots rather than take the trouble of inventing others, and really it is not pleasant to speculate too nicely on the probable results to the British drama, had its relations with its sister in Paris, say from 1580 to 1608, been the same as in our day. Imagine the great dramatist, instead of fashioning in his mind-chambers, and then transferring to paper such masterpieces as "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," and "As you like it," deliberately opening out on his desk, and adapting for the ears of his countrymen, such dramas as "*La Dame aux Camelias*," "*L'Auberge des Adrets*," "*Bertrand et Raton*," or "*Les Trois Mousquetaires*!" But the idea is too dreadful to be dwelt on. Many a one has nearly died from the recollection of a hairbreadth escape from the edge of a precipice.

Well, perhaps though Shakespeare copied not from the Parisian drama, the great French comedian and dramatist, Moliere the founder of decent comedy in France, copied from him. His birth occurred in 1620 four years after Shakespeare's death, and the works of the great Englishman were in print before he was able to read his own language. There are several objections however to the supposition of any knowledge of the great Englishman's works by the French dramatist.

From the era of the *renaissance* the literary portion of French society had begun to imbibe a taste for the classic, and such things as made effective points in the dramas of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, were revolting to their taste, were Gothic and barbarous,—two epithets having the same signification in their "*Dictionnaire du Gout*," if such a book of reference existed. Murders

perpetrated on the scene, or the sight of a scaffold, were intolerable by their fine perceptions. *Le Pays*, a *precieux* of his day, having visited England after the restoration of the Stuarts, could scarcely find words sufficiently strong in which to communicate to his countrymen the heartache he endured at the play in London, or the delight expressed by the ladies at the scenic barbarities.

"You know," cried he, writing to a friend, "that it is a rule in our theatre not to exhibit tragic acts to the eyes of the spectators. Our poets who are aware of our delicacy, never ensanguine the scene, nor present murder or violence on the stage. On the contrary, the English poets, in order to gratify the humour and inclination of their audience, make blood flow on the boards, and never fail to adorn their scenes with the most cruel catastrophes. There is not a piece played in which some one is not hung, some one wounded, some one assassinated. And it is at such passages that the women clap their hands, and burst out a laughing."

Saint Amant, who loved the indulgence of smoking and guzzling at taverns, could not endure them on the stage, and he exhausted his eloquence in describing the vulgarities of the English dramas. Here are some lines from his mock heroic piece, "*Albion*":—

"A king smokes in his chair  
While a stutterer holds forth;  
One is purblind, another deaf,  
And has neither band nor frill:  
One, a prey to the toothache,  
Astonishes the spectators  
With his jaws wrapped up."

St. Amant could not afford to laugh at the farces, nor endure the clowns who, as was then the custom held trials of wit with the audience. St. Evremond in his chapter on tragedies expresses his disgust at the English theatre, in which "could be seen nothing but a confused mass of events without due consideration of time or place, and with no regard to decency or politeness." He acknowledged however that some of the more ancient pieces might be rendered acceptable even to a French audience by necessary retrenchments.

At the period of which we speak, the Italian and Spanish languages were the only foreign ones learned by the upper classes in France. The other European tongues, especially the English, were considered unworthy of study. Moliere understood the two languages mentioned, his wife was acquainted with Italian at least. In the "Parisienne" of Champmêslé she sustained an entirely Italian part, but neither she nor her husband knew a dozen words of English. So Shakespeare remained unpilfered by the French genius.

#### YOUTH OF MOLIERE.

Jean Baptiste Poquelin who when he took to the stage, added *De Molière* to his bourgeois appellation, was born in 1620, his grandfather having enjoyed, and his father then enjoying the privileges of calling themselves "Upholsterers to the King." His father intending him for his own business, would have given him but a tradesman's education at the college of Clermont (now that of Louis le Grand), but at the pressing instance of the youth he afterwards allowed him to continue his studies under the Jesuits. Poquelin the elder finding in his son a strong repugnance to the hereditary occupation, determined to make him a lawyer, and with that object in view, sent him to study at the college of Orleans, and later at the Sorbonne.

During the conclusion of his school life he was oftener found at the Hotel Bourgogne than at the Sorbonne, his grandfather having frequently accompanied him during his youth to witness such performances as we have mentioned in a former paper. Being left some money by his mother, he no sooner found himself emancipated from college than he collected some young fellows of good birth and standing, fitted up a booth, announced it as the "Illustrious Theatre," and gave amateur entertainments. He might not so readily have induced

his well-born companions to embrace the profession, had not the King by an ordinance dated 1641, declared that a gentleman did not derogate from his condition by exercising his talents as an actor.

#### EARLY THEATRICAL STRUGGLES.

Moliere having established his illustrious actors at the *Jeu de Paume* of the Fosses de Nèfle, gave sundry free representations, during which he and his troupe received much applause. However, his funds being limited, these gratis exhibitions necessarily came to a close, and when the few sous, the then tariff, were paid by the after visitors, they revenged the affront by mercilessly hissing the poor though illustrious amateurs.\* Success now appearing at an incalculable distance, it is probable that Moliere began to think of returning to the upholstery rooms or the advocate's office, when the return of the Troupe-Bejart to Paris roused his spirits and confirmed him in his new profession. The head of this family was the Inspector of the Royal Woods and Waters, so it enjoyed a certain official gentility. It consisted of two brothers and two sisters, all distinguished by slight blemishes. James the elder brother stammered a little, Louis had a slight halt, Geneviève was stupid, and Madeleine, the eldest, and the genius of the family, had foxy hair. Some five years before the period in Moliere's life at which we have arrived, Madeleine had attracted the attention of the Baron de Modène, Chamberlain of Gaston D'Orleans (brother of Louis XIII.), a man of some merit, but completely under the dominion of his passions. She bore him a daughter, Françoise, and entertained seemingly well-founded hopes of becoming his wife.

But it was otherwise to be. The Baron, the Duke of Guise, and others in the interest of the worthless Gaston d'Orleans, formed a plot against Cardinal Richelieu, and

\* One of the greatest living authorities on stage matters—himself an ex-manager and an ex-performer never surpassed in such characters as *Charles the Twelfth* and *Joseph Surface*, has asserted, and who ought to know better, that it is only people who pay, that give hearty applause. "The free admissions," he says, "always observe a dead silence except when they enliven it by a hiss." The biographer of Tyrone Power and of Patrick Sarsfield had experience; Edouard Fournier, our other authority probably had not. We leave the matter *sub lite*.

under the Duke of Soissons fought against the royal forces in the Ardennes. The chief being slain, the Baron was obliged to remain an exile in the Low Countries, and Madeleine's hopes of an immediate marriage were disappointed. She and her people could scarcely expect to remain unmolested in Paris, as the Baron's relations with them were well known to the Cardinal and his police. They withdrew to the country, and played their way till they came to Bourdeaux, where they met a most cordial reception from the new Duc d'Espèron, who had just succeeded his father as governor of Guienne. This nobleman had a well-selected company of his own, and now had the satisfaction of seeing pieces excellently played by the united strength of this and of La Bejart's.

The dramatist Magnon who had written the drama of "Phaeton" in which the expected fall of Richelieu was anticipated, some years later dedicated his play of "Josaphat" to this patron of the drama, and eulogised his protection of La Bejart and her people. "This protection and these succours, Monseigneur," said he, "which you have afforded to the most unfortunate and one of the most interesting actresses of France, is not the least of your good actions. All Parnassus is your debtor, and returns you thanks by my mouth. You have withdrawn this hapless woman from the precipice to which her own merit had driven her, and you have restored to the theatre one of the most gifted personages that has ever trod its boards. She has remounted the stage, Monseigneur, but with the hope of bearing a part in this noble piece where under borrowed names a part of your own life will be represented."

Among the fine qualities of Madeleine, continence was not numbered,—more's the pity! In one of the towns or cities of Guienne, or Languedoc, or Provence, and some day in the early part of 1644 was born in the family of Bejart a female child, who shortly afterwards received the names of Armande-Gresinde-Claire-Elisabeth, and who when she arrived at woman's estate became the wife of Moliere, and the bane of his after existence. Genevieve the younger of the two sisters enjoyed a good cha-

racter, their mother had brought to the world fourteen years before, the youngest of eight children, Madeleine's failings we have hinted at, and though the mother of the family acknowledged that little Armande was her own child, the maternity was awarded by public acclamation to her daughter.

But Richelieu died, and the Duke of Guise and his friend the Baron de Modène were again in Paris at perfect liberty. Madeleine and her family now approached the capital leaving little Armande to be nursed and educated by a worthy matron of Languedoc, who really did good duty by the beautiful little child. The Baron showed no coldness to his old love at their meeting; she did not yet despair of becoming his baroness, but meantime she met Moliere, with whom she had been acquainted before her country campaign. She should make efforts for the support of herself and her family, and she felt that it would be no derogation to them to join the "Illustrious Company" of her former acquaintance.

The well-born but very middling actors of Moliere's troop could not with a good grace turn up their noses at their new allies, for they ranked in their genealogy the *Sergent d'Armes* of Charles V. The united company did not stay long at the Fives Court (*Jeu de Paume*) of the *Fossés de Nesle*; they betook themselves to the neighbourhood of the Port Saint Paul, but they did not thrive on the patronage of the boatmen of that quarter, and the postilions and messengers from Lyons, whose house of repose was the Hotel de Sens. Sometime later they migrated to the *Jeu de Paume de la Croix Blanche* in the Fauborg Saint Germain, where they seem to have performed two new successful pieces, "La Mort de Sennéque" by Tristan l'Hermite, and the "Artaxerce" of Magnon. This author in gratitude for the care with which his piece was produced had printed on its title-page when published, "*Représentée sur l'Illustre Théâtre.*"

Meanwhile our company were always welcome at the hotel of the Duke of Guise, through the good offices of Madeleine's husband that should have been. The legal union however was not to take place. In 1646 the Duke set off for Rome, taking

the Baron along with him. He was occupied at the time about his divorce from the Countess Bossuet; and being under the impression that he should not again return, he sold his furniture, and distributed the contents of a magnificent wardrobe among the Illustrious Company, the company of the Hotel de Bourgogne, and that of the Marais.

La Bejart trusted that her lover would shortly return, but he and his patron instead of retracing their steps, went on to bear a part in the struggles then maintained at Naples, Guise hoping to secure a crown for himself. Instead thereof he met with reverses and imprisonment, the Baron de Modène sharing his fate.

#### PROVINCIAL CAMPAIGNS.

Madeleine losing all hopes of advancement by marriage, once more set her face to the provinces in company with Moliere, and traversed a considerable part of France for a couple of years,—1648 to 1650. P. Lacroix (*Bibliophile Jacob*) is of opinion that some of the adventures of the troupe in Scarron's "Roman Comique" really befel the united company of La Bejart and Moliere. They of course sought out the sunny places where the disputes between Mazarin and the princes were not raging. They returned for a short time probably to find out the Baron's real intentions (he had been liberated from prison), which not being very encouraging, they followed the court to Poitiers in 1651. In 1658 they are again in Paris and their country campaigns have come to an end. However we must see what was achieved in this interim.

It is strange that Moliere during his dramatic experience from 1641 to 1653 never found the creative impulse urging him to compose something for his people. Perhaps though it is not recorded, he had produced slight pieces which he did not afterwards think worth preserving. While sojourning in Bourdeaux 1652 (*qu.*), he produced the tragedy of the "Thébaïde," which was but coldly received, and he had sufficient penetration and good sense to feel that tragedy was not his forte.

He commenced a comic piece forthwith, and on the removal of the

company to Lyons in 1653, he produced it under the title "L'Etourdi" (scapegrace or hairbrain), and despite the faulty style of the language, and the loosely hanging plot, it met an enthusiastic reception. The Prince of Conti who then kept high state at Beziers as Governor of Languedoc, was well pleased to hear of the success of his fellow student of the Jesuit College of Clermont, and invited himself and his people to his court where "L'Etourdi" was repeated with increased success. This was followed by "Le Depit Amoureux" (The Lovers' Quarrel), and some farces which did not outlive the author, such as "Le Docteur Amoureux," "Les Trois Docteurs Rivaux," &c.

The part which it pleased Moliere to take in his first comedy "L'Etourdi," was that of the intriguing valet *Mascarille*, and this he performed in a mask. The play bears evidence of his having studied Terence. The female slave *Celie* turns out in the end to be the daughter of the *Pere Noble*, and the sister of her lover's rival. Moliere's later trials and domestic troubles might be considered in some degree a retribution for all his previous bitter jokes on deceiving wives and deceived husbands. *Mascarille* ends the play of "L'Etourdi" with this tag,—

"Allons donc, et que les cieux prospères  
Nous donnent des enfants dont nous  
soyons les pères."

Voltaire must have been in error when he asserted that the play of "Les Precieuses Ridicules" was first presented at Beziers before the Prince of Conti. The keen satire of the piece was directed against the affectations and euphuisms of the Parisian belles who took pattern by what they saw and heard at the Hotel Rambouillet.

#### ARMANDE'S GIRLHOOD.

As soon as La Bejart was convinced of the folly of trusting to become Madame de la Baronne, she withdrew the little Armande from her Languedocian guardian, and bestowed some maternal cares on her. But the engaging little lady seemed from the beginning more attached to Moliere than her mother. From many beautiful passages in "Moliere's Tragedy" by Lady Bulwer Lytton we select one which so well illustrates the early relations of Moliere and his charming

little protégée. If ever the book comes to a second edition (many works vastly its inferior have enjoyed that honour) we hope to see the numerous faulty Latin quotations omitted, and such errors as the following corrected. Madeleine whose first child was born about 1639, is said to be nineteen years old in 1654, and her sister (ought to be daughter) seven years only.

"For hours would this little creature sit on Moliere's knee, even while he wrote; and when after numerous ineffectual efforts to make him listen to histories of dolls and sugar-plums, she would receive no other answer than a gentle pat on the cheek, and a '*c'est bien, ma mignonne*, by-and-by,' and the pen would recommence its monotonous travels over the paper, Armande relinquishing in despair all attempts at conversation, would with a sigh bury her little face in Moliere's bosom, and fall asleep—that blessed peroration of all childish disappointments.

"Even the Hyperian curls of his best peruke, redolent of rose ambree, were not sacred to her. Ink might be spilled on point-trimmed handkerchiefs, and manuscripts torn or destroyed. 'That child,' as La Forêt (the critical old housekeeper) said, 'was chartered and never blamed.' One memorable anecdote in particular was extant of her childish omnipotence. One day as Moliere returned home to dress as he was to dine with Chapelle, he found Armande on his bed where his gala clothes were laid out, at high romps with the cat, the latter on her back with his best *point d'Alençon* cravat in ribbons between her paws, and her companion applauding her achievement with peals of laughter. Moliere beside himself, was about to strike the cat, when Armande seizing his arm, burst into tears, and exclaimed,—

"Non, non, petit mari, it was not Minnie—it was Armande."

"Then Armande is a very naughty girl," said Moliere turning from her.

"No, no, kiss me and forget it." But Moliere turned his back on her, and leant on the mantel-piece, when Armande, then between eight and

nine,\* drew herself up with the air of a tragedy-queen, and walking out of the room, said,—

"You shall remember calling me a naughty girl, sir, for I will never see you again."

"Half an hour after, Moliere was at Madeleine Bejart's lodgings on his knees asking Armande's pardon, and as he sued with *pralines* (sugared almonds) in one hand and cherries in the other, he did not sue in vain."

The liberal prince of Conti would have kept his old fellow student with him in quality of secretary, but Moliere's vocation for the boards was too strong. He was a man of a kind heart, and probably felt that his presence was necessary to the well-being of his company, especially the female portion. No one except an actor or actress accustomed to, and greedy of applause can be fully aware of the charm which the boards exercise on the profession. If it were not so, how could a lady or gentleman of fine taste and in easy circumstances, endure the squalid, dusty, sizzly, and dauby surroundings, the bare walls, the tattered canvas sheets hanging overhead, the undressing and dressing in cold weather, the application of colour, lamp-black and grease, and gummed whiskers to the face, and wigs of clammy feel to the head! Worse than these again, the late hours, the lassitude left by the labour, and the everlasting bother of committing slips of manuscript or print to memory. Worst of all is the contrast between the noble, tender, and heroic sentiments just heard before the footlights, and the little-minded, trivial, jealous, and ill-natured remarks, heard behind the scenes, and betraying souls of a selfish turn, and minds of a small calibre. Another disagreeable feature of theatrical life was not revealed to us for a score of years after our first play. We imagined the artists all thoroughly acquainted with the plot and the sequence of every scene, and all intently watching the progress of the action from between the side-scenes. Now that the scales of our early enchantment have fallen from our eyes,

\* There is some error here. The company remained in the country from 1644, date of Armande's birth, to 1658, with the exception of a visit in 1650, when she was about six years old. Chapelle's part in the anecdote fixes the scene at Paris.

we feel a kind of disgust in fancying *Lady Sneerwell* or *Sir Benjamin Backbite* getting their lengths by heart, reposing in the green room till summoned by the call-boy, repeating their lines on hearing the cues, exiting at stated times, and not caring a pinch of rouge or a tuft of the hare's foot whether *Joseph Surface* succeeds or fails in his villainous designs, or whether *Lady Teazle* is reconciled with or divorced from *Sir Peter*.

#### THE FIRST STEP UPWARDS.

But our brave M. Jean Baptiste Poquelin, bestowing the adjunct of Moliere on himself, from some little farm or other belonging to his family, actuated by the thirst for applause, and a tender care for his little company, chose to continue his mode of life. However, he was heartily tired of the provinces, and so, by the interest of the Prince of Conti, he obtained an audience of MONSIEUR (Louis XIV.'s brother), and encouragement to set up his household gods at Paris, and permission to call his people "*La Troupe de Monsieur*."

On the 24th of October, 1658, Moliere being now at the mature age of 38, and Armande, a charming little coquette of 14, a temporary theatre was erected in the Guards' Hall, at the Louvre, and the anxious troupe presented before the court Corneille's tragedy of "*Nicomede*." The company of the Hotel de Bourgogne being specially invited by the young king to witness the performance, these last, as may be supposed, looked on with as much contempt as Drury-lane or Haymarket artists would on the efforts of a few of Richardson's folk. Considerable applause was given by the noble and critical audience, but this did not blind Moliere to the inferiority of his performers in tragedy, when compared with the Royal company. The performance being over, he came before the curtain, thanked the king for his kindness and condescension, and begged leave to perform for the amusement of his Majesty one of those slight comic pieces with which his people were familiar. The royal assent was willingly granted, and he and his courtiers gave way to hearty bursts of laughter for the next forty-five minutes, at the disappointments of *Le Docteur Amoureux*. The gratified monarch

at once privileged them to take possession of the Theatre du Petit Bourbon, under the title of "*Le Troupe de Monsieur*," and to play on alternate days with the Italian Company.

Moliere's company at this time consisted of the Brothers Bejart, Messrs. Duparc, Dufresne, Desbrie, Croisal, and Mesdames Bejart, Duparc, Debrie, and Hervé. Ten days after their first performance they took possession of their new house. Whatever troubles and annoyances they afterwards endured, the cold, the wettings, and the occasional hunger of their former roving life were endured no more. Armande was beginning to disturb Moliere's heart with her beauty, grace, and coquetry, and it is to be feared that he had some trouble in preserving a semblance of mutual civility among the ladies, for susceptibility to female attractions was perhaps his chief foible, and he had not played the part of guide and philosopher to his women-kind as Scipio Africanus in his place might perhaps have done. However he was now only thirty-eight years and ambition to win fame as a dramatist and actor, and also the favour of the young king, was strong in him, and he felt himself equal to the necessary exertions.

The reign of healthy comedy commenced in Paris with "*L'Etourdi*," with which the new theatre was inaugurated on Nov. 3, 1658. All the élite of the court and the city attended, and bestowed the most unqualified praise on the performance, but the ill feelings of the royal company were excited to a most unhealthy degree. Du Casse in his "*Ancien Theatre*," remarks on the causeless bitterness of the two companies towards each other, though in different lines of business, one exclusively occupied with tragedy, the other with comedy, while twenty theatres in our own days conduct their affairs with mutual good feeling, and in the performance of good offices towards each other. He acknowledges indeed "that we may hear now and then, particularly when new pieces are reviewed, of some soft taps, some fault-finding with this or that piece, more or less wittily expressed, some ill-natured observation made on actor or actress of a neighbouring establishment. "But what," as he observes,

"are these but pin-pricks compared with the club-strokes which the two rival theatres dealt to each other. Civilization progresses, wars cease—theatrical wars to wit."

A month later "*Le Depit Amoureux*" was introduced, and met with unqualified success, though it was far from being a thoroughly good play. The plot is somewhat absurd, and the conferences of the valet and the waiting-maid unedifying. Hitherto Moliere depended too much on foreign models. The original of his play was the Italian "*Le Filia Creduta Maschio*." We must submit a few lines of *Mascarille's* drollery, when protesting to himself against accompanying his master, armed to the teeth on a love-expedition:—

"Me fight indeed! Good heavens! am I a Roland, master,  
Or even Ferragus? badly you know me.  
When I come to think,—I who am so dear to myself,  
That it needs only two inches of a wretched blade  
In the body, to stretch a living man on his bier,  
I am scandalized in a surprising degree.  
'But you shall be armed *cap-a-pie*!' So much the worse;  
I shall be less capable of using my heels.  
Besides, there is no armour jointed so well  
Through which a sharp rascally blade may not pierce.  
'Oh, you shall be henceforth reckoned as a poltroon!' So be it, as long as I can wag my chin  
At table, you may reckon on me as four;  
Set me at naught if fighting's the game.  
In fine, if the other world attracts you so much,  
I find the air of the present one agreeable.  
I hunger neither after death nor wound;  
If it pleases you to play the fool, do it alone."

Few of our readers need be informed of the stereotyped characters in every old Italian piece, carrying their names as well as their dispositions from one play to another. The system prevailed so much in Moliere's day that he did not venture on a change with regard to some of the lower comic characters. So *Mascarille*, *Gorgibus*, and *Sganarelle* figure in more than one of his pieces.

THE HOTEL RAMBOUILLET AND ITS PRECIEUSES  
RIDICULES.

The following circumstances furnished the general design of the third

successful piece, "*Les Precieuses Ridicules*."

The Marchioness of Rambouillet, an amiable lady, and one who much relished agreeable society, kept open house for all ladies and gentlemen who laid claim to literary abilities or an admiration for them. The Marquise in course of time came to be looked on by her grateful and admiring guests as a goddess in all matters of taste and sentiment, and soon a spirit of affectation began to pervade the inmates and the visitors of the Hotel. An exaggerated chivalric tenderness ruled the hearts and occupied the minds of the ladies and gentlemen. The initiated were expected to be well acquainted with the "*Carte du Tendre*" (Map of Sentiment). In order to be loved, one was obliged to take by assault "*Le Village des Billets Galants*," "*Le Hameau* (hamlet) des *Billets Doux*," and "*Le Chateau des Petit Soins*" (delicate attentions.) The ladies addressed each other as *chères*. A *precieuse*, a *chère* in order to receive her friends suitably, occupied her bed. Her *ruelle* (space between the bed and the wall) was coquettishly decorated. But in order to enjoy the felicity of admission to the bedside, a neophyte should be ushered in by *Le Grand Introduceur des Ruelles*, to *Le Fin des Choses*, *le Grand Fin*, and *Le Fin du Fin*. There was likewise the very important personage *l'Alcôviste*, for whose duties we shall trouble M. du Casse.

"It was upon the happy mortal charged with these high and important functions that the care of doing the honours of the chamber of the *chères* were laid, as well as regulating the tone of the conversation. He was the introducer, and the scene-arranger of this stupid daily comedy. What was specially *bizarre* in this whole thing, and which marks the difference between the manners of the days of the GREAT KING and ours, was that this establishment of an *alcôviste* never excited the least suspicion concerning the virtue of the *chères*."

Having refined and etherialized the tender passion, and all connected with it, they next tried their delicate imaginations on the language which should be used in the Court of the GOLDEN EROS of pure affection. But instead of simplifying the combinations of the mind symbols, they clothed simple and common ideas in



such a diffuse and at the same time complicated tissue of words, that no one without the Rambouillet key could understand the phraseology of an adept. The evil was beginning rapidly to spread, and to get possession of many circles beyond that in which it originated, when it was arrested by the caustic process employed in the "*Precieuses Ridicules*."

All the habitués of the Hotel attended the first representation, and, most strange to say, loudly applauded the satire so skilfully and effectively directed against their own affectations and foibles. Personal offence was wisely avoided by making the daughter and niece of the country bourgeois *Gorgibus* (a generic name, of the class of Arlechino, Pierrot, Mascarille, &c.) the representatives of the *precieuses*. These being, as might be taken for granted, only the mere apes of the high society, perhaps the real *precieuses* enjoyed the satire directed against them as a fashionable belle in hoops would enjoy from her box the laughs directed against a voluminous girded servant-maid well caricatured on the stage.

Menage, a sworn adherent of the amiable mistress of the Hotel Rambouillet observed to Chapelain, another faithful knight, as they were issuing from Petit Bourbon—"Monsieur, you and I have been approving all these fooleries which have just been criticised so keenly and sensibly. But depend on it, we must now, as St. Remy said to Clovis, 'begin to burn what we adored, and adore what we burned.'"

During the first performance of the piece an old man cried out from the pit, "Bravo, Moliere! that is the genuine comedy." The Court being then at the Pyrenees, the piece was rehearsed by the company at their place of sojourn, and acted with great applause. Moliere would have been above all human weaknesses if he had not felt elation of spirit at his success. "Come, come!" said he to himself, "you may now lay aside Plautus and Terence and Menander's fragments, and study the society round you."

The unreal world in which the *chères* and *precieuses*, and their grand masters of ceremony, and their *alcohistes* had lived up to that time disappeared like the clearing away of an unhealthy fog, and the romances

just then in vogue and imbued with the same spirit of extravagance and affectation, all at once lost their charm, and Joly, the most extensive publisher of such rubbish, was ruined by the change in public taste. A few words on the subject of the piece will not be out of place.

*Cathos* and *Madelon*, one the niece, the other the daughter of *Gorgibus*, having newly arrived in Paris from the country, are determined to become a portion of the most refined society in the city. Messrs. *Lagrange* and *Ducroisy*, a pair of estimable suitors are summarily dismissed, because they begin by proposing what should be the conclusion of a siege in form—matrimony. In justification of themselves to the old gentleman for refusing such desirable matches, they cry, "Oh la! they had the ill-manners to propose marriage at the first interview." "And was it concubinage," said the justly-angered parent, "they should have proposed?" "Oh, father!" cries *Madelon*, "matrimony should never come in but at the termination of all the other adventures. A lover, in order to be agreeable, should commence with fine sentiments, exhibit the mild, the sweet, the tender, the passionate, and conduct his suit in the established forms. First, he sees at church or in the evening promenade, or at some public ceremony the person of whom he is to become amorous, or by some stroke of fate he is introduced by a friend, and quits her company after that first interview in a melancholy reverie. For some time he conceals his passion from the beloved object, nevertheless he pays ceaseless visits, in which some question on the subject of the tender passion is always sure to be introduced, and to exercise the judgment of the company. At last comes the declaration, which should be made in some sheltered walk of the garden, the rest of the company being out of hearing. The avowal is met by an angry refusal, which, for the time, banishes the lover from her presence. However he finds means to soften our wrath and to accustom us insensibly to his fervent language, and at last, to draw from us an avowal of a return. Then ensue adventures, rivals who interfere, persecutions from our fathers, jealousies arising from misunderstandings, loving

reproaches, despair, abductions, and the rest. Behold how things proceed in good society, under the rules of gallantry, of which no one should be ignorant. But to fling a proposal of marriage at you *point blanc*, and make love while you sign the contract — this is to begin at the wrong end ; the very idea is enough to make me ill."

The rejected lovers take their revenge by dressing their valets, *Mascarille* and *Jodelet* in their own clothes, and sending them to pay court to the *precieuses* in the style they affect. Here is a slight specimen of *Mascarille's* eloquence. After *Madelon* has directed the servant to "coach up here the commodities of conversation (*i.e.* bring chairs), *Mascarille* fearfully asks, "Am I in no danger here?" "What do you fear?" she answers; and he replies, "A robbery of my heart, an assassination of my liberty. I behold in this presence two eyes with every mark of treachery about them, prepared to trample on my freedom, and treat it as the Turk treats the Moor. Oh, the devil! as I approach closer they assume the posture of combat. I am dismayed, and must either make my escape, or obtain surety that they mean no harm."

After the needful complement of fooling and being fooled, the masters present themselves, at the word of command the lacquey-lovers put off their laced coats, and the poor *precieuses* drink the cup of mortification to the dregs.

Before we proceed further in our great comedian's career, it will not be out of place to present the portrait of Moliere as sketched in a few pencil-strokes by Madame Poisson, daughter of Ducroisy, who as well as his daughter belonged to this "Troupe de Monsieur." "He was neither fat nor lean, and was above the middle size; his gait had something noble in it, and his limbs were finely formed. His face wore in ordinary a serious expression, and his movements were leisurely and grave. The nose was rather large, so was his mouth, and his lips were full. His complexion was swarthy, his eyebrows large and dark, and their movements when he personated humorous characters, gave a most comic expression to his countenance. With regard to character he was mild, agreeable and

generous. He delighted in making little speeches, and when he read his pieces to the comedians, he always liked to see their children present, in order to judge of the effects of different passages by their unconstrained gestures and expressions."

With such personal and mental qualities, it was only natural that his company should have been much attached to the man, and that he should have been very popular with the mere play-goers not favoured with his personal acquaintance. Even in his youth he possessed much persuasive influence, one curious example of which has been preserved by his biographers.

On his first country campaign, his father sent his first tutor after him, in order to induce him to return, and enter on a respectable career. The captor however was captured. Moliere persuaded his mentor to join the company, and fill such parts as the doctor, for which his acquaintance with Latin eminently fitted him.

#### ANCIENT AND MODERN NOMENCLATURE.

The next piece produced in 1660 was the "*Cocu Imaginaire*." The most virtuous ladies of court and city at the time would not be ashamed to pronounce the dread name *cocu*, nor deny that they knew what it meant. In these refined days of ours, no gentleman or lady could tolerate its sound in a Parisian salon. Can it be that these same pure-tongued and pure-eared people, would be present at the spectacles, which wanderers who have been at the great city, report to be now in full public favour? The title has been preserved in some novels, chiefly in those of Paul de Kock, but even so long ago as 1773, the play in question was obliged to assume the milder title of "*Les Fausses Alarmes*" on being played before the court.

The *Grand Monarque* and his court were not so strait-laced. While the play was in full career, the king seeing Madame Loiseau at one of his evening receptions, and knowing her aptness at repartee, whispered a duchess with whom he was conversing, to ask her what bird was most obnoxious à être *cocu*? The lady on obeying the royal command was in-

nocently and readily answered, "C'est le duc, Madame."\*\*

An individual of that self-tormenting class which is ever on the lookout for uncomfortable caps to fit on its head, being present at the first representation of the play, cried out in indignation to a friend as they were returning home, "What have I done to Moliere that he should exhibit me on his stage in this despicable character of *Sganarelle*? I have a great mind to speak to him on the subject." "Don't on any account, my dear fellow," was the answer. "If you displease him he will be sure to bring you out, not as the *Cocu Imaginaire*, but as the *Cocu Veritable*."

#### MOLIERE AT THE PALAIS ROYAL.

This was the last of Moliere's pieces played at *Le Petit Bourbon*, which was taken down in the month of October, 1660. The theatre erected in the Palais Royal by Cardinal Richelieu for the performance of "*Mirame*," was granted to the Troupe de Monsieur, which was afterwards honoured with the title of "*La Troupe du Roi*." Soon after this theatre was re-opened, they acted "*Don Garcie de Navarre, ou Le Prince Jaloux*," for the first and last time. It was decidedly condemned, and great was the delight of the Hotel de Bourgogne, and many prophecies were uttered, to the effect that there would be no more successes at the Theatre of the Palais Royal. But "*L'Ecole des Maris*," produced on the 24th of June of the same year, obtained such brilliant success from a crowded audience, that the prophets of evil suddenly ceased to prophesy, and contented themselves with saying that the plot was taken from the "*Adelphi*" of Terence. In this they did injustice to the Frenchman, for there is but little resemblance between the two pieces. If there was theft the person plundered was Boccaccio, whose tale, distinguished by irreligion and licence presented an air of decency on the boards of the Palais Royal. The winding-up is more happily managed than some others of Moliere's, and is imbued with a

genuinely comic spirit. The drift of the piece resulting from the different modes of treating womankind by the two brothers is figured in this tirade of "*Lisette*," and the quatrain of the wise *Ariste* which follows it. Thus speaks the lady:—

"Female honour, sir, is a very weak quality,  
If it needs such a careful and ceaseless watch.  
And do you flatter yourself that all your precautions  
Can present any real obstacle to our resolves?  
Ah! when we have taken anything in our heads,  
What an oaf the wisest man turns out!  
The keenest man is a fool in our hands;  
All your forethought is a madman's vision;  
Your only safeguard is entire trust.  
Every annoying spy is in peril extreme,  
Our honour prefers to be its own guardian.  
You nearly cause us to wish to sin  
By your eagerness to prevent it.  
If I find myself suspected by my lord,  
I feel a temptation to verify his mistrust."

*Ariste* says to the same purpose:—  
"These mistrustful cares, these locks,  
these bars,  
Will never make maids or wives virtuous;  
'Tis honour alone which retains them in duty,  
And not the severity which we resort to."  
These lines were applauded to the echo.

#### THE FACHEUX AND ITS ORIGIN.

The comedietta of "*Les Facheux*" (tiresome folk, bores) was composed, rehearsed, and acted within a fortnight, for the great entertainment given by the unprincipled though generous superintendent Fouquet, to the king at Vaux. When the curtain rose, Moliere arrayed in a fashionable dress, presented himself apparently in great agitation, and humbly requested his Majesty's indulgence in the strait to which he was reduced, being in duty bound to present a play for his entertainment, and every one of his company absent at the moment. While all who were not in the secret,

\* If *la Duchesse* applied this name (meaning Horned Owl) to her husband in either of its senses poor Madame Loiseau was not to blame. Louis XIV. certainly showed no resentment except by a hearty peal of laughter.

were under the annoyance of being deprived of the promised amusement, the scene which represented a garden richly laid out and furnished with statues and termini, was at once enlivened by the play of several fountains, and a charming sea-shell unfolding itself by degrees, out sprung a beauteous naiad, and advancing to the front spoke the prologue in which every good quality under the sun was conferred on the young monarch. At a certain point in her harangue she ordered the dryads, fauns and satyrs to leave their hiding-places in the trees, and statues, and termini, and amuse his Majesty by their dancing. She then led off those who were to appear in the piece, and the rest performed a ballet. La Bejart, mother of Armande, and about 37 years old at that time, presented the nymph of the shell.

The humour of the piece consisted in the eagerness of *Eraste* to keep an appointment with his lady love, and all the ludicrous though annoying impediments thrown in his way by the bores. One of these sages was big with a project to swell the king's treasury, viz., to convert all the coasts of France into sea-ports. In the dances introduced the artists enhanced the amusement and interest of the piece by caricaturing the appearance and the gestures of the *Facheux*. La Fontaine a protégé of Fouqué, in a letter to a friend describing the entertainment, thus pays due tribute to Moliere. We give the sense, but the ease and *naïveté* of the original we cannot seize.

"Tis a work of Moliere.

This writer by his style

Charms at present all the court.

At the speed with which his name travels,

It should be now beyond Rome.

I'm delighted, for he's my own man.

Does he recollect that once upon a time,

We both determined with one voice

That he should go and bring to France

The good taste and style of Terence.

Plautus is now but a coarse buffoon,

And never equaled him in comedy.

I think few would now laugh

At many a passage once admired

And good in *illo tempore*.

The method is changed in our time;

*Jodelet* is no more in vogue,

And now we must not venture

To quit nature by a single step."

Alas for the vanity and emptiness of splendid show! At the very time Fouqué was exhausting the public revenue, and devoting all his own powers to do pleasure to his sovereign, Louis was fully intent on his arrest, and would have ordered it on the spot, but for the mediation of the Queen Mother. "What!" said she, "in the middle of a festival which he has prepared for you!"

When the assembly was separating and the king paying the most flattering compliments to Moliere, the Comte de Soyecourt, a determined sportsman and highly accomplished bore, caught his eye. "There," said Louis to the poet, "is a rare original whom you have not yet copied." The hint was not lost on Moliere. In the next representation of the "*Facheux*" *Dorante* stops *Eraste* while his impatience is at its height, and makes him listen to the account of a notable chase of his, in which all sorts of misfortunes befel the sport through the self-conceit and ignorance of a country bumpkin and his son who had joined the party, the climax being the shooting of the stag with a pistol by the young vulgarian. Moliere, who was ignorant of hunting phraseology, had got himself well made up on the subject by the victim himself, who unsuspectingly enjoyed his own portrait as much as any of the laughing courtiers and citizens about him.

#### AN ILL-ASSORTED MARRIAGE.

The year 1662 was distinguished by more successful efforts, and alas, by Moliere's ill-starred marriage with that Armande already seen, when a child, sitting on his knees and falling asleep in his bosom. We borrow this portrait of her youthful charms from the scene in "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" where *Cléonte* (Moliere) and *Covielle* are discussing the merits and demerits of *Lucile* (Armande).

"She has small eyes," said *Covielle*, whom love had not deprived of clear-sightedness.

"'Tis true," answered Moliere by the mouth of *Cléonte*, "but they are full of fire,—the most brilliant, the most piercing in the world, the most captivating that can be seen."

"She has a large mouth," added *Covielle*.

"Yes, but it possesses charms which no other mouth can boast. It is the most attractive, the most loving mouth in the world."

"She is but of small size."

"Yes, but she is graceful and finely formed."

"As for her intellect?"

"She possesses the finest, the most delicate in the world."

"She is always serious."

"Would you have nothing but loud mirth? These women are very impertinent who are always laughing."

"But she is the most capricious of anyone in the world."

"Yes, she is capricious I grant, but everything becomes a lovely woman. We must bear with a beauty in everything, whatever she does."

One defect here imputed was not at all inherent in her. She might be serious with Moliere, but with her other admirers she laughed, and jested, and joined in every fun going forward.

A contemporary said of her, that in her acting the deepest feeling would be supposed to have possession of her heart, though it was entirely confined to her words and gestures, and that when she ceased to speak, her countenance continued to express the sentiment supposed at the moment to be paramount in her feelings.

#### ALL ABOUT THE "SCHOOL FOR WIVES."

Moliere was one of those to whom life without love was intolerable. Before marriage, experience made him certain that those from whom he expected an ample return for such affection as he expended on them, had room in their hearts for an admirer or two beside himself. So the chagrins of the tender passion were constant inmates of his soul, and he breathed his complaints through his plays. The natural goodness of his disposition however did not permit this malady to take the shape of cynical bitterness. In "*L'Ecole des Femmes*" he for the first time let escape some of his complaints against his matrimonial discomforts. He was twenty-four years older than his wife.

*Arnolphe* was about the same time ahead of *Agnes*, and he was no more sure of ever possessing the heart of Armande, than his stage representative was of securing the affections of his ward.\*

A peculiar circumstance occurs in several of Moliere's comedies, viz., the ignorance of the heroine concerning her parentage. This we may suppose to have arisen from the constant dwelling of his mind on the image of his young wife, her antecedents, and her ill return of his devotedness to her. Armande might have guessed that her reputed sister was her mother, but it is not at all probable that her father's name was ever mentioned in her hearing.

The Bourgogne comedians and other ill-willers of the poet were loud in their outcries against the piece. It furnished some grounds for blame in one or two places for irreligious and lewd expressions, but just censures or criticisms would not satisfy them. Racine thus defended his friend.

"Let the envious growl!

In vain they everywhere cry

That you merely charm the crowd,

And that your verses display no comic power.

If you could please your audience less

You would please your ill-wishers more."

From the first representation of the play, the Duc de la Feuillade and other enemies of Moliere were determined to crush out his popularity. One of their agents, Mons. Plapissou, being in the pit when the merriment was at its height, turning his back to the stage, cried out, "Laugh away, parterre, laugh away!" but this only redoubled the cheering and laughing.

Discussions on the merits of the play becoming rife, Le Duc de la Feuillade, the leader of the inimical party, was requested in a literary circle to state his objections. "A pleasant request indeed!" said he. "How can you defend a piece in which they have put a cream tart? Cream tart is detestable, cream tart

\* *Agnes* was represented by Mademoiselle de Brie, and with such truth and ability, that when she wished to lay aside the character, at the ripe age of sixty, she would not be permitted. Moliere was *Arnolphe*, and Brecourt was so diverting in the rustic servant, *Alain*, that Louis once exclaimed, after recovering from a hearty explosion, "That man would make the very stones laugh."

is odious." Out of this entrenchment the enemy would not come. This is what furnished the wise *Duc* with his cause of complaint. In the first scene, *Arnolphe* explaining to his brother his idea of a good wife, says, with respect to poetry and household games:—

"It is my will that my wife, no way sublime in style,  
Should not even know what rhyme means;  
And if by chance she plays at *Corbillion* (basket),  
And that she is asked what is she going to put in it,  
It is my desire, that she should name a cream tart,  
In a word that her ignorance should be extreme."

The cream tart which so disagreed with the honest duke was soon the subject of pleasantry in every salon in Paris. In "*La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*," Moliere made a capital piece of pleasantry out of it. The poor duke was beside himself with vexation, and this is the undignified mode in which he sought revenge. Meeting the poet, and the latter making his bow to the great man, he took hold of his head and rubbed his face against the buttons of his (the duke's) coat, crying out, "Cream tarts, Moliere, cream tarts!" The victim's countenance streamed blood after the operation, and the king who heard of the shabby vengeance the same evening, rated the offender in such terms as caused him the most bitter mortification, for if Louis only frowned, his courtiers wished themselves a few perches under the earth's crust.

The piece above named answered Moliere's purpose for the defence of his play, and the confounding of his enemies even as the corner headed "Answers to Correspondents" saves an editor the trouble of writing sundry letters to importunate subscribers. The conclusion of a piece of mere dialogue was thus happily brought about.

*Dorante*.—What denouement shall we find for the piece, for there can neither be a marriage nor a discovery, and I know not how to end the controversy.

*Uranie*.—Let us think over a suitable winding up. (Enter *Galopin*, a lacquey.)

*Galopin*.—Madame, supper is on the table.

*Dorante*.—Just, the thing needed, and perfectly natural. We dispute, each abides by his own opinion, the lacquey enters, says "supper is on the table," and we rise and go to see justice done to it.

*Uranie*.—The comedy could not have a better ending.

But the war continued, and Boursault, whom we have mentioned in a former article, produced a piece entitled "*Le Portrait du Peintre*," in which he not only assailed Moliere's public career and his style of acting, but even brought his household annoyances on the stage. In "*L'Impromptu de Versailles*," he took a noble revenge. He paraded the actors of the "*Hotel*" before his audience, exposed their faults in acting and enunciation without the slightest allusion to the private history of any one, and then pilloried Boursault as writer, still scrupulously abstaining from touching on his private affairs.

"What a fine subject for amusing the court, would Monsieur Boursault be," said he, in the piece addressing *Mademoiselle de Brie*. "I would like to know how we could present him so as to render him pleasant. Surely it would be a happy day in his calendar when he could make an audience laugh. It would be really a great honour to him if he could be so fortunate as to entertain the court. Courtesy should be cultivated, and there are things which can neither make the spectators laugh, nor him of whom there is mention. I freely abandon my works, my appearance, my gestures, but they should spare the rest, and not introduce private matters as I hear they do in their comedies."

The *Impromptu* did more than one public service. It put out of fashion at the theatres attacks of a personal and private nature; it set the actors of the rival houses about correcting their histrionic defects, such as ranting, declaiming in a sing-song tone, and strongly emphasizing the last syllable to bring down the *brouhaha* of the *Paradis*. *Mademoiselle Beauchateau* no more uttered heart piercing sentiments with a smiling face, and several other desirable reformations were effected. But the rival actors would accept no

truce nor seal a lasting peace. The public thronged to the fresh interesting pieces, and the finished and natural acting at the Palais Royal, and left the stilted poetry and the cold formal plots of the Hotel de Bourgogne to charm the visitors to whom they gave pleasure.

Moliere at this time, 1663, committed an unpardonable sin in the eyes of the rival and unfriendly houses. He performed *Les Frères Ennemis* of the young poet Racine, with the object of adding the attractions of tragedy to those of the comic pieces usually performed, and thus securing the patronage of people of refined taste. Hatred knew no bounds. Montfleury, of the HOTEL, presented a petition to the king praying that tragedy should be interdicted at the Palais Royal, and accusing Moliere of a serious breach of morality. Louis answered the spiteful petition by conferring on Moliere a pension of 1,000 livres, and by standing godfather to his child, our Henrietta, sister to Charles II. and Louis's sister-in-law, doing duty as godmother.

The Impromptu was supposed to be a mere conversation among the actors summoned to perform a new piece before the King at Versailles, while waiting the arrival of his majesty. Moliere enters on the empty stage, and calls to his company one by one. They are behind the scenes, and come in negligently and reluctantly. The agitated manager inquires about each person's knowledge of his or her part, and to his great disappointment finds that no one is ready. Great dismay, but still the conversation glides off to the actors of the Bourgogne Theatre, and the faults and peculiarities of each are pointed out by a striking imitation given by Moliere. Other enemies, and especially the cream-tart duke, are held up to ridicule. The rehearsing of the piece which they are to perform is interrupted, and after a while they make some progress. But a messenger arrives and directs them to begin. All are at their wits' end. A second messenger comes, and their terror increases. A third, and they are devising some excuse, when a fourth enters with the gracious intimation from the King that he has heard of their embarrassment, and

will be content with any other piece in readiness.

#### MOIÈRE OBLIGED TO MAKE FRAMES.

"Le Mariage Forcé" owed its composition to a command of the King to produce a comedy adapted for the introduction of ballets and spectacles. So Moliere imagined a grotesque framework, in which *Sganarelle* forms the resolution of taking a wife. He seeks information from all sorts of professors, Bohemians, and wizards, as to the result of the awful experiment, woos a dowerless bride, but finds that she only weds him for his money, and with the hope of wearing weeds for him in a few years, and then marrying her present lover. The dismayed suitor wishes in consequence to break off the match, but her brother, by dint of sweet words, sound strokes from a cudgel, and many most polite excuses for being obliged to have recourse to such rugged reasons, obliges him to put his neck in the halter. The play served as a mere framework for the ballets, &c. As may be supposed it was not of a refined character, but was well calculated to delight the citizen class. Louis himself danced as an Egyptian in one of the ballets, when it was produced at the Louvre. In the play of "Britannicus," presented in 1669, Racine gave His Majesty a gentle hint on the impropriety of his appearing before his people as a *baladin*, and no one after that had an opportunity of praising his majesty's legs or their graceful movement. "Le Mariage Forcé," reduced to one act, had a fair run of success when brought out at the Palais Royal.

This comedy was founded upon an incident in the life of Count Grammont, as related by his brother-in-law, Count Hamilton. Being on a visit in England, he paid marked attention to Miss Hamilton, so marked indeed that their approaching marriage was the theme of general conversation. The Count, however, set out for France without the trouble of leave-taking, and had nearly reached Dover without any let or annoyance. At that point he became aware of the two brothers of the young lady pressing closely on his track. When they came within hearing, one of them cried out "Count, have you forgotten

anything in London?" "Oh, yes, indeed, I have omitted to demand the hand of Mademoiselle Hamilton in marriage. With your permission I shall return in your company to repair that oversight."

"La Princesse d'Elide" was another vehicle for music, dancing, &c., and was written to order for *Les Plaisirs de l'Isle Enchantée*, as the King called the seven days' entertainment given at Versailles, for the amusement of the Queen, the Queen-Dowager, and—Mademoiselle de la Vallière. The play was performed on the second day, the subject having been taken from a Spanish source, in compliment to the queens. The first act was in verse, the four last in prose, as the poet was sadly inconvenienced for time. Marigny, a wit of the time, said that the comedy had time only to put on one buskin, and hastened to exhibit her obedience, one foot shod, the other bare.

The piece wants the finish of others of Moliere's plays, as was but natural, but several passages are excellent. *Moron*, the princess's fool, another Sancho Panza, had a part full of merriment for amiable folk. Being check-mated by a bear he fearfully accosted him, "Ah, monsieur the bear, I am your most humble servant from the bottom of my heart. Spare me, I beseech you! I am worth nothing at all for eating. I am only skin and bone. These people below are much better worth your notice. He, he, he! Monsieur, gently, if you please!"

(*He strokes the bear, trembling all the while.*)

'La, la, la, la! Ah, monseigneur, how well made and handsome you are! What an agreeable air and slender waist! Such silky hair, such a fine head, such sparkling and handsome eyes! Ah, nice little nose, nice little mouth, nice little hands, beautiful neck, beautiful teeth, beautiful nails!'

(*The bear stands up on his hind legs.*)

'Help, help! I'm a dead man! mercy! poor Moron! quick quick! I'm lost.'

The princess is a determined votary of Diana, but by the perseverance

and bravery of Prince Euryale she is brought to reason. The play was performed on the 8th of May 1664 at Versailles, and produced at the Palais Royal on the 9th of November ensuing. The first three acts of Tartuffe formed an ingredient in "Les Plaisirs de l'Isle enchantée."

Our energetic author and manager had been putting money in his purse before this time, and now lived in a well furnished house, and revelled in the good graces of his Sovereign, who was a trusty sword and shield to him in all his contests,—contests which the good-hearted man never voluntarily provoked, but out of which he always came victorious through his powers of keen observation and biting satire. High as he stood in his Sovereign's estimation, still he was but a player, and as such, liable to be affronted by Jacks-in-office when they dared. He still retained the office of *tapissier* (carpenter, upholsterer) *valet de chambre* to the King, and in the discharge of his office, came one day to assist another gentleman valet about His Majesty's bed. This Parisian, *Mons. de la Pluche*, at once withdrew to a distant part of the chamber. But there was present a gentleman of sense, and a poet besides, *Monsieur Bellocq*. "Come, M. Moliere," said he, "will you allow me to aid you in making His Majesty's bed?" *De la Pluche* soon heard more from his royal master than was agreeable to his fine feelings.

Other officers of the King's bed-chamber felt annoyed at being obliged to sit at the same table with a comedian, and once or twice openly expressed their discontent. *Louis* hearing of it, took this mode of easing their scruples—

One morning at his rising he said to Moliere, "I fear you get but meagre cheer occasionally while in attendance on me, and are probably hungry this moment. I have a fine appetite myself just now. So sit down opposite and let them serve my *en cas de nuit*.\* I think we shall do it justice. He set at once about cutting up a fowl and laying the

\* A cold collation consisting of meat, and bread, and wine, fit for a king, was at hand in the royal bedchamber every night. This got the above suitable name, as it was provided for His Majesty in case he felt hungry during the dark hours.



choicest portion of it on Moliere's plate. The gentlemen present and the gentlemen who heard the story from them were never afterwards heard to murmur about sitting at the same table with the King's guest.

There are many things in Moliere's plays as well as in those of our own Shakespeare, which were introduced purely to make the uncultivated portion of the audience laugh or stare. We find him in 1665 trying what could be done with "Don Juan and his stone statue," which as commonly represented should never be permitted to disgrace the boards of a decent theatre. In its first representation at the Palais Royal several impious expressions were uttered, which the loudly expressed censure of some right minded people, obliged to be withdrawn. In the same year came out "L'Amour Médécin," the first piece in which Moliere brought the faculty on the scene.

It is said that he held his apartments from a doctor whose wife was miserly and exacting in the extreme, and that personal dislike prompted him to be revenged for some ill offices in this manner. Is it not more charitable to suppose that he satirized the physicians of his day as a class for their self-proud deportment, their scientific jargon, and the little service they were able to effect? He held up to ridicule empty-headed conceited noblemen in his "Marquises" he satirized learned ladies; wherever abuses were to be corrected his pen was ready. What had the doctors

of his time done that he should not satirize them if they deserved it? His definition of a *Médécin* was, "a man who talked scandal by the bedsides of his patients till they were cured by nature or killed by his physic."

In this piece the four actors wore masks, resembling four court doctors of the hour, and Boileau furnished appropriate name for them moulded from the Greek. Dr. Fougereais was *Desfonandres* (men-slayer); M. Esprit who stuttered was *Behis* (barker); M. Guenant was nick-named *Mac-raton* (drawler) and M. Aquin was presented under the title *Lomis* (bleeder). The framework of this play is skilfully adjusted and the denouement reckons among the number of the happily constructed ones of its author. *Sganarelle* will not give consent to his daughter's marriage with the man of her choice. She feigns madness, and her lover assuming the appearance of a physician is brought by her father to work a cure. She pretends to fall in love with the doctor, and demands the notary to be brought. *Sganarelle* allows the full civil ceremonial of a marriage to be gone through to humour the patient, all the while assuming the notary, &c., to be the doctor's valets. Dancers and singers come in, the married pair slip away, *Sganarelle* somewhat frightened asks what has become of them; he is told that the marriage is a genuine one, attempts to pursue the fugitives, but the dancing and singing crowd surround him, and on his impotent struggles the curtain falls.

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### GOWN AND TOWN ROWS AT OXFORD AND THEIR HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE.

Few spectators who have witnessed a Gown and Town riot at Oxford: few, perhaps, of the gownsmen, still fewer of the townsmen, have ever regarded it in the light of an important historical testimony. It will be our endeavour to show that as such it may be regarded; that its lineage may be traced up to one of the oldest struggles of the English towns after municipal freedom.

It is one of the most extraordinary phases of European history, that nearly at the same time, in various countries, and without any intercommunication between them, nor between the towns of each country, but almost simultaneously, the struggle after emancipation from the fetters of feudalism was carried on.

Under the feudal system the Town was in subjection to the baron. Two factors made up the emancipation of the towns. The one consisted of concessions, gradually wrung either for services or other causes from the baron himself. The other was made up of charters of privileges granted to the citizens by the king, either in response to appeals made to him by them against the tyranny of the baron, or in return for services rendered to the kings in their feuds with the barons.

The tyrannous exactions of the barons are proverbial: if they were idle and wanted diversion, or if they were preparing for an expedition and wanted money, nothing was more natural to the baron than to make an onslaught on the poor citizens, and clear them of their riches and goods. In the period of their extreme power they quartered themselves on the honest burghers when travelling, feasted and rioted at their expense, and the first symptom of rebellion on the one side, and of concession on the other, was the vigorous resistance of the citizens to this practice, and their determined and successful exaction of pay for the accommodation of the visitor and his retainers.

The sufferings which the towns had to endure from these barons may be illustrated more effectually by a slight episode; the value of which as an illustration will atone for the digression, more especially as this very man had charge of Oxford committed to him by John, during his disputes with the barons.\*

At the very period we are about to treat, the reign of John (circa 1212) there lived in England one Fulke de Breant, a native of Neustria, and, as Matthew Paris says *ortu spurius*.

\* See "Wood's Annals ad Ann." 1216.

He was noted for his insolence, and, according to the authority above quoted, was equally ready to pillage a town, violate a church, or commit any crime necessary to procure plunder or satisfy revenge. He soon attracted the attention of John, who first made him one of the guardians of the Welsh border, to protect the adjoining counties against the incursions of the Welsh. Then the king gave him the Castle of Bedford (1215) and the hand of a noble lady, Margaret de Rapariis, with all her possessions. Two years afterwards (1217) he began his career. In the twilight of a certain day a band of armed men marched into the city of St. Albans, seized upon the women and children, spoiled the city, and slew one of the abbot's servants in the vicinity of the church of St. Alban. The leader of this armed band was Fulke de Breant, who, in the hour of triumph, demanded of the abbot 100 pounds weight of silver, threatening if it were not sent to him he would burn down the city. The poor abbot was compelled to pay the money, and Fulke marched with his spoil and the captives back to his castle.

From some cause a fit of penitence came over him, and at the suggestion of his wife, he underwent penance for the deed of violence in the church of St. Alban. He submitted with the most Christian patience, was flogged by the monks; but to their great disappointment, after he had received absolution, he not only declined to restore anything, but gave them nothing, though they crowded around the door at his departure.

He must have soon lapsed into his old ways, for in 1224 we find that whilst the king was at the council held at Northampton to treat concerning the French possessions and other matters, Fulke, for some irregularity, was sentenced to pay a heavy fine.

As soon as he heard of it he summoned all his men, marched to Dunstable, where three of the judges itinerant were holding their assize, with the intention of capturing them.

They were Martin Pateshulle, Thomas de Maletuhe, and Henry de Braibroc\* but as they had already been informed of Fulke's intentions, two of them managed to escape, but de Braibroc fell into his hands, and was carried off to the castle at Bedford. The king, by the advice of the council, immediately ordered siege to be laid to the stronghold of this unruly baron: a parley ensued, when William de Breant, brother of Fulke, replied that he would not yield the castle, as his brother was absent, and the siege went on until it fell to the king's soldiers, who hanged them all. The end of it was that after useless intercessions by the friends of Fulke, he was exiled, and found his way to Rome, where he managed to make friends, who again interceded with the king for his return, but to no purpose; at length he even procured an order from the Court of Rome to return to England, and to be reinstated in his wife's possessions, but on his way Fulke was poisoned. "*Vitam flagitiosam infectus veneno quod in pisce quodam ei dabatur subito terminavit.*"

That man's life was a type of many in those days, and with such the towns had to struggle for their liberty.

In the thirteenth century this struggle went on, and towards its conclusion nearly all the principal towns in Europe had procured their emancipation, and assumed their self-government. But with the University towns this advance towards municipal liberty was checked: the interests of the Universities interfered with those of the burghers, who were compelled to succumb. How this affected Oxford we shall now show.

The survey of the lands of the kingdom was finished, in all probability, in the year 1086; the time of its commencement is stated at 1080 and 1083, the latter being the more probable date.† We shall give a summary of all that the "Domesday Book" records about Oxford; but we wish to remark that the fact of there being not the slightest mention of any University at Oxford in that

\* The decision of these judges are frequently quoted by Bracton in his "Consuetud. Leg. Ang."

† Ellis's Introduction to "Domesday Book"—Note on Oxford.

document, justifies the conclusion we came to in a former paper, that the University, as such, did not exist until the following century.

There is no mention in "Domesday Book," under the heading Oxford, of the number of burghers of the city; but it must have been a borough, for we find in the return for Buckinghamshire, mention made of a burghess of Oxford, and fifty years later, in a pipe roll of 1139, the burghesses of Oxford are spoken of.\*

The "Domesday Book" cites the condition of the cities and towns in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and then describes their condition at the time of the survey.

Of Oxford we read that in the time of King Edward it rendered for toll and gable, and all other customs, twenty pounds and six sectaries of honey, and to the Earl Algar ten pounds, besides the mill which he had within the city. If the king went on an expedition twenty of the burghesses went with him for the rest, or they paid twenty pounds to the king that they might be free. At the period of the survey Oxford, it is said, paid sixty pounds in one tale of 20 pence to the ora. There were 243 houses within and without the walls which paid geld, and 478 besides, in such a state of dilapidation as to be unable to pay anything. This extraordinary condition of the town, two-thirds of the houses being waste, appears to confirm the statement of William of Malmesbury, which was repeated by Roger of Wendover, and Matthew Paris, that William besieged Oxford on his way to York, in the year 1067, and took vengeance on the city for its obstinate resistance.†

The record adds that the king had twenty mural mansions, which in the time of Edward belonged to Earl Algar. He had also one mansion belonging to Sciptone, another belonging to Blockesham, a third to Riseberg, and two others to Twiford,

in Buckinghamshire: one of these was waste. To the land held by Earl Albericus belonged one church and three mansions. Of these two belonged to the church of St. Mary.

Then follows a list of the names of the proprietors of manors to the number of 247, of which 102 were waste.

The Abbot of St. Edward had one mansion belonging to Teutone. All the rural mansions in the time of Edward were free from every custom except repairing the wall. Alwin had one house there for repairing the wall, upon the condition that if the wall "while there be need be not repaired by him who ought to do it, he shall make amends to the king of 40s., or lose his house." All the burghesses of Oxford had in common, without the wall, pasture rendering 6s. 8d.

Then follows a list of some of the customs of the county, fines for offences, &c., and one more entry occurs to the effect that Robert de Oilgi has 42 inhabited houses in Oxford, as well within the walls as without; of these 16 pay geld and gable (geldam et gablam), the others pay neither, being unable through poverty.

He has also 8 waste manors and 30 acres of meadow land near the wall, and a mill of 10s.: the whole is worth £3, and is holden for one manor with the benefice of St. Peter.

Robert de Oilgi is also mentioned in the list of proprietors already referred to as having also "12 mansions paying sixty-four pence, out of which 3 were waste."

This Robert de Oilgi, like many others of his countrymen, had not only received grants from William, but during the time between those grants and the taking the survey, had married an heiress, Aldith, the heiress of Wigod, Lord of Walingford.§

This is all that can be gleaned from the Domesday Book, but it is sufficient to show, upon comparison with other boroughs, that Oxford must have

\* "History of Boroughs," by Merryweather and Stephens.

† There will always be a doubt about this passage (Will. Malma. de Gestis Reg. iii) from the fact that two of the MSS. of Matt. Paris, read "Oxoniam" as the city besieged, and three of William of Malmesbury read "Exoniam," and the siege of Exeter is recorded by several as having taken place in this year 1067. See Ellis's *Introd. to Domes. Bk.*

‡ "Domesday Book," p. 158, col. 2.

§ Ellis; *Introd. to "Domesday Book,"* vol. I.

been in a tolerably flourishing state before the devastation which laid so many houses "*vastæ*." Even at the time of the survey it had more houses than Exeter, and almost as many as Ipswich. During the next half century it prospered, and, like many other boroughs, made strides towards emancipation. This municipal advance also proves that the University could not have existed as such during those years, for when it comes into note we shall find that the march of the citizens towards their freedom is arrested.

In the pipe roll of 1139, already alluded to, there is an entry that the tellarii or weavers of Oxford should render an account of one mark for their *guild*.\* This is ten years before the advent of Vacarius (1149), the starting point of the University, yet we find this striking evidence of a rising commerce that the guilds were already being formed.

The first great benefactor to Oxford was Henry I., who spent a great portion of his time at that city, and it is said gave it many privileges. We have, however, clear evidence of the good deeds of Henry II., since we find that in the first year of the reign of John the burgesses of Oxford paid 200 marks for the confirmation of the liberties which they had in the time of Henry II., which were the same as those of the citizens of London.

In the reign of Henry III. there is a still greater advance. That monarch, in the thirteenth year of his reign (1228), confirmed all the privileges of the Oxford citizens, placing them on a footing with those of London, conferring upon them a merchant-guild, of which every person who traded in Oxford was obliged to become a member; that the burgesses should be free of all toll, &c., like the citizens of London, with whom they were also allowed to trade, and whom they might consult on any commercial question. At this period also Oxford had not only a mayor, but bailiffs, and in the next reign the

mayor of Oxford was presented to the king.†

From this we may glean that Oxford, as a city, was making rapid advances towards municipal freedom, but her career was soon checked, as that power-sprung up in her midst which has immortalized her in the history of philosophy and science, but which ruined her to all intents and purposes as a commercial city.

The first step taken by the government to arrest her course, and to assert the new rights and claims of the great institution then consolidating itself in her midst, was taken in the year 1244, by Henry III., but events had previously happened to pave the way for such a step. These events we must review, as they brought the question to a critical point, as to whether the University of Oxford and the city of Oxford should be ruled by the King of England, or by Bulls from Rome.

In the year 1209, a woman was killed in Oxford by a scholar, whether accidentally or intentionally it is impossible to tell; but in any case the scholar fled, and the mayor and citizens were soon actively in search for him. According to the statement of the chronicles, they went to the inn or hall to which he belonged, and finding three other students there, seized them, and took them to prison. A communication was made to the king (John), who was at Woodstock, and he ordered them to be led out of the town and hanged. It was done, and the scholars were so indignant at the act that they all left the city and dispersed themselves, some going to Cambridge some to Reading, and others elsewhere.

It is impossible to verify the truth of all these incidents, but the result appears to confirm the strong probability that they are true in detail.

Ecclesiastical influence was appealed to, and the pope placed the whole town under an interdict, which lasted three years, the consequences of which were that trade was at a standstill at Oxford—houses

\* Cited in Merryweather and Stephens' *Hist. of Boroughs*, vol. I, 203-5.

† I am indebted for these facts about the early state of Oxford to the analyses of the charters in the valuable work which I have already cited, and shall have to cite further upon the *History of Boroughs*, by Merryweather and Stephens—a complete compendium of English municipal history.

were unlet, and the former occupiers had omitted to pay their rents in the hurry of leaving. Under these circumstances the citizens availed themselves of an opportune event to make their peace with the ecclesiastics.

A legate had been sent to England from Rome, and the Oxford citizens repaired to Westminster, confessed their sins, and besought his absolution. A penance was imposed upon them, by which they were compelled to humiliate themselves to the parish priest at Oxford, to whom they marched barefoot, with scourges in their hands, reciting the 51st Psalm.\*

In the following year the pope sent a Bull which was issued by the legate, containing the following stipulations:—

That the rent of the students' lodgings should be lowered by the citizens one-half of the present price for ten years from the date of the Bull. That after the first ten years the rent of the inns built before the recent departure of the students should be settled by the clerks, and that of the inns which might be built, in the meantime the rent should be adjusted by an arbitration of four citizens and four masters; that the commonalty of Oxford should give annually 52s. for the use of poor scholars into the hands of the Abbot of Osney and Prior of St. Frideswyde; 26s. to be paid on the Feast of All Saints, and the remainder at the beginning of Lent. That the commonalty should feed 100 scholars with bread, ale, pottage, and one large dish of fish or flesh yearly on the Feast of St. Nicholas.

They should swear to sell provisions and other necessities to the scholars at a reasonable rate.

They were ordered not to make any constitutions against the interest of the clerks, to give up offenders to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Lincoln, his official, or to the Chancellor of the University. Fifty citizens should take an oath for themselves and the rest to observe these stipulations; the oath to be renewed every year at the command of the bishop, who might increase the number of citizens to swear if he chose, and finally they were to draw up a charter of all these

privileges, seal it with their common seal, and give it into the hands of Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln. This was done by the citizens who, also, were made to march to the graves of the slain clerks with the commonalty behind them, and carry the bodies to the churchyard for interment.

For about twelve years there was peace, but in 1228 a terrible dissension arose between the students and citizens, when the latter broke into the inns of the scholars, robbed and ill-used them; several being killed on both sides. The Bishop of Lincoln laid the city under an interdict, and the city was escheated to the king.

The offenders were sent to Rome to be tried, and were sentenced to pay fifty marks, to be distributed among the poor scholars, and if another disturbance arose the matter was to be settled by the four principal masters in the University, from whose decision there should be no appeal.

In the year 1229 an event took place which brought a great flux of students to Oxford. Dissensions had been just as continual between the students and citizens at Paris as at Oxford, and a tumult took place concerning the price of wine. Henry III., who was a great friend to Oxford, as we shall see, took advantage of the circumstance, and invited as many of the Paris students as would come.† This caused such an influx of foreign students that the king issued a breve to the mayor and burgesses, commanding them not to overcharge the rent of their houses, and to enlarge their premises to receive the strangers. This influx from Paris brought about that friendly connection between the two universities, which terminated in results of the utmost importance to Oxford, and infused into her constitution a new element of activity.

In 1232 another gown and town row took place, in which many of the scholars were wounded, and some of the citizens captured and dismissed, but as the consent of the chancellor had not been obtained, they were recaptured and sent to prison.

At this period we find the first record of legislation against that

\* Matt. Paris ad ann., 1213.

† See Crevier Hist. de l'Univ. de Paris, vol. I.

phase of "evil" which moderns call "social." It consists of a breve issued by Henry III. to the Mayor and Bailiffs of Oxford, and it draws a very extraordinary distinction between the "*publicæ meretrices*" and the "*concubinae clericorum tenementa habentes in eadem villa*!" These favoured ones, who had houses in Oxford, were to be gently treated, they were to swear that they would behave properly in every other respect (*quod de cetero honeste se gerent*), and then they might remain in the city without impediment; but those unfortunate "*publicæ meretrices*" who had no tenements in Oxford, (*domos aut possessiones in eadem villa non habentes*) were to be expelled the city at once with no delay.

This is a side light on the morality of Oxford in the middle of the thirteenth century, and a proof of the penetration and thorough comprehension of the peculiar circumstances of university life by His Majesty Henry III. We may add, as a singular coincidence, and some of the historians assign it as a cause, that this breve of Henry III., as to the morality of the University, was sent out only two years after the arrival of the Frenchmen.

In the year 1235 there was another dissension between the citizens and scholars, arising out of an infringement of the former, when the king sent his mareschal and another to investigate the matter, and several were imprisoned. When this was settled a fire broke out, which nearly destroyed the city, and we find that after this unfortunate calamity the citizens began to cover their roofs with tiles and slate, which had never been used before, not even in London, for in the "*Liber Albus*" it is recorded that a century and a half after the Fitz Alwyn Assize (1189), enactments began to be made to the effect that the roofs of all houses should be covered with lead or tiles of stone.\*

In the following year, however, a still worse dissension broke out, and the parties fought with such vigor, that the king, the nobles, and the bishop arranged matters with the greatest difficulty. The issue of this was, that not only citizens, but also

some of the scholars, were shut up in the castle; but they were dealt with leniently and discharged.

But in 1238 things came to a crisis. In consequence of the continued dissensions the pope sent a cardinal (Otho) to Oxford to inquire into the state of the University, and to reform it. He took up his residence at Osney Abbey; he was well received, and an interview was arranged between him and the clerks, who were to call on the cardinal after dinner. Upon their arrival some insolence was offered to them by the cardinal's servant, who refused them admission. A riot occurred immediately, the students forced in the doors. A poor Irish priest, who was standing by waiting for alms from the kitchen, was scalded by the cook throwing boiling water over him. The cook was killed, and the riot became so serious that the cardinal escaped secretly and fled to the king for protection. The king sent letters by Almeric de St. Arnaud and Robert de Ros to the mayor and burgesses to find out the culprits. The Earl of Warren attended with twenty-four jurats. They put several scholars in the prison. Lectures were suspended. Otho excommunicated the University, and the scholars escaped to the country.

They were, however, soon apprehended, and the prisons were full of them; some were ransomed and the others ordered to prepare for trial. Still the majority were absent, and the king was compelled to invite them to return and await absolution for their faults. Nearly a year had elapsed, and there had been no lectures; no students; no life at Oxford. It was evident that some rigorous measures must be taken or the University would be utterly ruined. At this crisis of feeling the legate summoned the Archbishop of York and all the bishops to Durham House, in London, at the pope's order, to decide upon the punishment due for the affront the Church had received in his person at Osney. This step aroused the bishops; they boldly and determinedly defended the scholars against the legate, and the most vigorous amongst them was the cele-

brated Grostête, the Bishop of Lincoln, always a firm faithful friend to Oxford.

They pointed out to the legate that the scholars had already been imprisoned and then despoiled of their goods, and if he imposed a further punishment Oxford would be deserted; also, they reminded him that the cause of the disturbance lay with his own servants.

A correspondence then ensued between the cardinal and the pope, when the latter instructed the legate to offer pardon on condition that "the clergy should go on foot from St. Paul's Church to Durham House, where the cardinal lodged, the bishops, attending them as far as Carlisle House, and the scholars should walk after them, barefooted and naked to the waist (*sine capis et mantellis discincti et discalceati*), and they should there humbly beg the legate's pardon."

This humiliation was submitted to, but not willingly, nor by any great number; they returned to Oxford discontented, sullen with the humiliation rankling in their bosoms. In 1241 there was another disturbance, and three years afterwards a terrible quarrel ensued between the scholars and the Jews. An assault was made upon the Jew-quarter, their houses were rifled and their persons injured. Forty-five of the scholars were, on this occasion, imprisoned, but subsequently released by the king's order at the mediation of Bishop Grostête.

In consequence of this the king (Henry III.) took a decisive step and issued a document which may be regarded as the first practical interference with the municipal liberty of the town. It was virtually an encroachment on the common law.\*

It was in the form of a brief, dated from Reading, addressed to the Chancellor and University, to the intent that during the king's pleasure in all causes of the clerks arising from disputes concerning the taxing or rent of houses, contracts for the buying or hiring of houses, or food, or any other movables in the

city or suburbs of Oxford, the king's prohibition should not run, but these causes should be decided by the Chancellor, "notwithstanding our prohibition."†

Under the irritation of this interference with their municipal rights in violation of all law, it could not be expected that the burgesses of Oxford would remain quiet. Consequently in 1248 the ill-feeling broke out again amongst the townsmen. A scholar of the University, a nobleman, was suddenly set upon by them as he was passing St. Martin's Church. They pelted him with dirt, besmeared him with offal from the butchers' stalls, stoned him through the streets till he reached All Hallows Church, where he fell down as if dead. He was thence carried to his house and died the next morning. It appears from a letter written by Bishop Grostête to Adam de Marisco, his official, from which we glean the above particulars, that the bailiffs took no steps to apprehend these murderers, who were still at large. In this letter he commands Adam to go to Oxford and publicly pronounce excommunication against the city with lighted candles and tolling bells, and then to take a jury and make a strict inquiry into the matter.‡

Reprisals were made on both sides, the sheriff seized upon the goods of a vintner who was an accomplice to the murder, sent "three hogsheads of his wine to the Minor Brethren, the hospital of St. John, and Matilda, wife of Geoffrey de Langele." The scholars carried on the resentment, and there was every probability of another riot when the king resolved upon interfering, and took a step which opened a new era in the history of the University of Oxford.

Having summoned the proctors of the University and the burgesses of the town to Woodstock, where he was staying, he gave to the former a Charter, by which all grievances were to be adjusted, and under which both parties were to be bound in mutual interest. As this Charter is important to the development of this

\* Merryweather and Stephens. Vol. i., p. 447.

† Ayliffe, State of Oxford. App. i., p. 1.

‡ Appendix to Ayliffe.



phase of history we shall give a summary of its provisions. It enacted—

That if any injury should be done to the scholars, inquisition should be made not only of the burgesses but of the neighbouring villages. Should a citizen kill or injure a scholar the whole commonalty of the town should be punished and amerced by themselves, and the bailiffs, in default of diligence, should be amerced by themselves.

That whenever the mayor and bailiffs took the oath of fidelity in the Common Hall the commonalty of the town should give notice to the Chancellor of the University that he might be present personally or by proxy. The oath taken was to the effect that they should maintain the liberties and customs of the University. Two aldermen were to be appointed to execute justice in the absence of the prefects, and every burgess was to answer for his family. It also directed that a day's notice should be given of the trial of bread, beer, &c., to the Chancellor that he might attend.

A clause was inserted limiting the interest payable by the scholars to the Jews to twopence per pound per week *Et quod Judei Oxon: non recipient a scholaribus prædictis pro libra in septimana nisi duos denarios.\**

By this it will be more clearly seen how persistently the liberty of the citizens was encroached upon by the University. We have already observed that when the scholars transgressed they were thrown into prison, and shortly after either ransomed or set at liberty by order from higher powers; but when the citizens transgressed the whole town was placed under interdict and they were mulcted in costs; so by this charter the town was to be made responsible for the indiscretion of individual citizens and the University was to be represented at the assize of provisions.

For seven years there were no dissensions of any consequence between the scholars and the citizens, but upon examination we find that this exter-

nal peace may be accounted for by the continual existence of internal dissensions. After the influx of the French students the University, like those of Paris, Bologna, and other Continental cities, was divided into nations, and, as a natural consequence, these nations soon began to quarrel, and we find that these dissensions came to a crisis in the year 1252, when there was a fierce dispute between the north of England students and those of Ireland upon the keeping of national feasts. Twelve were, however, elected from each party and bound by a solemn compact to keep the peace.

As the numbers in the University increased, so also did the dissensions with the citizens; and we find that in 1255 the University appealed to the king for further security from the citizens, and Henry, in reply, gave them another charter at Woodstock, by which the number of aldermen sworn to administer justice was to be increased to four, and with them were to be associated eight of the most respectable citizens.

It also enacted that two men should be chosen in each parish of the town and sworn, to the effect that every fortnight they should make diligent inquiry after any strangers who may have been received into the parish, and that if any such stranger remained in the house of a parishioner more than three nights the householder was to be answerable for him.

There was a clause also that if a layman should inflict any great injury upon a clerk he should be immediately imprisoned in the castle until he had given such satisfaction as should be dictated by the Chancellor.†

In this they advanced another step, and from removing the civil jurisdiction of clerks out of the hands of citizens, they now assumed the right of jurisdiction over citizens.

Another clause followed in a similar spirit, that in case of injury inflicted by clerks upon laymen, the clerks, if the offence were great, were to be imprisoned in the castle until the Chancellor should demand them; and if the offence were small, they

\* Charter in Ayliffe Append.

† Merryweather and Stephens.

should be kept in the prison of the town until the Chancellor *should release them*.

For the next few years we find no dissensions between the scholars and citizens; but still the University was not at peace. The Bishop of Lincoln had been gradually making encroachments upon the liberties of the University in his right as diocesan, and matters became so complicated, and the ill-feeling against the bishop so deep, that the king and his parliament were obliged to interfere and arrange a transient peace. In addition to this, there arose a series of internal dissensions in the University amongst the "nations." Oxford, like the Continental University cities, was divided into nations: originally there were Scotch, Welsh, and Irish, but now there were French. The dissensions, however, broke out amongst the former. In the year 1258 the Scotch, Welsh, and Northern English, banded themselves together against the Southerners, and continual quarrels ensued, until the feeling became so strong that they arranged themselves in battle order with arms and banners, marched out to a field in the neighbourhood of the town, and fought out their quarrel; and after some being killed and several wounded on both sides, the victory fell to the Northerners. In their mutual terror they offered to the king four thousand marks to atone for their transgressions; but it was declined. During the time their case was pending, however, Oxford became the centre of political dissensions of such consequence that the king had no time to attend to the quarrels of the scholars. These disputes between the king and his nobles lasted for two or three years, until, in 1263, the king summoned a council at Oxford to treat upon matters; and as, during the presence of the barons in that city, contentions had arisen among the students, who had even ventured to side with them against the king, and had taken advantage of the troubled state of affairs to ill-treat the citizens, it appeared necessary to the king to rid Oxford of them during the continuance of this great council. He therefore issued a writ to the Chancellor, mentioning his purposes,

and advising that the scholars should be removed from Oxford.

The council was held and matters arranged when the king issued another writ for the return of the students, most of whom had settled at Northampton and Salisbury, promising them a renewal of all their privileges, and endeavouring to console and conciliate the citizens by granting charters to the mayor.

In the year 1257, soon after their return, another international quarrel broke out between the Northern English, the Irish, and Southern Welsh, one on side, and the Northern Welsh and Scotch on the other. Several fights ensued, until the authorities interfered, arranged a compromise, and settled a mode of future settlement of such disputes.

From this time, 1267, until 1290, the students remained at peace with the citizens; but these years were occupied in continual dissensions with the Bishop of Lincoln, who still persisted in encroaching upon the rights of the University. There was also, in 1283, a dispute between the University and the city, but no riot; and in 1286 a disturbance with the Jews, who, however, were banished from England three years later.

Henry III. died in 1272, after doing much for the University of Oxford; but it was reserved for Edward I. to complete the work. In the Parliament of 1290 the dissensions between the University and the Bishop of Lincoln, the scholars and the citizens, were leading topics; and as regards the latter, the king resolved upon bringing matters to a final settlement.

The Chancellor, with certain masters, and the mayor, with some burgesses, were summoned to appear for the purpose of coming to a settlement, and the whole matter appears to have been gone into thoroughly. The mayor and burgesses promised to abide by the decision, but as the Chancellor and scholars had abused some of the customs granted and established, and enforced other customs which had not been granted, the mayor and burgesses begged to be allowed to present certain articles of complaint to the king and parliament, to be taken into consideration.

This was granted, and a charter

issued which will speak for itself as to the justice or injustice of the settlement.\*

The citizens had complained that the Chancellor had released at his will persons whom they had arrested, and he had cited the aldermen and bailiffs to appear before him.

The charter enjoined that the Chancellor should have cognizance of all transgressions within the town in which a clerk was one of the parties, homicide excepted. That the bailiffs might inform the king of any who misconducted themselves in their offices, and if they received any injury from the Chancellor, they might apply to the king's court for justice.

The mayor and burgesses had complained that the Chancellor when he released any laymen whom he had committed extorted so heavy a ransom and bound them down to pay still more if they again transgressed, that many citizens of Oxford had been completely ruined.

The charter enjoined that for the future the Chancellor should adjudge more reasonable amends and securities.

The citizens had complained that the Chancellor had, by their proctors, taken the forfeitures for unwholesome meat and fish, although they belonged to the king and his bailiffs, without any warrant so to do.

The charter, therefore, enjoined that neither the Chancellor nor the mayor should take the forfeitures, but they should jointly have cognizance of these matters, and the forfeitures should be given to the Prior of the Hospital of St. John.

The citizens also pointed out to the king that although by the charters no liberties were granted to any others in the town but the scholars, who were exempted from the jurisdiction of the city, yet the Chancellor had extended that privilege to those persons connected with the University who were not scholars, such as their barbers, tailors, writers, parchment makers, whose wives, families, and merchandise were in the town, and submitted to the notice of the Parliament that this was detrimental to the civic rights.

The charter maintained the exemption of these people, but enjoined that if they engaged in merchandise in the city they should be talliable with the burgesses. The citizens also complained that although the mayor and burgesses had been accustomed to let their tenements in the town to farm at their will for the support of themselves and their children, the Chancellor would not allow them to let them for a shorter period than three years, to the great loss of the community.

The charter enjoined that the burgesses should not be impeded by the Chancellor and Proctors in letting or selling their tenements as they pleased, with a provision that no fraud should be made by which the scholars would be turned out of their lodgings or their rents raised.

They also complained that although every freeman ought to have a reasonable summons, the Chancellor had summoned them to appear before him within three hours, and upon default had punished and excommunicated them at his will.

The charter enjoined that the "men commorant"† in the town should for the future be summoned for the next day and not otherwise, but vagabond men should be summoned at the will of the Chancellor; but in cases of emergency and for the maintenance of the king's peace the "men commorant" should appear at whatever hour they were summoned.

Another complaint was, that when knights, freemen, and others (holding the Court Leet) were received at the houses of the citizens as guests, if any clerk of the University should wish to bring an action against such knight or person on any transaction done without the county, the Chancellor always seized upon and sequestered the horse, harness, and equipage of the guest, even if he were on the king's business, and if the householder did not detain the goods but allowed his *guest* to go free, the Chancellor punished him as a delinquent.

The charter provided that for the future all such persons should answer to the Chancellor for contracts made

\* Cited in Merryweather and Stephens' "History of Boroughs."

† The freemen resident there, who, having been sworn at the Court Leet, were burgesses.

with the scholars only within the town and not for foreign contracts.

They complained also that when a layman was wounded by a clerk, so that his life was in danger, the Chancellor always insisted upon the clerk being delivered up to him before the question of life or death could be settled, and excommunicated all who said to the contrary.

The king enjoined that the Chancellor should not discharge any clerk detained in prison for wounding a layman until it was known and settled that the sufferer was out of danger, and enjoined emphatically that in all such cases the Chancellor for the future should do justice impartially.

The last complaint in this book of civic lamentations was that the Chancellor and scholars claimed to have the taxation\* of the houses of the burgesses in which the scholars lived, whereas such taxation ought to be made every seven years only, and by the oath of the *masters* as well as the burgesses; yet in defiance of all law the Chancellor and proctors made the burgesses swear every *five* years, and would not allow the masters to take the oath at all. The consequence of this tyranny, they said, was that the taxation was always made unfairly, to the detriment and pecuniary loss of the citizens.

The king provided that the taxation should be made every five years by two sworn clerks and two laymen.†

From this chapter of grievances we can clearly see how the tyranny of the University authorities gradually increased with every new privilege granted by former charters, and also how great an impediment this power was to the municipal advance of Oxford: the development of civic life was checked by this cruel oppression; the property of the citizens was not their own, their commerce was limited; their domestic rights were not free; their households were not their own; their bodies, and even their lives, were in peril, and their liberty, as freemen of a free city, a farce: they saw other cities passing out of the slavery of

feudalism into the liberty of civic organization and self-government, into the light of freedom and unrestricted commerce, but they were centuries behind, still kept down in feudality to this worse than baronial power which hovered over them and crushed them. Is it a wonder that they fought? that the gaols were full of citizens? that compromises and fair words from kings and nobles were unable to console them for the loss of their liberties? They saw nothing before them but slavery coming on with slow but certain steps. Their prisoners, if they were clerks, were taken out of their gaols by the Chancellor against their will; but if a layman fell into the hands of the Chancellor his ransom brought ruin upon his friends. The forfeitures arising out of their own trade usually given to the poor or paid to the king were seized by the University. The servants, tailors, barbers, scribblers, and parchment makers of the University were elevated above their fellow-citizens and placed beyond their jurisdiction, so that at Oxford it was a nobler thing to shave a scholar than to be an alderman. They could not underlet their premises, and were compelled, at the peril of their souls, to bring their bodies into the august presence of the Chancellor at three hours' notice. Their feelings of hospitality were outraged by being compelled to detain their guests' baggage even to his horse or his boots, if he had the misfortune to be at enmity with any member of the University. Were a layman wounded by a clerk so severely as to place his life in danger (limbs apparently did not count), the clerk was to be delivered up to the Chancellor at once without awaiting the result; should the layman die he was after all only a citizen, and a clerk's skin was worth many citizens' bodies. A man's house, usually his own in England even in the thirteenth century, in that the proverb "a man's house is his castle," goes back to this period when the towns were independent of the castles—was not so at Oxford, for

\* That is the adjustment of the rate of rent to be charged for the scholars' lodgings, not a royal or civic tax.

† Merryweather and Stephens' "History of Boroughs."

the householder could not charge what he pleased for his lodgings, but must submit to charge what pleased the Chancellor. We say it is no wonder that they fought, when not only their bodies but their souls were in danger, when if a scholar's gown had been torn in a street fray by some irate citizen, avenging an insult on a defenceless woman, they might at any moment be expelled the churches, hear themselves cursed, and cut off from spiritual privileges, see their dead buried in ditches without ceremony, and themselves regarded as no better than Jews or Turks. In human nature God has planted the instinct of freedom; when that instinct is outraged it rises against the oppressor, and stakes fortune and existence upon the struggle. True freedom exists only where individual liberty revolves without the circle of other men's rights, if it once encroach upon that circle the harmony is broken, and liberty no longer exists until the transgressor is expelled. Such was the state of things at Oxford at the end of the thirteenth century.

Only six or seven years passed by after the giving of this charter when a more serious disturbance than any broke out in Oxford between the students and citizens.

The records state that two scholars went out one evening (22nd Feb., 1297), armed, and challenged anyone whom they met to fight. The citizens who heard the noise of these revellers went out to them, and endeavoured to induce them to go back to their lodgings; they however insulted them, and an altercation took place, in which one of the citizens was so severely wounded by a bow-shot that he died a few days after, upon which the two scholars fled to some place of safety.

The townsmen were aroused again, and inopportunistly an ordinary dispute about privilege arising, furnished the pretext for a general commotion, and they decided upon taking active measures to avenge the dead citizen. The news of this commotion reached the ears of the Chancellor, who immediately seized several citizens and put them in prison; the bailiffs however without consulting him at once set them at liberty.

The next day the riot began, but it

was partially suppressed by the apprehension of several citizens and the mediation of the magistrates. It was only a temporary check; the night was disturbed by noisy bands, and the next evening being Sunday the bailiffs, with a strong muster of citizens, made an attack upon the houses where the scholars were lodging, dragged them out, beat them, seized their goods, and shut them up in prison. The Chancellor as usual demanded their liberation, but this time they defied him for three days, and then let them go. The excitement now had infected the University, the scholars felt that henceforth their lives would not be safe unless they made a bold stand at once against the citizens. A strong muster took place on the next day—Monday, and when the townsmen heard of it, they had the great bell of St. Martin's rung as a signal for a general rising; horns were sounded in all quarters, and they turned out in great numbers for the fray. But they soon found that the number of the students was greater, and they sent messengers into the country villages and raised volunteers amongst the peasantry, who marched into Oxford armed with clubs. But whilst these auxiliaries were being gathered, one Fulke de Nermyte, Rector of the Church of Pychelsborne, and William de Nermyte, with a band of scholars, marched into the High-street, between All Saints' and St. Mary's churches, and attacked the citizens with bows and arrows and by slinging stones at them. They wounded a great number and put them to the route. In the extremity of their terror the citizens returned to their shops, broke up their houses, and managed to get their goods and furniture away.

The scholars under their two leaders then began to attack such houses as were still occupied, and seized upon everything; when at the rifling at the house of one Edward de Erkelaw, that citizen ran upstairs and shot Fulke de Nermyte with an arrow, and he died a few hours afterwards.

The clerks now began to be frightened and took to flight, when the citizens fell upon them furiously, and maltreated all they could catch. The citizens were reinforced by another band of countrymen, and

they at once made an onslaught upon the scholars, when such a conflict took place as was never known in Oxford before; several were killed, hundreds severely wounded, beaten and kicked about the streets. They rushed into the churches, where many had fled for safety, dragged them out and imprisoned them. Those who escaped fled from the town and appealed to the king, who sent two commissioners to examine into the matter. In the following April another commissioner was sent, who effected an arrangement, by which the citizens were to promise to maintain the liberties of the University, and to send to prison those whom they had liberated without permission of the Chancellor. It also stipulated that certain of the townsmen who were in the employ of the University should be discharged, that two of the bailiffs should be removed, and certain other persons banished from the city.

The Bishop of Lincoln at this point found it necessary to interfere; there had been, as we have already shown, no good feeling between the University and its diocesan; it was a struggle between the two for jurisdiction, and the bishop seized this opportunity to exert his power. He caused the sentence of excommunication to be pronounced against the city in all the churches with the ringing of bells and lighted candles, and the result was that the commonalty of Oxford had to pay five pounds per annum to a priest to pray continually for the souls of Fulke de Nermyte and others slain in the combat.

The burgesses, however, submitted a statement of the case to the king, from their own point of view, which is rather different from that of the Chancellor. They stated that on the Monday three thousand of the clerks had attacked them in five different parts of the town and robbed them of all their goods. That the bailiffs went against them to prevent further spoliation, and the clerks fought against them. That the bailiffs apprehended many and imprisoned them according to law, but they were forcibly released by the proctors. That the Chancellor had sent for the mayor, and commanded him to deliver up the keys of all the gates of the town, which he at once refused

to do, and the same night the scholars broke open Smithgate, went through Holywell, and stopped up the Eastgate. They also added that the Chancellor encouraged the riots, for when the mayor and bailiffs went to him to complain of the conduct of the scholars they were told to look after their own men, and he would take care of his; and he defied them to apprehend any of his men, nor would he apprehend them to please the citizens. They pointed out that the clerks came with arms to the church of Our Lady, and all the laymen they could find they beat and injured: one of whom had since died from his wounds, and another was beaten before the altar. The citizens, on this occasion, had begged the Chancellor to apprehend the malefactors, but he would not. They also accused the clerks of having introduced other men into the city, putting gowns upon them and making them fight as scholars. That they had encompassed the town in a body of three thousand, and assailed it in four places, robbing all the shops of the citizens of their goods and furniture; that the hue-and-cry had been raised against them, but to no purpose; the scholars killed some and wounded fifty others. They added that the riot began at nine in the morning, and but for the death of Fulke de Nermyte, would have continued all day, and they estimated the damage done to them at three thousand pounds. Finally an arrangement was come to, by which the citizens once more yielded to the University and again promised to "observe the privileges formerly granted." The prisoners were set at liberty, and the document signed by Nicholas Taverner and twenty of the principal citizens.

Two years after a complaint was made to the king of the state of the streets in Oxford and the suburbs, who ordered the citizens to repair, pitch and pave them, and an injunction was added that every citizen should be responsible for that part before his own door, and that he should remove all nuisances. Writs were being continually issued from this time to enforce this duty on the citizens; and by one of them the tallow chandlers were forbidden to *melt tallow* in the streets before their doors.

From this time, 1300 to 1336, we find no record of any serious disturbances between the scholars and citizens; but the internal dissensions continued amongst the different nations. In fine, they were incessantly fighting amongst themselves.

Wood records, under the year 1307, that there were in the University Scotch, Irish, Welsh, French, Spanish, German, Bohemian and Hungarian students. In addition to these there were continual dissensions with the Mendicant and Franciscan friars, who had settled there; but as these quarrels do not pertain to our subject we pass on to the next encroachment on municipal rights, which was made by Edward III., in 1336.

A charter was then granted to the Chancellor, which, after confirming former privileges, directed that in consequence of complaints having been made to the effect that the city refused to allow the sellers of woollen and linen cloths to dispose of them in retail, to the scholars, they were to be informed that they should still continue so to sell their goods in spite of any impediment by the mayor, bailiffs, or burgesses.

In the year 1355, on the 10th of February, the Feast of St. Scholastica, another terrible disturbance arose out of a mere quarrel between two scholars and a tavern keeper, about the quality of his wine, though the materials of the dissension had long been sleeping. High words passed and blows soon followed, other citizens joined in, and in a few moments the town bell was ringing, and the citizens once more swarmed out with bows and arrows for another fray.

They attacked the scholars, who were in no way prepared, and the fray soon became so serious that the Chancellor interfered personally, at the risk of his life, and narrowly escaped being shot. He commanded the scholars to retire from the conflict, but the citizens pursued them, and in the extremity of danger the bell of St. Mary's was rung to summon all the scholars to arms, and the fight raged till it got too dark to distinguish friend from foe. The next day proclamation of peace was made by the Chancellor, and the scholars and citizens were forbidden to carry arms, but to no purpose: the

bailiffs had told the citizens to be in readiness when the town bell should ring, and had summoned reinforcements from the country.

In the morning an attack was made on some scholars who were walking peaceably, and they were compelled to take shelter in the Augustine Priory, not, however, before one had been killed and others mortally wounded. The two bells now sounded the alarm, and the scholars rushed from all quarters to meet the townsmen; another fight ensued and lasted till the evening, when a thousand countrymen marched into the town, preceded by a black flag, to fight on the side of the civilians, and the scholars prudently retired to their houses. They were not allowed to remain in peace, for during the night the townsmen broke open five inns, killed some of the scholars, and wounded others, destroyed their books, and seized their furniture and provisions. The next morning the Chancellor, with several of the principal persons of the University, proceeded to Woodstock, to seek an interview with the king. But the citizens were not to be daunted: at sunrise the town bell rung, and they, with their reinforcements, assembled in great numbers, armed with crow-bars and other implements, and rushed with a shout on the scholars' lodgings, killed several of them, and even went so far as to scalp them: many others were wounded and many cast into prison. The fight must have been a terrible one, if Wood is to be trusted, as he remarks in his graphic style, of those who were taken to prison, that they went along *carrying their entrails in their hands in a most lamentable manner.*

After killing them, beating them, robbing them, and disembowelling them, it would be difficult to imagine a greater insult, but a greater was inflicted. The townsmen rushed into the churches to which many had fled for safety, and violated the sanctity of the place by beating and wounding them at the very altar, tore down the crosses which the friars had set up, hoping to keep them back, so that the church being no sanctuary, and their houses being broken up, all the scholars who survived and were not too much wounded, fled into the country,

where some died by the wayside and the fate of others was unknown.

Excommunication followed swiftly upon the malefactors. The sentence was pronounced in each parish church of Oxford for several days accompanied by tolling bells, with crosses erected and candles lighted and extinguished. When this was done and the king was informed that the University was deserted, and those few who had remained, both doctors and masters, were obliged to keep in their hiding places, he issued letters to the mayor or sheriff's bailiffs and citizens commanding them not to injure any one connected with the University, under pain of their lives and the forfeiture of all their property. A commission was issued to inquire into the matter, but whether any were hanged is uncertain; some say they were and some not, but the sheriff was removed and another put in his place.

Both the city and the University were seized to the king and ultimately a breve was issued to protect the masters and scholars who were left, and all such as should return. When they began to flock back the king restored to the citizens their rights and gave to the University a new charter, by which the custody of the assize of bread, wine, and ale, the inspection of weights and measures, which before had been made by the Chancellor and mayor, were now given to the Chancellor only. He was to have power also to order the cleansing of the streets and to punish those who disobeyed him in these matters with ecclesiastical censure. Nor was this all. The University demanded that a heavy fine should be imposed upon the city for the damage done to the scholars; a tax was levied for £250, several of the burghers binding themselves to secure its payment in two instalments, one of £200 and the other of £50. They were ordered also to restore the scholars' goods which had been seized, and to this intent the bailiffs searched all the houses in Oxford, but could only rescue about the one-sixth of the amount.

The struggle—one of the most violent on record—was again ineffectual, fresh restrictions were imposed upon the citizens; they were humiliated by the Chancellor, censured by the Church, saddled with an extra tax,

and once more fettered. There was a break out amongst the citizens in the year 1380, houses were burned down, and men killed in the streets. In the years 1428, 1444, 1458, and 1495, there were dissensions, fights, and the usual investigations and decisions, to the detriment of the citizens. It was a hopeless struggle, but bravely maintained. We must pass over these years during which the phenomena occur within such regularity, and although our investigation is limited to the Middle Ages we wish, upon this portion of our subject, to show that these riots have continued down to our own times, nay, down to the last year, 1867.

When Henry VIII. came to the throne it was the dawn of a new day for Oxford, though it soon terminated. In the fourteenth year of his reign, 1523, he granted a charter to the University at the instance of Wolsey, which provided that the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and his deputy should be justices of the peace for the town of Oxford and for the four surrounding Hundreds, as well as within the counties of Oxford and Berks. This was a great accession of power.

That the Chancellor might appoint a steward and a sub-steward, and two or three persons learned in the law to determine all cases of treason and felony, the University to have the gaol within the town for the custody of all persons entitled to the privileges of the University. All fines were to be given to the University.

In addition to these concessions the king abandoned his right of prescription within twenty miles of the University, gave permission to the Chancellor and all who enjoyed the privileges of the University to trade within the city and be exempt from all contributions, payments, concord or licence usually paid to the Mayor, and that the Chancellor might restrain the traders, such as glovers, cordwainers, chandlers, &c., from selling their goods at an exorbitant price.

During the religious change which came over the country the University declined, the numbers fell off, and the revenues were seized. Under Edward VI. it was revived and an order in council issued that every beneficed clergyman having £100 per annum should maintain a scholar in the University.



In the year 1640, when the Puritans had settled in Oxford and became strong, when Laud's career was being cut short, the citizens took courage, for Laud was a great friend, the greatest friend and lawgiver of Oxford. They rebelled against the privileges of the scholars, and refused to obey the statutes. The Puritans hated the gownsmen and tried to establish in the place of ungodly Aristotle, Bible-reading, Psalm-singing, and prayer meetings.

On May-day, 1641, the students set up a May-pole with an effigy of a well-known Puritan; but the citizens rushed at it, tore it down, and a struggle would have taken place had not the authorities promptly interfered. During the same year a fierce contention arose between the gownsmen and townsmen from the circumstance of the proctor having been interfered with whilst arresting a woman of ill-fame: the great bell was rung once more, and both sides fled to arms: the fighting continued at intervals for two months.

The scholars fought bravely and well for the king, but the city was surrendered to the Parliamentarians in 1646, and the colleges being out of repair most of the scholars retired and everything was in confusion.

In 1649 the differences broke out again between the scholars and citizens on the old subject of privilege. The citizens demanded that there should be no more offering of pence on St. Scholastica's Day, that discomfiting should be taken off; that the annual oath should be done away with; that the University should not trade within the city; that the citizens should have the right restored to them of suing in the city court instead of that of the Chancellor. On this occasion, however, they tried the matter in the law courts, but met with no better success than in the streets.

From this time forth the gown and town rows at Oxford partook more of the character of a memorial, the interest however being sharpened by any political circumstances that might arise. The 5th of November, after the Gunpowder Plot, became the

favourite day for rallying the forces of gown against town, and, strange to say, that day has been marked by riot even down to our own times, even down to last year; and perhaps we cannot conclude this paper more appropriately than by giving an account of the last of these world-famous struggles.

It appears that in the month of November, 1867, a considerable number of foreign workmen were employed at Oxford, and at the University there was an unusual number of freshmen. These two elements would at any time have been sufficient to create a "row," and so on this occasion the conjunction of these two elements at the ominous time, the 5th of November, produced the usual result\*.

Symptoms of a disturbance had manifested themselves early in the week; on the Wednesday the riot was renewed with vigour, and it lasted till Thursday evening, serious injuries being inflicted on both sides, one townsman being carried to the Infirmary. The vigilance of the proctors with their deputies, assisted by the University police, and special constables, prevented many collisions which would have otherwise taken place.

On Saturday evening, about half-past ten, about two or three hundred undergraduates issued forth from the Town Hall, where Arthur Lloyd had given a concert. In the excitement of the town nothing could have prevented a collision; the roughs were evidently ready for them, for they at once set to in a regular fight, which lasted some time, hard knocks being given on both sides. A body of gownsmen were pursued to the Town Gateway, where they turned round and faced their pursuers. In the struggle one of the townsmen, who bore the nickname of "Doubtful," was dragged by some muscular arm into the Tom Quad, where his fate belied his name, for after he had been well ducked in the fountain he was kicked out at the door; outrages here followed on both sides, and the row increased. The crowd was reinforced also by the market people, and at this point a cry was raised about the price of provisions, an ominous cry at such a

\* See Jackson's *Oxford Journal*, 9th and 16th November, 1867, from which I quote the incidents.

moment. The bakers, though corn had fallen in price, would not lower that of the bread one halfpenny the quarter; this fact was now bandied about from mouth to mouth and increased the bad feeling of the people. An additional element of mischief was added by the sudden strike of the workmen at Balliol College, on the ground that their wages were not sufficient to procure them food things being so dear. That grievance was only aggravated by the contractor still reducing their pay as the days shortened by two hours per diem. The men struck and joined the rioters.

Between twelve and one o'clock the proctor with a guard of police went to the mayor's residence to call his attention to the state of things, and he stated that the gowmsmen were all in their colleges, many of them in a sad state from the injuries they had received, adding also that they were quite innocent of causing the tumult. The mayor left his residence and found a mob of six or eight hundred people in the most excited state, he reasoned with them and advised them to disperse, but they called on him to go to Carfax and address them there. But when he arrived there the crowd was so great that he could not make himself heard, he therefore repaired to the Town Hall, and, standing on the plinth of the Free Library window holding on by the rails, he addressed the people, promising that justice should be done to them on the Monday. During his speech a stone was thrown which excited some feeling amongst the mob, who then declared they would escort the mayor home; they made a lane for him and he passed down through it amid their acclamations. They did not disperse quietly, but a raid was made upon Mr. Alderman Grubb's establishment, when they smashed in his windows, and the streets were not cleared until 3 o'clock on the Sunday morning.

During all these disturbances many people who were innocently but foolishly present were maltreated and injured severely, and one of the University police was knocked down and severely kicked in the head.

On Sunday every measure was taken to prevent further disturbance, additional special constables were sworn in, the publicans were ordered

to close their houses at nine, the water was kept on and the gas lit at its full power in the streets. The authorities of the University assisted those of the town in these measures, and with a slight show of insolence from the "roughs" to the people as they returned from the churches, the day passed off quietly.

On Monday however the storm gathered ominously, and it was feared from the floating conversations in the streets that atrocities would be perpetrated not yet thought of; the *Oxford Journal* says "people were talking wildly about matters which when inquired into were found to admit of calm discussion. Threats were made, however, which those responsible for the public safety thought it their duty to consider at once."

The mayor convened a meeting at the Town Hall at 10 o'clock, and invited his brother burgesses to come at 3, and be sworn in as special constables. During all this contention and gathering of the elements of conflict, there was still an element of satire in the tragedy; just as in the finest pieces of Mozart a wail steals up through the melody like the cry of a demon, so in the hour of Oxford's trouble Wizard Jacobs with his Goblin "*Sprightly*," announced their evening entertainment as usual, as though there were no danger whatever that Wizard Jacobs and Goblin Sprightly might have been blown at any hour that evening back to the world of spirits. The mayor however first interdicted the bands of music which were in attendance, at the appearances of the Wizard and his familiar; and later in the day when matters grew more serious, a peremptory command was sent to them not to "*appear*" for that evening as they valued their ghostly skins. This was done to keep the undergrads from having any pretext to stay out late. The special constables were ordered to keep the people moving in the streets, and the publicans again commanded to close at nine.

Dr. Adams, who was present at the meeting, wisely suggested to the representatives of the University the extreme danger of allowing these highblooded young freshmen to be in the streets at all at night. It was a wise suggestion, and received in a

proper spirit by the University authorities, who resolved at once to take the bold step of "gating" the whole body of undergraduates in residence, and of swdaring in as special constables all those who were living in lodgings. That act was the turning point of the whole thing, it saved the University from all further blame in the matter, and prevented what might have been one of the most terrible gown and town rows on record; more terrible than any we have yet delineated. Had the Wizard Jacobs and his Goblin Sprightly been allowed to appear with their bands of music, and the 300 young freshmen allowed to patronize the Goblin and his master that evening, we should have had on record such a gown and town row as never was known.

From this point the academical element was eliminated from the contest, and what subsequently took place became essentially civil and political. It is with pain, however, that we have to mention, in recording this last "gown and town" in our long list, that one unfortunate young gentleman member of a well-known family was so severely kicked in the head, during the squabbles in the early part of the disturbance, that after lingering in great pain for some time, he died from the injuries.

The riot, as confined to the citizens, still went on. A raid was threatened to be made on the Great Western Station, where were stored about 1,000 sacks of corn. The magistrates of Berkshire were communicated with, and they sent special constables, who, with the railway servants, removed the corn by train. The mayor then telegraphed to the Home Secretary, who immediately replied that two companies were ordered from Windsor to Oxford. The Corn Exchange was prepared for them, and in a few hours they arrived.

In the meantime the specials and the volunteers contended with the crowd, when one fact became palpable—that the movements of the untrained specials only impeded those of the volunteers, and they were compelled to act separately. A mob attacked a house in St. Clement's, had smashed in the windows and broke in the door, when the sight of a band of specials approaching put them to flight. Another mob proceeded to

Alderman Grubb's residence, amusing themselves on their way by throwing stones at windows. But the alderman had prepared for them. They began wrenching out the railings, and were about to scale the wall when Captain Owen, who had been concealed with a band of special constables, suddenly advanced upon them, and they immediately fled, though their numbers were much greater. From these facts it is quite clear that the hydra-headed monster, as the newspapers call a mob, is easily frightened at a small band of well-trained men acting in a body, with right on their side. In these incidents at Oxford, the mob always fled from the specials. The mayor, aldermen, and magistrates then met at the Butter Bench to decide upon what measures were to be taken. The military were close at hand, but they hesitated to appeal to that last resource. During their deliberations, stones were thrown from outside into the room. The mayor came out and boldly read the Riot Act under the lamp outside. It was nearly eleven o'clock in the evening, and by half-past the whole mass of special constables was concentrated upon the mob at four different points, and they drove the people before them through the streets, but they managed to get back again behind them. They then marshalled the constables in a phalanx three or four deep across the street, and so well succeeded in clearing them that by three o'clock in the morning the town was quiet, and the magistrates retired. In these unsettled times it is encouraging to learn what can be done by people who are bravely disposed to help themselves against lawless mobs. A mob is capable of doing immense mischief—but only as a mob. It is in itself a coward, is made up of individual cowards, and at the sight of a few honest, determined men, becomes panic-stricken, and takes to flight.

But we must conclude. We have endeavoured to show that these gown and town riots at Oxford—and not only at Oxford, but in every other University city—had a deep historical significance which has seldom, if ever, been recognised.

It was the old struggle for municipal freedom continually and ever unsuccessfully maintained. The odds were too great against the citizens :

the University always had the kings, nobles, and popes on its side, and in the last extremity the terrible weapon of excommunication never failed. But after the Reformation it is probable that these gown and town riots became mere memorials; the feeling of enmity was eliminated from them, and they occurred as a sort of custom. Afterwards the Fifth of November became the favourite day, and still continues, as we have seen. On that day riots have occurred between the scholars and the townsmen with tolerable regularity, and with little serious injury. That has happened only when evil passions have been aroused by political dissensions or by local

disturbances and local grievances, as in this last instance. The universal result of these struggles between the academic and civic powers has been to the subjugation of the latter; but when we reflect upon the benefits conferred by these noble institutions upon humanity at large—when we investigate the influence they had upon dawning civilization, we can see an atonement for the sacrifice of a few cities' commerce in the immortal glory with which the universities have sanctified their names. Oxford, as a commercial city, would have passed away as a second or third-rate town; but Oxford as the seat of a University will live in history for ever.

## SWEET ANNE PAGE.

## CHAP. XXVI.

## THE WOLF'S DEN.

WASN'T there a sensation that night at the Clarendon Rooms? Didn't the new police muster in force? Weren't the inspectors of that Peelite phalanx preternaturally wise? Didn't sex amusingly betray itself—gallant cavaliers fainting at sight of blood, while charmingly coquettish ladies did their utmost to revive them? It was truly a curious scene.

Stephen, having picked up Isola's cap, had stepped forward to the entrance, and peered vaguely into the street—of course, without perceiving any trace of the runaway. Returning, he found a group around the giantess—as I have hitherto styled the stupid masquerader who had attempted to carry away Isola—and ascertained that the only harm the fellow had received was a stab through the fleshiest part of his right arm. Like most men of vast bulk, he was a coward, and had fainted at the sight of his own blood. Who he was, concerns not this history. Uncommonly glad was he to escape from all inquiry, and deposit himself in a hackney coach, and slink out of the way altogether; which, with an impromptu bandage of handkerchiefs around his huge arm, he was permitted to do.

"We may as well be off," said the Seraph. "That little party will find

her way back to the Den. Let us go."

The carriage was ready, and away they went towards the quiet street.

"I hope she has come to no harm," said the Panther.

"Harm!" laughed the Seraph. "Harm! Why, Olandia, I shouldn't have much fear of *you* in such a contingency; but Isola—pshaw! We shall find her waiting for us."

"Do you really think so?" asked Stephen.

"Unquestionably. What's to prevent it? After so thoroughly shutting up her giantess, I wonder you can doubt her ability to take care of herself."

Raphael was right. When they reached the Wolf's Den, they found Isola sitting by a comfortable fire—the morning was growing chilly—with a *pâte des foies gras* before her, and a bottle of Moselle open. She had got rid of her page's dress, and was comfortably attired in one of the loose wrappers which arried her. On the white cloth lay a tiny jewelled stiletto, with *blood* upon its blade.

"Well," said the Seraph, shaking down his brocaded petticoats, "this looks deucedly comfortable."

And then he pulled off his long gloves, and made a great gap in the

*pâte*, and filled a huge goblet with Moselle. And Isola gaily sang the chorus of the poet-king's old humorous melancholy song :—

"And we'll gang nae mair a roving,  
A roving in the night;  
We'll gang nae mair a roving,  
Let the moon shine e'er so bright."

"Well," said Stephen, as he helped the Panther to some *pâte*, "this is what comes of a glass of Montrachet."

"Now, Isola," said Claudia, "tell us your adventures."

"All right," she said. "I'm all there. The giantess caught a tartar, rather. You know it struck me before I started that I wasn't very big; and your all saying somebody might carry me away made me think of this little article." She took up the tiny dagger, and poised it on her delicate little hand. "I didn't expect to have to use it; but I thought I'd be safe. Well, that big woman made up to me, and was great fun. You should have seen us dance. And then we sloped off to have some supper; and she—that is, he—tried to make me drink a lot of wine, but I didn't quite see it; and then we got away into one of the side rooms, and flirted like a thousand of bricks. And the scoundrel wanted to find out who I was, and where I lived, and to make an appointment with me; but I wasn't to be done, as he soon found out. And at last, when he thought the coast was clear, he took me in his arms, the beggar! and rushed off with me down the staircase as hard as he could pelt. And then at the bottom I managed to get hold of this little affair—he was holding me so tight I couldn't move my arms before—and just give him a sharp prod in the arm. By St. George, he dropped me like a red hot coal. I never saw such a gonoph. And then, you know, I made tracks, and got here safe as eggs, and pulled off my togs. I made Lotty light a fire, and get supper. Which, golopshious it is," she concluded, helping herself to more *pâte*.

It is amazing what little women can eat and drink.

"You don't seem to care much about the fate of your big friend," said the Seraph.

"I don't quite see why I should. The fellow wasn't particularly polite to me. And I know I didn't hurt

him; I just bled him a little with this lancet."

"He looked as if a little bleeding would do him good," said Stephen. "He ought to be greatly obliged to you. If he knew where you live, I should think he'd call and thank you."

"I don't want to see him, I'm sure. I hate big, stupid, cowardly men."

"You should fall in love with Branscombe," said Stephen. "He's neither of the three."

I am sorry to record that this party of four sat chatting in this careless, pointless fashion long after broad daylight had brightened the street. Supper, indeed, merged in breakfast.

Nightwork tells. A shiver crept over the party. Isola called for coffee—which came, with an accompaniment of grilled chicken and other hot comestibles.

"By Jove," said the Seraph, "we've been eating and drinking ever since we accepted your unlucky invitation to lunch, Langton. I suspect a little sleep for a change would do us all good."

Can anybody tell me why people have so strong a disinclination to go to bed after a certain hour is past? It is an enigma to me. Dull as may be one's associates—ay, and one's self also—there is the most unaccountable aversion from the pleasant couch, which, soft and warm and white, awaits one with unreproachful bosom. Of course, if a man is conscious that his *placens uxor* is implacably waiting for him, it is quite another thing. But to be dog-tired, to be conscious that the yielding bed is ready, and that you have only to lock your door and undress to be in the soft arms of silence and sleep—and yet to waste the hours in amusements of which you are utterly weary, is so strange, so inexplicable a proceeding. I have done it hundreds of times, wondering at myself all the while.

All these four people were aware that the right thing to do was to go to bed, but not one of them moved. Isola excepted, they were still in their masquerade dresses, and a queer picture they made. The Seraph, tough and well-seasoned, showed no symptom of weariness, and looked a very easy-going and careless young lady, indeed.

"I am doubtful," he said, after

a pause, "whether I shall go to bed at all. A warm bath will make me as fresh as paint, as Isola would say."

"That's a mistake," said Stephen; "you feel it afterwards. I think we had better move at once. What say you, Miss Branscombe?"

"I am almost too sleepy to move," she said, with a yawn.

At this moment the door opened, and Marmaduke Branscombe entered, followed by the villanous-looking comrade who was with him at Pringle's. The old Wolf looked round upon the company with a glare of amazement and surprise. His daughter clapped her hands merrily, and broke into one of her silvery peals of laughter.

"Why, who's this?" he exclaimed in bewildered interrogation. He recognised Stephen and the Panther after the first glance, but Raphael puzzled him.

The Seraph was equal to the occasion. He rose and saluted the old gentleman with a stately curtsy.

"You're just in time to have supper with us, Uncle Marmaduke," he said, in a feminine falsetto.

"Supper!" exclaimed the old Wolf. "Why, Isola, what is it? Who's that lady?"

"That lady is a gentleman," she replied, with a laugh. "You can't have forgotten Mr. Raphael Branscombe."

"Well," he growled, "you do make a stunning girl, Raphael. Have you been out like that? Did anybody make love to you?"

"Yes," he said, "somebody did, and I knocked him down for his politeness. But you should hear your daughter's adventure."

And he reported to the old gentleman the way in which Isola had distinguished herself.

"A good girl," said the Wolf, taking up the stiletto, and passing his thumb along the edge. "A chip of the old block! You know how to take care of yourself, Isola."

"We were just going when you came in," said Langton. "It's rather late, and we want some sleep."

"You can sleep here, all of you, if you like," he said. "I've plenty of beds. I don't like turning people out when we've had a wet night."

"Gad," said the Seraph, "that's a

fine idea. Show us your cribs, uncle. Then we shall be all together to begin another evening. What do you say, Langton?"

"I'm game;" but what does Miss Branscombe say?"

The Panther was asleep.

"'Twould be a shame for her to go to Clarges-street when there's a bed nearer."

So Isola guided her cousin to a room. The old Wolf had fitted up a considerable number of very comfortable bedchambers, several of them with two beds. His hospitality was generous; he had numerous visitors of all sorts; and, after what he called a wet night, he liked to be able to stow away his guests in close proximity to himself, so as to begin a second revel by way of epilogue to the first.

Claudia Branscombe was tired out. I think that fine spirit of hers had lost some of its original nerve. She had failed once or twice, and it had quelled her courage. She had been lamentably foiled by Stephen at Idlechester; and then, recommencing the contest in London, she had been subjugated and rejected. And she was playing anything but a satisfactory game with the Assyrian baronet. These things had cowed her; else, in truth, I do not think the Panther would have been so thoroughly knocked up by a glass of Montrachet and its consequences. She could scarcely undress; and when, with Isola's help, she was safely in bed, she fell asleep with that delicious suddenness for which it is worth while to undergo any fatigue. She slept in Elysium. As to Isola, the wayward little beauty seemed scarcely tired at all. Having got rid of Claudia, she ran down again to take a final leave of her father, who had lighted his pipe, and was talking to Raphael and Stephen.

"Claudia was asleep before she was in bed," she observed. "And now, I'm off. Good morning to you all. Don't keep those boys up any longer, papa."

"We'll be off, too," said the Seraph. "I suppose you can send round for some of our people by-and-by. I don't much care for walking about London in petticoats."

"Nobody would suspect you,"

said the Wolf. "But come along. I'll show you your room."

He led them to a large room at the back, in which were two beds. It was fitted up with every luxury, and a good fire had been lighted. I don't object to a fire in a large bedroom, even in warmish weather; and Marmaduke Branscombe was of the same way of thinking.

"By Jove," said the Seraph, throwing himself into an easy chair, and stretching his legs with small regard to his petticoats, "this is pleasant. Where's your cigar-case, Langton? I *must* have a smoke."

"You'll want a *fille de chambre* to undress you," said Langton.

"Egad, yes. I thought I should never get into these blessed things, and now I don't see my way out of them. Thank heaven, I'm not a girl."

"Or you couldn't make love to them, as Montaigne or somebody said."

"The reply to that is Lady Mary's remark—that her only reason for being glad that she was a woman was that she should not be obliged to marry one. But, I say, old fellow, do you think the Wolf has any sinister reason for bringing us all here to sleep? Mayn't he mean to murder us?"

As Raphael said this, he was running a penknife through the troublesome fastenings of his dress, by way of cutting the Gordian knots of feminine attire.

"I don't see any good he could gain by such a proceeding," said Langton. "I suspect he wouldn't hesitate long if there were. He's a nice old boy."

Herewith he was about to spring into bed, when there came a knock at the chamber door. The Seraph, in the relics of a bodice and pyjamas, opened it.

Enter, Marmaduke Branscombe, Esquire, *alias* the Wolf, bearing a bowl of punch!

"One glass more will do you good," said the old Wolf. "This night work is chilly, so I've brewed a wonderful bowl, and you'll sleep after it like Rip van Winkle."

"Pon my life," said the Seraph, "I think we have imbibed almost enough since we began with that confounded glass of Montrachet of Langton's. However, I don't object. It's only twelve o'clock, I see."

It was noon, actually. Raphael wound-up his watch. Then the trio sat down to this untimely bowl of punch. It was a miraculous concoction.

"Egad," said Stephen Langton; "it is worth while to have lived in the mysterious East, in order to know how to produce such a divine drink as this. It's Helen's nepenthe, by Zeus Kronion."

Stephen usually became classical when ebrious.

"It's not bad stuff," said the Seraph. "I was quite ready to sleep before, but after this, hang me if I shan't go off like a top."

"Well, I thought it would do you both good," said the old Wolf. "The fact is, if you drink sufficiently, your sleep won't hurt you. After this, you'll wake without a headache."

"You must give us the receipt," said Langton; "a good bowl of punch that cures the headache instead of giving it, would be a blessing."

They finished the punch, strange to say; and Marmaduke Branscombe took friendly leave of them; and, in ten minutes, they slept.

Stephen Langton, the youngest and less seasoned, was the first to awake. Notwithstanding the old Wolf's promise, he awoke with a headache—a splitting headache, that seemed capable of splitting a tough planet into infinitesimal fragments. Moreover, he had an awful, insatiable thirst—a thirst for a long, deep draught of icy water, such as one might get on some green mountain-side. And there fell upon him, like a nightmare, a longing to be beside a wayside well not far from Idlechester, where the crystal water perennially flowed from beneath a pointed arch through a gryphon's mouth into a stone ivy-mantled trough, whereon some cleric of old days had inscribed a Greek legend, signifying—"Let all men praise the Lord." And it was utterly dark, pitch-dark, dark as Erebus, so that he could not see even the vaguest form. And his memory wholly failed him as to where he was.

That the place was strange, he felt rather than knew. He was in bed—where? His perplexed memory struggled with the past, but could evoke from it nothing definite. He had no recollection of the glass of Montrachet

or the Cellini ball, or the Wolf's punch. Sleep had utterly subjugated him : he could only feel that he had a tremendous headache, and unquenchable thirst, and a nightmare ; longing to know where he was.

If you have never been in a position of this kind, reader, let us hope you never may. I have tried it. It is excessively unpleasant.

Stephen Langton got out of bed, and groped about the room. He found a window—drew back the curtains,—but all was dark. He threw open the casement, and the cool night air refreshed him. He made a farther exploration, and touched the chill marble of a washing apparatus. A great gulp from the water-caraffe was ecstasy to his parched throat. Then he poured water into the basin and immersed his head with a mighty splash.

Wasn't it a luxury ?

Having repeated this operation, and rubbed his hair dry, he was groping again towards where he assumed his bed to be—of course in entirely the wrong direction—when he heard a voice, a mingled voice, exclaim—

"Who's there ?"

"Who the devil are you ?" asked Stephen.

"Who am I ? Come, that's good ! Fellow comes prowling about in *my* room in the middle of the night, and washing at *my* washstand, and then coolly asks me, who I am ? Now, look here, my friend, I'm not irascible by nature, but I shall shy a boot at your head if you don't explain your conduct."

And Stephen could hear a hand searching for the threatened missile. But he was still so obfuscated that he did not realize the situation.

"Shy away !" he said ; "whoever you are, you'll be rather clever to hit me in the dark. And I'll forgive you, if you'll tell me where I am !"

"Why, confound you ! you're in my room, I tell you," exclaimed the Seraph, who verily believed himself at home in Clarges-street. "Who the devil are you, I say ?"

By this time Stephen had reached his bed, and comfortably settled himself again.

"Well," he replied, "as you seem so anxious to know, my name's Stephen Langton."

The Seraph, on whom the position of affairs flashed suddenly, burst into laughter.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "we're in the Den, and it's the middle of the night apparently. I'll be hanged if I had not forgotten all about it."

"Faith, so had I. And I've got a most confounded headache, though the old beggar said the punch wouldn't give me one. How do you feel ?"

"O, I'm all right ; rather hungry. He might have left us some matches ; but I suppose we must go to sleep again, and wait for daylight."

Which they did accordingly.

And when next Stephen Langton awoke, it was broad daylight. The sun was apparently as near the zenith as he ever gets in these latitudes. Stephen jumped out of bed, and looked vainly for a pair of trowsers wherein to encase his nether limbs. He was compelled to be content with his velvet breeches—*tempore* Charles II.

The Seraph still slept seraphically. They talk of the sleep which a good conscience gives, but nothing can rival the calm repose of the man who has no conscience at all.

Stephen roused his friend. Raphael, when thoroughly himself, remarked—

"Well, I never felt sleepier. What time is it ?"

Both their watches had stopped.

"Curious !" said the Seraph, "I wound up mine, I know. Ring the bell, old fellow."

Stephen found a bell-pull, and rang loudly. There came no reply.

"I suppose everybody else is asleep too," said the Seraph. "Go and find out, that's a good fellow. You've got some trowsers, and I haven't."

"Call these trowsers !" said Stephen, disconsolately looking down upon his purple breeches, beyond which protruded legs worthy of Hyperion. "Suppose I meet your sister—or Isola !"

"Well, hang it," reasoned the Seraph, "you *must* do something. You don't seriously expect *me* to walk about in petticoats. I wonder what was done with the clothes I took off."

"I suppose I must venture," said Stephen.



So he went to the door, which, to his amazement, was fastened on the outside.

"The old Wolf's locked us in!" he exclaimed.

"The devil!" cried Raphael, jumping out of bed. "He's been playing us a trick; it's just like him."

They broke open the door, which had been fastened by an outside bolt. Then Stephen, as being the most decently attired, started to explore, and went from room to room, finding nothing. Whereupon he returned, reporting that to all appearance the house was utterly deserted.

"Here's a nice position," said the Seraph. "The old gentleman has played us a pretty trick. But where the deuce are Claudia and Isola and the servants? I hope there's something in the house to eat, for I am diabolically peckish."

Further search made it obvious that there was not a creature save themselves in the house. Marmaduke and his myrmidons—the Panther—Isola and her neat little Lucilla Lotty—were all gone. The clothes which they had taken off to dress for Cellini's masquerade had mysteriously disappeared. And here were Raphael and Stephen, with nothing but their absurd costumes, without a creature to send to Clarges-street or Jermyn-street.

"What shall we do?" asked Stephen Langton, perfectly puzzled.

"Find something to eat and drink first," said the Seraph.

About this there was slight difficulty. The commissariat at the Den was always excellent. A slight search in cupboard and cellaret soon furnished an excellent breakfast.

"The state of my appetite," said the Seraph, "leads me to suppose we have been some time asleep. My highly-respectable uncle must have administered opium in that rascally punch of his. We must have had twenty-four hours sleep, I fancy."

"How are we to get out of this? Catch a policeman."

"For heaven's sake, no. Those fellows would take us for thieves, perhaps, and carry us off to Bow-street. That won't do. I've cut my precious dress to pieces, almost, or I think I might walk to Clarges-street."

Fortune favoured them. There passed along the quiet street a small boy, whistling—"a little vulgar boy," such as swindled Tom Ingoldslly. Stephen tapped cautiously at the window. The youngster came across, and they managed to induce him to come in. In a few minutes he was running away to Clarges-street with a note to Louis.

And when the faithful valet and Auguste arrived with linen and clothing, the Seraph and Stephen were astonished to find that, instead of twenty-four, they had actually passed forty-eight hours in bed. Cellini's ball was on Wednesday evening; it was noon on Thursday when they turned in; it was past noon on Saturday when they awoke to find themselves alone in the Wolf's Den!

"By the powers!" said the Seraph, "I never was played so cool a trick. I wonder whether the old gentleman is mad or not."

"I wonder what he has done with the ladies," said Stephen.

"Egad, yes. I'll tell you what. As he has deserted the Den, we'll just take possession of it. What do you say?"

"A capital notion. I suppose he's sure to return here."

"I should be sorry to predicate anything at all definite about him. He may have vanished as mysteriously and abruptly as he arrived. *You* found him first—perhaps you'll look for him now."

"Not if I know it. No, the plan is to encamp here, as you propose, and await his return. But couldn't we serve him some trick? Suppose we take lodgers, and admit nobody who doesn't play on an instrument. If we got a houseful of trombones and fiddles and drums, I think the old beggar would swear a little."

"Possibly," replied the Seraph. "But, as you and I think of staying here, don't you think *we* might be inclined to swear first? No, that won't do."

"We ought to think upon some way of giving him at Roland for his Oliver," said Stephen, meditatively.

"Leave it to me," said the Seraph, after a pause. "I've got an idea."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## MENAGE OU MENAGERIE ?

"LANGTON," said the Scrapp, as they sat over their after-dinner coffee, "do me a favour. You've nothing to do, I know; you're fond of poetic dreaming; go out of town for a couple of days, and then come back to the Wolf's Den."

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind. Will you do it? The result may amuse you."

"Where the deuce am I to go?"

"Run down to Idlechester and Kingsleat—talk to your Aunt and Winifred—make love to Jack Winslow."

"Well," said Stephen, "to oblige you I'll go. When may I return?"

"The day after to-morrow, if you like."

"All right. There's a night mail. I'll tell Auguste to pack a portmanteau, and be off at once."

He did accordingly. He astonished the Half-moon at Idlechester—its ostlers at least—by descending at about two in the morning from the box of the Quicksilver mail, and requiring a bed. When, at about noon, he sat down to breakfast, Jack Winslow came in with the coffee.

"Well, Mr. Stephen," said she, "what mischief has brought you here? We hear all sorts of dreadful tales of your doings in London."

"I am come to see if any young lady in Idlechester will accept my hand and heart and the poor remains of my property," said Stephen. "Now, Jack, don't chaff; tell me the news."

"There's none. The Bishop, they say, is to be made Archbishop of York. They do talk of Mr. Walter Branscombe as bishop. Your grandfather is looking very well. So is your Aunt Harriet. Mr. Stiggins is mayor this year."

"Well, you're a capital hand at telling the news, Jack. Send me up a bottle of claret, will you? and don't mention to anybody that I'm here."

"Claret . . . for breakfast!"

"Slightly. Just look alive, that's a good girl."

"You're not improved by living in London like a gentleman," she said.

"Not likely. Don't gossip, but send me the wine. Best you've got."

The buxom barmaid departed with an ironical curtsy. Stephen, flexible and pliant, had taken very readily to Bordeaux and Burgundy for breakfast. There is nothing that commences the day so divinely as a bottle of light wine. I venerate ale and stout; but I recognise in Anacreon's favourite fluid a stimulus alien from stupefaction—a fine poetic effervescent power—which the strongest ale of Edinburgh, or the walled up malt of Mount Edgecombe and Woolley Hall cannot rival.

As Stephen drank his claret from a tumbler, and smoked a lazy cigar, he reflected on the circumstances which had brought him there. Queer enough they were. Cellini's ball with its adventure: the Wolf's return and their long sleep. Raphael's resolve of revenge. Stephen wondered at the concatenation of events which had made him almost a Branscombe. What devilry there was among that strange race? What presence of mind in Isola's ready dagger? What a grotesque hoax that sleeping draught of the Wolf's! What did it mean? Was it merely the horse-play of this retired pirate, or had he any sinister intentions in reference to the two girls? He could mean no harm to his own daughter, surely. But what *did* he mean?

Stephen Langton's was a temperament that was both equable and excitable. He had periods of absolute lotos-eating laziness and periods of the most unquenchable restlessness. If Odysseus had accepted the throne of the *Λευκάδιον* he might have felt very much as Stephen did. And he now found himself drawn into a kind of eddy of life—a whirlpool, whence escape seemed impracticable. These Branscombes had annexed him.

At this moment he could not understand what was to happen in connexion with Marmaduke and Raphael. Would there be any tragical development of this Aristophanic comedy. Extremes meet we know: and the

very wild comedy of highly excitable men often ends in horrible tragedy. Even farce ends in tragedy sometimes—as when a Pope dies. What says Robert Browning ?—

“Of how some actor played Death on a stage

With pasteboard crown, sham orb, and tinselled dart,

And called himself the monarch of the world,

Then going in the tire room afterward, Because the play was done, to shift himself,

Got touched upon the sleeve familiarly The moment he had shut the closet door

By Death himself. Thus God might touch a Pope.

At unawares, ask what his baubles mean, And whose part he presumed to play just now?”

Stephen Langton, however, having promised not to re-appear in the quiet street till the day after to-morrow at earliest, dismissed the Branscombe enigma, and, as well as he could, breakfasted leisurely, and speculated as to what he should do with himself. The result was pretty much as follows. He paid a visit to the beloved gardens where had been passed the happy hours of his boyish wooing. To his visionary temperament it was a delight to wander on those neglected lawns, under those trees, where at every turn of the garden alleys it seemed that brown-eyed fresh-cheeked Anne Page, the baby beauty, ought to dance out to meet him. Not there alone did Stephen Langton dream. He wandered, as of old, in the shadow of the great cathedral, and by the sinuous verge of the river Idle. He called back that half-forgotten life of his, with its sordid and its poetic moieties, as if Witney blanket were in some way worked in with cloth of gold.

Of course his grandfather's house and the tanyard helped him in this. The old gentleman and the old gentleman's progeny were little altered. When Stephen saw his Aunt Harriet again, he thought of that doleful school of the Sadbrookes, with all its mendicant misery. You cannot destroy the past. Experiences such as those of Stephen Langton's boyhood are indelible. They pass into the imagination; they photograph themselves upon the retina of your mind's eye, Horatio. Stephen found his reminiscences al-

most painful. *Olim hæc meminisse juvabit* is not invariably true.

Stephen Langton hired a horse and rode to Kingsleat. He turned out of his way to visit the scene of his early boyhood's affliction. To his extreme delight the old place was turned into a farm-house; in the playground the wheat was green and flourishing; the schoolroom—no great metamorphosis—was now a threshing-floor. Stephen rode into the farmyard, and asked for a glass of cider. Out came a buxom lass, just such as Mr. Barnes' poet of the Dorset Doric, describes so naturally:—

“So quick's a bird, so neat's a cat,

So cheerful in her niater,

The best o' maidens to come at  
's a farmer's woldest daeter.”

It was just Farmer Greenlands' dinner-time; nothing would induce him to let Stephen depart without taking a snack. So, by way of a change from his town life, he found himself eating boiled fowls and bacon, with mighty masses of vegetable matter, in the hospitable society of a stout agriculturist, his stout and smiling wife, and three very nice looking young females of the race. It was like a dream. Had the Sadbrooke family really dwelt in what was now a jolly farmhouse? Had he been tortured there in his youth? He could not believe it.

“Well,” thought Stephen to himself, when, having done justice to good Farmer Greenland's dinner, and taken friendly farewell of his daughters, he rode slowly towards Kingsleat, “I wonder whether it would be a good speculation to marry a farmer's daughter? What would the Seraph say? He'd tell me that she could never be a fit companion for me, never understand me, never enter into society with me. But hang it, after associating with such wild creatures as Claudia and Isola, anything quiet and commonplace is deucedly refreshing . . . I wonder where Claudia and Isola are now.”

He rode into Kingsleat. He went first to the public library, but his old acquaintance, Mr. Lonsdale, was away on his annual holiday. Then, having left his horse at the Mitre, he went to the Rectory. Ill luck pursued him: the Rector and his daughter had just started for Idlechester, to dine at the

bishop's. So he strolled moodily back to the Mitre, and studied the *Idlechester Chronicle* over some seltzer and brandy.

Suddenly, as he looked through the coffeeroom window on the deserted street, Dr. Winter was visible descending the hill at his usual swinging pace. Stephen snatched up his hat, and did his best to overtake the Doctor. It was no easy business. His accustomed pace, when not in a hurry, was five miles an hour. He was a light weight, sound of wind, with muscles of steel. Stephen's long stride scarcely helped him much. But he did overtake the rapid headmaster at last.

Then, it was difficult to bring himself under his notice. Dr. Winter was the most absent of men. He had a marvellous faculty of abstraction. He often, striding along on his rapid walks, ignored the existence of most intimate friends. Stephen could only attract his attention by standing so directly in his way that he could pass only by walking through him. But when he had attracted his attention, the Doctor was as courteous as possible.

As they stretched along the towing-path on the margin of Idle, Dr. Winter found out a good deal of his young friend's state of mind.

"You are unsettled, Langton. I must give you a little advice. Why don't you decide on a career? Why don't you marry? You are not the man to be happy without occupation."

"If you will find me a wife and a career, sir," said Langton, with a slight laugh, "I'll do my best to follow your advice."

"Well, I know something of your adventures. I am not surprised at your reluctance to marry. But surely you can find some one to console you. As to a career, I always thought you were likely to do something in literature."

"I cannot find fit topics, or satisfy myself with my treatment. That is what perplexes me. Now, your nephew Humphrey always seems to do perfectly what the public wants."

"Humphrey is a humbug, Mr. Langton. There is nothing *real* about him. He writes successful articles because he is unprincipled and insincere. He can adapt himself to anything, having no definite faith. .

. . . But stay and dine with me, Mr. Langton. I'll give you some good advice, and better port wine—and then I'll ask you for your advice."

"Mine!"

"Yes. Yours is not unlikely to be good, in reference to a point which I have been all day puzzling myself to determine. So you shall come home with me and give it."

They went, accordingly; and the Doctor and his young friend sat down to an excellent simple dinner. It was a treat to listen to Dr. Winter's converse. It was always fresh and keen. He looked on life from an original point of view. Moreover, as an experienced schoolmaster, with a faculty for finding out the characteristics of youthful intellects, and a magnetic influence over them, he found a pleasure in studying his guest. He did not disdain the crudities and enthusiasms of youth. He found real pleasure in eliciting Stephen Langton's mental perplexities, and in giving him counsel. He pitied a fine young fellow, born among barbarians, left to educate himself, and inextricably associated with a race of lunatics.

"If only," said Stephen Langton, "I had been fortunate enough to get a rational education—if I had been sent to Kingsleat Grammar School—I should not have been so incapable as I now feel myself. I have never received either affection or culture. A boy wants two helps—a mother and a schoolmaster. I had neither. I was surrounded all through my youth with people whom I could not understand, and who could not understand me, except when I visited Mr. Page; and having had no definite guidance, I am now unable to determine what I ought to do. I am unable to separate myself from the Branscombes, who seem destined to exercise a mysterious influence over me. I cannot resolve on any occupation that will keep me out of mischief. I just pass my time in amusing myself, Dr. Winter—that is all."

"There is no greater mistake," said the Doctor. "Some Frenchman has said"—Dr. Winter read everything—"le jouissance me parait le but de la vie, et la seule chose utile au monde. A miserable mistake of the poor idiot's—at least when we connect it with his animal longing for wine and women and the like. Enjoyment, doubt-

less, is noble when he who enjoys can enjoy nothing ignoble. If I were capable of envy," continued the Doctor, who had got on his hobby, and was riding it with enthusiasm, "I might envy Shakespeare or Kepler, Newton or Sir Humphrey in some supreme moment of imagination, or invention, or discovery. But depend upon it, Mr. Langton, to live for amusement or for mere comfort is a fatal error—an error that reduces a man to the level of a woman or . . . a dog."

Stephen laughed at the Doctor's vehemence, and sipped his port—undeniable wine—with the furtive reflection that the "severe Winter" did not wholly disdain comfort, or even luxury.

"I wish you would tell me what to do, Doctor," he said.

"I never attempt impossibilities," responded the headmaster quietly. "In your especial case I suspect feminine entanglements" (Stephen blushed); "and I can only tell you to follow the counsels of your own conscience. You know best whether the life you now live satisfies you. I fancy not. You are independent, and can easily break away from it by starting to travel. It must rest with you to resolve whether this would be wise or not."

"*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*," quoted Stephen.

"Ah," laughed the Doctor, "that bit of classicality is a poor excuse. Better, however, to belong to the miserable half-and-half, weak-minded, emasculate race who follow that text, than to those bolder mortals who rashly exclaim, '*Evil, be thou my good!*'"

"I don't know," said Stephen. "I abhor my own mediocrity. I'd rather be an absolute scoundrel, like . . ."

"Whom?"

"Well, I may say like any of the Branscombes. My friend Raphael is an excellent instance. He is utterly devoid of conscience. He would not murder, perhaps; but he would very coolly kill a man in a duel. He would not steal, perhaps; but he would incur any amount of debt that he could not pay. He would not . . ."

"You call that man your *friend*," interrupted the headmaster. "I am ashamed of you."

"Upon my honour, I can't help it,"

replied Stephen. "I can't get free from him. He fascinates me."

"Pshaw! You have no strength of mind. Travel! Don't waste your time in London upon what that man calls amusement. Get out of his reach if you can't resist his influence. Go abroad—go to Jericho—go to the Antipodes or the South Pole—rather than waste your life as you are now wasting it."

"I'll think of your advice," said Stephen.

"Nobody ever took good advice," said Dr. Winter. "Nobody. I'm an old fool to give it you. If you were a pupil of mine I shouldn't advise you—I should just flog you. You'll get your flogging, my young friend, from harsher hands than mine, and with a sharper implement of castigation."

"I don't doubt it," said Stephen.

"Nobody ever took good advice," repeated the headmaster. "Nobody, by Zeus Kronion. Bad advice is winged—winged to the fabulous speed of those steam coaches they are just talking of. Nevertheless, I am about to ask yours. Perhaps your young eyes will see more clearly than my old ones through a mist of difficulty which besets me. You can keep a secret, I am sure."

"I can, and will."

"I am asked to be Bishop of Idlechester. Dr. Bythessea is to be translated to York. The reason why I am asked, so far as I can guess it, is curious. Some years ago I thwarted the Duke of Axminster, who is, you know, an influential member of the Cabinet. He is a singularly haughty man. I have reason to believe that it is by his special desire this offer comes to me. He is reported to have said that I was the only man who had ever opposed him, and that therefore I deserved to be something better than a schoolmaster."

"He reminds me of Charles the Second," said Stephen.

"What is that?"

"It happened at Winchester, I think. King Charles was building a palace there, and brought Nell Gwyn down with him. A certain canon of the cathedral declined to let her stay at his house. The king gave the next vacant bishopric to the good little man who wouldn't receive poor Nell. It was Bishop Ken."

"I have heard the story," said Dr. Winter. "The parallel is fair. I have no objection to accept the offer on account of the motive. But I doubt whether I am fated to be a bishop. And I know I'm a pretty good schoolmaster."

"A man who is a good schoolmaster is fit for anything," said Stephen.

"That may be. But suppose that I can do more good as a schoolmaster than I could as a bishop."

"Don't you think," urged Stephen, "that it is possible for the best of schoolmasters to be a schoolmaster too long? I fancy all minds that are worth anything are extremely versatile, and ought not to be worked in a perpetual routine. For my own part, I should like to be a great schoolmaster, like yourself, for a few prosperous years—and then to be a bishop—and then to be a general in the army—and then prime minister—and then a great poet or astronomer—and so on."

"Either you are treating the question with irony, my young friend," said the Doctor, delicately cracking a filbert, "or you are striving to show the incompatibility of *Episcopatus* with *Ludimagister*. To live a dozen lives in one is not possible: happy the man who can live one rightly."

"I thought," said Stephen, "that there was a report that Mr. Branscombe was to be bishop."

"Well, that is another point. It seems to have been an understood thing that the vacancy would be his; and doubtless, if I refuse, the offer will be made to him. I don't like to disappoint him. His claims are far greater than mine; he is on intimate terms with Lord Cheiron; and but for that little affair with the Duke of Axminster, the offer would never have reached me. I don't much like the look of being made a bishop for treading on the tenderest corns of a duke."

"I would accept," said Stephen, briefly and oracularly.

The Doctor sat for some time silent, speculating on the change from the headmaster's desk to the episcopal throne in that noble old cathedral of Idlechester. At last, after filling for himself a glass of port, which he eyed curiously against the light, examining its beeswing,

and then drank with evident satisfaction, Dr. Winter said—

"I will take your advice. Ring for coffee, my young friend, and then I'll write my letter of acceptance. You shall post it yourself, that I may have no chance of altering my mind."

"If I have done nothing else," said Stephen, "I have made a bishop."

The Doctor wrote his letter; Stephen took it away with him, and dropped it at the post-office as he went to the Mitre. Then he ordered his horse, and rode back to the Half-moon at Idlechester. The embryo prelate's hours were early; Stephen was back at his quarters before midnight. In the parlour, to which he paid a visit, he found his grandfather and one of his uncles, and several of their cronies, smoking and drinking hot spirit and water, with that solemn sedulity which nobly characterizes the Great British tradesman. He spent a quarter of an hour with them; then, taking refuge in his own room, he indulged in a meditative monologue on the value of education.

It was curious, certainly. These people were of his own blood, but they and he could not get on together with satisfaction. They were manifestly uneasy in his presence, while he was simply bored.

If you are worth anything, O reader—and if you are not, you will hardly have read as far as this—if you are worth anything, I say, you have got a dog. Look at him—into his eyes, as you would look into human eyes that you love. He turns from you; he is unhappy; if you persist, he gets up and walks away. So with the uneducated, undeveloped man. The glance of *nous autres* makes him uncomfortable. His half-unconscious inferiority betrays itself when you look at him—when you speak to him. The man whom educated intelligence has raised above those of his own blood, has this forced upon him with emphasis.

I suppose this—not the canine part of it—proves that everybody ought to be educated. In which case, who is to cart dung and criticize novels? I fear this is Eutopian. Starved souls must be worse than starved bodies, however.

The next morning Stephen Langton returned to London. Pleasant was his early drive through the sweet country, on the blushful verge of summer. Yet had the trees their virginal green; yet the larks, blithe spirits, invisible in the ether, made music everywhere; yet the black-bird fluted in the cherry orchards, and the thrush sang anthems in the dense elm-leafage; yet lay upon the leafy world the fresh delicious air of spring. The world was young—at least to Stephen so it seemed. As four flying horses whirled him Londonward, he felt as if all the scenes through which he passed had youth and freshness—while he alone was old and weary and stale.

And he made a resolve: and that was, to abandon the stupid, empty course of life to which he had become accustomed—to begin a new era—to find something to do if he could not find somebody to love, and to do it resolutely—to make a fresh start, synchronous with Dr. Winter's episcopation.

We shall see how he kept his resolve.

When Stephen had washed from himself the soil of travel, and refreshed himself thereafter, he started for the Quiet street. And I will say this for the erratic genius of the Branscombes . . . he was astonished.

As he turned into the street by the end most remote from the house first known to him as Isola's, he saw that something had occurred. The house was altered. Previously quiet and saddened, it seemed to have suddenly thrown out a couple of bow windows. Over the doorway was suspended something strangely like a sign. An inquisitive crowd obstructed not only the pavement, but in some degree the carriage-way, and a few intelligent members of the new police were looking on.

Stephen approached. As he did so, it appeared that the sign swung over the entrance was—a wolf! A wolf—not sculptured, but stuffed; and stuffed by an artist, evidently; and looking almost alive.

Right above the doorway appeared in large gold letters,

THE WOLF'S DEN.

But the windows! There was a room on each side the passage. The fronts of these had been cleared away, and wide bow windows put in. Those windows were filled with cages, and in the cages were all sorts of animals, birds, even reptiles. It was a grotesque menagerie. Where in the world Raphael Branscombe could, in two days, have collected such a strange mixture of creatures—chimpanzee and lynx, boa constrictor and vulture, Australian magpie and Esquimaux dog—was an enigma to Stephen Langton.

"Well," he quietly ejaculated, "these Branscombes are all mad together."

The scene within was even more remarkable. Both walls of the passage had been removed, and the two front rooms made into a good-sized shop. When he entered, Stephen was confronted by an odd figure—a dwarf, very short, very stout, very hairy about the face, and looking altogether almost inhuman. This grotesque creature was the guardian of a motley collection—there were lions, tigers, panthers, ostriches, kangaroos, wombats; it was a wonder how so many animals could be packed in their cages into so small a space.

Stephen Langton certainly *was* surprised.

He inquired for Mr. Raphael Branscombe. That gentleman was entirely unknown. The grotesque dwarf, whose English was strangely alloyed by some patois to Stephen utterly alien, maintained entire ignorance of the Seraph. But when Stephen's state of wonderment had lasted long enough, a door at the back suddenly opened, and Raphael appeared for a moment, beckoning; and Stephen, of course, followed him. He was led to a small back room on the first floor, with a couple of chairs in it, and a great number of small monkeys in cages.

"Have a cigar, old boy," said the Seraph; "you'll never stand the stench if you don't smoke."

Stephen obeyed. Then he said—  
"What the deuce does all this mean?"

"Surprised, eh?" asked the Seraph.  
"Rather, certainly."

"Well, if *you* are surprised, how will the old Wolf feel when he comes back?"

"Astounded, I should think. But how in the world have you managed the affair? Where did you get all these infernal beasts?"

"From an acquaintance of mine in Ratcliffe Highway—a fellow with a big collection, who was willing enough to bring them all here for a trifle. Oddly enough, the fellow's name's Wolf. By heaven, what a row there'll be when the respectable Mr. Marmaduke Branscombe appears!"

"Do you mean to wait in this vile entourage of effluvia till that happens?"

"I don't know what else to do. I would not miss his advent for a thousand pounds."

"Couldn't we take lodgings just opposite?" suggested Stephen. "That's what Theodore Hook did in Berners Street."

"Well, that's a good notion," replied the Seraph. "Suppose you go across and negotiate? They are nearly all lodging-houses in this street."

This little affair was soon arranged.

"You must take care of yourself, Wolf," said the Seraph to the dwarf. "The old gentleman will come back in a towering rage, and want to murder you."

"Let him try," snarled the troglodyte, glaring fiercely.

Raphael and Stephen, established in the first floor of the opposite house, watched by turns for the arrival of Marmaduke Branscombe. Several days passed, and they did not venture to leave their quarters, for fear of missing him. Their patience was rewarded at length.

A travelling carriage with four horses pulled up in front of the Wolf's Den at about one o'clock. The two friends were just at luncheon, which meal they conducted close to a window, so as to command the situation.

"Here he is at last!" ejaculated the Seraph.

There he was.

The postillions had thrown the horses on their haunches, for Marmaduke had accustomed them to vigorous velocity. One of his myrmidons, descending from the front seat, opened the carriage door. Out came the old pirate, and looked up at the house—and was silent. There's a Yankee story of poor President

Lincoln somewhat to this effect:—A profane ruffian, imaginative in his oaths, suddenly got into some unprecedented fix. An expectant audience surrounded him, anticipating boundless blasphemy. But he said no word; he could not do justice to the subject.

So with the old Wolf. So thoroughly flabbergasted was he that his fair companions, Isola and Claudia, had both reached the pavement before he had got together voice enough for a remark.

"Why, papa!"—"Why, uncle!" cried a couple of charming voices.

The windows of the opposite first floor were open, and their silver surprise travelled easily across.

"By Jove, this is rich," said Stephen Langton.

Choleric was the old Wolf as he entered the wild-beast shop. Loud and deep was his voice as he exclaimed—

"What does this mean?"

The dwarf came forward, and, in a patois which I cannot reproduce, but which was quite intelligible to Marmaduke Branscombe, to whom irregular languages were professionally familiar, inquired what he could do for him.

The two ladies had followed the old Wolf into the shop, and were daintily holding their dainty dresses, and pressing perfumed kerchiefs to their insulted nostrils.

"This is my house!" exclaimed Marmaduke Branscombe, with violent ferocity. "Who are you?"

"My name is Wolf," replied the dwarf, volubly. "I keep a menagerie. What can I sell you? This is the finest chimpanzee in Europe; almost as handsome as a man; if he could talk he would be better than some men. That panther—the ladies are looking at that panther. Ah, she is a beautiful creature—so tame, but she hates men; she likes ladies, pretty ladies. She killed a boy once, but don't say anything about it, please. She is cheap. I can sell her for a hundred pounds. She would defend you, Senora," he said, looking at the Panther's namesake.

"Stop this foolery!" thundered Marmaduke. "What the devil is the meaning of my house being turned into this confounded bear-garden? You're a robber and a scoundrel. I've a great mind to murder you."



With which utterance the fierce old man advanced towards the dwarf menagerie-keeper in a threatening attitude. The troglodyte opened wide eyes, and a wider mouth, and drew from his breast a pistol.

Things looked serious. Practical jokes too often end seriously.

"Papa!" exclaimed the argent voice of Isola; "didn't you tell us you had played Raphaël a trick? You may be sure he has played you this trick in return."

The old Wolf acquired sudden enlightenment; and at this point the two conspirators entered the shop, and accosted the ladies with courteous *empressment*.

Marmaduke Branscombe burst into prodigious laughter.

"You're too much for me, my boy," he said to the Seraph. "You're a Branscombe. By heaven, I almost thought I was mad, or dreaming; but now, as you have turned my house upside down, perhaps you'll tell me where I'm to go?"

"Come to Clarges Street," said the Seraph. "There's plenty of room for you there; but won't you take a chimpanzee or a panther with you?"

They went on to Clarges Street, and were soon comfortably established there.

"Pray," said Raphael to his sister, "what mischief have you been doing or plotting since you ran away?"

"We have only been to Brighton," she replied. "It was a whim of my uncle's, just to play you a trick. He gave you something to make you sleep."

"Thank you for the information," said the Seraph. "I fancy we found that out for ourselves some time ago."

"Well!" laughed Isola; "I think you had very much the best of it. Papa won't try to play any more tricks upon *you* for a day or two."

"No," growled the Wolf, taking his pipe from his mouth; "I'll be hanged if I do. Perhaps you'll tell me what I'm to do with that house, now you've turned it into a den of lions?"

"Go and live there, papa, like Daniel," said Isola.

"I think the fellow I've put in will be a capital tenant," said the Seraph; "and a shop of that kind is rather wanted in the neighbourhood. Better let him stay."

I will not pretend to record the

evening reflections of the Wolf or his nephew; each was happy in the grotesque and eccentric fashion of the Branscombes. Not so either Claudia or Isola; I rather fancy that Marmaduke's pretty daughter was pining to be loved. With all her wild spirits and gay slang, the little beauty was dissatisfied with life. What did she want, I wonder? She had money beyond limit. What will not money procure?

Claudia had met Sir Arthur Witlesden at Brighton, and continued her flirtation. Matters indeed were beginning to get serious. She had succeeded in convincing him that she meant something; he, having had that conviction thrust through his taurine brow, pushed with prodigious obstinacy against all obstacles. Claudia felt in danger.

Did she like Sir Arthur? Was he the strong man with the governing hand whom her fancy painted him? Did he love her? Could they possibly assimilate in tastes and occupations? The poor Panther perplexed herself perpetually with endless questionings of this and other kinds. She found no answers. She only found that he laid persistent siege to her—that he looked on her as his property—that he would not leave her alone.

How often—ah, how often—she sorrowed over the poetic boy whose love she had thrown away!

As to Stephen, when he separated that evening from his friends, and shut himself up in his Jermyn Street sanctuary, he became seriously meditative. What a gulf was fixed between the calm wisdom of Dr. Winter and the mad freaks of this wild race of Branscombe! Well, he was a boy yet, almost; he would separate himself from these people; he would try another life . . . perhaps even another love. Oh, delicious thought! Where dwelt the beautiful creature who would give him the virgin touch of her lip, the virgin blush of her heart? Surely he was not doomed to loneliness because his truth had been foiled by frailty and falsehood—surely life had its treasure awaiting him yet.

But where to seek?—No; mere search would be futile. He must qualify himself for love by work; he was empty and useless now, a mere votary of pleasure—a being

unlovable by any woman whose love was worth possession. What should he do to attain manhood of mind? How should he conquer his virility? To be like Humphrey, of some sordid profession, seemed disgusting to him; while he had modesty enough to believe that, though he longed to be a poet, he did not possess the vision and the faculty divine; yet to think, to observe, to write—to describe, if unable to create—this was the thirst of his soul.

He would travel. It seemed to him, as it has seemed to thousands, that if he sought he must find. At the very least, if the love for which he pined were impossible, inachievable, and if to be a poet were utterly beyond him, he might turn travel to some serious literary import.

In the adyta of his heart he believed in the possibility of a new, enthralling, absorbing love—a love beside which his boy-penchant for sweet Anne Page and his fantastic flirtation with the Panther, would be like sepia sketches in the presence of a picture painted by Titian in his ninetieth year. Why his ninetieth? Because the love of colour grows with age. So Stephen Langton saw in the far distance a delicious creature whom he first created and afterwards loved—a creature to madden poets, to

cause the blood of Iliads, the wandering of Odysseys, the ebrious joy of Anacreontics. And he felt the fullest faith that his guess must have successful issue—little knowing that to chase such a phantom of the imagination is like attempting to reach the horizon, which keeps just as far ahead of the man who gallops as of the man who loiters.

Better to stay at home and wait till that which you long for descends upon you with sudden sweetness. Better to be calm and patient, and surely the very strength of your thirst will make the fountain flow. There are some things which any man—any vulgar man indeed—may gain. Gold is one: he has only to enter upon a trade, to work from sunrise to sunset, to be perfectly honest and perfectly unscrupulous; he will die a millionaire. Fame is another: if it be literary fame he requires, let him only write books which are slightly stupid and singularly religious; let him combine Tupper with A. K. H. B., infusing a slight touch of Spurgeon-and-water; he will be famous, and *Good Words* and the *Record* will praise him.

But love is another affair, thank God. It is not a thing to be gained by utter abnegation of manhood—like money and renown.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### MORFILL'S APPOINTMENT.

I HOPE I have not been hard upon Humphrey Morfill. He had one great object in life—his own advancement. He was marvellous in perspicacity and manipulation. He could see at a glance what was to be done, and could do it. This is a most valuable faculty. He made no mistakes. He never longed for the impossible. He saw in the world an arena where few men were as strong as himself, and he threw himself into it to win what prizes were open to him. And he won prizes. He had many qualifications. Beyond his native ability, which was unusually great, and the power of which he could exactly estimate, he had his wife's fortune and his uncle's position. For Dr. Winter was Bishop-designate of Idlechester. And it so happened that the severe

and conscientious headmaster who would not, after the elopement, have lifted a finger to aid the nephew who had acted with dishonour, was the means of his advancement. The Duke of Axminster being the Dionysius of Kingsleat, had naturally a Dionysian ear. The Duke was the proudest of men, but he was also a gentleman. He was angry beyond expression when Kingsleat rebelled against his parliamentary influence. He was angrier still when, desiring to expel Mr. Lonsdale from his position at the Kingsleat library, he found an obscure schoolmaster, a man who not only resisted his ducal will but drank his choicest claret, and then wrote a Greek epigram upon him. But in time the Duke grew calm, and saw the injustice of his own desires. He saw

that if he had ousted from the librarianship the blameless Lonsdale, he should have regretted it to the end of his ducal days. He felt truly grateful to Dr. Winter for the resolute resistance which had prevented him from making a fool of himself. He recognised in the obstinate headmaster who treated a Duke of Axminster with contempt, a man of unusual calibre. Whence it happened that one day, at a Cabinet Council, Cheiron mentioning that the Archbishop of York was just dead, and that he thought of promoting Bishop Bythessea, the Duke immediately thought, "what a capital bishop Winter would make in these days when most bishops are old women!" And as Axminster was a man to whom the First Minister would not think of refusing such a mere trifle as the disposal of a bishopric, Dr. Winter got the offer. And Stephen Langton coerced him to accept it.

Now the Dionysian ear had brought to the Duke the information that Dr. Winter had a nephew—a very promising young man. Of the elopement also rumour had reached him; but it was not likely to occur to him that any man would quarrel with his nephew for running away with two or three thousand a year. That is virtue too severe. So, having made up his mind to do what he could for Dr. Winter, with that facile generosity which pertains to great princes who cannot feel the cost of anything, he put Morfill on his list for an appointment. Whence it happened that the young man was diverted from that high road to the Woolsack which he had chosen, by an offer of a temporary appointment abroad, which would bring him both reputation and money, and at the termination whereof the Government would, of course, provide him with other remunerative occupation. Finding that it would rather advance than retard him in his career, Humphrey Morfill accepted.

This keen-sighted man did not understand woman—least of all his wife. Balzac has remarked that even the Creator of women cannot understand them; perhaps he is right. Humphrey, when he persuaded Anne Page to elope with him, did it just as he would have made a strong move in a game of chess. He did not trouble himself to analyse the subtle

complex motives at work even in that childish breast to induce her to go with him. He did not look into the future, with any vague doubt as to whether the girl who ran away to marriage might hereafter wish to run away from marriage. Humphrey had one quality, which was a source of weakness as well as strength—confidence in himself. This strengthened him when he had to enter the arena of intellectual strife; but it weakened him when dealing with a woman. He could not believe that a woman would betray *him*.

As most of Anne's intercourse with the Seraph occurred during her visits to Claudia in Clarges Street, Humphrey, absorbed in business, knew nothing of it. But even her more daring escapades did not come to his cognizance. He heard nothing of the late nights out which had coincided with his absence on affairs. The servants pitied the pretty childish Mrs. Morfill, and did not dream of informing against her. They disliked their master, whose reserve and inflexibility were not intended for servile popularity. Hence happened it that he heard nothing of the improprieties to which the Seraph had cruelly forced his poor little victim, and fully believed that she was as innocent a creature as when he stole her from Kingsleat Rectory. His high opinion of himself made him blind to the possibilities which lay around him. He looked on his wife as a child still; and, when he had accepted an appointment which took him at once to Constantinople, he announced to his wife, with the utmost coolness, his intention of going and of taking her with him.

Women in love are wonderful in their power of dissimulation. She received the announcement with as much coolness apparently as he gave it with. But the thought of Raphael conferred upon her this factitious strength. She believed in the power of the man whom she loved to save her from exile.

Humphrey Morfill, having quietly one evening told her his intentions, went out to meet some friends. He spent very few evenings at home. He wasted no time, and made even his trifling dissipations useful.

When he was gone, poor little Anne took flight to her own room,

and threw herself with utter abandonment upon a couch, burying her sweet brown-tressed head in her tiny white hands, and sobbing without restraint.

"How cruel he is!" she muttered. "How wicked he is! Why did he take me away from Kingsleat? He doesn't love me, I know—and I *hate* him. Yes; I do. I won't go to Constantinople. I'd rather kill myself."

And so on . . . *ad libitum*.

And, as she lay there, crushed into strange cares, thinking wild thoughts, sobbing mad resolves—exquisitely beautiful so far as you could see any part of her—with brown dishevelled hair over plump white shoulders, and white hands clenching themselves pink—some one catches her; some one had entered the room quietly, and closed the door, and now stood, quietly a spectator of her childish grief, with a smile of amusement on his lip.

Presently he stepped forward—and raised her suddenly in his strong arms from the couch—and, seating himself there, and looked laughingly into her tearful and astonished face.

"What is the matter with my little pet?" asked Raphael Branscombe, and then kissed her on the eyelids.

She told him her grief.

"Well, child, you'll have a very nice trip. Constantinople is a charming place. Perhaps I may come and see you there."

First she tried, in her indignation, to escape from the grasp of steel which held her. This was vain: so she nestled closer to him, and whispered—

"*I'm not going.*"

"Wives must obey their husbands," he said. "I don't encourage rebellion. You'll enjoy it, my darling."

"I shall come to you," she said, with serious emphasis.

"Amusing!" thought the Seraph. "The little girl's *entêtée*. What's to be done with her?"

"O Raphael!" she exclaimed, suddenly slipping from between his arms and gliding to the floor at his feet, "I cannot leave you. I cannot—I cannot—I cannot. I love you."

She iterated and reiterated these phrases with inexhaustible pertinacity.

Raphael raised her from the ground, and walked up and down the room in reflective mood. At last he said—

"My dear child, you are such a mere girl that I doubt whether you know your own mind."

"Yes; I do, I do, I do," she interrupted eagerly.

"Well, you may, child. But you don't know the result of what you ask. Now, wait a minute, and calm yourself a moment, and think."

He passed a very steady hand over her flushed forehead, as if to tranquilize her by some magnetism of touch.

"If you leave your husband," he said, "you throw away your life. You will have a few weeks or months of delight with me—weeks, most likely—and then you will die, or wish to die. Can you throw away a comfortable home for a month or two of pleasure? It is absurd, child. It is because I like you, and pity you, that I tell you so."

"*I shall come to you,*" she repeated.

"By Jove," thought the Seraph to himself, "what a singularly moral man I am, and didn't know it! If I were to go into the Chandos to-night, and tell the fellows that the prettiest woman in London (bar one) had offered to run away with me, and I had declined, I wonder who would believe it? 'Pon my life, though, I should like to save this little thing. She's such a young bird. . . .—What the devil shall I do?"

Thus soliloquized the Seraph in the bedchamber, which should have been sacred to Humphrey Morfill, while that learned gentleman was supping: with some distinguished barristers, and that gentleman's charming little wife was awaiting the Seraph's decision with anxiety as terrible as that of Esther the Queen in the inner court of the king's house when she had come unbidden into the presence of Ahasuerus.

"Well," he said at last, "you must have your way, I suppose. Give me due notice of Morfill's movements. If you are quite determined to ruin yourself, why should I interfere? But you *can't* mean it."

"I do mean it," she said. "I cannot live with that man; I despise him; I hate him. You have made me love you—you know you have. Raphael, you must not desert me."

This little Anne, for the first time in her life, had a will of her own. Never before, I suppose, had she felt the real passion of love. For Stephen

Langton it was only a child's fancy ; and she had run away with Humphrey Morfill from a mere wish to escape Claudia's tyranny ; but the Seraph had really awakened her sleeping heart—had created a woman where there was but a girl before—had lighted the inextinguishable volcano which exists beneath the iciest and calmest maidenhood.

He was in no degree loth to take the consequences, only he really pitied the little girl. He had not realized the fact that she was more than a child. He would have had no compunction in taking away a queenlier creature, but he had been merely playing with Anne, whom he regarded as a baby and toy. However, he now discovered that he was wrong—that Lilliput may have its Cleopatra. So, like the highly practical man that he had always been, he reflected on the details of the affair. Morfill might want to fight him—he didn't care about that ; or might go to law—well, the Branscombes could

afford a few thousands now. He should by-and-by, of course, get tired of the little runaway, and then he must find her a place where she could live in comfortable seclusion. All these matters passed rapidly yet lucidly through his mind during the few moments in which he kept Mrs. Morfill in suspense.

One feeling which he had was pleasure at annoying Morfill, alloyed however by the impression that the young lawyer would care little about his wife so long as he kept his wife's money. However, that couldn't be helped ; he had commenced the adventure, and must carry it to its issue, and he accordingly did not leave Mrs. Morfill until he had arranged to take her away from her husband's house about an hour before the time that should be fixed for that husband's departure. The prospect of the adventure delighted the Seraph. Nothing did he so thoroughly enjoy as a "neat thing" of this sort.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

STEPHEN LANGTON'S GUEST.

"Who seeks, shall find." I like the aphorism. It is highly encouraging. It is, in some cases, perhaps, partially true. The knight-errant may get his adventure, the merchant venturer his gold, coined hatred, the coquette her flirtation. Ay, there may even come to the barrister the woolsack, and to the doctor the *accouchement* of a princess. But anything noble : no. Nelson exclaimed, "I wish I could catch Bonaparte *on a wind* !" Why, if the passionate sea-chivalry of England, as embodied and crystallized in our Nelson, had caught the conquering greed of France, the mighty Moloch, Napoleon, *on a wind*, what a sublime crisis it would have been ! Who doubts for the millionth of a moment how it would have ended ? Who cannot conjure up a vision of the pale passionate face of the avenging admiral running the *Victory* alongside General Bonaparte's ship ? There would have been no Waterloo. But the glory was reserved for one of calmer temper than the victor of Trafalgar.

With a longing as extreme as Nel-

son's to meet Bonaparte on the sea, longed Stephen for love. Perchance, had he been an admiral, had there been war, had there been "the meanest man of men," as Wordsworth well calls Napoleon, to thwart in his career of fiend, Stephen would have longed to fight. But now he longed for true love. Blame him not. "Were there more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons." The man who can love well in peace, can fight well when there is war.

Stephen Langton went down to the Chandos to dine on the very evening that the Seraph had devoted to Mrs. Morfill. The first man he saw was Phil Palliser—better known among his cronies as Seagull Palliser. Phil was the most resolute of yachtsmen. He kept a schooner yacht called the *Seagull*, at Cowes, and he devoted himself to that yacht. His relations, a good family, were anxious that he should make a figure in the world, and he had the materials ; he had money and he had brains ; but Phil had fallen in love with his yacht, and it was ob-

vicious that nothing short of shipwreck would cure him. Indeed I doubt if an ordinary shipwreck would have had that effect. Possibly, if he had been cast away in the very centre of the Pacific, and compelled to cast lots with his comrades who should eat whom, Seagull Palliser would have given up yachting. I doubt if anything else would have cured him.

He and Stephen chancing to be without other acquaintances, dined *tête-à-tête*. Of course, over the claret, they became frightfully confidential: and Langton told Palliser that he was weary of his unoccupied life, that he couldn't stand it any longer, that he meant to travel in search of a career.

"Ah," said Phil, "I like that. Travel in search of a career! Tell you what, old boy, I've got a career—which is, to travel."

Stephen answered not, but sipped his wine.

"Look here," resumed Palliser, "I'm off on a yachting trip—going to the Mediterranean. Can't matter to you where you go. Better go with me."

"When are you off?" asked Stephen.

"When you like. To-morrow, if you like. I've been waiting for a fellow to go with. Fellows won't leave London this time of year, confounded fools."

"It would suit me very well," said Stephen. "To-morrow is rather sharp, but I shall be quite ready by the day after."

"Give us your hand, old boy," said Seagull Palliser. "Like your style, I do. Tell you what, I'll go down to-morrow morning—no, by Jove, I'll catch the Southampton mail to-night—heaps of time. You come on to Cowes and bring your traps as soon as you're ready. That do?"

"Perfectly."

Hence was it that Stephen Langton, having taken leave of his friends among the Branscombes—and I assure you he did not forget Isola—found himself, with his luggage, and his servant Auguste Lancel, on board the clipping schooner yacht *Seagull*, within forty-eight hours of the colloquy briefly recorded above. And Phil Palliser was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet—assuming that to be a marine possibility.

It may be asked, how in the world could Stephen expect, by joining an enthusiastic yachtsman, to realize his dream? Was he going in for a mermaid? Well, in the first place, Stephen had resolved to travel, and rather superstitiously jumped at the first offer. And, secondly, it is to be observed that yachtsmen occasionally go ashore, and have been known to make havoc among feminine susceptibilities under such circumstances.

I am not going to follow Seagull Palliser and Stephen Langton through all their adventures in the Midland Sea. One adventure shall suffice.

Stephen was lying in the stern, smoking, with no companion save Palliser's big Newfoundland dog, an animal that had taken a great fancy to him. As he lay in one of those satisfied dreamy moods which often come to the poetic temperament, his eyes half closed from very weariness of the intense blue of sea and sky, it seemed to him that he saw—very far off—Raphael Branscombe pacing the sea-shore with a woman indescribably beautiful, though of melancholy beauty. Not Anne Page, certainly; a creature of stranger and more poetic charm. The vivid fancy was interrupted by a clamour of voices; he opened his eyes and sprang to his feet, and found that the sky was suddenly overclouded, that a storm had arisen; he heard Phil Palliser exclaim to the clever young mariner who managed his yacht,

"Where are we?"

"Off Monte Cristo, sir."

"Is there any harbourage, do you know?"

"I've heard it's pretty fair, sir. We'd better try it. With this wind we can't make Elba."

So the *Seagull* ran into the harbour of the little islet of Monte Cristo, nine miles in circuit, concerning which our beloved entertainer, Alexandre Dumas, has built up so deliciously absurd a romance. And the next day Langton and Palliser explored the island. They found the ruins of a convent; many caverns; a populous colony of wild goats. I need hardly say that they found no treasures, nor even anybody to offer them the enchanted hashish. Wherefore, when the gale had subsided, they thought they would visit the birth-

place of Napoleon, and evening saw the *Seagull* at anchor in the bay of Ajaccio.

Life is made up of coincidences—especially the life of a man like Stephen Langton. When the beautiful *Seagull* ran into that noble gulf where lie the Bloody Islands, his heart throbbed as he looked upon the lofty mountains which he had never beheld before. Their forms seemed familiar to him. Had he beheld them in dreams? When they ran ashore—when they stood in the chief street, named after Napoleon, and ornamented by an avenue of orange-trees—when they wandered through the Place du Diamant, overlooking the sapphire waters of the bay—Stephen felt in his breast a fluttering half-prescient warning of something strange to come. Evening arrived; after an excellent Corsican dinner the two yachtsmen loitered on the Place, among a crowd of promenaders, the women wearing the black faldetta, suggestive of mystery and intrigue, while a military band played lively airs. There came upon Stephen the conviction—*“I have some one to meet in this place.”* As he stood that night on the seawall, inhaling the delicious breath of the wailing west, watching the reflex of the Milky Way and the Evening Star (star of love) in the phosphorescent waters of the gulf, watching point after point of light which indicated the *fanali* on point after point of land, listening to the joyous music and the soft susurrus of the loitering crowds, Stephen was so impressed by his belief that he turned abruptly to Seagull Palliser and said—

“I shall have an adventure here.”

“Run away with a little Corsican, I suppose. Better not. *Vendetta*, you know. Awkward. However, if you want to take something nice away in the yacht, she’s at your service.”

“I don’t contemplate any particular escapade of that kind,” said Stephen, quietly; “but I have a conviction that something will happen to me here. I’m rather a queer fish, you know, Palliser. I’ve often had such presentiments, and they’re always fulfilled. My impression is that there is some one in this town of Ajaccio who wants to see me—whom I *must* see.”

“All right, old boy. I don’t quite understand it; but I’ll stick to you like a brick.”

“You’re in no particular hurry to move, are you?” asked Stephen.

“Not a bit. Stay here a month if you like. Buy relics of old Bony. It seems a jolly island, and the fish that plump little landlady gave us for dinner, were as fresh as herrings.”

“They weren’t herrings, though,” said Stephen, “and they were uncommonly nice; but the wine was awfully strong. But I feel so certain, Phil, that something’s going to happen here, that I should like to stay a few days, and see.”

“If we stay a few days, something will happen—namely, I shall fall in love. That quaint black picturesque dress the women wear, and the way they manage their dark flashing eyes, have nearly done for me already. The worst of it is, I can’t talk Italian a bit.”

“Never mind. I can, and so can Augusta. We’ll help you.”

“Don’t like making love through an interpreter,” said Seagull Palliser. “Rather likely to get sold. Interpreter may let you in, and keep the fun for himself.”

The result of this confabulation was that Langton and Palliser amused themselves by thoroughly exploring Ajaccio and its neighbourhood. They visited the Casa Bonaparte, in the Place Letitia, where dwelt Carlo Maria Bonaparte, the struggling advocate. At the age of eighteen, this young lawyer, with a barrister’s improvidence, married Letitia Ramolino, the beauty of Corsica, fourteen years old. Those were the days of the Corsican republic, when Pasquale Paoli, immortal patriot, was defending his native island against the aggressive and tyrannous French, to whom Genoa had ceded the island. Thirty years later, after a weary struggle, Corsica placed itself under the protection of England, and Sir Gilbert Elliot was appointed governor; but in 1796 we deserted it in a wonderful hurry, at the first appearance of a couple of French generals, sent over by Napoleon in the flush of Italian conquest. I suppose William Pitt did not think the romantic islet worth a fight.

Well, in 1764, young Carlo Bonaparte, newly married to the exquisite

little Letitia Ramolino, was Paoli's secretary, and a very fiery opponent of the French. He died at Paris, at the early age of thirty-nine, leaving eight children to the care of his young widow. Often had Carlo Bonaparte, who spent all that he earned, been troubled for the future of those eight children : and lo, Napoleon conquered half a world, and Joseph and Jerome and Louis were kings, and Caroline a queen, and Pauline and Eliza princesses. What a superfluous wealth of royalty cradled in the little house of the Corsican lawyer ! And Napoleon made his uncle a cardinal, and would have made Lucian a king if that unambitious Bonaparte had not resolutely declined the doubtful glory of a throne. Stephen Langton heartily approved Lucian's determination. Bad enough to be a king, in any case, he thought, but to be a sub-king to a Napoleon must have been awful business.

The two yachtsmen wandered through the vicinity of Ajaccio, and ate grapes and almonds and figs in the pleasant orchards, and admired the beautiful peasant girls, carrying fruit baskets and wine-jars on their low-crowned straw hats. Then they went out to see the anchovy fishing off the Bloody Islands, and occasionally varied their amusement by a cruise as far as Cape Corso in the *Seagull*. But no adventure came to Stephen Langton, who quietly submitted to the chaff which his comrade now and then inflicted on him in reference to his anticipation. Nor had Palliser, though greatly smitten by the quaint beauty of the Corsican damsels, succeeded in the initiation of any erratic enterprise. His tongue had a stubborn incapacity for adapting itself to any language but its own sibilant guttural English. So, with the most adventurous intentions in the world, poor *Seagull* Palliser could make no way.

One delicious morning they went out immediately after breakfast to watch the arrival of the Marseille steamer. On the quay Stephen took special notice of a group of three persons. One was a noble old Corsican, of stately presence, but with the very gleam of vendetta in his eye. With him was a creature exquisitely beautiful, but smitten with the pallor of hope deferred. And the third person

being Marc Antonio, the fisherman, I need not say who were the other twain.

Ah, it was not the first time by many that the swift *Pantasia* had made vain voyage to Ajaccio to meet the steamer from Marseille. Angelo Montalti knew full well that it was vain ; but he would not thwart poor Fiordilisa's desires ; and so Marc Antonio took the boat round every week, and more than once the deserted wife had voyaged in it. Her story was known through Corsica. The wild islanders, when they saw her perfect pallid beauty, muttered menaces against the false Englishman. But she, in whom love had begotten trust, believed that something terrible had happened to him—that he had been stricken down by disease or accident—otherwise she felt full faith that he would have returned to her. And she had tragic visions of him whom she loved, lying delirious in hospitals, lying shattered and shapeless at the foot of mighty cliffs, lying shot through the heart in a duel. Anything rather than false. The idea of Raphael Branscombe's falsehood left no mark upon the maiden purity of the mirror of her mind, though all Corsica had accepted it, and melancholy dirge-like ballads, and fiercer rhapsodies, prophesying vendetta, were heard night after night, in every locanda.

Marc Antonio, seeing strangers (*nigri cygni*) in Ajaccio, had soon made out that they were countrymen of Raphael Branscombe—"Raffaello Birbone," as he was commonly called. So he found out Auguste, Stephen's valet, and from him got a vague notion that Fiordilisa's betrayer was not unknown to Auguste's master. It was very vague and confused, for the Frenchified Italian of the valet and the soft, flat Corsican dialect of the fisherman had few points of contact. But his report of the colloquy excited the anxious eager curiosity of the poor broken Lily of Isola Rossa ; and so, when the bustle of the Marseille boat was over, and the yachtsmen had sauntered away to smoke upon the seawall, where seldom came a single saunterer save themselves all through the sultry summer day, they were suddenly encountered by Angelo Montalti and his granddaughter, and Fiordilisa exclaimed to Stephen, in an abrupt, piteous, agitated voice—



"You are English, sēnor?"

It took her a long time to make him understand that it was Raphael for whom she inquired so eagerly; and when he did understand it, he knew not what to say. But by degrees he said enough to show her that her husband was alive and well, and her eyes brightened and her pale cheeks flushed at the good news. And then came reflection and action.

"Why does he not come? Why does he not even write? O, Raffaele!"

Thus, *sotto voce*, she exclaimed, and would have suddenly fallen to the ground if Angelo's arm had not caught her round the waist at the very moment.

The keen eye of the old man had watched all the interview. Angelo Montalti could detect in every tone of Stephen Langton's voice the natural reluctance to say too much in these critical circumstances. Stephen, of course, was wholly ignorant of Raphael's position in reference to Fiordilisa, and fearing to injure his friend, told as little about him as possible. Angelo noted this, and knew its meaning; his foregone conclusions were justified; he felt at his breast for that ivory-hafted poniard which he had deftly prepared for the inevitable vendetta.

"She will die soon," he muttered to himself, "and then!"

Raphael was very cool; but the glance of that old Corsican's eye at that moment might have made even him nervous.

Fiordilisa was tenderly conveyed by her grandfather and Marc Antonio to their locanda. Hitherto she had felt a certainty that her beloved Raphael was prevented from reaching her or communicating with her by some dire disaster; but now this belief of hers was annihilated by the testimony of one who professed to know him well, to be his friend. *Where* was he then? *Why*—oh, why did he not come to her? These unanswerable questions seemed to burn themselves into her brain, to stab her loving heart with wounds of wonder.

"*Why?* . . . *Why?*" she ejaculated, as she lay upon her bed in the locanda, with her left hand, white as a lily, nervously clutching at the seat of her fluttering heart, upon which had suddenly come a

sharp inexplicable anguish. Her eyes were set in a straining stare, as if she fain would pierce the leagues of restless misty foam which lay between herself and Raphael, and know for herself where indeed he was . . . *why* he had left her lonely.

But Angelo Montalti having left her in female care, returned to ask further questions of Stephen, who was still walking on the seawall with Palliser in rather a disturbed state of mind.

"Queer coincidence!" said Seagull Palliser to Stephen. "What is all this about Branscombe?"

"I hardly understand," replied Stephen. "So far as I can make it out, that pretty creature supposes herself to be his wife. It seems to me hardly probable. He is very careless of what he does when women are concerned; but I can't fancy marriage in his line."

"Odd business. Your presentiment comes true, after all—not in a very pleasant way, though. Rather a bore to have to extenuate Branscombe's escapades. Pretty girl for yourself might have been worth a little trouble. Hadn't we better bolt?"

"No," said Stephen. "I don't like the affair; but it is clear that Branscombe is in some way implicated, and I must do what I can, both for him and the girl."

"Beautiful girl, by Jove," said Palliser. "Never liked Branscombe—fellow always so high and mighty—seems to think you're nobody. My family's as good as his any day. Besides, he's *too* fast. I don't mind a man's being moderately fast—but, hang it, Branscombe don't stop at anything. I call him too fast. He hasn't got any heart, I don't think."

"Heart!" ejaculated Stephen, who had scarcely listened to his friend's tirade, but when that particular monosyllable awoke from his reverie. "Heart! Why, the devil himself, if there is such a personage, has more heart, as you call it, than Raphael Branscombe. He's a wretch, Phil—that's a fact."

"Well," said the honest yachtsman, looking at Stephen with considerable astonishment, "I'm surprised to hear you say that. I thought you were one of his chief cronies; you were always together in London."

"My dear fellow," returned Stephen, "what you say is quite true, and I am quite sure it surprises me more than it ever could you to remember my intimate association with him; but, you know, it was a case of Faust and Mephistopheles."

"For God's sake, don't quote the classics to me, old boy; I never could remember anything I learnt at school; I haven't opened a book since—except it was a novel. Who the deuce were the heavy swells you mentioned?"

"It doesn't matter," said Stephen. "What I meant to say was, that Branscombe exerts a strange kind of influence over me; I can't resist him."

"Ha—mesmerism. Saw a fellow mesmerized once—awful fool he looked. Shouldn't have thought that would have operated with you."

This extremely interesting colloquy was interrupted by the advance of Angelo Montalti. How changed from the hospitable patriarch, who welcomed Raphael Branscombe to the old house amid the olive orchards! Then he was full of joyous welcome, of antique poetry, of simple Homeric delight in the current of events; now he looked like an avenger. There was a lambent fire in his dark eye, and his firm lips showed resolve immovable. As he approached, Stephen Langton had a vision of what must happen if the old man and Raphael Branscombe should meet face to face.

Stephen knew the Seraph pretty well by this time; knew him utterly fearless—utterly remorseless. He could imagine this old man, inspired by heroic grief and incalculable injury, confronting Raphael Branscombe. He could see the Seraph's lips tighten, his keen eye flash, his unerring hand point the pistol at his antagonist, and pull the trigger without an instant's hesitation. He felt certain that if Angelo Montalti attempted to revenge himself—the Corsican, not the Englishman, would suffer.

Meanwhile the old man had come near to them, on the seawall, beneath which the sapphire sea lay like a magic mirror, redoubling every cloudlet, every skiff, every seabird that floated above it. Whereupon Seagull Palliser said—

"I'll leave you to your talk, old fellow. You know where to find me. Yacht's at your service, if you want to go anywhere or do anything."

And away went Phil Palliser, rejoicing to escape from that atmosphere of tragedy wherein he who can breathe must have sound lungs and strong.

The conversation between the old Corsican and Stephen soon placed the latter thoroughly in possession of all the facts. Angelo Montalti talked with almost extreme calm—the calm of an immovable resolve. Stephen was unable to persuade himself that Fiordilisa's betrayer was any other than the Seraph. Nor, indeed, had it been an ordinary betrayal, would he have tried so to persuade himself, for he knew Raphael's recklessness in such matters; but when he heard that the Seraph had actually married the girl, he became incredulous. Any number of crimes might be predicated of the hope of the Branscombes, and his best friends would believe; but that he should commit a *bêtise* appeared more incredible to those who knew him best, than the book of Exodus to Bishop Colenso, or the superiority of Shakespeare to Mr. Martin Tupper, or the value of common sense to Mr. John Bright.

Stephen greatly admired the heroic old Corsican, who had given up what remained of his life to consoling his granddaughter, and then to avenging her.

"I talk not of vengeance to her," he said. "I would not kill the poor child whom this man has stabbed to the very core of her heart. She must die—it will not belong—and then I will avenge her. Meanwhile, let her believe, if she can, that he is loyal. I shall live to avenge her—that I know. I shall be the last of the Montalti."

Stephen proposed to him that they should take the yacht round to Isola Rossa, thinking that the company of an Englishman who knew the Seraph might tranquillize to some extent Fiordilisa's troubled heart. Seagull Palliser, the kindest of men, would fall into any plan, he knew—always provided he was allowed to keep beyond the limits of the tragedy. The old Corsican accepted this offer, and they went back together to the locanda at which he had left his granddaughter.

Fiordilisa was calmer. She had found some inexplicable way of reconciling the position of affairs with her own scarcely shaken faith in Raphael. She thought: this Englishman is his friend; perhaps he knows more than he has told; perhaps my Raffaele has sent him here to see me, but does not allow him to tell me so; perhaps he is indeed ill or in prison, but will not let me know for fear of frightening me. I will believe this. He is *true*—I know he is *true*. He might have trusted the courage of a Corsican woman—but he thought me a child, perhaps. Thus arguing, thus striving to persuade herself of what she longed to believe, Fiordilisa had grown calm.

Hearing a good report of her, Stephen crossed the Place du Diamant to his own locanda, and he and Palliser dined satisfactorily. Corsica is a rare place to dine, for a man of tastes unspoilt. If you are incapable of getting beyond the fashionable routine of London cookery, in Heaven's name stick to your club and your *chef*. But I can eat anything; I like the frogs' legs of Paris, and the vine snails of Burgundy; I would try fried boa-constrictor or devilled condor without the hesitation of an instant; I should not object to the roasted sides of sheep, with dark green melons, and goblets of mares' milk, that Mr. Matthew Arnold makes the heroes of his poems eat and drink. And the fish and fruit of Corsica are divine to an epicure of the right sort—an epicure, I mean, not afraid of fresh flavours, untried combinations, originalities of the palate. The man who would hesitate to try a hedgehog upon anchovy toast has no right to the noble title of epicure—the second in the world—poet being first.

Langton and Palliser dined, and over the fiery wine of Ajaccio the former communicated to the gallant owner of the *Seagull* the offer he had made. Palliser was perfectly willing.

"Queer affair, old boy," he said, "you're always doing the romantic. Glad to go round and see some more of the island. Mustn't expect me to interfere in the matter, though. Not my line, you know."

So it was settled. They had that evening another pleasant stroll amid

the simple Corsican flirtations of the Cours Napoleon and Place du Diamant. But Palliser, though enticed by the mystery of the faldetta, inaugurated no adventure. The next morning shone deliciously. Old Angelo Montalti and the faithful Marc Antonio were astounded at the light step with which Fiordilisa tripped down to go on board the Englishman's yacht. What did it mean? thought her grandfather. Had the Englishman told her any secret news? There was a light in her eyes, the pallor had passed from her perfect oval cheeks; could the Seraph at this moment have beheld her surely he would have forgotten Anne Morfill and returned to the beautiful creature whom he had deserted.

Marc Antonio was left to manage the dancing little *Fantasia*. With a favouring wind, the *Seagull* soon came in sight of those blood-red cliffs which had beheld the passionate idyl of Fiordilisa's love. During the brief voyage, Stephen had been her courteous cavalier. When she looked at him, her eyes had meaning which Stephen could not fathom. They strove to tell him that his secret was discovered—that he came from Raphael—that he was a bringer of good tidings not yet to be revealed. Stephen could not at all understand this change in Fiordilisa's mood. She was almost gay. She made him look at the distant mass of Rotondo, across Sagona's gulf, and told him how the goatherds dwelt high up among the granite rocks, and how the river Restonica thundered down through the forest-belt of giant pines. She showed him Cape Rossa and the heights of Paglia, all granite and porphyry, and little Calvi, whose citizens maintain that their town gave birth to Christopher Columbus. And soon the gray towers and ruddy island-cliffs of Isola Rossa came in sight; and Fiordilisa pointed out the old stone house of the Montalti among the ancient orchards on the hill-side, above the enchanted beach, exclaiming:—

"There! That is our home—Raffaele's and mine."

Strange indeed this reaction of gaiety seemed to Stephen. What could it mean? It was so complete a contrast to the passionate grief and dumb despair of yesterday. She could have heard nothing. She was not

light of love—consolable by one Englishman for the loss of another. No; he could see at once that her love for Raphael was pure and perfect—a gem without flaw.

Angelo Montalti was also much perplexed by his darling's recovered gaiety. Sorrow had smitten her long. Her heart seemed broken. And now she sat in the stern of Palliser's beautiful little craft, carefully enveloped in many coloured flags and wrappings, such as English yachtmen always crowd around ladies even in the summer Mediterranean—a perfect picture of renewed beauty and subdued delight. More beautiful than when first wooed by Raphael, for the tender grace of grief had touched and refined her delicate fair face, and she might have passed for a Madonna by her husband's immortal namesake, with the thought in her virgin heart that her unborn baby was divine.

So the *Seagull* came gaily round the point to Isola Rossa. It was the most languid moment of the afternoon. All the villagers had turned out to catch some freshness from the swift sea breeze, and to await the *Fantasia*. For they all knew the grief of Fiordilisa, the child-beauty of the little town, for whom they had begun to expect a princess's destiny. They had crowded to the coral-veined

beach; and among them was our pleasant little friend Chilina, hostess of the locanda, expecting Marc Antonio.

But it was not the *Fantasia* that came round the point. The English yacht had distanced the dancing darling of the Midland Sea. The saucy schooner furled her sails, and a boat was let down, into which descended Fiordilisa and her guardian and two others. Could one of these be Raffaele? thought the eager islanders. The stalwart strokes of four stout English seamen soon landed the pinnacle. The disappointed crowd perceived that the two men were strangers, yet even the crowd perceived that the Lily of Isola Rossa had a brighter eye, and lighter tread.

Absorbed in the landing of Fiordilisa and her companions, the folk on the beach had no ears for the tread of horses behind, but suddenly a rapid gallop of hoofs became audible, and everyone was aware of two horsemen approaching at the top of their speed from the Algajola road. The foremost horse came on at a tremendous pace; reaching the shore, the panting animal was reined up with a sudden sharpness, and there sprang from the saddle close at Fiordilisa's pretty feet . . . . . Raphael Branscombe!

#### A ROMAN ACTOR—QUINTUS ROSCIUS.

THE name of "Roscius" has become generic as applied to all renowned professors of the art histrionic. Berterton, Booth, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, Talma, even the Boy Betty, and more, were called in turn, the "Roscius" of the day. Hamlet says, "Roscius was an actor in Rome;" but he says no more. Ample information, however, is within reach of all who take an interest in the question.

We may safely suffer ourselves to be persuaded that Quintus Roscius, the Roman, was the greatest actor that ever trod the boards of a stage; and we readily believe, without persuasion, that William Shakespeare, the Englishman, was the greatest writer that ever wrote plays to be acted. Roscius died nineteen hun-

dred and twenty-eight years ago, B.C. 60; Shakespeare's mortal life terminated, A.D. 1616, exactly two hundred and fifty-two years before the pen was handled which now repeats the dates. Yet we have more positive and accurate accounts of the remote ancient than of the comparative modern, with a chasm of so many centuries between them. What we know of Shakespeare is little better than conjecture; our acquaintance with Roscius rests on facts, most of which are recorded by contemporaries. This is no less strange than true. Cicero, a voluminous author, the most celebrated of his pupils, has left us ample details of the life of his preceptor. Macrobius, Quintilian, Horace, Plutarch, and Athenæus, have all contributed additional

notices, anecdotes, and incidents. In February, 1717, the Abbé Fraguier delivered a lecture to the Academy of Belles Lettres in Paris, on the life of Roscius, in which he introduced many interesting particulars, quoting his authorities at every step. The discourse was printed in French, and translated into English, but neither original nor translation is readily accessible.

Gnatho the parasite, in Terence's comedy, prophesies that his school and name, as founder, will become so popular, that the disciples will thenceforward be called *Gnathonici*. This has not been verified by time. Roscius neither expected nor foretold that all great professors of acting would be called after him, *Roscii*; yet such is the enduring fact, and in all probability will continue so, as long as the drama maintains its influence. This is immortality. So is that of *L'Avocat Patelin* in the old comedy. Though the author is somewhat mythical, his creation has supplied the French vocabulary with its most expressive term for a wheedler or cajoler. Without doubt, posthumous fame is a grand desideratum, although some practical philosophers are inclined to prefer living notoriety. Happy is he or she who can combine both. When Mrs. Abington returned to the stage after a temporary secession, Foote offered her an engagement on her own terms. After some coquetting, she went to Garrick. "So, Fanny," said the satirist, when he next met her, "I hear you have engaged with little Davy at two pounds a week less than you asked me." "Yes," she replied, "but he says he'll make me immortal." "I would have given you the salary," rejoined Foote, "without any charge for the immortality."

The Roscian Law (*Lex Roscia de Theatris*) passed A.U.C. 685, which prescribed that no one should sit in the first fourteen rows of the theatre, who possessed less than 400 sesteritia, the income of a Roman knight, did not take its name from the actor, but from Lucius Roscius Otho, the tribune; a namesake, but no immediate relative.

It appears that Quintus Roscius was born in the district of Lanuvium, a municipal city of Latium, now, or

lately called Civita Innovina; the denizens of which locality are ridiculed by Catullus in the following line: *aut Lanuvinus ater atque dentatus*; or the grimy and large-toothed Lanuvian. But genius may spring up in any soil. The Bæotians were proverbially dullards amongst the Greeks; yet that country was the birthplace of Pindar, Hesiod, Pelopidas, Epaminondas, and Plutarch.

While yet in the cradle, an event befel Roscius which was deemed a miracle. We gather the circumstance from Cicero, who relates it under the name of his brother Quintus, in the first of his two books, "*De Divinatione*." While the infant was quietly asleep, his nurse, in crossing the apartment with a flambeau in her hand, suddenly beheld a serpent coiled round his body. She shrieked with terror, which called in others who frightened the reptile away, and the child sustained no injury. The father consulted the soothsayers, who replied: "No one will surpass him in renown, and all will acknowledge his worth." The event was sculptured in silver, and celebrated in verse. In the second book of the above-named treatise, Cicero, as a sound academist, refutes the superstitious arguments advanced by his brother Quintus, in the first, as an adroit stoic. As for Roscius, he says, the story of the serpent twisted round him may be a fable; but that a serpent might have been found in his cradle, is not to be wondered at, especially in that part of the country, where they are known to congregate in large bodies in the chimney-corners. As for the renown promised to Roscius by the answer of the soothsayers, I cannot but admire the condescension of the immortal Gods, who showed such great interest in theatrical amusements as to prophesy an actor's glory so long in advance, and yet gave no harbinger of Scipio Africanus.—"At my nativity," says the peppery Welchman, Glendower, to the no less impulsive Hotspur,

"The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets; and at my birth  
The frame and huge foundations of the earth  
Shaked like a coward."

To which the incredulous Percy replies—

“Why so it would have done

At the same season, if your mother's cat  
Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er  
been born.”

A good practical answer to a wild assumption. Gibbon says of the Heathen mythology, in a mass, “All the systems of religion were considered by the magistrate as equally useful, by the people as equally true, and by the philosopher as equally false.” Cicero ranged with the latter section. He had not received the full light of revelation, but he possessed too much of the *mens divini*or, not to feel that any series of Gods, with sensual propensities and human passions, were creations of human absurdity or cunning. He was an atheist in the same sense in which Socrates was pronounced one by the orthodox senate of Athens.

It is difficult to fix with certainty the year in which Roscius was born. Here we must retreat on approximate conjecture. He must have been older than Cicero by some twenty or five-and-twenty years. When Cicero, at the age of forty-six, defended the poet Archias, Roscius had but then just died at a very advanced age.—*Senex esset mortuus*. Besides, in the books “*De Oratore*,” Roscius is spoken of as a man grown, as a perfect actor, as a master teaching his art, as a faultless model for all actors aspiring to perfection. No person could justify such a description before the age of thirty-five or forty; and as the dialogue “*De Oratore*” is the narrative of a conversation between Marcus Crassus, Marcus Antoninus, and others, supposed to have taken place B.U.C. 663, when Cicero, born in 648, was in his fifteenth year, it may thence be inferred that Roscius must have been born in the year of Rome 625, and that he was more than twenty years older than Cicero.

At that time, Plautus had been dead fifty-six years, and Terence thirty-one. Their works had possession of the stage, and many, which have not descended to us, then enjoyed the public admiration. Other poets were also in great repute. Eloquence had attained the loftiest heights to which it had soared before the days of Cicero. This

may be ascertained by the dialogue “*De Claris Oratoribus*.” Action, the soul of eloquence, without which, according to Demosthenes, everything is insipid, glowed with such brightness in Marcus Crassus, that Catullus said, “All other orators, compared with him, deserve nothing better than to be fed on hay.” Thus it appears that although Roscius might have furnished the orators of his time with the most brilliant example to imitate, in action, yet Roscius himself, in many of these orators, was not without models of perfect declamation.

The early promise of Roscius obtained for him the fostering patronage of the most illustrious persons in Rome. His soul appears to have been devoted to acting almost from infancy, and no pains or expense were spared in giving him all that educationary aid could bring in support of natural genius. His external advantages were also, with one remarkable exception, of the highest quality. Quintus Catullus, one of the characters in the treatise “*De Natura Deorum*,” says on this point :

“*Constitit exorientem Auroram forte salutans,*

*Cum subito à læva Roscius exoritur.*

*Pace mihi liceat, celestes, dicere vestra ;*  
*Mortalis visus pulchrior esse Deo.”*

“I stood gazing upon the rising Aurora. Roscius appeared at my left hand. Forgive me, oh immortals ! if I deem the mortal brighter than the God !”

It is evident, from this verse, that Roscius was gifted with a splendid person ; and singularly striking it must have been to overcome the greatest disadvantage which can impede the efforts of an actor. “*Erat*” says Cotta, “*sicut hodie est, perversis oculis ;*” which being literally interpreted means, He was cross-eyed ; he squinted ! This would appear to destroy at once what Churchill estimates as the greatest endowment of an actor :—“The strong expression and strange powers which lie within the magic circle of the eye.” “The eyes are everything,” says Crassus, “and from the eyes the face derives its character. Yet here we have Roscius with a squint ; and we know also that Le Kairs, the great tragedian of France, and William Lewis, the equally illustrious come-

dian of England, laboured under the same defect.

The Romans bestowed unqualified praise on Roscius, on all occasions, even under the mask. The mask itself did not prevent them reading, in the eyes of a clever artist, the passions which inspired him. Cicero says, "*Sæpe ipse vidi cum ex persona mihi ardere oculi histrionis videntur.*" "I have often seen the lightning of an actor's eyes dart from behind the mask." To the eyes of Roscius, to whom this passage probably alludes, the mask was peculiarly important. It shadowed their blemish without darkening their blaze. This may be thought to confirm the supposition of Athenæus, who believes that Roscius was the first, or one of the first, to employ the mask upon the stage. Some authors say (not Cicero) that he occasionally laid it aside. Be that as it may, great art must have been requisite to hide and humour his defect. At the same time it should be remembered that in certain characters, such as parasites, panders, and rogues in their ample variety, the squinting eye, far from being a disqualification, might serve to enforce and augment their oddness. When we remember that Roscius acted comedy more frequently than tragedy, this suggestion will not be regarded as a vague surmise. Could aught but genius such as he possessed bestow the power of converting deformity to a benefit, and deriving advantage even from being born *perverissimus oculis*?

We have evidence to show that Roscius excelled equally in serious and comic characters. Except Garrick, no modern actor can claim similar versatility. Quintilian and Plutarch may be cited against this assertion; for they speak of Roscius as a comic actor only: "*Roscius citatior,*" says Quintilian; "*Æsopus gravior fuit; quod ille comædias, hic tragedias egit.*" Roscius was livelier, Æsopus was more grave; for the one acted comedy and the other tragedy. But Cicero is a better authority on this point than either Quintilian or Plutarch. He wrote while Roscius was alive; but neither Quintilian nor Plutarch flourished as authors until a century, at least, after the actor's death. Cicero quotes Roscius

as sometimes playing the first parts in tragedy, sometimes as representing comic heroes; but always as the greatest actor on the stage. Plutarch and Quintilian only confirm the opinion that Roscius, either to show his varied powers, or to conceal his squinting, and even make it an auxiliary to excellence, was fond of acting comedy. The following passage shows that in both departments he was equally successful.

Cicero, in his third book, "*De Oratore*," under the name of Marcus Crassus, teaches by what means a speaker should prepare himself for those bursts of emotion by which he may convulse his auditors, and make their feelings keep pace with his exertions. After observing that the audience ought to be allowed breathing time; that their admiration should be suffered to refresh itself by repose; that the speaker, like the painter, should throw some portions of the picture into shade and distance, in order, with more brilliancy to bring out the rest; he adds,—"*Roscius* never gave the following line with action or energy:—

*'Nam sapiens virtuti honorem premium, haud prædam petit'*—

but suffered it to drop altogether, for the sake of forcing into bold relief, by his palpitating utterance and terror-struck glance, by the sudden astonishment and agony of his frame, the succeeding verse—

*'Ecquid video! ferro septus possidet sedes sacras.'*

"As for the next clause,

*'Quid petam præsidii?'*

with what a languid, feeble, careless manner did he pronounce it, that he might heighten the tumult of despair which follows:—

*'O Pater! O Patria! O Priami domus!'*

in which he never could have displayed half the soul and feeling, had he infused more feeling and soul into the preceding words. This golden rule was known to poets before actors understood its efficacy. Even musicians *qui fecerunt modos*, had already acknowledged its excellence by their precaution in lowering the tone of their instruments, when they would swell and soften, and vary and enrich their melody.

This extract from Cicero seems to

establish, beyond a doubt, that Roscius was an admirable tragedian, as his utterance of a tragic verse is quoted as the most perfect model for an orator. The same passage shows also that *contrast*, or the well managed *chiaro-scuro* which Roscius understood so well, is one of the master-springs of acting and oratory.

It remains now to speak of his comedy; and although his excellence in it has been already proved, yet the following extract from Cicero, may not be deemed irrelevant. In the second book "*De Oratore*," we find it written, with reference to those strokes of humour which may be employed to advantage at the Bar:—"There are certain things which can only be made to excite laughter by the drollery of the countenance, and the strangeness of the gesture. Of this description is the line in which Roscius mimics a very old man:—

"*Tibi ego, Antipho, has sero, inquit; senium est quem audio.*"

And in the oration against Fannius Cherea, whom he represents as the most worthless of all reprobates, he says, "Roscius has given a portrait of this man, upon the stage; he has employed his great powers in picturing him to the life; and yet the ingrate does not thank him for the marked attention! I say he has drawn his portrait, because, when Roscius acts *Ballio*, that cunning, cringing, heartless miscreant, he acts Cherea, for *Ballio* is the prototype of Cherea! And Cherea has no other reason for believing Roscius capable of the fraud and malice for which he himself is so notorious, except from his inimitable transcript of those enormities upon the stage."—This *Ballio* is the *leno* of the comedy which Plautus called "*Pseudolus*;" one of the best, and in his own opinion, the very best of his productions.

Cicero's admiration and unlimited praises of Roscius show with what intellectual power, genius, fire, and skill, he portrayed the widely opposite characters of tragedy and comedy. Marcus Crassus, one of the characters in the first book of the dialogue "*De Oratore*," after relating a trait of Roscius, to which we shall presently recur, adds:—"Therefore, to mould the orator upon this comedian, let

not anything that he does escape you; all is perfect, all beautifully graceful, all moving in harmony, all fitted to agitate and delight. Hence is it his fame has long been so great, that he who excels in any profession is now at once named its Roscius;" on which Antony replies to Crassus, "Nothing can be more awful (*horribile*) than your remark that every one should become, in his own line, a Roscius. The suggestion tends rather to excite despair than courage." Cicero says, elsewhere, "Roscius, for his transcendent genius and inimitable acting, deserves to be immortal." And again, in the "*De Oratore*," he makes another character say, "I am often astonished when I see actors who have the effrontery to appear upon the stage with Roscius. For who can make a movement of which Roscius does not instantly discover the defect?" Cicero himself, speaking of a conversation with Roscius relative to the lawsuit which the actor urged him to undertake in his behalf, observed, even before the judges, that he could not conceive how anyone could have the temerity to attempt a gesture in his presence; "but as for those," he added, "who might venture to come forward as his rivals, they instantly lose all credit for good sense, and invite the fate to which I myself am now exposed in pleading against Hortensius."

Nothing could equal the silence and attention which Roscius uniformly commanded. Macrobius mentions one of the orations of Cicero, in which he severely reproaches the Romans for having once dared to make a noise while Roscius was on the stage. The oration quoted, which, when Macrobius flourished, was in every body's hands, has since, with so many other literary treasures, fallen a sacrifice to time, and to the inroads of Gotho-Vandalic barbarism.

Judging by the scanty remains of the ancient dramatists that have survived these multiplied depredations, and descended to modern times, it becomes difficult to form any adequate idea of the effect or extent of their productions; but something like an estimate of both may be arrived at when we call to mind that in the days of Terence, Rome possessed above two thousand Greek comedies, not one of which has been



preserved, excepting only the scanty volume of Aristophanes.

It may not be uninteresting to turn aside here, and consider a very remarkable passage of Plato, which appears to have some bearing upon our subject. It is found at the conclusion of the "Banquet." Plato recounts that after the greater part of the guests had retired, Aristodemus, very late at night, found Socrates in the banqueting hall, seated between Agathon, a tragic poet, who had just gained the prize of tragedy, and Aristophanes, so well known by his comedies. Socrates, by a most powerful argument, had brought them both to an admission that a man of sterling genius, by steadily adhering to the first, great, leading principles of the art, could write either tragedy or comedy with equal success. He had no dream or vision of the Shakespeare who, eighteen centuries later, verified his reasoning by a living proof. Plato has not preserved the mode of argument by which Socrates led them to a result which he himself opposes in his book on a "Republic." Socrates probably instanced the tragic poets, with whom it was a custom to place after three serious pieces, a fourth, entitled a satire, in the broadest style of farce, of which "The Cyclop" of Euripides is a specimen. He might, too, have adduced the Greek actors, some of whom, like Roscius, excelled equally in both lines. The talent which can faithfully express character in action is equal to that which can, with similar truth, picture it in language. It is the same power exercised in a different way.

Socrates, however, took very little interest in theatrical merit of any description. He thought such pictures of a soul violently convulsed by the struggle of conflicting passions, ought in wisdom to be shunned, because the pleasure which they excite is seldom built on virtue. When he spoke of the drama, it was merely to inveigh against its frivolity and danger, or to lower the pride of those who thought they deserved great credit for excelling in it, by proving to them that they are entitled to much less consideration than their vanity would tempt them to believe. But Socrates was too austere and rigid for modern times and tastes.

The sage Plato banished the poets and dramatists generally from his imaginary republic; but this, as Cumberland has observed, was no more than to say, that if all men were virtuous there would be no need of satirists. Yet Plato associated with Aristophanes, and was a great admirer of his works. We find it stated also in Brumoy's Dissertation on Greek Comedy, translated by Dr. Johnson, that Plato sent a copy of Aristophanes to Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, with advice to read it diligently, if he would obtain a complete judgment of the state of the Athenian Republic; and so highly did he esteem the compositions of Sophron the actor, that the moral sentences of the latter were found under the pillow of the philosopher when he died.

This same *divine* Plato, as he was called, from his superior knowledge of truth and virtue, and of whom Cicero said he would rather be wrong with him than right with his opponents; who rejected the poets as dangerous to morality, was, nevertheless, a strange latitudinarian in more important matters. Sir Philip Sidney says ("Defence of Poetrie") "a man might ask out of what commonwealth Plato doth banish poets? In sooth thence where he himself alloweth *community of women*." The Christian enemies of the stage will, let us hope, admit that the best and greatest of their Heathen authorities has here, in a state of society intended to be perfect, allowed an indulgence which either in an ethical or political view, would be found somewhat more subversive of discipline than reading or seeing a tragedy of Euripides, Seneca, or Shakespeare. It is also worthy of remark that Plato adopted the dramatic form of dialogue in the most instructive and agreeable of his writings. Plutarch says in his "Symposiaca,"—"Some of Plato's dialogues are purely narrative, and some dramatic." This form is used in "the" very composition which rejects plays, while in his dialogue of *Ion* he bestows on poets the extreme of panegyric, or, as Sidney again says, "Giveth high and rightly divine commendations unto poetrie." But let us return to Roscius.

The public interest required that such a master should disseminate the

principles of his art. His house became a school for persons ambitious to excel, and happy indeed was its influence upon the fortunes of an actor named Eros, who, having been driven from the stage, not by hisses only, *non modo sibilis*, but even personal violence, *sed etiam convicio*, fled to that place of inspiration, and found it, like some holy shrine, *sicut in aram*, a shelter from the storm. This actor, then the worst of the bad, soon emerged from his retreat, and succeeded brilliantly. To the instructions of Roscius, says Cicero, he was indebted for the change.

The style of Roscius was full of life and animation; *citator Roscius* is the term used by Quintilian, in the comparison between him and *Æsopus*. This expression suggests the school of Garrick and Edmund Kean rather than the more measured, solemn, and ponderous manner of the Quins and Kembles. The great maxim of Roscius appears to have been that the master-key of the art was the BECOMING or APPROPRIATE; *caput esse artis decere*. He admitted, at the same time, that the tone, sense, and feeling of the BECOMING was an innate perception, beyond the reach of rules and not to be taught; *Quod tamen unam id esse quod tradi arte non posset*. Hence it arose that he never could find a pupil perfectly to his mind. Not but that he had some who deserved praise; yet if amongst many excellences one defect appeared—and who is there without blemish?—he was disgusted. From this censure we may, perhaps, except Cicero, who, as we read in Plutarch, learned declamation from this consummate teacher. But the genius of Cicero carried him still farther. He brought eloquence into the lists against acting. Macrobius states it to have been a well-known fact that Cicero was in the habit of measuring strength with Roscius. The orator, by the ever-changing turns of language in which he clothed the same idea, endeavouring to excel the endless variety of gesture with which the actor illustrated the same words. He adds that Roscius was impelled by this struggle to compose a book, in which he placed acting on a par with eloquence. This treatise has not reached posterity.

The native fervour and delicate

taste of Roscius rendered the business of instruction irksome and disagreeable to him. He taught, says Cicero, *summo cum labore, stomacho, miserieque*, with the greatest labour, weariness, and disgust. The reason is obvious; for, adds he, the greater a man's genius and readiness, the more toil and the less patience will he have in teaching: and what can be more irritating than vainly to attempt beating into the heads of others things which flash, as if by inspiration, into our own?

But greatly as he disliked the drudgery of teaching, the vexation of a legal process, especially for a man so unhackneyed in the tricks of law, must have been yet greater. We allude to the trial respecting one of his pupils, in which Cicero was his defender, justice and gratitude having combined to bring in defence of Roscius the voice which Roscius formed. The case stood thus:—

Caius Fannius Cherea had a slave named Panurgius, who disclosed some talent for the stage. Cherea agreed with Roscius, provided he would instruct this slave, to make him common property, and equally divide the profits. Roscius soon qualified him to succeed. Thus Cherea threw into the common stock the person of his slave, whose value was then very trifling; and Roscius, on his part, contributed an education which raised the slave's price to an incalculable amount. Such was the state of things when Panurgius was assassinated, and the assassin was identified. Roscius, unwilling to encounter the tedious uncertainties of law, compromised with the murderer for his own share of property in the slave, and received a piece of land in compensation for his half of the loss. A long time afterwards Cherea, who, though expert at litigation, could not obtain from the murderer the remaining portion, turned suddenly upon Roscius and demanded half of what he had received. Roscius, who had only negotiated individually, and for himself, employed Cicero to defend him. The point on which the discussion hinged was this: Can a partner singly accept indemnity for his portion of a loss to a combined partnership? Cicero proved that Roscius, who did this, was justified in so doing; he won the case and gained a verdict for his

client. English law, we suspect, would have decided otherwise.

Let us now cull from this oration such passages as exhibit, in the strongest light, the admirable qualities of Roscius, and the high character which distinguished him as much amongst men as his talent placed him in the foremost rank of actors. For though Cicero, as an advocate, was in duty bound to compliment his client, yet there is a certain quality of panegyric which could not have been conceded to his profession, had not the orator's voice caught its tone from the voice of the public. Would it not also have been a mockery of Rome, and a libel against truth? A prejudice rather than a prop to the cause he was defending? For instance, had Roscius not been a person of unquestioned probity, could Cicero, however warm his friendship, have sustained his cause by an argument founded on the universally acknowledged difference between the morals of this actor and Cherea, who, from his partner had become his adversary? Would it not have been retorted, away with this disgusting parallel. Cherea may, perhaps, be what you are pleased to fancy him, but who is your vaunted Roscius? "An actor! And who is ignorant of what an actor is?" Had such been the case, Cicero would never have risked this answer to Satrius, who charged Roscius with having defrauded Cherea. "Which of these has defrauded his partner? Is it Roscius? Is it Cherea? Roscius!—What is it that you dare assert? Roscius!—Fire vanishes not sooner before the wave than calumny from his spotless character! Roscius defrauded his partner?—He, in whom, I call the gods to witness, the merit of the artist is surpassed by the integrity of the man!—whose character is more perfect than his performances!—in whom Rome prefers the individual to the actor; whose genius has led him to the stage, but whose virtues have made him worthy of the Senate!" Some writers, including Ainsworth, taking their own interpretation of this sentence, have assumed that Roscius *did* attain the rank of Senator. Of this we have no evidence. Cicero, then addressing Piso, the judge, went on to say—"But do I not forget myself and act

absurdly in praising Roscius to Piso? As if I were wishing to interest you for one you know not! Is there a person on earth of whom you think better than of Roscius? Is there one whose life has been more blameless? Who adds to a delicate and scrupulous uprightness, more gentleness, more urbanity, and more of those noble qualities which form the paragon?" Then turning towards the accuser, Satrius, "Do not you, Satrius," said he, "even you, agree with Piso? and whenever in the progress of your suit the name of Roscius has arisen, have you not distinguished it by that phrase of respect, *quem honoris causa nomino*, of whom I make honourable mention, which is only adopted towards those whom we revere, or for whom we have the most exalted friendship? and yet it seems ludicrously inconsistent to call him honourable and worthy, whom, at the same time, you seek to prove to be dishonest and worthless! But for this I can easily account. The praises were dictated by your conscience, the accusations by your client."

We are inclined to think that Cicero in his line of defence trusted more to weight of character than weight of law. Throwing mud on your adversary sometimes clears a weak case. In those remote times, the liberty or rather licence of the bar appears to have rivalled that of our present free and enlightened era.

So great was the friendship between Cicero and Roscius, that this feeling alone induced the orator to undertake the cause of Publius Quintus, the brother-in-law of the player. He made no scruple in this very oration of publicly repeating the reason he had assigned to Roscius for resisting his request, and the arguments which Roscius employed to vanquish his reluctance. On this occasion it was that Cicero pronounced Roscius "the only actor amongst men fitted for the stage, and the only man amongst actors who ought not to be seen there." This passage, simple as it seems, is finished with great skill and subtilty, and may possibly be regarded merely as a flash of eloquence. Be it so. It does not the less prove that Cicero was fond of proclaiming his intimacy with Roscius, and that he felt it as an

honour to himself, equal to any it could have conferred upon his friend. With this conviction, Quintus, the brother of Cicero, alluding to the tradition of the snake in the cradle, says, "Shall we not regard as an established fact, what all Lanuvium unites in asserting of Roscius, whose friendship you consider so dear and so delightful?"

The passion of the Romans for theatrical amusements, rendered them boundless in their recompense of actors. And as there is nothing which may not be dignified by virtue, and persons feel a secret pride in being generous to the good, the magistrates treated Roscius with excessive liberality. His ordinary daily stipend was 1,000 denarii, or about thirty-six pounds sterling in English money. Cicero estimates his yearly income at a much higher rate, and says it exceeded £48,000. But great as were his gains, he had the rare generosity to resign them for the public good, when he thought he had received enough. At the time when Cicero undertook his defence against Cherea, he had performed gratuitously for ten years. On this point the cunning lawyer exclaims tauntingly to his adversary, whose avaricious character was notorious, "Fannius Cherea, have you the liberality to do as much? Would you not sooner have acted your whole soul out to amass and retain such a sum?" "*Hoc tu, Fanni, faceres, et si hos quæstus recipere posses, non eodem tempore et gestum et animam ageres?*" The nation at large paid respect to Roscius. Even Sylla himself, when head of the state and dictator, sent him a gold ring, in testimony of his peculiar regard.

Roscius through life declared that as soon as age should impair his requisites, instead of retiring from before the public, he would accommodate his action to his powers, and temper his enunciation to the feebleness of his voice. He carried his resolution into effect, continued to act with modified exertion, attained a good old age, always accompanied by esteem and competence, and the regrets of his fellow-actors and countrymen followed him to the grave. Few lives appear to have been more even and prosperous. Cicero, in a brief eulogium, paid the last tribute to his memory.

The passage will be found in his oration for the poet Archias: "Who is there amongst us so rugged and flinty-hearted as not to have been moved and shaken when we were lately told that Roscius was no more? He died in years; but the grandeur of his genius, the charms of his personal attributes, and the purity of his character, seem to have entitled him to live for ever."

The actor's calling was held in less esteem by the Romans than by the earlier and more polished Greeks. We cannot find that any professors of the histrionic art were employed under either the republic or empire as generals or ambassadors; but Roscius was not the only one who surmounted the prejudices of society, and vindicated the position of a player to the rank and consideration of a gentleman. Publius Syrus, an actor and writer of mimes, patronized by Julius Cæsar, was held in such repute, that his sayings have been recorded by all literary men from Seneca to Scaliger. Pylades was warmly patronized by Augustus, promoted, banished, and recalled. Paris, in the reign of Domitian, reached such a height of celebrity that he was put to death by that emperor out of jealousy. When Plutarch questions the importance of the Drama, and asks how a few tragedies can weigh in the balance with the great actions of warriors and statesmen, he ought to be answered that conquests and laws are subverted by the tide of time, and the progress of revolutions, but the writings of such authors as *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, contain moral precepts available in all ages and to all men. From many causes the taste of the Romans in the fine arts was inferior to that of the Greeks; as a nation they never evinced the same decided partiality for the elevated walks of dramatic exhibition. Their authors were few; the only ones who have come down to us are *Plautus*, whose genius was of the first order of comedy; *Terence*, who, with all his brilliant talent, was chiefly a translator of *Menander*; and the tragedies doubtfully assigned to *Seneca*, which are only entitled to rank in the third or fourth class. A rapidly increasing preference for low farces, pantomimes, gladiatorial displays, and the various

games of the circus, soon obscured the more legitimate portion of the Drama, although unworthily mixed up and confounded with it. If, therefore, any portion of Roman degeneracy can be laid to the account of the stage, as has been attempted, let it in justice be ascribed to an extreme indulgence in its debasing and illegitimate accessories, rather than to a fair

cultivation of its purer components. *Mutato nomine*, let the mourners over the decline of the high drama, in these our own days, consider and bewail the evil tendency of unlimited licenses to casinos, music-halls, &c., with the extension of theatrical privileges to any establishment, under any name, that chooses to ask for them.

#### VOICES CALLING.

"Oh, hush!" she whispered, "I hear them speaking,  
Voices calling upon the air;"

And, while she listened, the pale light glistened,  
And lay, and floated upon her hair.

"Oh, no!" they answered, "we hear no speaking,  
We hear no voices upon the breeze,  
It must be only, the night wind lonely,  
That sighs and whispers among the trees."

"Oh, hush!" she murmured, "I hear them singing—  
Singing the songs that I used to know;"

And, while she listened, the tear-drops glistened,  
And through long lashes began to flow.

"Oh, no!" they answered, "we hear no singing,  
We hear no voices singing so,  
'Tis but the waking of sea waves breaking  
Upon the shingle far below."

"Oh, hush!" she whispered, "I hear them calling  
Sweet voices of the long ago;"

And, while she listened, the long light glistened,  
And lay on her sweet face, white as snow.

"Oh, no!" they murmured, "she wanders wildly,  
We hear no voices on the breeze,  
She's listening only, to night winds lonely,  
That sigh and whisper among the trees."

"Hush! hush!" they answer, while dews were falling,  
While dead leaves rustled through the air,

And, while they shimmered, the pale light glimmered  
On a face and form, like the angels fair.

"Oh, pray!" they whispered, "our love is dying,  
Her voice is fainting across the sea;"

And, while they listened, the far dawn glistened,  
Oh, God! her morning breaks with thee.

U.L.A.

## JOHN HALLER'S NIECE.

BY RUSSELL GRAY.

## CHAPTER LIX.

KINSAN! KINSAN!

"Oh bards of old! what sorrows have ye sung!"

THE stories of a hundred loves and lives; I am not writing anything new or strange, I am not telling a new tale of life and love; it is only the old, old story over again, the world's old story of love and life, and even death; the same song which those bards of old sang in other years, the world is singing still, of love that was life, of life that was all love; there are Romeos and Juliets still to be found, "Sweet Sappho on her love for ever calls;" and echo gives us back and back again the farewell lamentation of the "white armed Andromache" over her fallen Hector. We live with Marianna in her moated grange, and see the long shadows lie upon the wall and floor, and hear her say, "He will not come;" we hear the "sweet voiced" Helen, the rustle of her trailing robes; we look upon her wondrous face and form, and like a dream the story of her life comes fresh before us. Paris the youthful, and the curled Antonius, and Hector's marble beauty, they are all with us even yet; and Hero on her drowned Leander falls.

And all these stories are familiar and worn out, and commonplace, and yet there is nothing really new in the lives of men.

When foolish little Ethel Haller fainted away in her lover's arms, frightened and remorseful, she did no more than many and many another woman has done in like case, but when she came to herself, and found that she was still circled by his arm, with her head resting on his shoulder, her hat gone, and her hair and face all drenched with handfuls of the cold, fresh water from the brook, she began to cry.

After all, this heroine of mine is not a heroine at all; she is a very foolish little girl, who doesn't know her own mind, and whose course of life is running very unevenly. Henry Darrell knew how to manage women better

than most men, he didn't try to soothe her or speak softly to her; Victor would have probably been desolée at the sight of such tears, but Henry only said:—

"Come, Ethel, don't be foolish," and he made her sit down on the wooden steps of the stile, and he went again to the brook and filled a big burdock leaf full of the clear water, and made her drink it, and sat beside her and watched her; and Ethel, sorrowful, contrite Ethel, felt every one of those little attentions stinging her like upbraiding words; she sat there, not knowing what next to do or say. People generally feel a little confused and stunned after a faint; the shock which caused it is almost forgotten; there is left only a softened feeling, half sad, half thankful, and the storm had quite died out of Ethel's heart; she sat thinking, looking down upon the grass and and little leaves in a dream. There was a great deal which she wanted to say to Henry, a great deal which must be said, and she was trying to frame her words so that he might understand.

"It's all over now," she said, at last, "quite over—and—and you must forgive me, Henry; we can be good friends still, better friends than ever."

This was what she wanted. She did not want to lose her influence over him, her hope of making him good, and brave, and gentle—the hope which had been so very strong within her once. And many women do so hope, do so dream of working miracles and making reformations through their love, through a mistaken friendship, which never can exist. No man such as Henry Darrell was, could have been brought into contact with a girl like Ethel, and subsist on a mere friendship; could feel the good strong influence which she knew how to exercise, and not wish that influence

to be always with him, keeping his feet from falling, guiding his life. He could not, he would not ; for he interrupted passionately :

"No," he said, "certainly not, if you throw me over you spoil my life altogether, you take all the good out of it. Ethel, oh Ethel! think well before you do this, for it will be the ruin of me."

I think he spoke the truth then ; I think that with her lay all his hopes for a better future, and that without her quiet life would become insupportable to him, but she checked him—

"Oh Henry ! you are wrong, wrong, wrong to speak so, there are hundreds of better girls than I am in the world, marry some one else, and let me love her and you, and help her to make you happy."

She was talking very oddly, this romantic little niece of John Haller's ; she was speaking what she meant to be kind, softening things ; but Henry Darrell was not a man to take a disappointment well ; he lost his temper, he grew angry, and he said hotly—

"I tell you what it is, I'm not a fool, I know why you are so anxious to be rid of me ; you love Victor, and now that you think he's tired flirting with the Irish girls, you imagine he'll come back and marry you, that's it."

Ethel Haller was a spirited young lady ; her face flushed, her great violet eyes flashed upon him indignantly.

"You have no right to say such things to me," she said quickly, "you have no right to speak so to me."

"You know it's true."

"I do not."

"Ethel, I will ask you a question, which I think I have a right to ask : Do you love Victor ?"

"You have no right to ask me that question," she answered.

She had stood up now, the anger and the pride so high within her.

"I have a right, and you are bound to answer me."

"I will not answer," she said ; and

then Henry Darrell, too, stood up and faced her.

"You do love him," he said, "and you have always loved him, even while you were engaged to me ; and now I tell you, Ethel, that if I live an hundred years, I shall never forgive this wrong ; somehow or another I will be revenged upon you both."

He was looking away down the field while he spoke, with his hand half raised, and he spoke like a man registering a vow.

"And now good-bye ; I shall not see you again for a long, long time."

And he took a step from her, and turned, and looked full upon her, on her face, and hair, and slender figure, such a look as is turned to land, and the figures and faces on the land, from men who sail away in great ships, bound for distant shores. She looked up at him, and her heart softened.

"Won't you shake hands ?" she said ; "won't you part friends ?"

"No."

And then he turned and left her, and walked away down the meadow-path away to the wooden gate ; and she stood watching him by the stile, even as she had watched Victor passing away before. It was evening now ; it had been morning then ; and her heart felt heavy and cold within her ; and yet those two partings were so widely different—the moment when Victor had held her in his arms and kissed her lips ; the moment while she had stood half heart-broken among the grass ; and that was one of those partings such as "press the life from out young hearts," sudden and passionate. But this last one was different ; for while she watched Henry walk away down the meadow-path to the wooden gate, something was telling her that she should never see him more ; and with the conviction, a kind of thankfulness filled her soul, for she was relieved from a spell and bondage which had been irksome and miserable.

## CHAPTER LX.

### "THE BARREN SHORE!"

AND now Henry Darrell's life lay before him once again to be recommenced and replanned ; a new, bar-

ren, hopeless life, made bitter by the memory of the fair promise which it had once held. He went away that

night to London, suddenly ; he sat in the far corner of his railway carriage, looking out into a still, dark night, with such a waste of despair filling all his heart, that its very life seemed well nigh pressed out and dead. There are few men so recklessly hopeful that such recommencing of life is easy to them—very, very few men, who are so strong of nature, and so weak of affection, that the prospect of new faces, and voices, and scenes brings with it no regret for the past. And yet there are some such men in the world—thoughtless, idle men, who live their lives, from day to day, in a dream, forgetful of the yesterday ; but Henry Darrell was not one of these. For so many past months he had been living in the hope of a better future ; he had been making such scores of plans, which might well become the life of a good man ; for all his new hopes and all his new schemes had tended to a good course. Whether they would ever have been accomplished I cannot tell, for I am only writing the story of his life just as it crept along ; and I know no more about him than any of the other people whose lives were set near his ; but God, who sees all, and knows all, and judges all, trusted him not with that new time for which he longed ; and so the hope was taken from him.

Alone he went on his journey in the dark night. And now that his hopes were taken from him, he began to dream again of his old wild life abroad, of its excitement and temptation, and the friends which money can make ; and he was beginning to think that, after all, it was the best life of the two. Before his eyes came a panorama of such sweet scenes, of lakes, and mountains, and beautiful quaint cities ; and the wild enchantment of the freedom of it all made his heart beat, and his pulses throb. After all, there was something yet to live for. He had not quite lost his relish for the excitement of the world. There is an old saying, which says that "a reformed rake makes the best husband," but I would warn all young ladies who are thinking of matrimony, to be very sure that their rakes are thoroughly reformed before they become husbands, so many men deceive themselves into

the belief that all the charm and all the sweetness, and all the temptations of an idle, bad life are dead for them, and so many men find out after a while that they are mistaken, that their natures are weaker than they imagined, and that they cannot live at *all* without some of that fire-water to which they have always been so used. I think Henry Darrell was one such man. I think he would very soon have tired of the monotonous, quiet life which he had pictured for himself ; and so, after all, it was better that his untoward life should end as it began.

He didn't know that Victor was at Nante, else his thoughts might have been even more bitter than they were ; very few people knew of the young Dragoon's arrival at his native village. He had only sauntered out in the evening, when the day was nearly gone ; and Sir Henry had left for town, left with his brain all thronged with plans and schemes. He was of a terribly revengeful nature, and he was strong of will and purpose, strong, too, in love or hate, and when he had spoken to Ethel angrily, saying, "If I live an hundred years I shall never forgive this wrong ; somehow or other I will be revenged upon you both," his words had not been like the angry words of some men, spoken in the heat of the moment, forgotten in the next : he meant what he said ; no one ever crossed him or marred his plans, without one day feeling his wrath falling heavily and cruelly upon them ; and all his plans of late had so hung upon Ethel, everything he thought or did in some way bore reference to her. He had made her the goal towards which all his hopes, new and good as they were, had pressed ; and now she was lost to him ; now he had to begin again, planning and hoping. And against Victor his wrath grew strong and high. Whatever he did in his afterlife that was bad and cruel, it all came of the wicked, unbounded spirit of revenge, which was so strong within him. His plans were all against Victor. He would make a brilliant marriage, and have an heir for Darrell, and Victor was to have no chance or hope of ever succeeding to those fair properties and title. The revenge which Henry Darrell had promised



to himself every day became dearer to him, every day became more necessary to his life.

When the night had come, when over the woods, and fields, and roads the moonlight shone peacefully, Victor went his way to Darrell, to see his aunt. He had been made aware of his cousin's departure by the gossiping landlady of the Darrell Arms, and this was how Victor visited his old home once again.

Always like a stranger now, always alone, unobserved he set out on his way. It was a clear, still night, a quiet moonlight night, and he walked through the village, by the closed shops and little curtained parlour windows, by the agent's red brick house, and past the club. The gas was lit in the billiard-room, and the same set of village roués were assembled there. Old Major Townsend, Tom Holland, and Bell, the agent; Captain Bowler, the militia adjutant, and Major Tully. Victor passed on, and now he is out on the long, lonely, hill road, which leads to the Grange. He doesn't know why he has chosen this way, it is the longest and most lonely, but he walks on smartly until he reaches the gate. There was no lodge to the Dower-house, the avenue was short and dark, and shaded over by the boughs of trees; he lifted the latch of the gate and went in and let it swing to behind him. The moonlight shone through the branches of these trees, also in long lines and patches on the gravel walks, and the air was heavy with the perfume of the syringa and heliotrope, and he passed on, on to the soft lawn grass outside the library window, and then he stopped, to look a little, and sigh a little, as Milton's lines in "*L'Allegro*" say,

"There to come in spite of sorrow  
And at my window bid good morrow,  
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine."

To look a little, and dream a little, and bear away something from the spot. And this time it was a bit of the heart's-ease growing under the window. A red light shone through the curtains on him and on the grass and little purple flowers, as he stooped to pluck them, and then

he went on his way again. Poor, faithful Victor. He would not visit the place where she lived without bearing away with him something in remembrance of her.

Still shone the moonlight on the wide meadow, on the clover fields and plains of unripe corn, as he walked on under the hedges, perfumed by the hawthorn blossoms. But Victor was just in that frame of mind when

"Green fields, and shady groves and  
crystal springs,  
And larks and nightingales, are odious  
things."

He took no pleasure in anything. There was sadness in all the pleasant summer scenes—in the pale still moonlight, in everything; and he went through the wood, and by the lake, deserted now of swans, and boats, and water-hens, over the broken stony path, into another tiny wood of limes and ash-trees, and then suddenly he stood in the full light of the moon, close to the big, square, stone house.

And he walked up to the hall-door—up the wide stone steps, under the tall stone pillars; the door stood open, and Victor walked in, through the hall and into the corridor; and the light of the moon fell here also, through that great painted Gothic window, on the floor and walls, on the great square pattern of the carpet, on Sir Peter Lely's fair women, on Guido's Cenci face. And he went on, and he pushed open the drawing-room door.

Lady Darrell sat all alone in the long faded drawing-room—all alone by the fireside, reading, when Victor looked in.

It was a whole year since he had seen her last, and in that year great changes had come to her. She wore a widow's cap, her pale, gentle face, with the same sad, resigned look in it, her lonely figure, in the old, well-remembered place; and she looked up, and uttered a little cry of surprise and joy at the sight of him, and he walked in and met her half-way, as she fluttered over to meet him; and he took her by both her hands and kissed her face, and laughed gently as he saw the tears welling up to her eyes, and said—

"Here I am, at last, you see."

And Lady Darrell—timid, gentle Lady Darrell—she was so glad to see him, so glad to hear his voice, and feel his strong, protecting presence

near her once again, that—the poor, tired, nervous soul!—she put her arms about his neck, and buried her face on his velvet coat, and cried, and sobbed, for very joy.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### A TERRIBLE WRONG.

ETHEL roamed away in the morning with a book, when the sun was shining, down to her brook to read and think. It was a volume of Tasso; and still she found her thoughts wandering off from his sweet pictures to other very different things. She was happier to-day than she had been for long months, far happier; for was she not free now? perfectly free to marry *nobody*, as she had fully made up her mind. And she wandered on, along by the singing water, by the moss banks, and crops of fern, and fox-gloves, and fairy grass, until she came to a little rocky nook, where a miniature cascade came rushing over a miniature breakwater, where the trees grew thicker and closer above the narrow stream, and here Miss Haller sat her down to dream.

If anyone who reads this story, has lived, as my heroine lived, almost entirely alone, they will perhaps sympathize with the foolish, romantic little girl, whose whole life had become a kind of romance, but if matter-of-fact people feel inclined to call her a fool and sneer at her, let them first pause and think how they themselves have lived, and whether their lives have been wholly blameless, have they lived such lonely lives, and have they used them better.

Ethel sat there by the brook for a long time reading and thinking, and her thoughts, like the thoughts of all earnest people, were sad, sad!

There came a kind of hazy picture of a long ago childhood, of other fields and hills, and a pale pretty face; of a childhood lonely altogether, save for the quiet hours spent in an invalid's room—save for the treasured sweetness of grave words, and the kisses which mothers only give. The fields, the hills, the pretty quiet room, and the grave pale face were gone into that land of shadows and dreams

from which there is no returning, but the words, the soft loving words, came back and back again, as echoes roll on from hill to hill, every day growing fainter and further off; and this was all my heroine remembered of those old, old days. And the volume of Tasso slipped down off her lap, in the grass unheeded and lay for Ethel was away in her dreamland.

Fairy lay in the long grass too, little faithful, lazy Fairy, curled up into a ball. And through the trees John Haller's pleasant, cheery voice sounded, singing a song of Ethel's, a little German song which runs—

"My little rose, my rosebud dear,  
My rose that blooms the roadside  
near!"

It was a kind of greeting, the gay, loving greeting, which he always had for her. He was walking in his brisk way, in his hand a note.

Ethel's dream flies off; she looks up and smiles. He holds the note out to her, and Ethel takes it, shy, sensitive Ethel, she looks up to his face, to read it.

"It's from Lady Darrell, I think," Mr. Haller says, kindly; it is a whole, long week since he took that letter to Sir Henry, and he has grown accustomed to the change; he is only waiting—waiting.

And Ethel read the note, and then held it out to her uncle, and said:

"She wants to see me; shall I go?"

And John Haller, too, read, and he knew while he read that Victor too would be at Darrell; and he looked down on his little niece, on her pale face, and gentle, saddened mien; for Ethel was altered in many ways; and remembering the Ethel of old, the wild, wilful little girl, he was thankful, oh! how thankful, that, after all, her life might yet be happy. And he said;

"Go, darling, it is right that you should."

And then he knelt down by the little figure in the long grass, and clasped her in his arms, and kissed her sweet face, in a kind of fear; for he had a presentiment that the trouble was not yet over.

Lady Darrell and Victor had sat late into the night together; and they had talked long and earnestly of Ethel. Very gently Lady Darrell approached the subject; she let him, first of all, rave on in his impetuous way of all his misfortunes and wrongs.

"I am such an unlucky fellow," Victor said. "I am unlucky in everything. And I loved her so desperately, you know I did. I was willing to work and slave for her, and now, even now, it is my misfortune that I love her still, in spite of everything, I must always go on loving her, I can't help myself."

He said all this in a desperate kind of way, and when he had finished, he let his head drop into his hands, and sat so in a kind of despair. But then Lady Darrell spoke:

"Why should it be your misfortune?" she asked, laying her hand gently on his shoulder. "Why should you be so unhappy about it all?"

"Why should I?" he cried passionately. "Why, because I have been more wronged, more deceived and wronged than anyone ever was before. I trusted her—God only knows how perfectly I believed in her and trusted her once, and you know how she has abused that trust. I wrote to her so often, and she never answered my letters; she even made Henry return the last, and bid me write no more. And when I came here I found her engaged to Henry. Is all this nothing?"

"A great deal, if it is all true," Lady Darrell, said. And Victor looked up, surprised.

"True," he echoed, "I can vouch for its truth."

"Victor, I do not think she ever got any of your letters: I am very sure she never returned any either."

"Aunt Mary!"

"Yes, I am afraid there is some terrible mistake in all this."

Lady Darrell continued—

"I am afraid Henry, out of his

own love, has acted dishonestly towards you both."

For a moment Victor sat so scared and bewildered that he scarcely understood; but when he did, when it all dawned upon him, he stood up suddenly, with clenched hands, with the colour dyeing his face and brow, and such an angry revenging light in his eyes, that Lady Darrell almost trembled as she met them. He stood before her, this handsome, injured man, tall and strong, with his right hand raised, like an avenging angel.

"God forgive him," he said, at last, "for I cannot." And then he turned from her: he turned and leant his head against the window, among the curtains; and Lady Darrell stood waiting patiently, and she didn't try to speak to him. He stood a long time so, not speaking, only resting his head against the darkened window, looking out into the night, and there was a silence in the room, until he turned again, and said:

"And now tell me all about it—tell me all you know."

And she did tell him all that she knew and all that she suspected. And Victor took those two letters which he had received many months ago in his Irish barrack, from his pocket, and showed them to her—his own last love-letter and the answer. And Lady Darrell said:

"Give these to me, Victor, and I will show them to Ethel, and ask her was it so. She is so truthful, she will tell me."

And this was how Lady Darrell, next day, wrote to Ethel, asking to see her. And Ethel went through the old familiar ways, through the meadow field and silent woods; and so to Darrell. And while she went, my heroine kept telling herself, "She wants to reason me out of my determination, but she shall not." She little knew how eagerly Lady Darrell sat waiting for her coming, holding close locked in her hand those proofs of Victor's constancy.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we may."

And already things seemed to be mending for Ethel; but the poor little soul! a weight lay at her heart, which it would yet take a great deal

to lighten; a shadow lay upon her life, which every day seemed to darken it more and more, and such sorrows will gradually wear into people's lives, and weaken them. Ethel was changed, so changed that all the lightness and buoyancy was gone out of her step and voice, out of her very life, and while I look after her as she walks slowly on through the fields in the sun-light, my heart is swelling with a kind of regret, and I am thinking of the old days when this odd little heroine of mine lived her strange, happy, fairy life, among her books and fancies, before the cares of the world had found any place in her thoughts.

To people like Ethel, such awakening from things ideal to things real, is dangerous; to thoughtful, sensitive

people this sudden transition is a shock hard to bear; where the thoughts have ever learned to turn to what is good, and beautiful, and true, it is hard when the beauty and truthfulness is taken out of them; her faith in everything was shaken, and this is the cruellest trial to which an honest nature can be put. Ethel's was sinking under it; always slight and fragile, she had grown even more so lately, and over the pretty sensitive face, a new saddened thoughtful look had come. Were I to say that my heroine was beginning to pine and fade away, I might be exaggerating, nevertheless, I do think as I watch her, walking on in the sunlight, so fair, so slight, the full truth of the words that "a breath can kill, as a breath hath made."

## CHAPTER LXII.

IN WHICH SOMEBODY PROPOSES FOR SOMEBODY.

IN the Irish garrison town where Victor's regiment had wintered, things were going on much as usual. Victor had become so very insignificant that people didn't miss him from the *thés dansantes*, and the croquet parties, and riding parties, which were just then raging. Little Spavells had it all his own way now with the Sewell girls, every day his smart tea-car and pair of steppers might be seen rattling along the road in the direction of the stucco villa, and every afternoon Fanny had tea in the pretty little drawingroom with the muslin curtains and rose-coloured blinds. It was a bijou of a drawingroom, that one in Mrs. Sewell's suburban villa, so tasty, so piquant; a great deal of the widow's old life had been spent abroad, and her tastes were all foreign, her ideas were all foreign, and her little drawingroom was made to look as foreign as possible.

There were tiny card-tables for *loo* or *lansquenet*, tiny chairs, and *fautouils*, pictures in the greatest profusion all over the walls, originals and copies; paintings by Millais and Hook, the *Madonna della Seggiola*, and Murillo's *Virgin of the Louvre*, an original by Velasquez, and a Rubens; little marble slabs, whereon stood little miniature statues, Gibson's *Venus*, and the *Apollo Belvedere*;

Michael Angelo, and the dying *Gladiator*, and *Doratheia* bathing her little marble feet in a marble lake. No one knew where all the curiosities in the suburban drawingroom came from, old china, old books, old medals, and pictures; a Louis Quatorze clock, and inlaid tables and cabinets, bronze candlesticks, *Parian china* vases and Minton's figures, scrap books and photographic albums, and such profusion of sweet smelling flowers filling the room with perfumes rarer than any of Messieurs *Piesse* and *Lubin's* sweetest scents. It was a little fairy palace, and one might have spent days exploring its wonders. Fanny was in *elysium* when he was drinking tea in this paradise, with Georgina Sewell singing a German "good night," or an Italian serenade; and Fanny had begun to think that away from the little foreign drawingroom, and the foreign songs, the world was unbearable. And he wrote home to his papa an honest school-boyish letter, telling him that he wanted very much to take unto him a wife. But his papa was despotic, and moreover gouty, and Fanny's letter arrived inopportunely when the latter ailment had settled in the peer's great toe, and everything consequently seemed to be going wrong with him, and he wrote back such a letter as made the

timid Fanny tremble in his shoes, and caused him to stay away for a whole week from the stucco villa, but at the end of that week, a pink musk-scented note arrived at the barracks, for the Honorable Reginald Spavells, and that note sealed Fanny's fate. "Love conquered fear," and "he drest all in his best," and the tea-car, and the steppers was turned out, and he went rolling off to the villa along the dusty summer road. When he went into the drawingroom the scent of the flowers seemed sweeter and more oppressive there, the light cast by the rose-coloured blinds more subduing and becoming, and Georgina sat alone on the sofa; she shook hands in her old, pleasant, frank way, but somehow he thought she looked graver than usual.

"It's a treat to see you," she said, sinking back again on the sofa. "What have you been doing ever since?"

Fanny blushed and stammered, and finally came out with—

"I'm awfully miserable, awfully unhappy—and—I don't know how to tell you, I—I wasn't going to come here any more until I got your note this morning."

All this came bubbling up from poor little Fanny's over-charged heart, and Miss Sewell saw at a glance how matters stood. When she had made up her mind to capture this boy peer, she had foreseen a great deal of this; nobody cares when a poor man marries, but everyone cries out when a young Croesus declares his intention of doing so; but her face wore the most innocent look of surprise as she turned it to him and said—

"I don't know what you mean?"

It was the best thing she could have said just then, for Fanny was a little fool in some things, and might possibly never have told her anything more.

"I mean that I'm awfully fond of you, Georgina—and—and I think you know it, and I'm very miserable about it all."

"Why?" she asked quietly; she didn't blush, or grow confused, as most girls do on such occasions; she received Fanny's declaration of love as calmly as another girl would have listened to a man telling her that it was a fine day. He had not told it in flowery

words, making the most of the subject. Our poetry is all slipping into our prose. I am afraid our lovers are becoming horribly unromantic, and matter-of-fact. Fancy Romeo telling Juliet that he was "awfully fond" of her. How ridiculous it seems; but we grow used to everything in time, and I dare say a Romeo, who would swear by the moon, and take a farewell, saying—

"—— Parting is such sweet sorrow  
That I could say goodbye till it be  
morrow,"

would be pronounced a madman by the matter-of-fact young ladies of the present century. A Hamlet-like lover, who would write such letters as—

"Doubt that the stars are fire," &c., &c.,

would bore our modern heroines beyond measure. Is it the progress in civilization that has robbed the world of so much of its poetry, I wonder? If so, I am inclined to think that such a pitch of civilization is a misfortune, for I am very sure the rapture with which those heroines of old years listened to the flowery speeches of their heroes, can never be equalled by the pleasure which a now-a-day young lady feels when her lover blurts out, "I'm awfully fond of you."

Little Spavells had quite as much poetry in his nature as other men; more than most, I dare say, nevertheless he told his love-story in very ugly words; but Georgina only said—"Why?" in the simplest, most unaffected way possible, looking full upon him with her fine eyes, and Spavells sat twirling his thumbs in such an awkward way, for he was a very gentlemanlike little fellow, and he found it hard to tell his story. He had not come with the intention of speaking his love; but somehow, when he stood again, after that whole long week, in the pretty perfumed drawingroom, and saw Georgina there alone, like the princess in the palace, he forgot everything but his love, and so spoke it out in his bluff, schoolboy fashion; and now, when his lady-love asked so very calmly why he was so miserable, he found it hard to tell her.

"Well, you see," he began, "I have written home, and—and the governor seems to think that I am so young—and—and, in fact, he thinks

that I don't know my own mind—and the governor doesn't like to be crossed in any way—he's not well just now—and—and so you see it's very hard, isn't it?"

"Very," she said, with just the faintest possible glimmer of a smile on her lips, which honest little Fanny seeing, was shocked, and he flushed.

"But," he continued, "that needn't interfere if you don't mind. I am so awfully fond of you, Georgina, that I don't think I could live without you now—I'm sure I couldn't; and so, will you marry me? for I'm certain if the governor knew how cut up I am he'd come round at once, for he's been very good to me always."

And Fanny was sitting on the sofa now, close to Georgina—very close. His honest, good-looking little face was turned to her; his sunny hair brushed her shoulder as he leant it close to her on the back of the sofa, and Miss Sewell actually was so moved by his simple way that she let her fingers caress his soft hair gently, while she said—

"You poor little fellow, I do believe you are really fond of me."

And Spavells was so moved by her manner, that he threw his arms about

her neck, and kissed her before she knew where she was.

"I am, indeed," he said, with his kind blue eyes glistening with tears. "I love you better than any one or anything, and so I hope you'll love me, and marry me at once!"

After all, he was a very honourable, generous little fellow—very straightforward with her. Miss Sewell was touched. The gouty papa had no power to prevent his eldest son one day becoming a peer, with many thousands a year; and Georgina was too sensible to throw away such a chance for so slight a consideration.

"I will marry you if you wish it," she said, "for you are a very good little fellow, and I'm very fond of you."

And so Fanny kissed her again and again, and behaved as most other demonstrative young gentlemen would have done in a like situation to prove his passion, and was one of the happiest fellows in England, Ireland, or Scotland that night as he drove away in his tea-car in the dark, having had a long conversation with the foreign-minded mamma, who saw no objection whatever to the proposed hurried nuptials.

## CHAPTER LXIII.

### TOO TRUE.

WHEN Ethel walked up the avenue at Darrell, and went in and stood once again in the long corridor with the painted window, she began to think in a frightened way of her coming interview with Lady Darrell. Was she going to upbraid her, or only reason with her? Ethel was a brave little lady in many ways, but she was also sensitive, and she had nothing to plead against such upbraidings, should they come.

She stood for many minutes thinking, standing under the rows of solemn pictures, under the painted light. And then, when she had thought for some time, she lifted up her face and looked up to the bright figures in the Gothic window, and said to herself, "I was right." And then, with something of her old spirit, she went and tapped at the drawingroom door, and pushed it open. Uncertain of her reception, she stood there in the door-

way, not knowing exactly what to do next. Proud, sensitive Ethel! She stood, unwilling to make the first move, nervous, but with that frank, true light over all her face, which made one always instinctively believe in her and admire her. With a bright colour in her cheeks, and the flash of her odd, beautiful violet eyes—quite a picture my little heroine made—

"— Like a saint in a fair shrine,  
Carved by Cellini's hand,"

as she stood there with the clear tints of her face, the splendour of her hair, and her graceful figure against the dark oak-panelled door and wall. Only for a moment she stood so, and the next, Lady Darrell had gone to her, and taken her tenderly in her arms.

"Darling," she said, "I am so glad you have come; I have so much to tell you."

It wasn't like the beginning of a scolding. There was nothing but joy—a kind of timorous joy—in Lady Darrell's face and voice while she spoke—something which puzzled Ethel, and made her heart beat oddly. She put her arms about her friend's neck, and laid her face upon her shoulder, and said—

"Of course I came."

And then they went and sat together on the low window-seat near the piano. Very hard Lady Darrell found it to begin her story—very, very hard to begin and tell that long, long story of mistakes and misunderstandings. She sat holding Ethel's hand, and trying to frame her words well, but she couldn't; and when at last Ethel asked—

"And now, what have you got to tell me?" she only answered—

"Indeed, darling, I do not know how to begin, it is such a strange thing."

"You are making me very curious," Ethel said, smiling, "is it a secret?"

Lady Darrell looked into the pretty smiling face, so innocent, and the words wouldn't come; and yet, after all, it was good news which she was going to tell; such good news that somehow she felt frightened while she thought of it all.

"No it is not a secret."

"What is it, then?"

"It is something which concerns you very nearly, I think."

"What is it?" Ethel asked again, not without a certain trepidation; "is it something about Sir Henry?"

"No, it is all about some one else." Lady Darrell looked again at Ethel, and Ethel looked at her, and for a moment neither spoke, and then at last Lady Darrell said—

"It is all about Victor—may I say it?"

But Ethel couldn't answer, couldn't speak; fear and the old angry pride stopped the words.

"He is here, darling, at Nante."

How the strength or power came to her she didn't know, but Ethel stood up then, although while she did so, the room and everything seemed to swim before her eyes; her limbs trembled so that she could scarcely stand, and her face was pale—so pale and scared looking that Lady Darrell was frightened, she stood up too, she laid her hand on the girl's arm.

"Ethel! Ethel, darling, sit down, and listen to me."

But Ethel never stirred, only she whispered—

"Let me go; I can't see him;" in a passionate, almost distracted voice.

"Ethel, you must sit down, you must listen," Lady Darrell continued, frightened even more by the girl's strange wild face and words; but Ethel would not stir.

"Oh! I cannot see him, let me go," she kept repeating over and over again, as though she scarcely knew what she said.

"Darling, he has come all that long way to see you," Lady Darrell said; and she put her arm round Ethel as she stood.

"To see me?" Ethel asked in such a bewildered way.

"Yes, you, my child; he is so fond of you, dearest, that he could not bear to leave the country without seeing you; may he go to you to-day?"

But Ethel said—

"No," almost fiercely, "he has no right to come near me, no right to speak of me, let me go."

"Ethel, you shall listen to me," Lady Darrell continued, gravely; "he has every right now."

And that "now" spoke a hope in Ethel's heart which stirred it out of its terrible stillness, and seemed to put new life into it.

"No man has ever loved as he has loved, so patiently, so constantly; and no man has ever been so wronged and deceived. Ethel, I have something very painful to speak about; did you ever get any letters from Victor?"

"Never."

"And yet he wrote to you many times; but some one stopped the letters—do you understand?"

But Ethel couldn't speak.

"And now, my child, sit down beside me, and read these, and tell me then whether you still doubt Victor."

And at last Victor's love-letter was in Ethel's hand; his last letter, so true, so manly, so injured; she didn't sit down, she remained standing, and she read first one, and then the other of those two letters—Victor's earnest loving letter; Henry's cold, cruel, lying one.

She didn't cry out or speak any words, but all the colour faded out of her face and lips; all the light left her eyes; she just took a step back,

she stretched out her hands for a moment, her lips moved as if going to speak, and then suddenly she fell down in a swoon.

How long that faint lasted she didn't know, but when she awoke she was lying in Lady Darrell's own room; there was a hush and a darkness all round, the perfume of scents, and John Haller's tender agonized face was bending over her; it must have been a long, long faint, for through the window Ethel could see the long shadows lying on the grass and fields.

"Where am I?" she asked, bewildered, trying to raise herself, and as she did so, the great weakness came over her again, and with it the remembrance of the shock which had been too much for her strength, for once again she stretched out her hands, and gave a wild cry and fell back; and when she spoke the words came from her incoherently, unconscious words, "oh God!" she cried; and

again, "don't let him come, I cannot see him;" and at other times, lifting up her hands she would say, quite quietly, "listen! for I forgave him long ago, tell him that;" spoken so softly and quietly that those standing by could scarcely believe that she was raving. But Ethel was unconscious of everything, unconscious of the kind woman's hands which smoothed her pillow, and held her hands, and brushed the heavy damp hair from off her brow; she never saw Lady Darrell's pale tender face bending over her, or John Haller's kind agonized eyes turning from one to another in despair, as if seeking help for her; she didn't hear his terrified entreaty to the doctor, "is there hope?" her spirit had set out on one of those mysterious journeys upon which spirits do go sometimes into the unknown world of oblivion, and she lay fever-stricken, delirious, nigh unto "the valley of the shadow of death."

#### CHAPTER LXIV.

##### SUNNY ITALY.

SIR HENRY DARRELL went to London, and from London to Paris, and from Paris to Naples in a restless spirit, roaming about. He visited the London theatres and operas, he went to the Paris gaming-houses and cafés, he lived an idle luxurious life in Naples, with rooms in one of the palazzos overlooking the bright bay. All this was done in little more than a fortnight, and still he was restless and uneasy, craving for something new.

It was night, such a night as belongs only to the sunny south, succeeding a hot day, and Sir Henry Darrell sat smoking at one of the windows of his palazzo; below at his feet lay the Giardin Reale, running along the Riviera di Chiaia, and further off the still calm bay, the distant villas and heights beyond Santa Lucia. It was such a night and such a place as poets and lovers revel in, calm blue sea and sky, and below in the giardin the music of the sweetest toned voices in the world.

He sat and smoked and listened and occasionally strained his eyes after some figure more graceful or

striking than the others, some face lit up and beautified by the light from coloured lamps, some eyes darkly flashing or filled with that *dolce far niente*, indolent, sleepy eyes, for there was a fête of some sort held that night in the promenade on the Chiaia, and Naples sent forth fair women and brave men thereunto; but Sir Henry Darrell preferred enjoying the sight from his balcony. He was weary, with that kind of lassitude which succeeds the hot still days abroad.

Alone! unconscious of the keen dark gaze of a man well muffled, who stood below in the giardin with his keen eyes fixed upon the balcony where the Englishman sat smoking. Had he been an observing man, Sir Henry might long ere this have seen the dark Italian who watched him so closely; he might have seen him at Venice flit by in a gondola, when he was enjoying an evening on the still lagoon; he might have seen him again closely following his steps as he sauntered up and down the Toledo here at Naples; he might remark him now as he stands patiently watching still.



But he sat and smoked his cigar, and then sauntered out into the promenade, still alone! And while he walked about the pleasant walks, planted with acacias and evergreens, his watcher followed, never once losing sight of him. Only once did the strange bravo-like figure steal close, quite close to him, that once when he joined some laughing dark-eyed foreign ladies, when he sauntered off with them into the quiet shrubbery, among the palms and bananas. When he seemed to like their society, and his handsome face smiled down upon the youngest and fairest of them, and then the Italian stranger seemed almost to forget himself, for he crept quite close with his hand tight clutching a dagger, so close that he could plainly hear the Englishman's soft voice whisper and speak, till he could see the girl's deep dark eyes answer the passionate words in their own eloquent way; and the stranger crept so close then that the Englishman turned and looked at him, and then it was that the watcher's fingers loosed the dagger, his eyes dropped, he gathered his wide cloak about him, and glided off into the night. He stole back again to his old post of observation below the balcony of the palazzo, and he stood watching the gay figure, always looking for that one group which had wandered off into the quiet places, but they did not come again, and he waited still, when the Chiaia grew empty of its crowd of men and women, when the big clock in the Santa Chiara had chimed out the first hours of the morning, and still when all within and without grew silent; when the wide open window above the balcony looked black and gaping and no lights shone anywhere, and then he went away into the town and was lost to sight.

And in the meanwhile Sir Henry sat in a cool pleasant drawingroom, in a villa on the far heights; lazily reposing in a comfortable French *causeuse*, near him sat the bright Italian girl whose eyes had spoken so eloquently to his in the Giardin Reale a few hours before; those same eyes were offering homage still, and Sir Henry Darrell was quietly accepting their devotion in that lazy, indifferent, conceited way of his,

which was so new to this foring beauty.

Wide open stood the long low window, and outside, bathed in moonlight, lay a wide terrace, waved long tendrils of vine leaves shone such a still view of sea and land.

"Come out," the girl said, "it is so still and soft and silent outside."

She spoke in a rich clear voice, with a strange *tremolo* in it, for the voice, like the eyes, was full of passion. She had risen while she spoke, and now she stood before him, drawing a thin black lace mantilla close about her graceful head and figure; and he rose, with a sort of admiration, half sulky, as he looked at her. And then they passed out into the terrace together, followed by the indolent gaze of the elder lady, who sat reading. Out into the moonlight, among the vines; and the girl went over and leant upon the stone parapet of the terrace.

"It was good of you to come," she said again, in that sweet trembling voice. But Henry Darrell broke into a strange short laugh, which somehow jarred upon the stillness, and peacefulness, and flutter, of the girl's heart.

"Very good of me," he said, "to do what is pleasant to myself."

"Oh, love!" she said again, in the rich, swelling, passionate voice, with the *tremolo* more clear than ever. Again he laughed, but this time not so long or so loud, looking out over the sea and land, leaning his arms also on the stone parapet.

"Little fool!" he said, "you think too much of my coming or not coming. What will you do when I cannot come any more?"

And he looked into her face while he spoke.

She put her hands up over her eyes.

"When you go I will die," she said, in a trembling whisper.

"No, you will not, *carrissima*," he murmured; "you will marry some fine black-bearded prince or count, and forget all about your poor Englishman."

"Never!" she cried, passionately. And she, too, looked out over the sleeping scene, with dark, fixed eyes.

"Will you think of me sometimes?"

"Always," she answered, still in

the sweet trembling whisper. And then they grew silent once again. And while he stood there, in the still scented night, looking away over that clear, quiet sea, Henry Darrell was thinking. Here was a chance for his revenge; here was a beautiful woman, loving, believing, well born, too, an Italian contessa. How those Devonshire boors would stare to see this bright, beautiful, *spirituelle* "my lady." How Victor's hopes would all come tumbling down. He turned and looked at her, as she stood, her little rounded chin resting on her white hand, her clear cut regular profile turned to him, and her great eyes looking seaward dreamily. She was very beautiful—fair as the dreams young poets weave; eyes, lips, and hair, like some rich picture. And he said:

"Will you come with me, Carlotta mia, to those English fields and woods, to my home?"

For a moment the rare eyes flashed upon him suddenly, like a gleam of lightning. The hand dropped to her side; the dark lace mantilla fell rustling to the ground, leaving bare her neck and arms and graceful head.

"Oh, love! oh, dear love!"

And the lips that rained kisses on his hand, trembled like the voice. And Henry Darrell played his part well: he drew her to him, and kissed her face, and smoothed back her soft rich hair, and kissed her forehead and eyes.

"Yes, you shall come; you shall come and astonish them all, Carlotta. With your sweet face and graceful air, none of them will be able to stand beside you."

And the last words were spoken almost passionately; perhaps he was thinking of another girl's face and form. Who knows? But Carlotta only buried her happy head upon his breast, and was at rest there.

And then, after a while, when she walked with him under the vine leaves, across the terrace, and bid him farewell at the top of the stone steps, she leant her white arms once more upon the wall, and watched him out of sight, in a silent rapture.

She was young, and beautiful, and well born, this girl who stood dreaming there in the moonlight of her love, and far, far away England. She was young, and beautiful, and ambitious, and her love and her ambition went hand-in-hand. Had Henry Darrell been poor and lowly born, she would never have kissed his hands and called him sweet names. But he was rich, and an English baronet, and he could make a fashionable lady of his wife; and so she loved him; for this she would marry him.

It had been a short, short wooing. Only one little week ago, and the young contessa had seen that pale cold face for the first time. But the fascination of its beauty, evil, and dark, and mysterious, had cast a spell upon her, and she was ready now to lay down her life for her love. The night was nearly gone, the day came creeping up over the sea, when she left her stand by the stone parapet, and returned to the drawing-room in the villa. There, in her arm chair, book in hand, but fast asleep, lay the young contessa's mother, a very indifferent chaperone. Carlotta went over and touched her.

"Mother, awake!" she said; "it is almost day."

And then they went off to bed together, those two, arm in arm; but la contessa didn't tell her mother any of the sweet things which Sir Henry Darrell had spoken to her under the vine leaves on the terrace that night. She didn't, like our simple little English maids, creep in bare-footed, with sweet blushes and tearful eyes, to "mamma's room," to tell her that story which so many other blushing, happy young souls had told their mammas before. And she didn't, like our gentle English girls, fall on her knees in her own little room, and pray the good God to bless and keep her own true love always. No; Carlotta went to her room, with her secret still all her own; and she forgot to say any prayers at all that night. But slept far on into the next day, when the hot burning sun lay on the sea and terrace, half scorching the frail sweet vine-leaves.

## CHAPTER LXV.

## FREDDY'S LEGACY.

THOSE were dark, gloomy days while the shadow hung over John Haller's home, while Ethel lay at Darrell fighting a mighty battle between life and death. All day Mr. Haller spent at the stone house, only walking home sometimes in the evenings through the fields, returning again in the night, restless, anxious, care-worn. And all day, and all night, Lady Darrell sat watching and tending. Such gentle hands she had; they never were too rough or hasty. Such a gentle voice; it never rose too loud or sounded harsh. Such a light foot; it never trod too heavily or sounded too quick. She was one of those people who seem born to be sick nurses.

And in those days John Haller prayed—as few men or women know how to pray—with his whole soul and strength.

"Oh God! can I bear to lose her? Can I live without her?"

And so speaking he was standing in the quaint old Dower-house library by her little gilded organ, thinking of her so, that he almost saw her and heard her voice.

"My darling! Oh, my darling!"

And in that quiet room, in the dusk of a summer's evening, he knelt and prayed. And his prayer was not one of those wild passionate pleadings which weak men breathe, but it was the same brave prayer which the blessed Saviour prayed in the hour of his great agony—

"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done!"

And when he had so prayed, John Haller stood up, braver, stronger in faith and hope.

But the doctors said "she must die," for the fever was over, and still little Ethel lay so weak, so pale and weak, and spiritless, that they all said "she will die." There was no rallying; it was one of those low fevers which steal life away and cannot be remedied. She knew them all again. She held Lady Darrell's patient hand, and she beckoned John Haller to bend down his head for her to kiss him, and when he did, when

he laid it close to hers on the pillow, she whispered him—

"Is it lonely without me?"

"Very, very!" he answered.

"Do you miss me?"

"Terribly, little puss!"

"You mustn't cry, darling."

And then he went out from the room, out from the house, like one distracted, for her few words had seemed like a farewell to him. And he wandered away into the bright summer fields alone. He went into the meadow, and from the meadow he looked up to the Grange, and the tears stole into his eyes, and dimmed them so that he could scarcely see. And he thought over all his weary life, over the long ago dream, and hope, which had been taken from him, the weary years after, when his life had been all dark!—dark! And then the gleam of sunshine which had shone upon him, and was now fading like sunshine in the evening of his life. He remembered all that she had been to him during those few years; he remembered his hopes, and ambition, and the great mistake which had blinded his eyes latterly to the fact that she was unhappy, and he prayed God then that she might yet be spared for a little while, so that he might make amends.

Everyone loved Ethel; everyone missed her. The women in the village cried when the news went abroad that she was dying. The children sent her flowers, and messages, and waited to waylay Mr. Haller on his way from Darrell to the Dower-house, to hear the latest news of her. And little Freddy, dying, dying very fast, daily kept saying—

"Will she come to-day?"

And then, when many days were past and gone, the dying boy said—"She will never come again," and out on the basil, and mint, and myrtle trees, he looked with tearful eyes, for he knew then that never again, in this world of pain and trouble, should he look upon his angel's face, or hear her sweet, soothing voice speaking comforting things to him. He lay all day on his couch near the window, and he looked always along the bright

sunny road which ran far over the hill into the bright west, and he thought of the story of Jacob's Ladder of Angels ; how it, too, had come from the City of Light to make a way for the angels to visit him as he lay tired and weary on the earth below. And he looked always for his angel vision which came not, for Ethel with the shining hair, and soft eyes. He thought ever of her ; and when the kind rector came and sat with him he spoke of her still.

"Tell her," he said, "that I grew too tired. I couldn't wait for her; but I think the new body she told me of is coming to me, for the pain is gone!"

And little Mr. Gray, the rector, who was soft-hearted, didn't speak for a few minutes. He brushed his weak eyes with his pocket-handkerchief, and cleared his voice before he said—

"I will give her your message, Freddy. She will be glad to hear that you haven't forgotten her."

Forgotten her ! Into the boy's eyes came a light.

"I shall see her again some time," he said, half sitting up, and looking into the sunlight. "And I shall be able to walk with her, and stand beside her then in the Golden City she told me of. The city that is over yonder, sir. I am always looking for it in the evening time." And the boy's eyes looked far off, and strange, as though he saw a vision. "She went that way. I saw her; and she had the light about her head and round her feet, and she pointed her finger there, and oh, sir, I wanted to get up and follow her, but I couldn't then. I think I shall soon be able now, for the pain is gone."

But the old tired weary look came over his face even while he spoke, and he sank back exhausted among the pillows.

"Read to me," he said, with that sort of innocent command which children use, "read to me out of her books."

They stood in a row, Bible and Hymn-book, and Fairy Tales ; and Mr. Gray, good little man that he was, chose the Book of Books from which to read ; and he read to him from places which spoke comfort and peace, which the child could not

understand, and he felt the want of his gentle interpreter more and more ; and then, when he had heard a whole chapter, he clasped his two tiny hands together, and repeated the hymn which children know—

"Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed."

And something, it may have been that he missed her more than ever then, but something made him break off in the middle, and he seemed to forget it all. He seemed to think of something suddenly, for he said, taking up a paper off the table—

"Will you give her this, sir ? Like you'll see her sooner than I will. She told me once that my hair was prettier than gold, and I cut this piece to give her."

Again the rector found a difficulty in speaking. Again he wiped his eyes and cleared his voice, and he took Freddy's present in his hand, and held it while he spoke, "I will give your message, my boy." And then there came a look of peace over the poor young face ; he turned it from the bright window through which the last long slanting sunbeams shone upon the little garden, and on the cottage floor. "Draw the curtain," he said, "I have looked long enough. I am tired." And a pitying God heard the wail, a kind angel bent over the child's bed, and over his little face there stole a change—that change which we all know but cannot describe ; which will one day be upon my face and yours, reader. The warm light fell on the bright hair, rippling away in its old golden splendour, on the little sad tired face ; and it shone upon a new changed face, free from pain or sadness, a calm, still, young face inexorably fair ; on the half-closed eyes, from which all tears were wiped away ; on the pale, parted lips, which never more will speak quaint, childlike words.

The poor, pretty, sickly little boy had looked his last on the golden city of the sunset. He was gone "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

And the rector was left standing all alone with Freddy's Golden Legacy in his hand !

## CHAPTER LXVI.

## IN WHICH SOMEBODY MARRIES SOMEBODY.

VICTOR's ten days of leave slipped by in that little Devonshire village, but he never saw Ethel. Twice every day he had walked up to the Stone House and seen his aunt, and every time he asked—

"And how is she?"

The answer was always the same.

"Oh, Victor! no better, I am afraid."

And on his last visit when he came to say goodbye, he looked so ill, he seemed so brokenhearted, that kind Lady Darrell cried out—

"Oh, my poor fellow! you mustn't lose heart, who can tell whether God will be gracious to us, and spare our darling; pray for her always, Victor, but don't despair."

And Victor had answered—"I will!" in a broken voice, and he went his way out among the trees in the shadow, tall, manly Victor striding every step further and further from Ethel; and Lady Darrell watched him out of sight, and then she glided up the stairs back to the sick room and her post, there to watch, and wait, and pray.

And then, when other days were gone, and she was able to write to him and say—

"She is a shade better, but oh! so weak."

Even that seemed good news to Victor, for it seemed to him that now she was beginning slowly to mend; but he was ignorant on such matters; he didn't know how treacherous such weakness is, how hard to cure sometimes, and he wrote his answer in good spirits, winding up, saying—"When she is well enough for you to speak of me, give her my dear love."

And on that first hopeful letter of Victor's Lady Darrell's tears fell hotly, for that day the doctor had said—"She must die."

And Victor was so hopeful then, so happy and hopeful, that when little Spavells came to see him in the evening and told him a secret concerning a very quiet little wedding party which was to assemble at the stucco villa on the following morning, and said—"And I want you to be best

man, Darrell, for there's no other fellow in the regiment I prefer to you, and you know her, and—and you approve, and you'll see me through it, old fellow, and post this for me afterwards—I know you will."

And Victor was so elated by his morning's news that he answered promptly, "of course I will."

And took the letter, and gave a little whistle when he read the address, and Spavells explaining, nervously said—

"You see I thought it better to say nothing until it was fairly over, for the governor is so hasty and unreasonable sometimes—that—that you see he might have come over and objected, or something."

"Of course," Victor answered smiling; he was too happy and goodhumoured that evening to find fault with anything or anybody, and so he took Fanny's letter and locked it away in his desk safely, and then sat, and planned, and chatted with the enamoured little fellow late into the night.

Early in the morning Victor, arrayed in a smart frock coat, and the smartest of lavender gloves, drove off in Fanny's trap, beside that happy little fellow, to the wedding. It was a bright, sweet summer morning; the road and hedges were all in bloom, and from the surrounding fields the smell of the clover and meadow sweet came breathing upon the air. "The morning hour has gold in its mouth," Franklin tells us, and there was gold in this morning, gold in the sky and in the fields, as Victor and his friend drove along. They went by the most out of the way roads, past such tumble-down old cottages, and ruined churches, such dilapidated Irish scenes, along the most uneven, rugged Irish roads, up hills and down hills, and finally came to a halt outside a picturesque ivy-grown little old church. A few ragged children, and raggeder women, were grouped together in the churchyard among the graves waiting to see the fun; a couple of labourers, attracted by the dashing grays, had stopped also on their way, and Fanny and Victor found they were the first to arrive. They walked

up arm in arm to the church past the gaping women and children. There was no one in the church but the old pew-opener, and they walked up and sat down on one of the rude benches at the top of the aisle. It was an old fashioned, quiet little church, with diamond-paned windows and low-arched doors; swallows built their nests in the window arches, and sparrows in the ivy by the porch. The sunlight fell through the diamond panes on the faded red cloth cushions of the pulpit and reading-desk, and on the green baize doors of the pews, on the quaintest old brass plates stuck in the walls, bearing such old-fashioned Latin inscriptions, half worn out. It fell on a pretty marble monument of a kneeling angel.

There is something in the quiet of the church, in the distant rustle of the leaves outside, in the angel's white face, that fills all Victor's heart with a kind of sadness. Spavells is pacing up and down the chancel, every minute consulting his watch, and Victor sits alone on the wooden bench where the school children sit on Sunday. There is an organ, like Ethel's little gilded one at the Dower-house, standing far back, and the sunlight shines on it too, and Victor's thoughts are away with Ethel. But there is a load gone from his heart, a light has broken there, and he is saying out of the fulness thereof, "Lord, I thank thee!"

Sunshine and singing birds and a light hopeful heart made this day seem a very bright one to Victor. That sentence of death, which a clever London doctor had passed on his love, he knew not of. And so he

was able to smile and talk and mingle with the wedding guests who now began to assemble. "Only one or two dear friends," Mrs. Sewell had told her future son-in-law she had asked to be present on the occasion—no strangers; but the "one or two" had glided into twenty or thirty, and Fanny, who was such a nervous shy little fellow suffered accordingly.

The O'Loughlen family *en masse*, the seven blooming girls, with pink cheeks and pink ribbons; the Littles, and who knows who else beside; but the — dragoon guards didn't patronize the entertainment at all; Victor was the only representative of that gallant corps. There was a feeling in the regiment that innocent boyish Fanny had been taken in and "hooked" very shabbily. A feeling which made the officers hold aloof. Besides it was to be a private affair, so Spavells had given them to understand no one but relations, and so the — dragoons didn't come to the front on this occasion.

And so little Spavells was polished off, and the party returned to the stucco villa and foringu drawing-room, and partook of a very dainty little foringu *déjeuner*, and Victor made a speech, and Fanny made a speech, and there was a good deal of laughing and some tears, and an old slipper thrown after the happy pair as they drove off to the train, for the Honorable Mr. and Mrs. Spavells were to spend their honeymoon in that sweetest and most romantic of Irish touring places, Killarney. And Victor drove the tea-car and pair of grays back to the barrack, and duly posted poor happy Fanny's penitent letter home.

## CHAPTER LXVII.

### AT NAPLES.

AND now, reader, I suppose you are beginning to hope that, as some of my people are dying and others marrying, the little history which I have been writing is drawing to a close. Not so; I mean to prose through a good many pages yet, for when I began to write this story I thought to write only those half dozen lives, quite humdrum lives, replete with no exciting incidents,

and those few are as yet incomplete. Henry Darrell is still living in his old aimless idle way, *au jour le jour*; he is still carrying on his new *affaire du cœur* at Naples, still wooing lovely passionate Carlotta in the starry nights, beneath the vine leaves on the villa terrace.

And his wooing was all sweet, sweet as summer, they had no lovers' quarrels those two; his *idée fixe* was

to marry this fair young Italian to spite his handsome cousin, and his love was all the growth of his own will. He forced himself into the belief that he was in love, he gazed on the young contessa's lovely face, into her deep dark eyes—deep, dark, dangerous eyes, and he believed that he did love her; if not as purely or as strongly as he had loved little gentle country Ethel, at all events quite well enough to marry her to spite his cousin. But there were reasons why Sir Henry Darrell was anxious to preserve his new love affair a secret. Now and then, with a kind of shock, he remembered old days in the mountainous parts of Italy, before him rose the still clear water of Como; and again the cliffs and hills and great waves of English Cornwall crept in and confused his picture. And his visits to that vine-grown villa at Naples were quiet ones. He spent the mornings at his own palazzo, in that shady window overlooking the bay, and he smoked and breakfasted there, and only when the day was late did he visit the villa. Altogether his flirtation was a sly one.

Who has been to Naples and not visited the opera? Sir Henry Darrell went there—went to a box with the fair young contessa and her mother to the Teatro Reale di San Carlo and the opera was “Don Giovanni.” Very beautiful looked young Carlotta that night, as she leant forward in the box her round graceful little head, with its wealth of smooth hair.

“Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;  
Like twilight too her dusky hair.”

Her richly-tinted face, and round white throat, seen clearly against the dark crimson curtains. Carlotta wore a marvellous shawl, all gold and crimson, gathered round her, and falling about her, in rich luxurious folds. Many a lorgnette was aimed at that beautiful face that night in the Teatro San Carlo; but Carlotta was all wrapped up in her English lover; her voice sank to a softer tone when she addressed him; the drowsy eyes grew animated and eloquent; the red curving lips smiled their sweetest most bewitching smiles, warm and radiant, such as cast “our poor Northern smiles” quite into the

shade; and he sat idly there, and the incense was cast all round him, and over him, and he received it as his due, as the homage to which he was used. He was one of those men of whom it may be said that “he drew the hearts he wished for to his own;” he had winning ways, ways for women, flattering, coaxing ways. *Sir Perlinax MacSycophant*, in “The Man of the World,” says a very true thing when he exclaims, “No woman ever believes that a man loves her till he has made a fool of her understanding with flattery.” There are so few of those really sensible women, to whom flattery is almost an insult. Poor Carlotta, she was “only a woman” after all, a very beautiful bewitching woman, but a frivolous one; vain of her beauty, and while Sir Henry sits and looks at her, and talks to her, his thoughts grow almost bitter. He thinks of far-away England, and a little English maiden for whom he would almost barter his soul, he still loves her so well; he compares her sweet true life to the life of this young Italian, with its tone of flattery and flippancy, and thirst for admiration and gaiety. Had he but lived in the “Palais de la Vérité,” where everyone always spoke what was in their minds, he would have said then—

“Beautiful Carlotta, with your dusky eyes and hair, with your sweet lips, and white arms, I cannot love you, because you are not real. I am only marrying you out of pique, because a pretty little English girl has jilted me, and I want to be revenged on her; because my handsome cousin is the next heir to my goodly lands and title, and I do not want him ever to succeed to those things.”

Happily for la contessa, however, they were not in the Palais de la Vérité, but in the Teatro San Carlo instead, and so she was spared the pain of knowing all this.

The opera was “Don Giovanni,” and the curtain rose on the well-known scene in the courtyard of the palace at Seville. Carlotta stretches her pretty neck, half to see, and half to be seen, for there is an opposite box full of Englishmen, staring as only the English know how to stare, and Carlotta is, oh! so fond of admiration. The opera goes on, she cranes her neck; the Britishers stare; but Henry Darrell has heard one voice

singing, one rich, clear voice, which stirs his heart and thrills him, and carries him away in its floatings and sinkings to the old loving days, and the enchantment of his youth. The voice sings out in Donna Anna's wild appeal, "Non spe—rar se non m'uc—ci—di ch'io ti la—sei fug—gir mia," and he just ventures to glance at the stage; one glance, and his eyes met those other eyes, full, passionate, gipsy-like. There is no surprise, no recognition, only one long fixed look, and then he leans back in the box; his face is pale, his lips pale. Carlotta bends forward; she whispers,

"You are ill," anxiously.

"A little faint," he answers. "I will take a turn outside; never mind me, I shall be back directly."

He stands up to go; the pretty contessa puts out her little dainty ringed hand, with fingers "lovelily tapering less and less." There is solicitude and kindness in the movement, but he doesn't perceive it; he brushes by, and passes out of the box. Carlotta shrugs her round white shoulders, elevates her eyebrows; they are so brusque, these English; nevertheless she consoles herself during her lover's absence, contemplating the box opposite, and it was a long absence; so long that the two Italian ladies began to fear that their cavalier was really ill. When he does appear at last at the box door, the opera is nearly over, Donna Anna is singing her last song, and Sir Henry bends forward and says—

"Will you come away now, Carlotta; it is late?"

"Now?" she echoes, with the faintest possible tone of regret in her voice. She loves the music; she is in Paradise to-night, with all the opera-glasses levelled at her, and she looks up almost sulky.

"Yes, now, this instant," he answered sharply, holding out his arm to the elder lady.

"You forget I am not well."

"Forgive me," the girl said, with that soft tremolo in her voice; and she stood up, and gathered the gorgeous red and gold berouse round her, and they left the box without one glance at the group of disappointed Englishmen in the opposite box. She forgot her triumphs of the evening; she forgot to be desolée at leaving the opera so soon;

she followed quite submissively, never casting a look behind. It was one of those delicious nights, so rare abroad, when the air is almost fresh, and Henry Darrell stood once more under the vine leaves on the villa terrace, with Carlotta. There was more tenderness in his manner now; perhaps he was sorry for having been so hasty to her to-night; but she had forgotten all that; there was a great deal of that sentiment, which is so often mistaken for romance, in her nature. This delicious night, serene skyed, where—

"That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon,"

kept watch above the distant dreamy sea; below them lay the town with its many lights, the Santa Lucia, and the still bay; and round them hung the vine leaves. On such a night young Romeo may have crept to breathe his love to Juliet, in her balcony; on such a night had Hero clung, trembling like some frightened bird, to watch Leander plunge into the Hellespont. They stood together on the terrace, and he was speaking—  
"I will return," he said; "I am only going for a little while."

But she interrupted him, quickly.

"No, if you go, you will never come back," she said.

"Cannot you understand, Carlotta; such things must happen. I got a letter to-night. I would not tell you before the opera; I wanted you to enjoy yourself there, but I tell you now, carissima, I must go."

"Where to?"

He paused for a moment, looking down over the parapet.

"To England," he answered at last.

"For how long?"

"Oh, that I cannot tell—only for a little time. Do you mistrust me?" And he passed his arm round her and drew her closer to him. "Does my little fool think I want to run away from her?"

"No, no," she answered, looking into his eyes; but there was a doubt in her face. Hers is not a trusting people; there is treachery lurking in their natures which teaches them to doubt.

"Then kiss me, Caro mia."

And she kissed him—sweet cling-



ing kisses in the moonlight—kisses scented, honeyed, the memory of which should cling to him and hover about his lips still when he was gone from her—and then he went, over the terrace, down the stone steps, along a rocky path. And again the young contessa watched him out of sight with her white arms resting on the

stone parapet; she saw his tall figure hurry on, and as he went her heart swelled up, and she felt as though she could cry out, "Come back—come back," for all of a sudden a blank had come in her life. A shadow lay over the moonlit sea and terrace—for he was gone!

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

## FORGIVEN.

THE spring had crept into the summer while Ethel lay ill in England and Henry was wooing Carlotta at Naples, all the flowers in the Dower-house garden were in blossom, the heliotrope and syringa perfumed the air.

Ethel hadn't died, after all; on the contrary, she grew better and stronger as the days went by. Lady Darrell's patient care was being rewarded, and John Haller's earnest prayers had prevailed with Him who hearkens to the cry of the desolate and heart-broken. Ethel had been spared.

Very frail and delicate looked my young heroine as she lay on the sofa in the Dower-house library, when the summer sun was sinking slowly in the west, streaking all the sky with red and gold and purple. They had brought her home for the change and the quiet—home to her old, pleasant, sunny home—and Lady Darrell is still with her. A pleasant summer evening, and the wide library window stands open to allow of the scent of the flowers stealing in. But there is also a fire in the library, a wood fire, which sparkles and flashes. John Haller has not yet returned from his farming; it is a fair-day somewhere, and Mr. Haller has ridden off to buy and sell. Lady Darrell and Ethel only are in the room; they have sat a long, long time silently those two, hand locked in hand. The sun is fast sinking out of sight—it will soon be dusk. The light from the fire and dim sunshine on Ethel's face and hair—on her pretty, delicate, pink, and white little face, and glorious curling auburn hair. Henry Darrell thinks often of that wondrous hair when he looks on the foring pictures in the Italian churches, and no other hair is half so lovely he

thinks. The sparrows have gone to their leafy beds; there is no chirp of birds heard anywhere, all is so still; and Ethel is listening.

"It is growing so dark," she murmurs; "perhaps he will not come to-day."

But Lady Darrell answers—

"He is sure to come."

They are not speaking of John Haller; he will not be home from his fair for some time yet. They are speaking of Victor. Yes, so it is, after all those long, weary months, they are to meet again. Victor has written to say "I am coming," and Ethel is waiting for him, listening for his footfall on the gravel or in the hall, listening to catch the first sound of his voice. And oh, how her heart flutters up to her throat when some one opens the door!—although that some one is only old Sally Bird with two cups of tea; and Ethel laughs at herself then, and puts up her two hands to hide the blushes that have come rippling up at the disappointment. But when the evening is growing late, when the sun has quite disappeared behind the hills, and the red and gold and purple is fading in the sky, she says—

"It is growing so dark; perhaps he will not come to-day?"

And Lady Darrell answers—

"He is sure to come."

And then she draws over a low *prie-dieu* and sits close to Ethel, and says—

"What shall I read to you? The time always passes quicker when one is reading or talking."

And Ethel answers and says—

"Will you read me Longfellow's story of the 'Courtship of Miles Standish'—it is such a pretty story, and I have not read it for a long, long time."

And Lady Darrell went into the drawingroom and brought that little volume of Longfellow, which Ethel had read to herself among the furze bushes on the hill a whole long year ago—the same little book in which Victor had marked with his pencil on the day when Ethel had walked with him through the roses in the Dower-house garden, and out into the meadow field beyond—and Ethel took the book and opened it at the place where Alden goes on his errand to plead Miles Standish's love to Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, and Lady Darrell read in the fire-light, and she read on to the place where it is written—

“Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards,

Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,

Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living;

It is the will of the Lord, and his mercy endureth for ever.”

Lady Darrell had a gentle, soothing voice—“when the ear heard her it blessed her;” everything about her was gentle and womanly, as the French say—“*Elle était plus femme que les autres femmes*;” her hands were softer, her footstep was lighter, and above all, her voice was gentler than any other woman's; and something in the voice stirred Ethel's heart, and brought the tears to her eyes—

“And tears she sheds—

Large tears that leave the lashes bright,” for she remembers that old summer day when Victor stood and wrote and said—

“I, too, will mark this place; I, too, will make a vow to keep always steadfast to my purpose—my hand ever to the plough. We shall see which of us is the most steadfast—time will show.”

She remembered all this; she thought of how she had stood blushing beside him in her pretty chintz-covered drawingroom—of how firm she had been in her determination; and now, which of them had time proved to be the stronger of purpose? She didn't try to deny her own falling off; sorrow and sickness had so humbled Ethel's pride, that she only wept while she listened and remembered. And she told Lady Darrell that little story, word for word, and she said—

“I think *he* has won, after all, don't you?”

And Lady Darrell answered—

“I think *he* has, indeed, darling; no man was ever more steadfast to his love than Victor has been.”

It was almost dark now outside, so late the evening was; the flowers had folded themselves up and gone to sleep—even the syringa smelt less strongly; and my lady went over and shut the window, and as she did so, there was a step on the gravel, some one pushed open the hall-door, and came into the hall. And Lady Darrell crept close to Ethel's sofa, and whispered—

“Darling, he has come; will you see him?”

And for all answer, Ethel only pressed the kind hand—words wouldn't come. And then Lady Darrell went and brought him; and Victor came, and stood in the doorway in the firelight. The same handsome man whom Lady Darrell had first seen in another firelit room. The same goodly sunny-haired young man, with whom Ethel had roamed the fields in old summer times. The same Victor who had held her in his arms, and kissed her lips in the meadow by the stile. Oh! how long ago? Not changed; his bright hair and eyes, his tall manly figure, and old frank honest way of standing face to face, with his brave eyes looking straight before him. And yet he was changed. Shone there something new in his pleasant truthful eyes? Was there a new light over all his face? What was it, that while he stood there waiting, made Ethel put up her two hands over her eyes and cry—

“Oh, forgive me!”

Could she expect that because she had loved much, much would be forgiven her; but she did.

No more was needed—half a dozen steps brought him close to her, and he knelt down by the sofa like one pleading—not forgiving. Gently he removed the sheltering hands; he held them, and looked into her eyes—one long passionate look—“Oh, love! oh, Ethel!” And Lady Darrell, standing by, “saw his face as it had been the face of an angel,” so loving, so pitying, so forgiving. And he put his arms round the little figure on the sofa, he knelt, and held her in his arms, and laid his head down

beside hers on the cushion, and drew her closer—closer—until the long soft hair fell over his shoulder, and brushed his face, and he kissed it, and whispered—

"Oh, love! God knows how I forgive you."

And the words spoken in the dear well-remembered voice, smote on her

heart, and she cried and wept, nestling close to him—

"That he might rather feel than see  
The swelling of her breast."

She stole her arms about his neck, and nestled close to him—quite close, for was he not her lawful lover—

"— Not Launcelot or another?"

## CHAPTER LXIX.

### THE DAYS THAT GROW INTO YEARS.

AFTER that the days flew rather than glided by. Sweet summer days, rich in sunshine, and flowers, and golden corn; and no one was ever so loving as Victor was to Ethel; no one was ever so devoted and gentle before. The pleasant old name of "sweet-heart" might well be given to him.

He spent his days at the Dower-house; he walked with Ethel in the little old-fashioned garden; he lay at her feet when she sat of evenings on her *chaise longue* outside on the lawn. And there was so much to be told, and so much to listen to; so much that was sweet and loving.

"Everything by turns, and nothing long."

They were happy, oh! so happy, with that perfect peaceful sense of quiet and security they felt with Tennyson's eaters of the lotos, that

"There is no joy, but calm!"

There was calm in the still sweet air, in the waving of the trees, in the ripple—ripple—ripple of the water—

"E'en in its very motion there was rest."

There was calm in the monotonous cawing of the rooks, in the silent fields, and, above all, in their thankful hearts.

For Victor had given

"—Confirmation strong  
As proofs of Holy Writ,"

that his love had been true and sure and constant, for all those dead months. There was a woman of whom some one said—

"To love her is a liberal education."

To love Ethel was the same; to watch her and read her mind and thoughts, like a pleasant book, made you feel that there are some people in the world so pure-minded, so true,

so good, that their every word and act is a gentle lesson. And Ethel's mind was such an active one; those odd ill-sorted readings had opened it and developed it, had filled it with original ideas; and those ideas to her were truths: she believed in them, and her faith was strong as her imagination—there was nothing false in Ethel, nothing dark or deep or deceitful, you had only to look in her face and trust her. Since the days

"When Gospel truth first shone from  
Boleyn's eyes."

Men and women have gone on believing in faces, and the stories written on faces; and it is not often that a face deceives.

How sweet those days were—how inexpressibly sweet; I linger over them fondly, for they are the happiest and fairest in my whole story. They were sweeter than the old summer days when Ethel was gay and strong and able to climb the mountains, and walk the lanes. They were sweeter even than Carlotta's dead starry nights upon the vine-grown terrace at Naples, when she listened rapturously to her English lover's vows and promises. They were all sweet, without a doubt or a shadow, they glided by like a pleasant dream. Such calms will sometimes come in people's lives, such perfect blissful calms, that their very stillness and happiness frightens; long pleasant summer days, with cloudless skies and sunlit fields and trees, and the presence of someone filling all our hearts with that peace "which passes all understanding." It is so still, and so sublime, and in the midst of it all, which among us has not almost trembled for the future, thinking "it cannot last?" and the very joy becomes a pain, the pleasure

a regret, we creep a little closer to that—

“ ——— dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet than all other,”

and we clasp the beloved hand, we look into the earnest eyes and pray—pray almost passionately, for we scarcely know what—

“ We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not.”

For the certainty, and security, and everlasting which belongs not to the world. I wonder why it is that I can never talk of pleasant things, or look on pleasant objects without growing sad ; I wonder is everyone the same, or are there really some people who view everything through that glass of *couleur de rose* ; and never see the dark sad side of things, and if there are such people, I wonder still can they ever think at all ; or is it only the thoughtful people whose minds take such a melancholy turn ? There is a great want and imperfection in everything here, and every day I find that want in something new ; every day I learn more fully that there is nothing in the world quite perfect, and I suppose the longer I live the more I shall believe in this.

While Ethel and Victor sat together on the lawn, under shelter of the spreading trees, “ holding sweet converse ” one with another, there comes the sound of a solemn bell, slow, deep, and mournful swelling and floating on the air. It was a very primitive little place that Devonshire village ; there were manners and customs there unknown in other places, and that solemn bell rang always its *requiem* for the dead. Some poor soul had just passed into the presence of its Maker, there to answer for things done in the flesh, and things left undone in the spirit ; Ethel started, and tighter still in hers she pressed Victor's warm loving hand, for the sad sound broke suddenly on the peacefulness of the sweet summer evening. The breath of the flowers is everywhere round, the chirp of birds, the rustle of leaves, life everywhere, and still

“ The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead ; ”

and hearts grow sick with longing for one “ touch of a vanished hand,” one word “ from a voice that is still.”

There is summer stillness all round me while I write, the air is full of singing birds, and humming bees, and the perfume of flowers, but the life is gone out of my summer ; the birds do not sing as they used to sing, the sun does not shine as it shone long ago on the fields and flowers, in my old English home.

I am sitting in my lattice-windowed room, in this my new home, in a strange land, and the sun shines on gabled roofs, on the quaint church tower, on the graveyard beneath ; and from below me in the street there comes the sound of children's voices, laughing and singing at play, even as they used to sound in those other gardens of my youth, in far away half-forgotten England.

“ While underneath the eaves,  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs,  
And twit me with the spring.”

And I am sorry—sorry for it all, for the “ days that are no more.” For pleasant, smiling, fragrant England and the days that I wasted there, oh ! to have them back again ; oh ! to sit dreaming, as I used to dream, by that brook that ran along the garden's foot ; oh ! to be able to think, as I used to think, and be as I used to be.

“ Oh, but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet ;  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet :  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel.”

I cannot help writing all this now, because my life has grown to be such a vain regret ; because the sweetness is gone out of everything, and like the poor little flower girl, I have grown to

“ Hate the smell of roses.”

And I cannot think of what is past, without feeling all this, and so writing it ; Victor's and Ethel's love-making was all a summer day ; there were none of those showers of foolish tears which rain on some courtships, they had no lovers' quarrels, those two—theirs was perfect love.

They sat under the trees on the Grange lawn, when the sun was setting behind the hills ; invalid Ethel on her chaise longue, and Victor stretching his length on the grass beside her. And Ethel looked away down the green sloping lawn, and

over the curve of the hill, into the meadow beyond, and she said—

"Do you remember the day when you bid me good-bye, in the meadow-field, by the stile, Victor?"

And he answered her, "Indeed I do, darling."

"Do you remember how you stopped at the wooden gate to wave your hat to me?"

"Oh, my life!"

He did remember it, so well, so vividly, that he turned his eyes from the spot while she spoke.

"We must go there some day, Victor, I want to stand with you in the long grass by the stile."

"My precious, it is so far; are you strong enough yet?"

"I think not yet; but we have never been there together since, have we? But I have often stood there thinking of you; I have often stood with the long grass about my feet, thinking of that morning."

"Have you, darling?"

"I have; and oh, Victor, I went there on that night when I forgave you; I stood there and thought of you, it seems a long time ago now."

"My dearest," he said tenderly, and he took the hand she stretched out to him, and pressed it in both of his.

"Were you very angry with me, Victor?"

"Very," he said gaily.

"Did you think very harshly of me? did you call me a flirt and all kinds of terrible things?"

"I am afraid I did."

"Did you ever think how it might be?"

"My sweetest, how could I?"

"No, no of course not; oh! Victor, will you ever learn to forgive Henry?"

"Never!" he said quickly, and his handsome face grew dark and angry all at once.

"But I want you to."

"Darling, I could not."

"For my sake?"

"You mustn't ask me, dearest, it is a thing no man could overlook; it was a wicked, treacherous, cruel thing, he must answer for it."

"But, Victor, I want you to forgive him."

"I cannot forgive him for so nearly breaking my heart, you don't know what it was to me darling, no one will ever know; I wonder I didn't die I was so miserable, I wonder often now that I could bear to come here as I did in the night, and never see you."

"But, did you?"

"Of course I did, I came once, and heard you sing, and your song was Schubert's song 'To the distant one,' and I stood and listened to every word."

"Oh, darling!"

"I did, indeed; you didn't think when you were singing who was listening?"

"No, no."

"You never guessed how near I was?"

"If I had known, I should have come out to you."

"What, after all my misdemeanors?" he asked, laughing.

"After all I think I would."

"No, love, you would not," he said again, gravely, "you were too proud Ethel, you would have passed me by had you seen me then."

And she didn't deny, because she knew that what he said was true, bitterly true.

"But all that's over now, I have come back to be forgiven like the prodigal son; and you'll sing to me again soon, won't you?"

"When I am well," she said, and sighed.

## CHAPTER LXX.

### WAR TO THE KNIFE.

WHEN Henry Darrell had taken his farewell of Carlotta at her villa he went back to his rooms in the Palazzo. He went in, and then he turned to the servant who had admitted him, and asked—

"Is there a gentleman waiting here for me?"

"There is, signor."

And then he went into the sitting-room—the bright, cheerful sitting-room, with its Venetian blinds, and balcony overlooking the bay. It was already day; the sun was getting up over the sea and shining on the water ripples; it shone upon the promenade,

on the acacias, and evergreens, and groups of bananas, on the clear blue water, where a white-sailed yacht, like "a painted ship upon a painted ocean," was riding at anchor. It shone into the room, on a faded carpet and a strange assortment of furniture; on the figure of a man cloaked and hatted, a bravo-like figure which we have seen before prowling about the Chiaia, and under the Palazzo balcony. He is sitting with that air of patience which belongs not to men, gazing out over the water in a kind of waking dream. It is not until Sir Henry has walked well into the room that the stranger starts, and rises.

"You are here already," he says, abruptly, sinking down into a low chair, and taking out a cigar.

"I have been waiting here half the night, and now it is day. You have been a long time, Henri."

It is the low, ringing, mellow voice which we have heard in the little cottage room in Cornwall; the rich, swelling, soul-stirring voice which sang out in the Opera last night in Donna Anna's songs.

"I am very closely watched, it seems," Sir Henry continued, bitterly; "I may not take a fortnight's trip abroad but I must be tracked. I may not even spend my evenings with my friends but I am sinning. I am tired of all this."

"I cannot trust you out of my sight," the woman said. "To-night you were making love at the Teatro, other nights in the Giardin, in the evenings at that villa. I have watched you always, Henri."

"You spend your time well," he cried, with a short laugh between his teeth. The cigar was lit now, and he came over and stood by the open window smoking. "And now an end of this. I go to England to-day, and those wise lawyers in London who tell me that I am quite free to go my own way, and make my own friends, can give me some very interesting papers to that effect. Armed with them, I may, perhaps, even dare to return to Naples soon again."

The woman looked puzzled; she turned her face to his—such a wild, beautiful face, handsomer than ever Carlotta's little regular marble features could be, richer than even Ethel's warm-tinted English face.

"What do you mean?" she said, doubtingly.

"I mean this," he answered, "that you have driven me to putting you away from me for good. You will not be reasonable. You will follow me, and hunt me down, and watch me like a spy, and this I will not bear."

"I watch you because I cannot trust you," she replied fiercely. "You are not true."

For a moment his pale face darkened with anger, but the next he had checked the anger, and driven it back. He held the cigar in his fingers, and looked out, and he grew silent for a few minutes, and then he turned his face and looked at her, and there was something like a softening in his voice when he said—

"Put that hat away, I want to look at you."

She obeyed, and laid it down, and turned to him again. It was a beautiful, wild face, with rich, clustering hair all about it, and he said—

"I wonder if I spoke reasonably to you would you listen and understand?"

"Go on," she answered; "I will try."

And he began—

"When I first loved you, Mignon"—

But she tossed her head in the air, and shook out the curling gipsy hair, and laughed a bitter laugh.

"You never loved me," she cried. "To love once is to love always. You never loved me!"

"I did. I loved you desperately. I love you still, if you will believe me. I loved you when I heard you sing last night a thousand times better than I shall ever love the woman I am going to marry."

All over her face and neck the colour rose, to her brow and cheeks.

"You dare not marry anyone," she answered. "You dare not, while I live."

"Ah, but I dare! In that way I am free."

"You are not."

"I am. I am going now to England to get such proof of my freedom as even you must yield to."

And then the colour faded—faded very slowly out of her face, her eyes grew wild and startled, with that old frightened gipsy look in them, and

she threw herself at his feet, and clasped his knees, and embraced them even as Lycaon did the knees of Achilles, and she cried out and said—

"Not that. Oh! Henri, Henri! Not that!" but he shook her off.

"You have driven me to it," he said. "I have nothing left to do. Any other man would have done it long ago. I have been so left, bound by my father, that I must marry again some woman, rich and noble. I must have an heir to my lands and title. Do you understand?"

She bent her head low over her hands, which still clasped his knees. It was hard to answer such things.

"If you really loved me, Mignon, you would make a sacrifice for me."

But she rose then. Almost proudly she looked at him while she asked—

"What sacrifice?"

"This," he said. "This, that out of your great love you would even suffer me to marry someone else, to save me from ruin, and yet still love me, as I should love you—better, a thousand thousand times better than ever."

"Oh, Henri, you are a bad, cruel man!"

"Then you refuse?"

"I do!"

"Fool! you shall repent it; I go now, and now is for ever."

And while he spoke he went a little nearer to the window, as though to cross the room towards the inner room door. In an instant she was beside him, close to him, in an instant before his eyes there flashed the gleam of a dagger's point; he saw the beautiful, wild face, white and wicked, and in the next he had grasped her wrist with one hand while he wrenched the dagger from her with the other.

"Fool!" he said again, and he chucked the little glistening toy out of the window; like a flash of light it shot through the air, and fell among the evergreens below.

"Did you think to kill me," and he laughed, but his face was pale, and almost scared looking.

"I did, and I will," she answered fiercely.

"Your love has very quickly turned to hate," he answered.

"It is time it should," she said again.

"Then you still mean to kill me?"

"I do."

"Have a care, Mignon, less words than those have hung men and women in England."

"Your country is like yourself," she cried, "cold and harsh, and treacherous, I will not trust myself near either."

"What, you won't follow me to England?" he said sarcastically. "I may go alone, all that way, may I. You won't venture into my wild country again, eh?"

"I would venture anywhere in search of my revenge, believe that, Henri, and never be too sure that I am not near you."

In the clear, stern tone of her voice there was something startling, something menacing. He looked steadily at her.

"You deserve that I should treat you as I have just treated your stiletto," he said, "to hurl you from the window, and dash you to pieces out there, you tempt me to do such things sometimes—take care, and do not tempt me too far."

"I can hate," she answered, "but I can never learn to fear."

And so she left him, without any farewell, with a menace on her lips, and revenge in her heart; and the door shut to after her, and only a dark Italian man walked away down the street, and went into the town, and was lost there.

For a long time Sir Henry Darrell sat by the open window, looking out over the bay; business had called him away from Naples and Carlotta, but not the business which he had represented to the angry, revengeful Italian woman who had just left the room. It was real business, and letters had come from England pressing for his return.

He was annoyed, he did not want to leave Italy just then; his determination to marry the young contessa and bring her home at once to his home in Devonshire was disturbed; he had to leave in haste, leaving her behind him; when he might return again he could not tell—not for weeks, perhaps—and now his revenge had grown so sweet to him, that every day, nay, every hour of its postponement was anguish.

So early the morning was, that

when Sir Henry looked at his watch, and then out over the sea, he was surprised to see the sun already shining there. He had had no sleep all night, and he had a journey before him in the coming day. He rang the bell for his servant.

"Are my things all packed, Thompson?"

"Yes, Sir Henry."

"Then call me in two hours."

"I shall, Sir Henry."

And then the faithful, much tried Thompson, to whom custom had made perpetual packing "a property

of easiness," found himself at leisure to take a two hours' nap, provided he was sure of being on the alert when those two hours were gone, with his master's coffee and *petit verre*, and everything packed and ready to start for England.

But Naples contained no charms for Mr. Thompson, although at home in England he rather boasted of his travels; but in his soul of souls he rejoiced when he received orders to pack up his tatters and turn his steps homewards.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

### THE LIGHT OF STARS.

IN England Sir Henry Darrell found everything changed. He went down into Devonshire, and stayed at Darrell, and little by little he learnt everything about Ethel and Victor; and when he knew it all, he began to feel that face to face with Ethel he could never stand again; he could not look into her clear, true eyes, and remember how he had deceived her, and not blush for his own falseness. He stayed at Darrell, but he never went near the Dower-house; he never strayed into the fields belonging to the Grange; he never walked into the village; he only went for a few days to the Stone House, and then he went away many miles into the country to pay a visit to a certain sporting gentleman, Sir John Brooke by name, who kept a very jolly bachelor's house, a French cook, and good wines, and who had also a name upon the turf. He was a man with whom the new baronet wished to stand well. And so Thompson got his master's portmanteaux under weigh once again, and went on his way rejoicing. Sir John Brooke kept the best bachelor's house in the county; moreover, he was a thoroughly hospitable little man; every man was a welcome guest under his roof. And Sir Henry made a week's stay there.

And now the summer was in its prime, corn and flowers, the harvest of the earth, rich and bright. The hawthorn blossoms were gone from the trees; the lilacs and laburnums had shed their flowers; the hyacinths, the columbines, and lady-smocks in

the Dower-house garden had given place to the summer crops of roses, and sweet-peas, and scented jessamine. And now Ethel is almost her old self again. She can roam the woods, and lanes, and fields with Victor. She can sit in the evenings on the lawn till it is quite dusk and late, and not feel tired. It is a whole fortnight since Victor, lying on the lawn grass, had asked her to sing to him, when she had answered, sighing, "When I am strong again." But now she sang often at her little organ in the library, when the night was stealing up over the fields and trees, and it was too late to sit outside among the roses. She sings the songs that she used to sing—that one of Schubert's "To the distant one"—the pretty translation from the German of Goëthe—

"My little rose, my rosebud dear!

My rose that blooms the roadside near!"

and that other which Victor had heard sung in Ireland, in a fairy drawing-room—"All is lost." And his thoughts flew back to that little room and its occupants, and he smiled as he remembered good-natured little Fanny bending over the piano; and and he thought of Anna Maria, and her attempt of getting up a flirtation with him, and then he thought of himself, and how he had sat dreaming on the sofa—dreaming of Ethel, and of this same quaint old room, and he smiled again, for his heart was light, and his life hopeful now, and he went over and stood beside her,



and listened to those sweet songs with such a thankful heart.

Ethel's was one of those ringing voices, so thoroughly musical; every note in it was clear, and strong, and sweet. And John Haller, too, sat listening in his chair; he sat and listened to her clear voice, and he thought of the days when she sang only for *him*, when he was first in her thoughts, when every thing she thought or did bore reference to him; and he thought too of all his great ambitious plans for her, and how they had faded away. That was the one flaw in this man's character, the one evil passion which had well-nigh brought wreck and waste, where he had hoped to see good. He was sorry for all that now, he remembered those terrible days, so full of agony and suspense when she had lain nigh unto death; he remembered how he had knelt and prayed for her in this same room, by that little gilded organ, and his thoughts grow sad then, they flow back and forward, back with the old lonely years which are gone, forward into the new lonely years which are to come, and they are so sad, that he rouses himself; he rises and takes down a book from one of the shelves, and reads all to himself, and the book he read was one of our sweetest poets, and the words he read were these:—

"Farewell! I did not know thy worth,

But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized;  
So angels walk'd unknown on earth,

But when they flew were recognised."

The words somehow seemed to accord wonderfully with his thoughts, there was a kind of regret in them, which chimed with his own sad thoughts; he read the words over twice. Not altogether unknown had his angel walked beside him for all the years of her sojourn with him, not altogether unprized; but still he had never known until he nearly lost her, how precious she was to him. He read, and then he sat and thought, until her voice roused him.

"We are going out for a little stroll, Uncle John."

Ethel had stolen over, and her hand was on his shoulder. He started.

"My little puss, isn't it a venture—the night air is so treacherous?"

But Ethel, like most other young ladies in love, doesn't think much of the weather.

"Oh, no," she cried, "it is so still and close, and I have my great thick Highland shawl."

"Very well, darling," John Haller answered then. He had never been used to keep a strict control over Ethel, and he does not care to begin now. "We" of course includes Victor, he is the principal person now in little Ethel's thoughts, he has quite put good John Haller's nose out of joint. He wraps the Shetland shawl well about Ethel in the hall, he even peeps out to make sure that there is no cold, chill air abroad and when he is quite satisfied, he pulls her arm through his and leads her out into the pleasant moonlight.

They go through the old-fashioned flower-garden, under the fruit-trees, by the trim box borders, and down to the very foot of the garden where the brook ran. So still the night was, so clear and still, that their very foot-falls on the gravel seemed to disturb the great quiet calm, which was everywhere. There were flowers all round them—roses red, and white, and yellow, roses pink, and blush, and crimson. Nowhere in all Devonshire was there a richer garden than this old-fashioned one at John Haller's grange. The smell of them is upon the air everywhere; the gravel is covered with their fallen leaves, although Ethel has been gathering them all day to make *pot-pourri*.

"See!" she cried, stopping, and sweeping a great heap together with her foot, "my poor old roses are shedding all their leaves."

"Not all," Victor answered; "see here is a bigger, brighter one than any. 'The last rose of summer,' very nearly. Shall I pluck it?"

"If you like."

He stepped up to the tree, and pulled the rose—such a soft, blushing rose—all laden with big dew-drops.

"There," he said, holding it up triumphantly; "isn't it a beauty! You shall wear it in your hair, darling."

"You foolish fellow!" she cried, laughing.

"Not a bit," he answered, standing by her, and adjusting the great soft flower among the thick rolls of her bright hair.

"There, it looks so jolly; I wish you could see it. Stand away till I look at you—how the red becomes you!"

He spoke, standing before her, looking at her pretty head turned a little sideways, with that bright patch of crimson among the shining brown gold of her hair in the moonlight.

"Does it really look well?"

"Beautiful!" he answered, honestly.

Ethel smiled, and she spoke, standing still in that clear light before him.

"I wonder, Victor, whether you first loved me because I was pretty?"

"You little conceited thing, who ever told you you were pretty?"

"Well, perhaps, not pretty exactly, but good-looking. Will you allow even that? Did you fall in love with me because I was good-looking?"

"No."

"I'm very glad, Victor."

"Why, my precious?"

"Because I shouldn't like to be loved for my face."

"For what, then?"

"I don't know."

"Shall I tell you why I first fell in love with you?"

"Do, dear."

He stepped up to her; he laid his two big hands upon her shoulders, and looked down into her face with his pleasant eyes.

"I loved my little woman because she was good, and true"—

"Oh, Victor!"

"Because she was true, and unlike everybody else, and such a day-dreaming, little soul."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed, I did; I fell in love before I knew where I was."

"My poor fellow!"

"I fell in love with her face, and voice, and pleasant ways—with her whole dear, dear self!"

And he took the face in his two hands, and held it while he stooped down and kissed it.

"Are you satisfied?" he asked then.

"Quite," she answered, smiling up at him.

And she took his arm once again, and they walked on, on through that shady little path that wound past the river. It was all shadow there, so many leafy trees grew alongside of the water, and stretched their wide branches across, and all about; and Victor said—

"And now I want my darling to tell me why she wouldn't like to be loved only for her face?"

I think he sometimes asked her questions only to hear her odd answers. He liked her strange theories and ways of putting things. Ethel's answer was this:—

"Because, dear, I have a feeling that love ought to be everlasting—a thing which, when it is once called into life, should live with us and die with us."

"Well?" he asked again.

"Well; that is very nearly all, only people should be careful where they love, and what they love; they shouldn't love changing, passing things, I think."

"You are right, dearest."

"And so you see that is why I shouldn't like to be loved only for my prettiness."

"Quite right; but then you know it's not every pretty person you could love for themselves; you very seldom see a pretty girl so sensible and clever as my treasure."

"You will make me very conceited, Victor."

"I'm not afraid of that," he answered; and they walked on again in silence through that little wood, and out into the field above the meadow: there Victor paused with Ethel.

They stood on a little rising ground, and they looked down upon the plain of land lying beneath them, bathed in that clear, still light of the moon, the long, wide meadows stretching eastward, the pasture lands beyond, the dikes and hedges, the many corn-fields and groups of trees, and, nearer still, the pleasant old orchard, the barns and stables. Victor sighed.

"I shall be sorry to leave this quiet old place," he said, rather sadly; "we have been very happy here together."

"Very, very," she murmured, and she clung closer still to his arm while she spoke.

"And I shall be sorry to take my darling away from all her old pleasant occupations; but it must be, and God grant that I may be able to make her new life as pleasant for her."

Closer still she clung to him then.

"Victor, have you quite decided upon leaving Uncle John?" she asked him, softly.

"My little wife, I could not bear that anyone should say of me, that I leant on others for support or daily

bread, or that I could not work to keep my wife."

"Of course, dear, but"——

"Well?"

"Uncle John will miss us so terribly."

He hesitated.

"Uncle John shall see us very often, darling."

And then he hesitated a little more, but finally he said——

"I will tell you a little secret, Ethel; but it is to be all our own; no one is to hear of it just yet, do you understand?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well, I have made up my mind to leave the army, dearest—to sell out; in fact I have already sent my papers in, and—then, why I am going to turn into a farmer, if you don't object."

"Oh, Victor! oh love! I am so glad!"

Many girls in Ethel's place would, I dare say, have regretted the pomp and show of the soldiering life to which they had been looking forward. Not so, Ethel; her life had been so closely set with good honest John Haller's farming working life, and to her mind there was none other so good and plausible as that one which men spend toiling in the sweat of their brows for their daily bread.

"Are you really satisfied then?" Victor asked, joyously.

"Quite, quite satisfied."

"Why, after all, I do not quite know my treasure yet," Victor said. "I thought that perhaps she might be disappointed at my plan—I thought that perhaps she might have grown tired of her quiet country life, and be longing to see some new places and people."

"Ah, Victor, you don't know me after all!"

"Darling! you are so sensible, I shall never know all your goodness!"

But she whispered——

"Hush, dear, you mustn't say that; and now tell me where is our home to be."

"Quite close. Will you come with me to look at it to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"It is very small and humble."

"Never mind that, dear!"

"Very poor and humble to bring my darling into."

"Never mind, Victor; other people have begun the world even poorer than we are, Uncle John did so once, and he is a rich man now."

"So he is, and—this new home of ours is all our own Ethel. I have bought it with my own money; do you understand?"

She did understand, she knew that her lover was so proud and independent that one penny of John Haller's money he would not touch while her uncle lived, and so he told her—that the home to which he was bringing her was all their own!

## CHAPTER LXXII.

### "LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM."

It was an old, old house, such a lonely house that wherein Victor and Ethel were to live. Just the other side of the hill it lay, in the valley. Ethel had often walked there and sat in the neglected garden, and peeped in at the silent windows, and in her dreamland this old place had figured often as Marianna's "moated grange." There was the silence and hush; the long shadows and the moated sunbeams alternately stole in and lay upon the floors and walls. It was not a cheerful place; but Victor and Ethel are young, young and loving, and these two things will make a paradise, even of this deserted old farm-house.

Who knows, besides, what a little paint and varnish, and new thatching can make of the outside; what muslin curtains and chintz covers, gay papers and carpets and pictures can do for the inside? Ethel is one of those women who have a knack of making any room look home-like in a few minutes. A few touches, an open work-box, books, and tiny ornaments, will find their way there, and find their places as naturally in half an hour as though they had been there for twenty years. Victor knows this, and he is very hopeful. There is the garden too, an old neglected garden, rank with weeds and long grass, but Ethel loves

flowers, and there are many, many choked and hidden there. She will bring them to light and clip their dead leaves, and prop up their drooping branches, and pluck the weeds from about them, and they will bloom again. Victor knows this too, and the knowledge makes him more hopeful still. They drove there together in the basket carriage in the morning. It was quite a little expedition, and such a pleasant one for Ethel. They tied the Shetland up in an old stable, and left him to his own devices for a good two hours, while they roamed about the place and house. Victor was going to begin farming on a very small scale at first, only a few acres of land and a small stock of cattle, but he had determined to be careful and patient, keeping to his work bravely until his lands should grow, and his cattle increase; there was such a diminutive farm-yard, that Ethel couldn't help laughing when she compared it to John Haller's big one, such diminutive barns and stables, such a tiny house and garden, but then—oh! then—as Victor had said, it was all their own! and already my little imaginative heroine was throwing a halo of romance over all its desolation and neglect, she was furnishing the rooms in her fancy, laying out the garden, and taking an interest in the farm, training sweet jessamine and heliotrope over the house-walls; she had even hopes of growing a syringa near her drawing-room window. It was beginning the world in sober earnest this—laying out land and furnishing a house; but she liked it. What fun the furnishing would be! Miss Haller quite surprised her lover by her wonderful spirits, as she ran from one tiny room to another, and up the little creaking stairs and down again, and out into the garden; if he had brought her home to the smartest, newest house that ever was heard of, she could not have seemed better pleased than she now was, with this little, old, tumble-down farm-house. And all this makes Victor so hopeful, so very hopeful! he has been half dreading Ethel's gentle disappointment, and the reproach and sorrow which, he can quite fancy, might live in those deep violet eyes of hers. But the violet eyes look so clear and trustful, he is very very happy to-day.

They had been all over the house together; they had pictured what every room was to be, and Victor had written it all in his pocket-book, to be remembered. And then they went outside to release the Shetland, and drive home. It was only when they were driving quietly along the roads that Ethel said—

"I think we ought to tell Uncle John, Victor. I could not look into his dear, good face and feel that I was hiding anything from him, and not be unhappy."

Victor's face flushes. "She is always right," he cannot help thinking.

"My dearest," he says, "of course you may tell him now. I would not have you hide anything from him."

And for her truth and perfect trust, he loves her all the more. It is only by little and little that he is learning all her noble, generous nature, and as he learns he grows more fully thankful that to such as she is he has given all his heart.

They drove home through the summer roads and lanes, by the flowery hedges and sweet-scented fields;

"Happy, happy pair!"

full of such bright dreams for the future; and they drove up the shady little avenue at the Dower-house in the afternoon, while the sun was still lying upon the fields and roads, and they went up to old Sally's snug Dutch room to have a cup of tea, for Sally made the best tea in the world. And Victor was a great favourite of hers; his winning, bright manner had found a way to the old woman's heart.

Ethel's doves, in the basket-cage, are cooing in the sunlight up in the open window; the sparrows are chirping away in the ivy; the scents of the twining flowers and the big syringa is on the air everywhere, and there is calm and stillness all about.

And they went upstairs into the cheery little old Dutch room, with its oak chairs and tables, and wide, old-fashioned fireplace. Sally was there, and such a cozy little tea-table, drawn to the window, Ethel's blue and gold tea-set laid out, and the copper kettle standing on its own little stand close by. I wish I could draw that snug little Dutch room at the Grange. I wish I had Mr. Dickens's marvellous faculty for furnishing his scenes, and making little complete pictures of every

one of them ; but I cannot. I can only say that it was the snuggest, cheeriest little place I ever was in, with its Dutch clock, and old furniture, and little bookshelf, and crowds of pictures, and shelves of china, and bright plates, and copper kettle, and gay, illuminated red and gold texts.

They had tea there, a cozy cup of afternoon tea, and then, for lack of *savoir faire*, they pulled their chairs closer still to the open window, and looked out. But Victor had no talent *pour le silence*, and he broke in with—

"I wonder how poor little Aunt Mary is getting on, all alone over there?"

He was looking away over the bright fields towards the group of dark trees, through which there was a peep of the stone-house of Darrell.

"Is she quite alone?" Ethel asked.

"I suppose so."

"I wonder would she come over here for a few days? Would she like the change?"

"I dare say she would, darling."

"I will speak to Uncle John, and then we can walk over and ask her. I'm glad we thought of it. She must be very, very lonely."

"She's used to it by this time, I suppose," Victor answered, still looking away to the great dreary house, around which the rooks cawed all day long, and over which there hung such a shadow of tristeness and loneliness. "People grow to like it after a bit, I believe. She doesn't seem to mind it at all."

"We have lots of room here, you know," Ethel interrupted. "There's the room next your's, and two others at the other side of the house. It's such an old barrack of a place, isn't it?"

"A very jolly old barrack, I think," Victor answered, smiling.

And so it was, that when John

Haller's big figure hove in sight, coming home across the fields, that Ethel snatched up her hat and ran to meet him. She ran through the garden, among the bright flowers, under the spreading trees. Once she turned, and looked back, and that once only to wave her hand to Victor, who stood watching her in the Dutch room window. And then she sped on to join her guardian. To make the walk as long as possible, she ran the whole way until she met him. That old custom of running out while he was yet a great way off, and leading him home through the garden Ethel had never given up. It was the one little, tender, loving custom which John Haller will miss most of all when there is no Ethel at the Grange. And they strolled home on this evening, slowly, through the wood, by the stream, and into the garden, and Ethel had broached her little plan of having Lady Darrell there among them for a few days. What had he ever denied this spoilt little girl? When had he ever said "No" to any one of her little requests?

"If you like, little puss," he said, then. "If you think she will like to come."

"I am sure of that."

"Then she will be very welcome, darling."

Victor meets them at the door, standing under the summer roses, and he, too, has something to speak of. He has the whole of his new farming project to lay before John Haller. He has to ask for advice, and look for encouragement, and they go together into the library, while Ethel runs away to write that little note of invitation which she and Victor can carry over with them to Darrell, in their evening walk.

## CHAPTER LXXIII.

### "HOME SWEET HOME."

AND the days and weeks crept by, and the summer faded away, and the autumn floated into winter, and the winter into summer again, and another year was gone, and Victor and Ethel were married.

Round the little "moated grange"

which they had chosen for a home the garden blooms as fresh and fair as it bloomed in Victor's dreams a whole year ago, when there was nothing but weeds and long grass growing there. The tiny rooms into which the long shadows and the

moated sunbeams stole so drearily, are cheery, spick-and-span cottage rooms now.

They are not rich, these two, they are beginning the world for themselves, making a home, and a hundred little home interests, all for themselves ; but they are very, very happy.

A year is gone, a whole long, quiet year, and unto Victor and Ethel a child is born, a son is given. She is young to be a mother—very young. She holds her baby in her arms, and looks down upon his little sleeping, waxen face, and then up to his father's handsome, loving one, which is bending above them both, and she says, "Oh ! Victor, God grant that I may be a good mother to our boy !"

She is so very young, and there yet seems so much to be learnt before she can hope to teach, that timid Ethel sometimes almost trembles as she looks down on that little baby form, and thinks how much, how very much, of all his future, both in life and in death, now lies in her hands, to be shaped for good or evil.

But she is so thoughtful, her little anxious cares and great unselfish love have developed all that is good and womanly in Ethel, she is such a tender, loving wife—such a gentle, careful mother.

Victor smiles, while she speaks with something of her old, earnest way. They are standing together under a sweet, leafy, little porch. There are flowers and sweet-smelling leaves all about them, and summer blue is in the sky. He lays his hand upon her shoulder.

"There is no fear of that, my darling," he says pleasantly, "I don't suppose that there is one other little creature in all England made such a pet of as this little ugly fellow. I declare, Ethel, I sometimes feel quite jealous of him."

"Oh, Victor ! Oh, love !" she answers then.

With all the old love and all the old tenderness in her heart and voice and eyes, he is dearer to her now than ever. What love she has for that little sleeping baby is something new—something which has grown up new within her. She is not robbing Victor of anything.

It was such a quiet life, that which these two led together, and so much

of it they contrived to spend together, although Victor was a farmer, and had all the cares and anxieties of a farm on his hands. Still the evenings were theirs altogether ; even the little baby idol, much to Victor's relief, slept in his crib at those times. Although even then Ethel could not help sharing her heart with him. She would start sometimes when they were strolling near the house, and press Victor's arm, and cry—

"Hush ! Is that baby crying ?"

And at such times Victor—jealous Victor—would say—

"Hang the baby ! he is always crying."

But he loved his little wife all the more for her tender care. And Ethel only laughs ; for she is so proud of her boy, he is so handsome, so like Victor, such a king among children. He is fair, with bright hair and peach-coloured cheeks. She calls him "Little Blossom"—a sweet name, but sad.

They were sweet, those days ; sweet as the old spring days when they were only lovers, straying in the clover fields, under hawthorn hedges ; sweet as even the old, old summer days of all, when they walked among the roses in the Dower-house garden. They were days remembered long, long after in a dream, when all their little world had grown and changed, and nothing remained the same but themselves and their great, strong love.

Victor's farming was troublesome to him in the beginning. The corn and grass did not grow and multiply in the way in which he had dreamt. The sheep and cows didn't increase in number in the rapid manner which he had imagined. An occasional sheep would stray away from the fold ; a cow died suddenly of some mysterious disease which puzzled Victor and half-a-dozen cow-doctors, and even much-experienced John Haller. His geese and ducks were stolen sometimes, and three pigs died of over-drinking themselves of beer, having found their way in some mysterious manner into the brewing-house. But on the whole, Mr. Darrell wasn't losing money, and that is about as much as most young farmers can boast after their first year at the trade. And there was milk, and cream, and butter, all of the best, always to be had at the little farmhouse. There were chickens, and ducks, and turkeys, all

of the plumpest and biggest ; and the greenest, freshest, finest vegetables in England. Altogether, he could not complain.

Ethel would call her new home "The Moated Grange," although nothing could be more unlike Mr. Tennyson's sad picture of Marianna's silent home, than this snug little farmhouse ; but Ethel remembered it in the days when she had wandered there, in the bleak cold autumn, filling the place with her wild fancies ; she remembered it too on the day when Victor and she had gone there together for the first time, the hot, still summer day, when her heart had felt so low, as she looked upon the waste and desolation there ; when she had striven so bravely that Victor should not see the disappointment, and succeeded so perfectly that he never even dreamt of it ; and still she would call it "The Moated Grange ;" outside the little sitting-room window there grew a sycamore tree, with woodbine wreathing round it ; and it was the same tree which used to cast the shadow of its branches in solemn black upon the floors within. There were carpets there now, bright flowery carpets, and no one saw the shadows, and under shelter of the tree Victor had made a pretty rustic seat of wood for Ethel. In a year a great deal can be done, if people only set their hands and minds to work, and Victor and Ethel had worked at it all with their own hands, finding pleasure in their tasks, and now at last it was all complete, their task was ended, and it only wanted a little summer sun to shine upon the fields and flowers, a little gentle dew to refresh the trees and bushes, and fill their branches with strong new sap, and then the work would be quite finished. There were the ploughs, and the harrows, and the strong horses ; there were the barns, and the farmyards, and the fields, and meadows, everything in miniature which had belonged to her old home, and Ethel was beginning to love this new one with her whole heart ; however disappointed and shocked she may have been a year ago, when Victor told her that it was to be her home—all that was gone, and I think it would have half broken her heart had she been now obliged to leave it for any other.

I am wasting a great deal of time in this little humble farm, flying from

one thing to another, and not half describing anything, and I am sure it wearies you, my reader ; but it is one of my water-colour sketches, an old, old one, half faded, the colours are growing faint and indistinct ; but it is one of the few which I spoke of in the commencement of this story, one of the "few sketches of fields and trees, and pleasant country houses ; of woods and rivers, and summer sunsets," which hang in my little picture gallery. It is a low-sized house, only two stories high, a quaint old-fashioned little house, uneven and irregular, jutting out in one place, sinking in in another ; with countless little diamond-paned windows, round which Victor and Ethel have trained long branching plants ; a vine is growing green and thick on the side which faces to the south ; there are roses, pink and white, clustering about the porch, and a westeria is spreading itself all along the western wall ; there are sloping roofs, and tall chimneys, and little weathercocks ; trellis-work outside the sitting-room windows, which makes a kind of veranda, and it too is wreathed all over with jessamines, and honeysuckle, and purple passion flowers. There is a garden rich in roses and basil and mint, in sweet smelling wallflowers and bright painted peonies, in scarlet geraniums, and heart's-ease, with here and there the starry blue of tiny forget-me-nots. A sweet sunny little garden, where big bees hum about lazily in the sunlight.

Inside there is a little square hall, with deer horns on the wall, and a deerskin carpet, there are two doors opening off the hall, and a staircase. One of the doors opened into the cheeriest, snuggest little drawing-room, chintz-covered, chintz-curtained, with a rosebud wall-paper, and a rosebud carpet ; a snug little room, neat and pleasant, but quite simple in all its furniture. And the other door opened into a dining-room, and that room like the other boasted of nothing more than comfort. There are other rooms upstairs, little bright bedrooms, white curtained, with little tiny windows, looking out over the garden, or lawn, or avenue. It is just a snug little house, that is all ; but for Ethel there is that in the dear name of "home" which glorifies, and beautifies, and makes a fairyland of the whole place.

## CHAPTER LXXIV

"Where the wicked cease from troubling  
And the weary are at rest."

THE summer sun shone once again on sunny Naples ; on the glistening, rippling bay, along the Riviera di Chiaia, on the palazzos, overlooking the Giardin Reale. It shone upon the heights and villas, on Carlotta's vine-grown terrace overhanging the sea.

A year was gone since the young contessa had seen her English lover walk away from her in the starlight. She had never seen him since. Long, ardent letters, full of promise, came across the sea to her, but he never came. Truth to tell, Henry Darrell meant to keep his word with his new love ; he didn't want to back out of his engagement for many reasons. Ethel was married now, and so quite beyond his reach ; and Ethel had a little son, and that little son Sir Henry vowed should never reign master at Darrell ; added to all this, Carlotta's sparkling, piquant beauty had stirred his heart. She was a woman to be proud of, so fair, so young, so rich ! But the burden of his old secret still lay at his heart, and weighed it down. Oh ! that his old love wild passionate Mignon would die ! Oh ! that he could some morning read her death in the paper, as men in novels sometimes do ; and start up crying, "I am free !" but such things only do happen in novels ; people who are wanted to die never do die ; old relatives who have fortunes to leave, live longer than anyone else, and keep their speculative young nieces or nephews, or even cousins sometimes in a sad state of uncertainty. There was no hope of any such release for Henry Darrell. But in London he spent his time, drawing out papers, and so laying out proofs of his freedom, that after long months, when the faithful, ill-used woman once again stood before him on English land, he was able to prove to her that his boasts had been more than mere idle words.

The sun had been shining scorchingly all day at Naples ; the vine-leaves at Carlotta's villa looked almost dried up and withered ; the Venetian blinds could not quite keep out

the burning light from the drawing-room within ; and Carlotta had a letter from England, a letter which caused her to jump up, and clap her hands, and cry—

"He is coming ! He is coming !" so joyously and boisterously that the languid, over-heated mamma, lying *comme de coutume*, in her French *causeuse*, turned, surprised to inquire the cause of the demonstrations of joy in which the young contessa was indulging.

"He is coming, my mother ; I knew he would. My brave love ! I knew he would come !"

And again Carlotta clapped her little ivory hands together, and danced about the room in an ecstasy.

That night she stood again on the terrace, when the moon shone so clearly, so brightly, that every little ripple on the water showed clear as crystal, when every one of the little vine-leaves shone like the leaves of the trees in fairy tales, silver, and emerald and crystal in the light ; it was such a moonlight as never shines on us Northerners, so clear, so white, so almost dazzling its brightness was. And she read her letter over and over again, and kissed it, and pressed it to her heart ; and she looked out over the sea, over the vast, measureless waste of sparkling water, and she thought of him, not in the true, loving, earnest way in which our tender little English girls think of their *fiancées*—but proudly, with her face flushed, and her black eyes sparkling, with her heart knocking, knocking within her breast ; for she thought of him as the man who was to take her by the hand, and make a great lady of her, putting her where she ought to be, among noble people ; taking her where the languid, sleepy mamma would not take her—into the world !

She was ambitious, this young Italian ; ambitious and proud, and she longed so ardently to be launched into the great world ; to mix with men and women, less lovely, less noble, less rich than she was ; she craved for admiration and homage ;



and all these things were to be hers when Sir Henry Darrell made her his wife, and took her away out of sleepy, idle Italy; into that country where life is not all a long summer day. Poor Carlotta! hers was a dangerous ambition. It led her thoughts into strange, turbulent channels; her mind ran ever in the one direction; she only lived in that hope of one day being great and proud and noble, as her ancestors had been before her. Her mother's sleepy apathy tortured her, and sometimes provoked her into storms of passion, storms of upbraidings, and cruel words; storms of tears, and sobs, and pleadings, all equally useless. She lived a life to her irksome as any convent life, away from everyone, and everything, a still, sleepy, indolent life; and she was active, and passionate, and ambitious, and so she kissed her letter, and pressed it to her heart, and even rained tears upon it—such tears as captives shed upon the order for their release from the imprisonment which has lasted over long years. He was coming! and never before had anyone looked forward more longingly to the coming of another than did Carlotta for her English lover, who was to come over the sea and rescue her from her captivity.

And Sir Henry Darrell in England was making preparations for his marriage; he bought rich presents of diamonds and rings and brooches, all to be laid at Italian Carlotta's feet. It was so that he had always wooed her with gold and precious stones, but few, few words! And the faded drawing-rooms at Darrell were being gilt and painted; new curtains and carpets; new covers on the faded chairs and sofas; long looking-glasses, in which Carlotta could admire herself as she walked the room, or lay on the sofa, or lounged in the great old-fashioned French chairs, or sat and played at Lady Darrell's grand piano; for Carlotta, too, could play and sing. Everything was to be new, everything was to be luxurious, and handsome, and new; for la contessa was bringing a fortune with her, and her husband was proud of her. And Sir Henry went himself into Devonshire to superintend the preparations. Timid Lady Darrell had received her *congé*, she was to make a home for herself somewhere else. Carlotta

and she would not agree. This was another of Sir Henry's changes.

But while he so put all the past away from him, and strove to have everything new, there yet hung that shadow over his life, that dark cloud which had fallen on his youth, and was destined to darken his afterlife. He couldn't shake off the faithful woman whom he had deceived; he couldn't trace out a path for himself which she, too, might not tread; she had been near him at Naples, she had been near him in London, she had followed him once again to his home in Devonshire.

There came a day when, riding along the roads, he saw a figure, a well-known figure, standing before him, blocking his way, keeping him from pressing onward. It was as he turned, and stopped before a low field-gate, through which he meant to pass. Like a ghost the figure glided in front of him, and seized the startled horse by the bit.

"Let go," he cried angrily, and he drove his spurs deep into the horse's flanks. It was a young strong horse, but her grip was firm.

"You shall speak with me this time, Henri," she said, sternly.

Again he drove his spurs into the frightened horse.

"Stand back," he cried, savagely; stand back, or by G—, I'll ride over you."

There rang a scornful laugh in his ear, and, stung by his fury, he struck fiercely with his whip. The blow fell half on the woman's hand and arm, half on the horse's head. With a cry she loosed the bridle, and the terrified horse sprang forward, reared and plunged, with a desperate dash at the gate—*too late!*

How much can fit into a moment of time; a flash of lightning, a life gone. In that one moment the woman had only just time to spring back under the shelter of the hedge. The frightened horse making a false spring, struck his heels full against the top bar of the gate, and in another moment, horse and rider lay all in a heap below, in the ditch, among the weeds and stones.

A wild scream from the frightened woman, a cry that echoed over the fields and lanes, and startled a group of labourers strolling home after their day's work.

The horse lies stone dead, with his neck broken! And the man lies dying, with a great gash over his temples, from which the red blood is flowing and dyeing the stones and grass all round him.

She tried to staunch the wound; she pressed her fingers over it till they too were red; she lifted the senseless, motionless form, and half dragged him from among the weeds and stones. She laid him all along upon the pleasant grass, moaning all the while—

“Oh Henri! Henri! Oh God! I have killed him!”

And she knelt beside him, she caught his hand, she chafed it, and pressed it; she raised his poor, wounded head, from which the blood now ran in a great stream. She tore great lengths off her dress, and bound them over the gash; she called him by his name, but he never stirred or spoke, and when at last those labourers who had heard the cry came and stood round, and looked helplessly on, stupified with fright, and astonishment, and awe, it was she who cried—

“Get water; he is dying!”

And then, only then, they seemed to realize that they must stir themselves. One ran for water, another for the doctor, and one went over the fields for Victor, while others stood, and looked, and wondered; but she tore the grass up in handfuls, and laid it fresh and wet over the wound, only to see it stained afresh in another moment with the crimson lifeblood which flowed so quickly. She dashed the water over his face and head. It was she who cried—

“He lives! he lives!” as the dying man slowly opened his eyes, and looked about him. And when he did, when they raised him up, and bathed his face with the cool water, and the doctor came, and Victor, from his far-off fields, Henry only opened his eyes, and they fell upon the tall, handsome figure of his cousin. It was only a look; but oh! there was entreaty, that dumb, agonized entreaty which cannot speak its pleading otherwise. And Victor knelt beside him, and took his hand, cold, clammy with the dews of death, and bent his head over it, and in the

action, simple as it was, there was forgiveness. This was the meeting for which Victor, in his hardy strength and life, had longed! This was his meeting with the man who had wronged him so! His revenge had been taken out of his hands. “Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord;” and surely the hand of God was discernible in this fall of strength and power. But Henry Darrell after that only closed his eyes, and those standing by said, “He is dead.” But even while they stood with bated breath, there rose such a cry upon the air, such a terrified, wailing cry—

“Oh Henri! Henri! Oh! love, love! Speak to me!”

She knelt beside him—that poor, ill-used, foreign woman—she knelt, and held his hand, chafing it, kissing it, and wetting it with her tears, even as Mary Magdalene wet the blessed Saviour’s hands in the old, old days. And the cry, wild and passionate, seemed to call his spirit back again from that journey upon which it had set out, for he opened his eyes, his dim, dying eyes, and looked upon her. In that moment, seeing her so, looking on her so, I think he forgot the years which had separated their first meeting from this one; I think he forgot his other newer love, and the wicked plan which had well-nigh been accomplished. He saw the dark, beautiful face, he heard the clear, ringing voice, and I think in those few moments he was back again under Italian skies, back again in a time when for him her presence made the earth a Paradise, and he forgot all other things. And then he closed his eyes again, and it all came back to him: the sin, the sorrow, the great wrong which he had done her. His lips moved, his voice came to him—

“Forgive me, little mignon?”

A whisper from dying lips, spoken softly; a prayer full up with repentance.

“Oh Henri, I do!”

It was the meeting of hands across a great gulf. The forgiveness lay with the Eternal God, for while she spoke the spirit had passed away on its long journey, and Sir Henry Darrell was numbered among the dead.

## CHAPTER LXXV.

## STEP GENTLY!

AND so Henry Darrell's secret died with him; that secret which had embittered his whole life, and taken the hope out of it; and no one ever knew that the heart-broken woman, whose arms held him in death, was his wife—as true a wife as though a dozen English bishops had pronounced them “one.” She never told his secret; she was loyal to him even in death; she never spoke of her wrongs. When she raised her head, and looked on his dead face, pale, stern, and unrelenting in its marble stillness, on which death had left “only the beautiful,” she shed no weak womanly tears, she only laid the head gently, reverently down on the pleasant dewy grass; she passed her hand over his eyes; she smoothed back the thick blood-clotted hair off his forehead, and she looked one long, agonized look on the dead face. She didn't speak, she didn't cry, or moan any more, she only looked that one, last look; and then she stood up to go—to go she knew not where. Away, “anywhere, anywhere out of the world,” for the world was cold, and dark, and empty now, cold, and bleak, and empty. She took no note of the curious glances which were cast upon her; she took no note of the suspicious eyes which followed her as she crept away. Her heart was all full, full to bursting, with the wild upbraiding, “I have killed him!” But only a few steps she could take, only a few, and then the strength left her altogether. The want of those tears which should have come took her strength away from her, and she only tottered a few steps, and then fell down on the grass near to him in a deep, dead swoon.

When she came to herself she was lying in a quiet room, all hushed, and darkened—one of the solemn rooms in the house of death. And Victor stood by her, generous, pitying Victor, and Lady Darrell bent kindly over her. Then it was that tears came—tears falling like the gentle dews from Heaven, refreshing, gentle tears; and her sad story was told to those two kind, sympathizing souls—that old story of the love, and false

marriage, of the old dead days in Italy, where they had lived together, loving one another so passionately; and all the newer part, when the love had died out of *his* heart, and he had tried to shake her off. It was all told through tears—sad, regretful tears. Victor stood listening, with his hands over his eyes; Victor striving in his heart to forgive that dead man, who had wronged him so, the injury which he had also done to others, but he found it hard, very hard! He thought of Ethel, of his beloved, innocent Ethel, and the terrible danger which had been so near her once; and he thought of that young foreign lady who was to have come to Darrell in a little while as lady and mistress there; and in his soul he knew that it was well that Henry lay dead. He didn't speak; he only stood listening and thinking; it wasn't until the woman's voice spoke, saying, “But I forgive him—all—all!” that he felt the good, generous part of his nature touched; he, too, forgave, because that his wrongs were as nothing compared to hers.

And later on, when the evening was closing in, she asked to see him.

“Just once before I go,” she said, “just once.”

And they led her into the silent room where he lay, with the blood all wiped away off his face, with a robe of white upon him, and perfect stillness all round him. Oh God! that I could think that so the dark spots of his sins are washed away; that so, clothed in white, he stands among that band of saints for ever and for ever in the realms of perfect peace. Who can tell—who can say that God, out of his infinite mercy, may not, even unto such as he was, have found it in his heart to say, “Thy sins are forgiven thee?” Who can tell that in one of the many mansions of the Father's House he may not have found one into which he could creep and be received; one of the very least of all those mansions, and be forgiven? Because his temptations were so great; because it was not altogether his own fault that he had not grown in grace, but in selfish-

ness, and wilfulness, and evil-passionateness. Perhaps some of the blame is laid on those into whose hands God placed him, and from whom he will demand an account of the treasure committed to their care.

They led her in, stepping gently and speaking softly, into the presence of death. They led her over to the bedside, and drew the curtain, and let her look at him; and the tears fell again—the soft dewy tears which stole away so much of the anguish and despair, and she bent down and kissed his face, kissed it for the memory of those old loving days in sunny Italy, forgetting and forgiving all else.

And they were kind to her—kind, and charitable, and ministering; Ethel came and sat with her, and held her hands in her own gentle pleasant one, and spoke to her in her own soothing way, thinking charitably; believing so surely in that good, wise promise—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my children, ye have done it unto me."

And Ethel was tender and patient with her; for looking into her face, she remembered a summer night when she herself with a dull deep pain in her heart had roamed away into the meadow-field to think of Victor. She remembered the lonely foreign woman whom she had met there, how the moonlight had fallen upon her strange handsome face, when she had told herself that she could never forget that strange gipsy face which she had seen in the moonlight. It was before her now, dark and beautiful as ever. Little fanciful Ethel shuddered as she thought of that long ago night.

Ethel and Victor went home to their farmhouse, in the late evening. It wasn't until they stood in the garden, among the flowers outside the drawing-room windows, under the sycamore tree, that the excitement, and pain, and shock of the day began to tell upon Ethel; that the idea came into her mind that now she must leave her happy little "moated grange" and go into the world, and live no more altogether for Victor and her baby; there had been lately but the three topics in her conversation, "our farm," "our baby," and last, not least, "my Victor." All that would change now; Victor would be a rich man, a baronet, a

person of consequence in his country; there would be no more of the pleasant little planning and speculating, no more farming, and cozy evenings, enjoyed as no evenings ever can be unless they succeed busy days. Poor little Ethel! she didn't want to be a fine lady, she didn't want to drive in carriages, and live in a big stone house with a crowd of servants, and a London nurse tending her precious baby; she was very, very happy in her "moated grange," gardening and playing with her "little blossom," and strolling with Victor in the fields of evenings; she was happy whipping her Shetland pony along the roads; happy working on the rustic seat under the sycamore tree, although her work was often nothing more than the hemming of a rubber, or the darning of a stocking; happy all the day with that peaceful happiness which passes all other. And so when she came home, after that long trying day at Darrell, and looked at her cozy little farmhouse, and went and sat down on the wooden seat under the sycamore tree, with the woodbine twining near her head, she put up her hands over her eyes, and cried, and wept.

It wasn't often that Ethel cried; she wasn't a young lady given to weeping for little things, and Victor was surprised; he went over and sat beside her on the rustic seat.

"My darling!" he said kindly, "my poor little pet, you are tired, and all this dreadful business has made you nervous; you mustn't go there again, I should be more careful of my precious wife."

But still she went on crying burning scalding tears that crept through her fingers and wet all her face.

"No, no, Victor, it isn't that," she sobbed, "that is all so dreadful, and sudden, I am only shocked."

"My dearest, you are tired; come inside."

But she stopped crying then.

"No, dear, no, I like being here; I like our sweet evenings together. Oh, Victor! oh, husband!"

And she nestled close to him, laying her head on his shoulder, and there was something of regret in the words, he felt it, he put his arm round her, and drew her nearer to him, nearer still.

"My little wife! my sweet love!"

he said. "What is it; what is it, Ethel?"

"Victor, I am so fond of our home."

"I know, darling."

"Our quiet, happy, lonely 'moated grange.'"

"It has been a very happy home, dearest."

She looked through the low branches of the tree, up at the diminutive diamond-paned windows, up to the queer sloping roofs, and slim chimneys; she looked all over the place, at the flowers which they had planted, and watched, and tended, at the green, green vine, which every day grew thicker, and taller, and stronger, and she said—

"Victor, must we leave our 'moated grange' now?"

"It is very soon to think of such things, darling."

"I know it is, but I cannot help it."

"Shall you be sorry to go, my wife?"

"Sorry, sorry!" she answered; "no home will ever be the same."

"Ethel, that is wrong."

"No, love! no."

"Indeed it is, my dearest."

But he couldn't think so; he couldn't help loving her all the more for her strong affection.

"Where I am will always be home, won't it?"

"It will not be the same, Victor."

"How so?"

"We will never be so much together then," she answered, and while she spoke, a dream of those new days wherein Victor, like Tennyson's "Landscape Painter," was to turn

into a "wealthy noble," came before her, and she let the tears fall anew, for their happy love-making time which was nearly over."

"How so? do you think I shall ever grow careless of you, Ethel."

"No, no."

"I don't think you need fear that, little wife."

"I don't, Victor."

"What is it then?"

"Ah, love! I cannot tell you."

But he understood her; he held her close to him, and spoke the best words of comfort he could think of.

"Remember our boy, Ethel, he is a greater person than ever now."

And she did remember, she felt her pride of him flush up to her face, she felt how selfish she had been, and she spoke—

"Oh, Victor, you are right," she said.

"He need not ever work, or wait, as his father did; he is a wonderfully lucky little beggar," Victor laughed.

They sat a long time under the sycamore tree talking, those two; talking of so many things, of things past, and things to come, and the night crept on. The moon came out, big bats flew under the branches of the tree, and sailed across the light, and knocked against the window-panes, and all else grew still, and then Victor and Ethel, arm-in-arm, walked into the house together, and foolish romantic Ethel had dried her tears, she was nearly resigned to the hard fate which had decreed that she was to be no longer poor but rich, and a baronet's wife.

#### HOUSEHOLD STORIES OF THE HINDOOS.

We take for granted that the majority of our readers are familiar with the Indo-European theory of language and folks-literature, which refers the origin of the civilized languages of Europe, the Persian, and the Hindoo, to some ancient tongue spoken in Mid-Asia before Sanscrit was developed. The fireside literature of the peoples using these languages has much in common, consisting of corruptions of mythological beliefs or historic traditions once held or preserved among

the common ancestors of the several peoples named. This has reference to a portion only of this traditional literature. We find among the popular stories of every nation some which seem to have no correlatives outside. Again, there are stories current from the Ganges to the Shannon, which though having a common origin, have been so modified by the religious beliefs, the social usages, and the political system of every country that the resemblance is scarcely cognizable.

This will be evident to anyone acquainted with the ordinary fireside fictions of Europe, when he has examined the stories in the work quoted below.\* He will find some of them so incrustated by deposits from the paganism prevalent among the lower castes of India, from the peculiar form of government, the prevalence of polygamy, and the ordinary life of the people, that it will be with some trouble he can detect through these surroundings the substance which they possess in common with Indian legends and the household fictions of the Western world.

The present collection does not profess to embody the fireside lore of the entire peninsula, nor indeed any of the Brahminical myths from their lofty point of view. It is the result of many interviews with Anna Liberta de Souza a native woman of the ancient people of Southern India called the Linguets. Anna herself though still mindful of the heathen lore of her people is a Christian. Her grandfather, a man of Calicut became a convert when the English were there, for which sensible act his father turned himself, and wife, and children out of doors. His wife a Hindoo Amazon followed him in the English army all through the strife with Tippoo Sahib. He was a sergeant of native troops, his son the narrator's father a tent-pitcher. Anna had seven brothers and one sister; there was no school to send them to, and when the mother went out to work, the grandmother, in order to keep them out of the sun, would collect them round her in the hut, and tell them stories. From the store then collected Anna has furnished Mr. Frere.

"Sometimes we used to ask our grandmother, 'Are those stories you tell us true? Were there ever such people in the world?' she generally answered, 'I don't know; but maybe there are somewhere.' I dare say they did once live, but my granny believed more in those things than we do now. She was a Christian; she worshipped God, and believed in OUR SAVIOUR, but still she would always respect the Hindoo Temples.

If she saw a red stone or the image of *Gunputti* (God of Wisdom), or any other of the Hindoo gods she would kneel down and say her prayers there, for she used to say, 'maybe there's something in it.'"

It is a pity that it was not the grandmother but the granddaughter that furnished the stories, for she had legends about trees, flowers, and stars. In clear nights she would point out to the children, the *Hen and Chickens* (the Pleiades), the *Key* (Ursa Major), and the Scorpion, and the Snake, "and the Three Thieves climbing up to rob the *Ranee's* (Queen's) silver bedstead, with their mother (that twinkling star far away) watching her sons' return. Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat! you can see how her heart beats for she is always frightened thinking they will perhaps be caught and hanged.

"Then she would show us the Cross (Southern Cross) that reminds us of our Saviour's, and the great pathway of light on which he went up to heaven. It is what you call the Milky Way. My granny usen't to call it that. She used to say that when the Lord returned up to heaven, that was the way He went, and that ever since it has shone in memory of his Ascension, beautiful and bright.

"All the cobras in my grandmother's stories were seven-headed. This puzzled us children, and we would say to her, 'Granny, are there any seven-headed cobras living now?' To which she used to answer, 'No; of course there are no seven-headed cobras now. That world is gone, but you see that each cobra has a hood of skin. That is the remains of another head.' Then we would say, 'Maybe there are some of their children living somewhere,' but at this my granny used to get vexed and say, 'Nonsense! you are silly little chatterboxes. Get along with you!' And though we often looked for the seven-headed cobras we could never find one of them."

What follows would be appropriate in the mouth of an Irish peasantess, somewhat advanced in life.

"My mother used to tell us stories, too, but not so many as my granny. A few years ago, there might be

\* OLD DECCAN DAYS: or Hindoo Fairy Legends current in Southern India. Collected from oral tradition by M. Frere. With an introduction and notes by Sir Bartle Frere. The illustrations by C. F. Frere. London: John Murray.

found several old people who knew those sorts of stories; but now children go to school, and nobody thinks of remembering or telling them. They'll soon be all forgotten. It is true there are books with some stories something like these, but they always put them down wrong. Sometimes when I cannot remember a bit of a story, I ask some one about it. Then they say—'There is a story of that name in my book. I don't know it, but I'll read. Then they read it to me; but it's all wrong. So that I get quite cross, and make them shut up the book. For in the books they cut the stories quite short, and leave out the prettiest part, and they jumble up the beginning of one story with the end of another; so that it is altogether wrong.'

Mr. Frere heard, in Anna's stories, little more of Brama, Vishnou, and Siva, than Swedish, or Norwegian, or Icelandic story-tellers relate of Odin, Thor, or Frigga, or Gaelic *Scæluidhe*, of Crom, or any other Celtic divinity. Our author's information on this subject is here given verbatim.

"In the immediate vicinity of Poonah, where Brahminism seems so orthodox and so powerful, the favourite objects of popular worship do not always belong to the regular Hindoo pantheon. No orthodox Hindoo deity is so popular in the Poonah Deccan as the deified sage *Vithoba* and his earlier expounders, both sage and followers being purely local divinities. Wherever a few of the pastoral tribes are settled, there *Byroba*, the God of the herdsmen, or *Kimdola*, the deified hero of the shepherds, supersedes all other popular idols. *Byroba* the Terrible, and other remnants of Fetish or of Snake worship, everywhere divide the worship of the lower castes with the recognised Hindoo divinities; while outside of almost every village the circle of large stones, sacred to *Vetal*, the demon-god of the outcast Helot races, which reminds the traveller of the Druid circles of the northern nations, has, for ages, held, and still holds, its ground against all Brahminical innovations."

In every known mythology, there exists a baleful being, intent on doing all the evil in his power to the

human race—the debased type of the Serpent who crept into Eden, and of him—

"Who skiented on the Man of Uz  
His bitter joke."—*Burns*.

In the Egyptian system, Typhon represented this evil principle. The Scandinavians had their Giants and the Wolf Fenris, represented in existing story by the Trolls. In Gaelic legend, *Fear Dorcha* (Dark Man) or the *Pooka* is the antagonist of the amiable beings. The *Rakshas* is the Hindoo ogre. He has the huge bulk and the terrible teeth of his representative in the European fireside narratives, and he is as partial to human flesh as one of the Kormorans of Cornwall, or the Continental *Popanz*, who figured in our last instalment of European folklore. He is as stupid to the full as any Troll or Ogre of Western story.

Our Ogre, or Dark Man, or wicked ghost, is terrible only to imaginative children sent to bed in the dark, or to superstitious people passing by haunted spots. But to the pagan Hindoo, the *Rakshas* is a substantial terror, still dwelling in jungles, and prepared to make short work with all who fall into his clutches.

The *Gin*, the genius of the Arabian Nights, is not a desirable being to meet, generally speaking, but he is not uniformly cruel or hostile. When met with unexpectedly, he has been known to point out hidden treasures to those who have given him a polite greeting. However, once they have conveyed a mortal into their hill-caverns, and put him in enjoyment of their treasures, their underground sky, meadows, gardens, &c., there he must stay, and never expect to ascend to upper air. He is seen in a dwarfish form sitting on rocks in lonely passes, with his short body covered with long hair. Our narrator thinks that the large horned owl has been mistaken for the *Gin*, when discovered in lonely spots, perched on a rocky edge or the bough of a decayed tree. The Beloochees are convinced of the existence of many treasure-caverns of the *Gins* in their country—generally situated near large boulder stones.

The cobra is an object of fear and

reverence to the simple Hindoo. He seldom goes far from home, as he has to watch his hidden treasures. He (as the people believe) is a bitter enemy or a good friend, according as he gets good or bad treatment.

"No native will willingly kill him if he can get rid of him in any other way; and the poorer classes always, after he is killed, give him all the honours of a regular cremation, assuring him, with many protestations, as the pile burns, that they are guiltless of his blood, that they slew him by order of their master, or that they had no other way to prevent him from biting the children or the chickens."

In all forms of Pagan error there was a strong tendency to the worship of the powers of nature in their manifestations in animal and even in vegetable life. Serpent-worship must have been especially grateful to the evil spirit after his exhibition in Eden. Hence the prominent place occupied by this institution among the idolatries of the olden times. Traces of it are abundant in the fictional literature of the Celtic tribes. Nearly every lake or large pool in Ireland was infested by a *Piast* (serpent) or worm, if we give any credit to the poetic relics of the country. In the lays, as we have them, these *Piasts* were possessed of a demoniacal character; but according to the pagan poets, from whom the Christian poets borrowed them, they were of a sacred or Fetish nature.

As the Hindoos entertain the metempsychosis as well as some hankering after animal worship, we do not wonder at the following circumstance related by Mr. Frere:

"I found quite lately a traditional order in existence at Government House, Dapoorie, near Poonah, which directed the native sentry on guard to present arms if a cat or dog, jackal or goat, entered or left the house, or crossed near his beat during certain hours of the night, because it was the ghost of a former governor, who was still remembered as one of the best and kindest of men."

There are none of the European collections to equal these Hindoo specimens for treating probability, time, and distance, with such

thorough indifference; the Russian and Hungarian perhaps excepted. A couple of eagles take a year to fly to the Dead Sea and back, the sole object of the journey being to get a suitable ring for the finger of a pet child. The height and number of spiked palisades to be jumped over by adventurous young princes to win whimsical brides are sufficient to bring gid liness to the strongest head. Moreover the journeys on dry land much exceeding the circumference of the earth, and needful to be accomplished with an exceedingly slender stock of provisions, are liable to serious objections.

Very objectionable also is the conduct of sundry young princesses, who choose to dwell in single blessedness among flower beds, sometimes in the very chalices of single flowers till the destined young Rajahs clear these terrible *chevaux de frise* just mentioned. Young rajahs and ranees not peculiarly gifted go forth to seek adventures, and without giving any previous notice assume all at once supernatural qualities. To mend matters in a wrong direction, resolutions are taken, and adventures achieved without the puzzled student being able to make the slightest guess why or how.

It is sufficiently clear that we have not these Hindoo tales nor many of our own fireside-legends in the state wherein they once delighted intelligent assemblies. Descending from professional relators of legend and story till they have reached uncultured peasants, much of the matter which connected the wonderful incidents is lost. The motives which actuated the personages in their wonderful career have also vanished out of sight. Fine sentiments, moral observations, causation, and consistency have been dropped on the long, long downward path traversed by the world-wide legend, everything being neglected but the enunciation of wonderful adventures.

However rough and raw the state of the stories as received by Mr. Frere, he has not attempted to restore them to the more desirable state in which they issued from the mouths of their first narrators whether in prose or poetry. He gives them in the naive and unadorned style in which the intelligent Hindoo peasantess related them, and encourages others who



have time and taste, to make similar gleanings in the various provinces of the Indian Peninsula, and by this means furnish inquisitive archaeologists with a complete store of the popular fictional lore of the Hindoos. It will then be a delightful occupation for sundry sages, incumbered with much leisure and slender occupation, to compare these narratives with others found in the Brahminical books of all ages and classes, and trace the gradual deterioration of mytho-philosophal apologies, or sublime adventures of gods and goddesses till they resulted in the purposeless and meaningless fireside story.

It is time that the reader should become acquainted with the subjects and spirit of some of the stories, and as our limits will not allow of the introduction of many, the choice is embarrassing as there is considerable variety of character in the tales of the collection. We commence with an outline of one in some degree peculiar to the dreamy and imaginative disposition of the people of the peninsula, the

#### CHUNDUN RAJAH.

Once on a time lived a rajah and ranee who had seven sons and one daughter. The sons were all married, and when their father and mother died, their wives were very cruel to their little sister-in-law, all except one. But the six told so many hateful stories to their husbands, that the poor thing was turned away. The good-natured woman gave her secretly some provisions, but the others said, "Do not attempt to return till you become the wife of *Chundun Rajah* (King Sandlewood). You may then invite us to your palace, and set your friend here on an emerald chair; we shall be satisfied with wooden ones."

After wandering for some days through the jungle she came to a tank, and there she sat down to eat some of her parched rice. A *rakshas* lived in a house near this tank, but he was away, and his two servants the cat and dog ran down to get some of her rice from the princess. "Ah!" said she, "I have but very little, and I think I must starve; however I'll share with you." So the grateful animals ran home, and soon returned again, the dog bringing her a box of

saffron with which the *rakshas* dyed his face, and the cat a little box of antimony used by him for blackening his eyelids. She tied up these in her *saree* (garment), and went away, giving a kind farewell to the cat and dog.

When she was nearly out of the jungle she saw a curious-looking building near hand. It was evening, and a fierce storm had just begun, and so she went up to the building and entered. There was only one room and on a rich bed in the middle was the body of a noble-looking man with a rich coverlet over it. There was merely the appearance of sleep on the face, but no breath came from mouth or nostrils. The poor princess would have been frightened, but she was hungry, and cold, and wet, and did not like to go out in the storm again. She sat in a corner and was sad enough; but at midnight up rose the corpse full of life, and began to speak kindly to her. She told him her story, and he knew by the saffron stain on her face, and the antimony on her eyelids, that she was a princess without any doubt. He told her he was "King Sandlewood," that he had been dead for some months, but enjoyed life every night for a few hours. His mother and sisters spent a part of every day in the tomb, but he had thought it better to keep the secret of his nightly revival from them, as it would probably make them more sorrowful. The Brahmin who had charge of the tomb was the only one who was aware of it. He furnished him with some food every night. He shared his meal with the princess, and covered her with his rich quilt, and brought the Brahmin in, and charged him to take care of her from the hour when he would die till his next awaking. So it was. The Brahmin took her to his house, and he and his wife made her comfortable. She was sure to be in the tomb at his awaking next night, and they conversed till the sleep of death came on him. Next evening he asked her to become his queen, and got a loving consent. So the Brahmin brought his *shastra* (sacred books), and married them, and scattered rice and flowers on their heads in the presence of his family, and for some time none could be happier than Chundun Rajah and Chundun Ranee.

When she asked him to let her know the cause of his daily death he gave her this account.

"It is," said he, "because I have lost my *Chundun Har* (sandlewood necklace), that held my soul. A Peri stole it. I was in the palace-garden one day when many of these winged-ladies flew over my head; and one of them when she saw me, loved me, and asked me to marry her. But I said, No, I would not; and at that she was angry, and tore the Chundun Har off my neck, and flew away with it. That instant I fell down dead, and my father and mother caused me to be placed within this tomb. But every night the Peri comes here, and takes my necklace off her neck, and when she takes it off I come to life again, and she asks me to come away with her, and marry her, and she does not put on the necklace again for two or three hours, waiting to see if I will consent. During that time I live, but when she finds I will not, she puts on the necklace again, and flies away, and as soon as she puts it on I die."

The poor Ranee was very sad on hearing this, and after her first babe was born she became sadder still, thinking that perhaps the Peri might some time stay away entirely, and her husband continue dead to her child and herself. So the Rajah to rouse her from this melancholy directed her to go with the child, and sit on a certain marble slab under a shady tree in his father's courtyard, once a favourite seat of his own. She did so, and was not there long till the Rajah's sister came to see who had taken that liberty. But she ran back again, and cried to her mother that a most beautiful young woman was sitting on her brother's favourite flag, and that her child was as like the dead Rajah as a child could be to a man. So they brought the mother and child into the palace, and were so kind to them. They fitted a nice house for them near the palace, and there the Rajah came and spent some time with them every night.

But the old Ranee and her daughters found out about these visits, and began to look on the strange woman as an impostor. So they came one night outside, and peeped in, and whom should they see but their beloved young Rajah. They ran in and em-

braced him with great joy, and he concealed himself from them no more.

They were all together one evening talking and laughing, when the Peri and six of her companions flew into the room. All loved the Rajah and the child, and would often play with the little fellow, for innocent children can see Peris and other spiritual beings though grown people cannot. The Peri who loved the Rajah had the necklace in her hand, and the child while laughing and playing with her and the rest who were flying about the heads of the company, at last seized hold on the necklace. She thought to snatch it away, and in doing so the string broke, and the pearls became visible, and rolled over the floor. The Chundun Ranee immediately gathered them up, strung them, and placed the necklace round her husband's neck.

The Peri from that time had no power over him, and the old king and queen were rejoiced beyond measure. They held a splendid marriage festival and invited all the great people far and near. Among the rest came the seven brothers and their wives, but six of the Ranees were allowed nothing better than wooden stools, while the seventh, the kind one, had a chair and footstool covered with velvet and studded with emeralds. All the six began to complain, but the young Queen Sandlewood arose, and related to the whole assembly how they had treated her, and all within hearing were full of resentment against them.

The six princes repudiated their wicked wives on the spot, and before the festival was over they married six beautiful and virtuous princesses among the noble guests that were invited, and they, and the Chundun Rajah, and the Chundun Ranee, and their children, lived as long and as happy lives as any princes and princesses that were ever mentioned in a story.

Besides the Indian peculiarities of the large mausoleum with the corpse lying in state, and the staining of the face and the eyelids, this story has in common with old classic and modern European tales the susceptibility of goddesses, fairies, and peris to human love, and the universal tendency of step-mothers and step-sisters to maltreat their female relatives by marriage. It

also resembles the Gaelic fireside story of the Corpse-Watchers in "Leinster Folk Lore," UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, January, 1863. In this last the dead man suddenly rises, and tries to prevent the young girl who had been appointed to watch him from following him in his terrible out-door promenade. But she had bound herself to be a vigilant guardian, and when he says,—

"Open, open, green hills,  
And let the light of the green hills  
through!"

she fearlessly adds,—

"Ay and the fair maiden too!"

and through her courageous loyalty he is freed from the spells under which he had been laid by a sorceress whose daughter's love he did not choose to return.

The charming little tale of "Sodewa Bai" (Lady Good Fortune) has so much in common with this that we shall only present it in outline. The lady owned a rich pair of slippers, and on one being lost her father made the stereotype promise to whoever found it. The good fortune awaited a charming prince, and after a sufficient stay at her father's court, he took his bride home, her father having warned her never to lay aside her golden necklace. Before her she found the young Rajah's first wife to whom he had been early wedded, and she, as sometimes happens in Eastern households, mortally hated the new comer. One day when the two Ranees were showing their jewels to each other, the elder inquired about the golden necklace. Sodewa Bai explained that it was on her neck when she was born, that it held her soul, and that if removed from her person she would die.

This was enough for the wicked woman. She employed a negress to steal it from the princess during her sleep, her husband being away at the time. When he returned he learned the death of his wife, and repaired in distraction to her tomb. There lay his darling as in a sweet sleep, but no breath was in her nostrils. Every night she woke to life for a while, as the negress was accustomed to lay

aside the necklace during her sleep. The jungle surrounded the mausoleum, so she did not venture to get home on account of the wild beasts, and her only support for some time was a drink of water from the neighbouring tank. She died every morning at dawn, and as her husband visited the tomb only by day, there was a likelihood of her perishing. But like good young ladies in our own stories she possessed the virtue of shedding pearls and diamonds from her lips when she spoke, and they were flung from her clothes as she walked. The young Rajah seeing these precious things scattered on the path from the mausoleum to the well, and finding no solution of the enigma by day, came by night, and, oh rapture! found his beloved bride alive and nursing a lovely newborn babe. Hearing from her the loss of her necklace, and remembering to have lately seen such an ornament on the wicked Ranees Jewess, he easily undid the spell, punished the wicked woman and lived thenceforward a very happy life with his dear Sodewa Bai.

Though the Rajahs\* of Eastern stories and their seven or eight wives live in perfect harmony in many instances, still there is a yearning in the mere household tales to the Christian institution of marriage to the one wife. This furnishes an agreeable testimony to the generally healthy character of fireside literature. When Miss Arabella Aminta Smith feels that she is writing matter to be separately perused by the excitable votaries of the circulating library, whose continual cry is, "Something new, something sensational!" her pen ranges freely among morbid and forbidden subjects. But if the successors of good Mr. Newberry, who, if we remember rightly, published "Little Goody Two Shoes," for our poor Oliver—if good Mr. Newberry's successors, we repeat, offered Miss Arabella Aminta, five hundred pounds for a story intended for reading at reunions of neighbours and their children of all ages, how different would be her selection of subject and mode of treating it!

Though our selection would in preference be confined to stories boast-

\* *Rajah* and *Ranees* are evidently cognate words with *Rex* and *Regina* and their Spanish, French, and English derivatives.

ing of some consistency and human interest, we are obliged to present a specimen of the mere adventurous and inconsequent class.

#### THE BRAVE SEVENTEE BAI

(the Daisy Lady) will answer our purpose as well as any other.

*Sing Rajah* (the Lion King) had a son named Logedas Rajah, who was married to the beautiful and virtuous Parbuttee Bai. But casting his eye on the lovely Seventee Bai, daughter of his father's *Wuzeer*, he would have her for second wife. "I will give you full permission," said his father, "but you must quit my kingdom if you do;—a fine thing not be thoroughly happy with such a wife as Parbuttee Bai!" So the prince took his departure with his two wives, his father generously allowing him elephants, camels, horses, palanquins, and attendants to make a decent show in foreign lands.

They had not gone far when Logedas Rajah dismissed all his retinue but one elephant on which he and his two wives rode. But they soon suffered so much in the jungle from hunger and other annoyances, that the prince deserted his Ranees one night, laying aside his rich robes, and twisting a fakeer's coarse handkerchief round his head.

Very trying this on the poor ladies, but my brave Seventee Bai did not lose courage nor presence of mind. She dressed herself in her husband's royal robes, told the palkie bearers that a wild beast had devoured his second wife, and continued the journey. At last they got out of the jungle, and came to a city in a wide plain. Here the court attendants ran to the Rajah of the city, and said that the finest-looking rajah on the earth's surface had arrived along with his wife. "Admit him," said he. Seventee Bai, in answer to his questions, said he had been banished from his father's court, and with his rance he was now travelling for improvement. "Will you remain in my court?" "Well, I never yet took any office, but you have given me such a kind reception that you may employ me as you please." So the Rajah gave Seventee Bai £24,000 a year (!), and loved him better every day, and there the two princesses lived for twelve years.

One night the whole city and court

were nearly frightened out of their lives by a terrible uproar coming from the jungle. "Go, some of you," said the Rajah, "and see what is the matter." "I am afraid," said one; and "I am lame," said another. "Send the young Rajah on whom you have showered your favour." The moment the brave Seventee Bai received the message, she dressed herself and proceeded to the jungle.

The noise was coming from a horrible *Rakshas*, who was striving to reach up to the corpse of a criminal, hanged the day before, but he was too short, and he kept roaring out of vexation. But when he caught sight of the princess, he assumed the form of an old woman, clad in a glittering *saree* of gold and silk. "Ah, good Rajah!" said she, "help me to take down the body of my poor son." Seventee Bai took the old woman on her shoulder, and when she thought it was time to have the body down, she looked up and saw the ogre tearing the poor corpse with teeth and claws. She darted from under him, keeping a firm hold of the *saree*, and the *Rakshas* fled away with a frightful howl.

When she returned, she said the noise came from an old woman crying under the gallows. She gave the shining *saree* to Parbuttee Bai, but when the young princesses saw it they cried and lamented that they had nothing so beautiful or rich to put on themselves. The Rajah sent for Seventee Bai and asked where he might procure such a dress for each of his daughters, but Seventee said they were only to be got in the *Rakshas*' country. "If you desire it," said she, "I shall travel to that place, and bring them back with me." "Do so, and I shall be much obliged," said the Rajah. So she took leave of Parbuttee, and set out going a hundred miles every day, and at last she came to a fair city by a river, and read a proclamation fastened to the gate which set forth that the Rajah's daughter would marry whatever bold man would tame her pony, which was exactly her own age, and untamable up to the present time. Seventee Bai offered herself for the trial, and when all the people of the city were gathered together, and the pony was let out, it ran at her to trample her to pieces; but she slipped one side,

seized its mane, sprung on its back, drove her knees into the hollows behind its shoulders, and punished it with whip and spur till she had it all in a tremble. Then she directed its head to the river, which was three miles broad,\* and over it bounded the pony. She then leaped it back, and there it stood as gentle as a lamb. Were not the Rajah and his daughter delighted. They would have the marriage performed on the spot, but the young hero said he was going on important business for his own Rajah, and could not stay. When he would be on his return how joyfully, &c., &c.

After riding a long way she came to another fair city, where she stopped to rest herself. The daughter of the Rajah of that city had got built for herself a beautiful bath in the palace garden. This she surrounded at some distance with a high wall, spiked at the top, and gave out that she would marry no one but him who would leap this fence and the bath together. One or two princes had been killed in the attempt, and all the others had taken fright, and for a long time before the princess's arrival no one had made the trial. She soon presented herself as Seventee Rajah, cleared the fence, and out over the bath, and repeated the exploit three times. As before, she continued her route, promising a speedy return.

After a long journey she got lodging at a malee's (gardener's) house, outside a city, and learned that the Rajah was so often troubled with a dream of a beautiful tree with a golden stem, silver leaves, and bunches of pearls for fruit, that he had promised his daughter and half his kingdom to the person who would show him this wonderful tree. Before going to rest she laid her carpet by the edge of the lake, and knelt down to say her prayers. While doing this she saw a large cobra coming up out of the lake, with a shining diamond in his mouth, which he laid down on the bank before going into the thicket to look for his supper.

By next evening she had a strong iron trap made, and lifted up into a tree. She scattered flowers and perfumes round the stem, and when the

cobra came under the branches she dropped it down on him, and killed him.

She then took the diamond and walked into the lake, which divided before her till she came to a beautiful garden, where the magic tree was growing, and swinging from the bough was the most beautiful girl that ever breathed. This was the cobra's daughter. She offered to show the Rajah the lovely tree, and she gave him a little flute, on playing which, she, *Hera Bai* (Diamond Lady) would always appear and gratify his wishes. On coming to land, Seventee Bai reverently burned the body of the cobra.

Next day she sent word to the Rajah to meet *him*, Seventee Rajah, in the jungle next evening, until he would show him the wonderful tree. Thither came the king and all his courtiers, and there, at the young rajah's bidding, *Hera Bai* had caused to appear the most charming garden in the world, and in the garden was the wonderful tree. All night long the vision endured, and next day Seventee Bai proceeded on her journey, promising a speedy return to marry the princess.

Now she was approaching the Rakshas' country, but did not know how to act when she entered it; so she pulled out her flute, and *Hera Bai* stood before her, and directed her what to do. The Rajah of the Rakshas had built a splendid palace for his daughter, between whom and *Hera Bai* there was a deep and tender love. For six months' journey round this palace, Rakshas kept guard. They were as numerous as trees on the earth, and not a sparrow could fly into the country unknown to them. Seventee Bai, as she was directed by *Hera Bai*, climbed a high mountain which overhung the Rakshas' country, turned the stone of the ring which the cobra's daughter had given her to the palm of her hand, and at once sank down through the hill—down, down, till at last she found herself in the palace of the daughter of the Rajah of the Rakshas. This princess was frightened at first, but Seventee Bai told her he

\* The numbers and dimensions in the original have been scrupulously copied in our outlines.

was sent by her friend Hera Bai, to be married to her. She heard the news with pleasure, for Seventee was the most beautiful rajah (in appearance) in the world. Notwithstanding her birth, *Tara Bai* (Star Lady) was an amiable princess, and this was her appearance :—

"She was tall, and of a commanding aspect. Her black hair was bound by long strings of pearl. Her dress was of fine spun gold, and round her waist was clasped a zone of restless, throbbing, light-giving diamonds. Her neck and her arms were covered with a profusion of costly jewels, but brighter than all shone her bright eyes, which looked full of gentle majesty."

Seventee Rajah was so different in appearance from the Raksha guards and attendants round her, that she got the consent of her parents at once, and they were married—Seventee Rajah and Tara Bai—and the rejoicings held twelve days.

"To it came hundreds and hundreds of thousands of Rakshas from every country under heaven—from the north, and the south, and the east, and the west ; from the depths of the earth, and the uttermost parts of the sea. Troop after troop came flocking in, an increasing crowd from all parts of the world to be present at the marriage of their master's daughter."

The marriage dowry was something awful, even to be thought of.

"There were jewels enough to fill the seas—diamonds and emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and pearls, gold and silver, costly hangings, carved ebony, more than a man could count in a hundred years. For the Rajah gave his daughter a guard of a hundred billions of Rakshas, and each Raksha carried a bundle of riches, and each bundle was as big as a house." And so they took leave of the Rajah and Ranee, and left the Rakshas' country.

When they came near the city ruled by the rajah who dreamed of the tree, Seventee Rajah left his attendants in the jungle, for fear of frightening the people, and then married the young princess and marched away with her and her numerous retinue, taking up his own attendants as they went along. He (she) also celebrated a marriage with the Princess of the tank and spikes, and the Princess of the pony ; and so, accompanied by

her four wives, including Hera Bai, she at last reached the city of her first and best friend, the Rajah, whose daughter had wished for the saree. Instead of one saree the princess was only embarrassed by a choice of glittering sarrees. Seventee's marriage with her was celebrated in all haste and splendour.

Hera Bai and Tara Bai, owing to their eminent beauty and knowledge, were accommodated with a magnificent palace in the jungle, Seventee Bai having enough to do to make her four other wives comfortable in her palace in the city. Parbuttee Bai admired beyond measure the cleverness of Seventee, but was selfish or good-natured enough to say to her when no one was by, "Ah, dear sister, I cannot enjoy our great happiness while our poor husband is perhaps suffering in cold, and hunger, and nakedness." "I must look to that," said Seventee Bai. So she consulted the wise daughter of the cobra, Hera Bai, and next day proclaimed a great feast for all the poor people in the world who would come to share it.

Thousands and thousands assembled, and the two Ranees walking among the tables, discovered their lost husband in "a wretched, wild-looking man, black as pitch, with tangled hair, a thin wrinkled face, and in his hand a wooden bowl such as fakeers carry about to collect scraps of meat and broken bread in." Poor Parbuttee Bai began to cry, but her sister-wife stopped her, and desired one of her guards to take the wretched man into custody, and put him in prison. Poor Logedas Rajah cried out against this proceeding, but they only said, "Oh, you wicked man ! You'll be hanged to-morrow without fail." When Seventee Bai arrived at home she sent attendants to the prison, with orders to conduct the fakeer to a distant room in the palace. There he was shaved and washed, and new clothes put on him. "This does not look like hanging," said he ; "the Rajah intends me some good." "Don't flatter yourself," said one of the attendants ; "all this will make your death by hanging more intolerable. If you prefer beheading, I hear you are to be so far indulged."

Seventee Bai called a physician and asked him how long it would require to restore a nearly famished

man to his original healthy state and good appearance, and he said half a year. So Logedas Rajah was well cared for, and his wife, still dressed as a Rajah, came and conversed in a friendly way with him every day. When he remarked on this kind proceeding to his attendants they merely observed, "He will play with you probably for some time, as a cat does with a mouse, but in three months is the Rajah's birthday; most likely he is keeping you to kill you then." And so the time wore on.

But the reader must imagine in detail the circumstances of the great day, when Logedas Rajah being seated on a rich throne, Seventee Bai in her own rich attire of a Rance, brought forward Parbuttee Bai, and presented her to her husband, and related what she herself had done, and then brought forward Hera Bai, and Tara Bai, and the three princesses, and bestowed them all on him to be his loving wives. Such a splendid feast, such rejoicing! such praise given to brave Seventee Bai! To raise the glory and happiness of the day to the highest point, the father and mother of Logedas Rajah, and the father and mother of Seventee Bai had been invited and were present. When the prince and his seven wives came and dwelt in his father's palace, and their history became known, and when any one advised a Rajah to content himself with four loving partners, he would answer, "Have you never heard of the fortunes of Logedas Rajah, and how blessed he was in the society of seven!"

Notwithstanding the absurdity of the frame of this story, it is a most pleasant one as given in the text, the chief part of the charm lying in the naïve style of the narrative, and the loving, unselfish, and daring disposition of the woman-hero. The same idea pervades it and the *Master Maid* of the Norse tales, and *Hairy Rouchy* as told among ourselves; see UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, December, 1866. The inferior station of women in the East is implied in these tales by the readiness with which the ladies agree to marry the suitors proposed to them, when they happen not to be as ugly as Rakshas, but the popularity of a story like the one related says something for the comparative consideration in which the

fair sex is held, at least by the PAGAN Hindoos. Among the circumstances of the tale which can scarcely be said to harmonise with each other, is that of the great style of living among the Rakshas at home, and their cannibalism when paying unwelcome visits to their neighbours, thus reducing themselves to the rank of the wretched Ghouls of Arabian stories. Mr. Frere's narrator was at no pains to explain how the numerous body of attendants who accompanied the brave Seventee Bai on her return, found provisions on the way and back. It must be felt that the marriages of the heroine were much the boldest of her deeds. They might be even pronounced unwise and foolhardy, but no one can choose but bestow the highest praise on her discreet management of her rather worthless Rajah after his discovery.

Wherever the doctrine of the transmigration of souls has become a dogma, it is natural that good treatment of animals should be the rule. We once heard a veteran pensioner relate a characteristic incident which occurred to him when in India. Passing by a hut, he saw the owner bring out a live and brisk-looking rat, carry it across the road, and deposit it in a ditch. But he was scarcely inside the door of his cabin when the intruder was in full chase after him. Three or four times did this occur, the amused soldier looking on all the time. At last losing patience with the man's tolerance of such a nuisance, he dealt the intruder a cut with his sword which settled him. He expected some thanks from the relieved man, but to his great disgust, was obliged to listen to a torrent of lamentations. "Maybe the poor animal's body had been the abode of the soul of his great grandfather." The next tale alludes to this belief.

THE JACKAL, THE BARBER, AND THE BRAHMIN  
WITH HIS SEVEN DAUGHTERS.

A jackal and a barber once entered into partnership, and thrived pretty well, but the barber strongly suspected his partner of dishonest practices. Once Jack said to him, "We pay a great deal for vegetables, let us buy a garden, and we shall have them cheap. There is a garden to be let in such and such a place; shall I buy it?" "Do so; here's money."

So the jackal filled himself every day with melons, cucumbers, pumpkins, figs, and other fruit, but still put off his partner from visiting the garden. "Now the plants were just putting up their leaves;—now they were budding;—now they were in flower; now the fruit was just forming," &c. At last the barber became weary of these pieces of news, and paid a visit to his purchase. What was his surprise to see it nearly filled with Jack's friends feasting to their hearts' content, and the fruit all nearly consumed. He said nothing at the time but came back in the evening, and cunningly fastened a knife to the finest melon that remained. The jackal going early next day to see if anything was left, attacked the melon, but the knife concealed in the leaves, ran into him, cutting his muzzle, his neck, and his side.

He knew there was no use in coming back, so he went into the jungle till his wounds were cured. He made a little money by selling a woman a chattee full of mud, and covered with some leaves, assuring her it was the best butter. When his money was spent, he procured a meal for himself by eating far into the body of a dead bullock. But the day was hot, and the skin dried up and hardened and he could not get out. The *Mahars* (lowest caste) came to bury the body, but he cried out, "Take care what you do. I am the god of your village, and you never worship me. I am come to punish you, but if you are penitent, go and bring some rice, plenty of flowers, and a nice fat chicken for an offering." This they did. "Now pour a whole tub of water over the offerings and myself." The hide split in different places when it was wet (!). Out sprung Jack, through one rift, seized the fowl, and was into the jungle before the poor *Mahars* knew what to do.

He lived a scrambling life for some time. One day when he was passing the door of a poor Brahmin who was incumbered with seven daughters, he heard the poor man say, "What shall I do with you all? If a jackal even asked me for one of you, I would not refuse him." "Very good!" said our rover, entering in. "Here I am, and demand your eldest daughter for wife. My cave is up on that hill. Come up to-morrow morning, and

you will find outside something that will support your family for a while. So he and his bride walked up the hill to the cave, which had a narrow entrance between three big stones. When they entered, the girl found herself in a richly furnished palace, and a table with the finest provisions on it, and instead of a jackal, a handsome rajah was standing beside her. Her husband was a powerful prince and a magician, who used to amuse himself the way described.

The Brahmin supported himself and his daughters for some time on the money he found outside the cave next morning, but when it was spent the jackal saw him coming up the hill with a melancholy air about him. This time he gave him some melon seed, and bade him sow it in his garden. Next morning he was surprised to see a plant sprung up, all covered with melons; but before he had time to gather any, a neighbouring woman came by and asked him to sell her a few. He did so, and she was hardly at home till she was back again and bought all that was left. There was a new crop next day, and these she bought too, and she did the same for ever so many days. But at last the plant withered, and no more fruit was to be got, and the poor Brahmin's family were as badly off as before. The youngest daughter went out to try if she could find any small melon fruit that might have been forgotten. She found some small ones, but when she cut them open, what did she find inside but diamonds and pearls! Now they knew why their neighbour used to be in such a hurry to make her purchases. The Brahmin went to her house, and asked for some of his treasures, but she only laughed in his face, and was going to set the dog at him. He then took the few stones that his daughter had got, and offered them to a jeweller; but instead of getting any money for them, he got great abuse, and the jeweller threatened to put him in prison for a robber, if he did not give up the diamonds. A crowd gathered, and the poor man was glad to be allowed to go away and leave his property with the rogue of a shopkeeper.

He told his miserable story to his son-in-law next day and got a rough reception. "I see," said he, "there is



no use in giving you any valuable article. He went into his cave and brought out a *chattee* (earthen crock), and dipping his paw into it, pulled out curry, rice, pillau, and other nice eatables, and handed it over to his father-in-law, after they had made a meal. This was a great treasure, for as often as the family emptied the *chattee* it was full again of the nicest food, ready dressed.

There was a rich Brahmin in the neighbourhood, who, sometimes passing near his poor neighbour's at dinner-time, got a nice smell. He went into the house one day, and was asked to join the family at table. He did so, and praised the food so highly that the foolish man told him the virtue of the *chattee*. The envious old rogue went to the rajah, and told him all, and he soon paid a visit to the poor man, and said he would like to dine with him. When he got the nice taste of the food, he resolved to take possession of the wonderful vessel, and so his attendants carried it to his palace as soon as dinner was over. Next day the jackal, when sitting on a green hillock before his cavern, saw his father-in-law coming up the hill with a very disconsolate air. He did not give him time to speak, till he opened his mind. "I see I can do nothing for you, you manage everything so badly. However, take that other *chattee*, and when you are in the presence of those bad friends of yours, take up the lid and say, 'Chattee do your duty.' You will do well not to try the experiment when no one is by but friends. When you wish the work (whatever it is) to stop, you may take the lid and lay it down quietly on the *chattee*."

The poor man had great faith in whatever the jackal said. He requested the rajah and the rich Brahmin to meet him in the jungle outside the city, as he had another wonderful *chattee* to show them. They came briskly enough, and many attendants came along with them. When all were standing round in expectation, the Brahmin lifted up the cover, and cried out, "Chattee do your duty." Out flew a stick and rope, this tied every man to the tree next him in an instant, and round went the stick like lightning, thrashing every one of them in succession. Any suf-

ferer could scarcely believe that the stick had left him, when it was back on him and making him roar like fury. "Oh, you terrible man!" said the rajah, "stop this horrible stick or I shall have you impaled alive." "It is not in my power," said the Brahmin, "till the other *chattee* is again in my possession. Take it, take it," said he, "and relieve us." So the Brahmin went and brought it over, and placed it beside the second *chattee* on which he slowly laid down the lid. It was not completely closed when he rushed the cord and the cudgel, and only for fear, the rajah, who was half mad with the bruises, would have had him seized and put to death. But he guessed he had only to lift the lid, and the same punishment would be renewed. The Brahmin made his bow, and paid a visit to the melon-buyer, and as she would make no restitution, the cord and cudgel did their duty on herself and family till she gave up every diamond and pearl in her possession, except a few which were left with her for the money which she had advanced.

The family were now quite happy and cheerful, and in a day or two got an invitation to visit the jackal's cave. They were surprised and rejoiced to see the enchanter in his rich palace and in his natural form, but during the daytime he would amuse himself gambolling in his jackal state about among the green hillocks and rocks on the hill-side. The youngest daughter, who was the most clever of the family, watched and watched till she saw where he kept the jackal's skin. She secured it one night and burned it, and then the enchanter was obliged to remain in his human form, among his new relations.

It is a curious circumstance, and one that must strongly seize the attention of every thoughtful person, that the substance of the above story was told at household gatherings in Central Asia long before the dawn of secular history, and before the ancestors of the living Celts proceeded to find homes for themselves in the west, or their relatives went south over the mountains into Hindoostan. In the December number of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for 1866, under the title of the "Three Gifts,"

will be found the distinctive incidents which mark the present story, the evil and good fortune there waiting on an Irish country boy. The story is also to be met with in Gerald Griffin's "Tales of my Neighbourhood," and in Crofton Croker's "Fairy Legends." The burning of the hero's beast-covering is repeated in the Celtic story of the "Brown Bear of Norway;" see "Leinster Folk Lore," UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, January, 1863, where the incident is attended by an unexpected catastrophe.

In the Hindoo stories the jackal plays the part assumed by the fox in western ones. He has more good nature, and is less mischievous than Reynard, but equally sagacious. Readers of Bidpai's Fables will recollect a version of—

#### SING RAJAH AND THE CUNNING LITTLE JACKALS.

*Sing Rajah* (Lion King) was monarch of the jungle, and terrible was his reign over his poor subjects, some of whom he killed and ate every night of his life.

At last every beast in the jungle was killed except two little jackals, a rajah and a ranee, and very severely they were taxed striving to keep out of *Sing Rajah's* way. After getting a short sleep the poor little ranee would say, "Oh, I fear *Sing Rajah* will seize us to-day." But the rajah jackal would say, "Have courage, we shall escape; I will be with you to save you."

But at last he was so close to them that they could not get out of his way, so the rajah encouraged the ranee, and they advanced to meet him. He shook his mane and roared out "Come you little wretches, and be eaten at once! I have had no dinner for three whole days, and all that time I have been running over hill and dale to find you. Ro-a-ar. Ro-a-ar! come and be eaten I say." Then jackal rajah creeping up close to him said, "Indeed, great *Sing Rajah*, we know our duty, and would have come, ay long ago, but there is a still more terrible and bigger rajah than you in the jungle, and he has kept hunting us about, and that is why we could not visit you."

"A greater lion than I! That can't

be. You are deceiving me; there is no *Sing Rajah* in the jungle but myself!" "Ah! you are very fierce and terrible, but nothing to compare with this other." "Show me him instantly till I destroy him." The little jackals ran before him till they came to the brink of a deep well, and pointed to his reflection in the water. He roared at his enemy, and shook his mane, and the *Shadow King* shook his mane, and the echoes of the roars came back. He could not bear it long, but jumped down, and no lion-foe was there, but deep water, and no means to get out.

And the little jackals threw stones down upon him from above, and danced round and round the well, singing, "Ao, Ao, Ao, Ao! The King of the Forest is dead, is dead! We have killed the great lion who would have killed us! Ao, Ao, Ao, Ao! Ring-a-ting—ding-a-ting! Ring-a-ting—ding-a-ting! Ao, Ao, Ao!"

A pair of solemn owls, whose portraits have been faithfully secured by Mr. Frere, are found serviceable in some of the tales. Chatting to each other, and apparently unconscious of listeners, they afford very useful information to the amiable and distressed prince or princess.

In *Lover's "Legends"* and *Grimm's* German collection may be read the exploits of the valiant little Tailor, who by dint of boasting and cowardice, attained the highest honours. We must afford space for a sketch of his Hindoo-Equivalent.

#### THE VALIANT CHATTEE-MAKER.

During a great storm of wind and rain on a dark night, a tiger took shelter by the wall of a hut into which the rain was drip, dripping through the miserable roof. "Oh dear, oh dear!" cried the poor widow within, "this perpetual dripping!" and she continued to move the things from one spot to another. "I do not consider a lion, or an elephant, or a tiger, looking in at the door more frightful than this perpetual dripping." "What can this perpetual dripping be," said the tiger to himself, "that is so terrible?" Just then a chattee-maker who was looking for his stray ass, came up, and in groping to the door, seized the

tiger by the ear. "Ah, you rascal!" cried he, "I'll teach you to stray away again." So he fell to cuff and kick him, and the tiger said to himself, "This must be the perpetual dripping: it will kill me if I resist." So the chattee-maker, still thinking he was his beast, mounted him, rode him home, tied him head and feet to the post before his door, and went to bed.

Next morning a frightened crowd were gathered round the chattee-maker's hut, and as soon as his wife opened the door, they asked her what brought the tiger, which the rajah had offered a reward for, bound that way at her door. She had presence of mind, and said, "Sure, my husband went into the jungle, secured the beast, and brought it to get the reward." The rajah soon heard the news, got the tiger shot, rewarded the chattee-maker, and gave him as much money as would fill a well, and made him commander of 10,000 men.

In a short time a neighbouring rajah sent a letter to this one, declaring war against him, and he considered he could not select a better general than the captor of the tiger. The chattee-maker was very far from being puffed up with this new honour, and before the expedition set out he requested leave to go and view the enemy's position, and examine his strength. He bade his wife look out for the quietest pony that could be found, but before his departure there arrived people from the rajah's palace, leading a spirited war-horse for his use.

After sundry attempts he succeeded in fixing himself in the saddle, and then his good wife fastened his feet in the stirrups, and the stirrups to each other. She then secured him to the horse's neck by a good rope going round his back, another passing round his breast, was tied to the crupper, and then he thought himself secure. However the steed was very wild and high spirited, and as soon as he got loose, set off like the wind in the direction of the enemy's country. In vain the valiant chattee-maker exhorted him to take things easy. On he rushed, tearing up the ground, and flinging rocks, and clods, and stones behind. As they passed close to a young banyan tree, the wise rider

seized it in order to stay the terrible beast, but such was the animal's strength and speed that the tree came away in the rider's hand, and thus he bore it the foliage waving like the plumes of a helmet. The outer sentinels of the enemy seeing this terrible apparition, shouted to those behind that a monstrous giant with mighty helm and plume was charging the camp. Those who heard it fled amain, shouting to those in their front that a party of mounted giants with frightful crests were bearing down on them. At every new shout and addition to the fight, the number of the invading gigantic cavalry increased, till the cry reached the king that 10,000 mounted giants were tearing into the camp. He immediately signed terms of peace, left the paper on the table in his tent, and escaped with the rest till there was not a man left behind.

By the time the horse and rider reached the king's tent, the animal was quite exhausted. The valiant chattee-maker loosed himself as well as he could, crept into the tent, and refreshed himself.

He spied the treaty of peace on the table, put it in his pocket, and when he was a little recovered he set out for home leading his tired horse. When he reached his house he said, "Oh wife! such adventures as I have had! Send up this treaty of peace and this tired horse to the rajah, and let the messenger say to him that I shall wait on him early in the morning. There was great joy in the palace, and when the valiant chattee-maker was going up thither next day, everyone admired his modesty, in using his own feet like a common man. They little guessed how much he dreaded sitting on a horse. He was received with great honour, and was raised to twice the dignity he had enjoyed before his famous ride.

Absurd as may appear the prevailing idea of this story, it is not without parallels in the common order of Providence where strenuous and gifted individuals fail to secure that success, which seems to lie in the way of the mindless and worthless, and to require only the holding forth of the hand to secure it. Well, at all events, the present is only a state of trial.

The cunning little jackal figures in

the stories of "Tit for Tat," "The Brahmin, the Tiger, and the Six Judges," and the "Alligator and the Jackal," everywhere exhibiting wisdom and discretion, and only in one instance acting an unworthy part. Admirers of fables will find him rescuing the man from the tiger, as the fox saves the man from the serpent, in Esop's collection.

Happy the young student, released from scholastic toil, and free to peruse the two dozen of stories contained in the volume. No parent need entertain the slightest scruple in committing this holiday-book to son or daughter. The generally harmless character of household tales has already been alluded to, but Mr. Frere throws additional security over the present collection, by dedicating it to a certain "Little Lily, for whose amusement the stories were first written down." There are at present some foreshowings in the world of literature of a collection of the whole world's fireside literature. This announcement need not terrify those timid people who have heard of the probable bulk of the catalogue of the British Museum. It is probable that by a careful "selection of species," *a la Darwin*, the whole collection would be considerably less in number than the days of the year. The *modus operandi* would consist in divesting a story, common to many countries, of the peculiar local features belonging to the several versions, retaining the essential circumstances, and supplying various readings in the margins or in foot-notes, for the comfort of archæological children, from 50 to 75 years of age. In considering them as children no disrespect whatever is intended. Providence imparts to little men and women of both ages the

wisdom suitable to their tastes and condition. It is to be hoped that the good work inaugurated by Mr. Frere may be followed up in other portions of the Great Peninsula, and that his future coadjutors may imitate the naïve and picturesque style of their leader. It is a great mistake to assume the demeanour of a cynic, or even a thoughtful critic, in recounting these wonderful narratives; whatever opinion the fireside narrator has of them while engaged in his ordinary duties, and in whatever mood he may commence the extravagant tale, a few minutes suffice to infuse a serious tone into the web of the narrative, and he and his audience pursue its thread in solemn seriousness till the denouement, when they began gradually to breathe the atmosphere of ordinary life. In this vein Mr. Frere relates his stories, seizing more or less happily the simple style and the hazy belief of the good and single-minded Ayah who furnished the originals.

The material execution of the book corresponds to its excellence in other respects. Fine paper and clear black type will delight the mere biblical connoisseur as well as the ordinary reader. The woodcuts are well designed, and very nicely executed; and the coloured plates exhibit great fidelity to Indian scenery, architecture, costume, and climate. While enjoying the freshness and coolness produced by the profuse foliage and the clear waters, the idea of the great heat prevailing outside the happy refreshing scene on which you are looking is not for a moment absent from the mind. Too late for Christmas enjoyment by the young, the welcome volume awaits them in the pleasant Easter holidays.

## A PARISIAN THEATRE TWO HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

WHATEVER some ingenious professors may declare in their delusive advertisements, we do not believe that the greatest archinage among them can, on inspecting a specimen of the handwriting of any friend of ours, declare the date of his birth, or of his past or future marriage, or whether it has or will be a happy one. Still, we are persuaded that much of a man's character and temperament, and chief likings and dislikings, could be read in his ordinary handwriting by adepts with a tendency to somnambulism or clairvoyance, gifts which are to be heartily deprecated by all lovers of a healthy mind in a healthy body.

Let it be considered for a moment what motive-powers and organs are set at work to produce the most simple sentence on paper. The intellect is employed combining images or ideas, the will, in transferring them to the nerves, the nerves directing the muscles, and these drawing the pictures present to the mind on the paper. How can the outlines thus limned on the white surface do other than outwardly present something of the idiosyncrasy of the individual to whom, intellect, will, nerves, and muscles—the agents and instruments—belong!

## SCARCITY OF MOLIERE'S AUTOGRAPHS.

What a treat would the original MS. of "Hamlet," or "As You Like It," afford to such a practitioner as the one above named, and how clearly would it present to the looking-glass within him, various aspects of the psychology of our great dramatist! But alas! there remains not a line expressive of the workings of his mind, such relics as we enjoy being the result, so to say, of mere mechanical volition. Moliere was later in time, and the same destiny has attended the mass of MSS. he must have left. His great admirer, Edouard Fournier, says on this subject: \*

"We commence by searching for the autographs of the great poet; but, unhappily, it will be a chapter

easily written. There has scarcely been left an entire sentence traced by the pen which wrote the 'Tartuffe' and the 'Misanthrope,' and we do not possess a single fragment of his manuscripts."

In 1682 the MSS. of his plays were extant, as in that year La Grange, of whom we shall presently speak more at large, published the first collected edition of his works, corrected by a copy in the poet's own handwriting. Either through the negligence of the literary executor or of Mme. Moliere herself, the used MSS. were left to the lighters of fires or flung in dust heaps; they would now be purchased by more than their weight in gold. It is supposed that some scenes of "Tartuffe" or of "Les Femmes Savantes" were preserved till 1779, when the theatre on the site of the existing Odeon was burnt down. Along with these might have been preserved portions of "Les Philosophes" or of "L'Ambitieux," which he was employed on at the time of his death. Hopes have been indulged in by enthusiasts that some of those fugitive pieces written by Moliere during his country tours might have been preserved in the provincial cities or towns. There was an announcement in the *Athenæum* of 1856, page 255, that in the archives of a southern city was to be found the farce of the "Barbon Médécin" (Satire the Physician) in the handwriting of Moliere. However nothing has since been heard of it.

The autographs of Moliere still extant, consist of his name at full length in an act, 28th June, 1667, empowering M. Claude le Long, Bourgeois of Melun, to receive sums due to him;—the approbation of the plan of the audience portion of the theatre of the Tuilleries;—his name as witness to the certificate of baptism of Jeanne Catherine Toutbel at the Church of St. Roch, 10th September, 1669, in which the curé put Poclain instead of Poquelin;—his signature to the act of baptism of Jean Baptiste Claude Jennequin, 20th March, 1671, at the Church of Auteuil;—his signature to

a receipt signed on August 7, 1669, for a sum of 144 livres (about £6 sterling) given as a gratification by the king to Moliere and his company;—a signature to another receipt dated June 30, 1660, for 500 livres given him by His Majesty as a recompense for his expenses incurred by coming to Paris for his pleasure and entertainment.

It might be supposed from the circumstance of Moliere being allowed to stand as godfather in two instances, that his profession was not held in such disfavour by the ecclesiastical powers in Paris as is generally supposed; but sensitive readers need not extract more comfort from the circumstance than it can really afford. Up to Moliere's days as may be surmised from what has been already stated in these papers, the theatre, taking the greater number of the acted pieces into account, was a school of licentiousness. Actors and actresses only too faithfully reflected in their conduct the lessons they learned and taught evening after evening; and though Moliere, to the everlasting credit of his memory, much improved the moral tone of the drama by his writings, neither he nor any of his company led a chaster life than the ordinary run of the actors of their day. A well-wisher of the drama meditating on the relations which existed in the days of Louis XIV., between the dramatic corps and the gentry and nobility whom they delighted by their performance, must not fancy them the same as have connected the numerous array of estimable performers of the past and present generation with the upper classes of English society.

The good curé of St. Roch, though willing to pay all possible respect to Moliere both as an estimable man and as a favourite with his sovereign, keeps his profession out of sight altogether, merely giving him his title of "Valet de chambre du Roi, demeurant rue St. Honoré." The curé of the Church of Auteuil, in addition to this title, gives him the rank of *ECUYER* (esquire), which if he had assumed at that time from his own proper motion, he would have been prosecuted as was his friend the

*Bonhomme*, La Fontaine. Now there are many country farmers and city haberdashers, who are offended by seeing the respectable *Mr.* placed before their names. Let these misguided men study the play of "Monsieur Porceaugnac," upon whose hero the title of "Esquire" sits as gracefully as a naval captain's hat on a naked Otaheitean.

While on the subject of the moral shortcomings of Moliere and his people, we must not be understood to say that the great dramatist was a man devoid of devotional feelings, or made a profession of impiety. On the contrary, he took opportunities of showing that he was under the influence of religion. At the time when the outcry was strongest against him on account of "*Tartuffe*," the Religious of the Order of Charity found "*La Confrerie de l'Esclavage de Notre-Dame*," which was approved of by the pope, and patronized by the king and queen. The artist Chaveau published a plate in which the pope on one side was kneeling before the Infant Jesus and His Mother, and the king and queen on the other. Under the title and the date came a text from *Osee*, and eight devotional lines furnished by Moliere at the request of the religious. The poet rejoiced at the opportunity of manifesting his devotional impulses. Subjoined is the Latin text, and a literal translation of Moliere's outburst:—

"In funiculis Adam, traham eos in Vinctulis charitatis."\*—*Osee*, xi. 4.

"Break the dismal chains of shameful slavery,  
In which the odious commerce of sin detains  
you;

And come and receive the glorious service,  
Which the hands of the Queen of Heaven  
present.

The one gives your senses full power over  
you,

The other makes you rule your desires as  
kings.

One draws down to hell, the other raises to  
glory;

Can you, O mortal, hesitate in the choice."

Besides the autographs mentioned there is one of more importance if it be genuine, and of this the French *literati* entertain no doubt. A *Mme.* Deleuze, who dealt in old paintings in

\* "I will draw them with the cords of Adam, with the bands of Love."

the Rue d'Anjou Dauphine, had for some time in her possession a "Holy Family," St. John being a prominent figure. It was a long time waiting for a purchaser, being one of the feeble compositions of Sebastian Bourdon, a painter of the reign of Louis XIV. One day, in 1840, as she was cleaning it up, she rubbed off some scraps of paper from the upper bar of the frame, and under them appeared a strip of parchment bearing this inscription:—

*"Given by my friend, Seb. Bourdon, Painter to the King, and Director of the Academy of Painting.*

*"Paris, this 24th of June, one thousand, six hundred, and seventy.*

*"J. B. MOLIERE."*

It appears to have been a saint's-day-present from the painter to the dramatist.

There was a considerable quantity of talk concerning the genuineness or non-genuineness of the relic. The celebrated expert, M. Fontaine, being called on for his opinion, gave it in a favourable sense. If the catalogue of Moliere's furniture be ever discovered, and if it include the painting, this inscription will rank as the most precious of his autographs.

#### JOURNAL KEPT IN MOLIERE'S TROUPE.

There has been happily preserved a journal in which the careful actor, La Grange, entered from day to day such circumstances affecting the weal of Moliere and his people, as he considered worthy of note. It extended from 1659 to 1685. The larger journal of the company, of which it is only a resumé, has unfortunately perished.

La Grange was only the writer's theatrical name. His family name was either Varlet, or Beauvalet, or Beauvarlet; he has been mentioned by all these three appellations. His wife was at first femme de chambre of the actress De Brie, but afterwards trod the boards as Mlle. Marotte. She inherited a decided theatrical taste. Her father, M. Ragueneau, having given up his business as confectioner to La Grande Mademoiselle (daughter of Gaston d'Orleans, and afterwards wife of the notorious Duc de Lauzun) to win fame on the boards. His qualifications were so mediocre that he was finally obliged to content him-

self with the duties and emoluments of candle-snuffer in Moliere's troupe—a sad descent from his nicely fitted cake-shop, corner of Rue St. Honoré and of Rue St. Thomas du Louvre. He died at Lyons, A.D. 1654, the company being performing then at that city.

La Grange had received some lessons from Moliere himself, and had well profited by them. He ordinarily acted the lover, even when years induced bulk and fat. His acting was distinguished by ease and correctness. He was personally honourable, sincere, and well-mannered. He was the best versed in literature of all the company, and for more than seven years before the death of the chief, he was accustomed to give out the play of the next evening, and recite the addresses at the opening and closing of the seasons.

He had a good library, which was enlarged by the books and the MSS. of Moliere at the death of the latter. They were held in little esteem by the worthless Armande, but La Grange valued them at their worth. Aided by Vinot, he used the MSS. to give the first collected edition of his master's works in 1682, but after his death, in 1692, they were scattered or allowed to perish by his wife, who outlived him thirty-five years.

This journal, still in existence, was kept only for his own gratification. The title on the parchment cover, now nearly illegible, runs thus:—

"Extracts of the receipts and affairs of the theatre (*comédie* in the original) from Easter of the year 1659, belonging to the Sieur La Grange, comedian to the King." The last entry is on the 1st of September, 1685.

La Grange's journal resembles that of Dangeau, who chronicled every day of the last thirty years of the life of Louis XIV., setting the most trivial things beside those the most important. Our actor-journalist sets beside the good and evil events occurring to his company, the little occurrences of his own household—his falling ill of a fever, his relapses, and the assumption of his part of *Eraste* in "Les Facheux," by M. de Croisy. Here is an entry of the date April 24th, 1672:—

"On Quasimodo Sunday (first Sunday after Easter) I was betrothed

and next day, Monday, 25th, I was married at St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, to Mademoiselle Marie Rague-neau, an actress of the company."

La Grange not only afforded room for his own marriage, but on the same day he recorded the wedding of Jean Baraillon, tailor in ordinary of the royal ballets, his bride being sister of the actress Mademoiselle De Brie. But the tailor was not a small man in the estimation of himself or his acquaintance. Did he not make the Turkish turbans used in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and did not the Chevalier d'Arieux spend eight days with him designing the patterns?

The marriage of his beloved chief would of course not be omitted in the journal. Thus ran the entry: "Tuesday, 14 February (1662), 'Les Visionnaires' (acted), visit to M. de Equevilly; marriage of M. de Moliere after the visit." It will remind the reader of one of our own great artists who also performed on the day of his marriage, the only difference being the transposition of the two events. Moliere was one of the most faithful of actors and managers to his engagements. We quote from Fournier an instance of the fatigue endured by himself and his people while striving to gratify his great patrons.

"The superintendent (Fouquet) made him come to Vaux on the 11th of July, 1661. Thence Moliere went to the king at Fontainebleau, and was absent four days in all. In the night of the fourth he set out with his company, reached Paris in the middle of next day, and played as soon as they changed their dresses."

Our journalist, not intent on gratifying any eyes but his own by the perusal of his diary, made use of hieroglyphics to mark fortunate and unfortunate days and events. A lozenge, painted black, on the margin of the register, denoted want of success or misfortune of some kind, a blue circle distinguished the white days. He made his marriage at a time when he was perfectly cognizant of Moliere's imprudence in entering on that happy state. Still he marked his wedding-day with as large a circle in azure as space would allow, and the same symbol was afterwards frequently repeated in connexion with mention of his wife.

On the 11th of October, 1660, there was a special large lozenge of baleful hue in the journal, for the explanation of which we must take a glance at the condition of the company on their return from their provincial wanderings, and final settlement in Paris.

Monsieur, the worthless brother of the French king, and brother-in-law to our Merry Monarch, had promised his special protection to the company, along with conferring on them the title of his own Troupe. He had also promised, as La Grange informs us in his journal, a pension of 300 livres to each of the performers; but we have it on the word of the same truthful authority, that this same paltry £12 10s. was never paid in any shape. Monsieur considered that the use of his name amply recompensed all that the company could effect for his amusement. We have had a parallel to this in our own days, the patron being merely a Scotch earl. Being desirous of forwarding the interests of a young gentleman, who had exchanged the sword and sash of an officer in the Fusiliers for a player's truncheon on the Edinburgh boards, he wrote out his own style and title in tolerably large characters on a large card, paid a visit to his protégé, set the card on his mantel-piece, drew back to examine the effect, was pleased with the result, and cried out in a fit of self-complacent enthusiasm, "Have no more care about your prospects, Mr. C.; your fortune is made."

#### THE MISERIES OF A REMOVAL.

Poor La Grange thus chronicled the advantages derived from the countenance of Monsieur:—"March 24th, 1660, Monsieur owes for four boxes." At the seventh representation of "L'Ecole des Femmes" he wrote again, "Monsieur owes for three boxes." When Monsieur paid at all it was in a niggardly fashion. Having invited Moliere and his company to come and play "Les Facheux" and "L'Ecole des Maris" at his palace, he only handed him the paltry sum of twenty-five Louis (a Louis was then worth eleven livres, say 9s. sterling). However, Moliere with full confidence in his talents as actor, and genius as author, did not let these shabby proceedings discourage him.



He was granted the theatre of Le Petit Bourbon in that portion of the Louvre next the river, and there for two years he kept want at arm's length, entertaining the public with his "Precieuses," his "Etourdi," and his "Dépit Amoureux" and some of his provincial farces. But changes and embellishments were projected in the great building, which were not completed till 200 years later, and M. Ratabon, the king's architect, instead of sending polite messengers requesting Moliere to remove, sent in his workmen to pull down boxes, decorations, and the house itself about his ears, the poor manager thus "receiving notice to quit his house (as M. Fournier says) when his house had begun to quit him."

"He made his complaint to the king, but his petition went so slow, and M. Ratabon's workmen so fast, that in order to put Moliere in possession of his theatre it would require to be rebuilt."

It was at first intended to allow him the use of the theatre of the Tuilleries, where spectacles had been exhibited in the days of Mazarin. It required repairs and many alterations, and a calculation and plan were made and submitted, which Moliere approved of in these words:—

"This estimate appears to me satisfactory, but the time for completing the works is not specified, J. B. P. MOLIERE."\*

But instead of settling the company at the Tuilleries they made over to them the theatre built by Cardinal Richelieu at the Palais Royal, for the performance of his poor play "Mirame." Alas! it was now in a deplorable plight, the great beams nearly rotten and the audience portion half unroofed.

Leave was given by Monsieur to transport the *loges*, and other accessories of the Salle (audience portion) of Le Petit Bourbon to the Palais Royal. Moliere might also have taken the scenery, machinery, properties, and other furnishing of the theatre behind the curtain, but the detestable vandal, Vigarani, machinist to the king, put an effective veto on the removal. These ingenious and

splendid scenes and pieces of machinery designed by Torelli, were the wonder of the age, and had contributed to the glory of *L'Orpheo* of the Italian company, and *L'Andromède* of Corneille. Vigarani, despairing of producing anything like them for the king's private theatre, had them destroyed. We read in the Register of La Grange, "He made these decorations be burned, ay to the very least, in order that nothing should remain of the invention of his predecessor, the Sieur Torelli, whose very memory he wished to bury in oblivion."

So here were our poor theatrical friends driven to the ruinous house, now a thorough desert behind the curtain. As to the *Salle* and its parcel-roof the inconvenience was not beyond remedy. Had not the ingenious and gifted company often performed in more wretched places in the provinces? But scenery and some simple machinery were absolutely necessary, and till these were forthcoming Moliere and his people remained "on the flags," as they say in Paris.

The troupes of the Hotel Bourgogne and of the Marais improved the occasion by endeavouring to seduce some of Moliere's people from their allegiance, but in vain. La Grange writes apropos of these attempts:—

"The entire company remained. All the actors loved their chief, the Sieur Moliere, who joined to an extraordinary merit and capacity, a spirit of uprightness and an engaging manner which induced them all to protest to him that they were determined to share his fortune; that they would never forsake him whatever offers might be made to them, and whatever advantages they might find elsewhere."

#### MOLIERE'S GOOD HEARTEDNESS.

Moliere's readiness to do kind actions was equalled by the skill with which he administered to the self-respect of the relieved. His father when advanced in years was reduced in circumstances, and residing at the house of his son-in-law Andre Boudet in the house of the *Petits-Piliers*. Moliere in order to serve him, and

\* This, the longest of all Moliere's autographs, the inscription on the picture of the Holy Family excepted, has been preserved, and is in the possession of M. Chambray.

yet pass it under the pretext of business, gave him the custom of the theatre. He guessed that if he directly offered a present it would not be accepted. The elder Moliere held the theatre in detestation from the beginning, and would hardly receive any gift for which it had furnished the means. Still poverty was not banished from the hearthstone of Les Petits Piliers, till he lighted on the following ingenious device. His friend Rohault the Savant, well known also to his father, casually mentioned to the old man that he had lying by him a sum of 10,000 livres, which he was desirous of lending on mortgage, and asked if he knew any unfettered establishment. The Petits Piliers were as yet unincumbered; it was offered by father and son-in-law, the mortgage effected, and comfort restored to the hearth of the worthy old citizen.

We need not particularize assistances given by Moliere to Lulli and other great folk "in want of temporary accommodation." A kindness done to Mons. Calprenède must, however, be particularized in the words of the Register at the close of the year 1663.

"Paid to M. de la Calprenède for a theatrical piece yet to be written, the sum of 800 livres, advanced by M. de Moliere."

Poor Calprenède, after enjoying the office of gentleman in waiting, after making the queen's femmes de chambre neglect their duties on sundry occasions, by telling his pleasant stories, after receiving a pension from Her Majesty, when she had heard him read one of his long stories, either *Sylvander*, or *Cassandra*, or *Cleopatra*, or *Pharamond*, and after concocting sundry tragedies, the "Earl of Essex" among the rest, was at last left penniless, badly clad, sick, and altogether without resources. In this plight he paid a visit to Moliere, and easily obtained his 800 livres on the strength of his tragedy, to be written when health would be restored.

The poor writer never recovered, and the tragedy and the loan went to the grave along with him.

Another extract from the Register, end of the season 1661-1662.—"Given to the cure of the parish, 100 livres for the poor." Not only was Moliere charitable, but his company co-operated with him in contributing to the charitable establishments in their

neighbourhood. The poorer orders of monks were the better for living near the Palais Royal. In one entry is marked a gift of seven livres six sols to the Capucins, in another a Louis. In fact so kind were the actors and actresses to their poor neighbours that the gifts became, in some degree obligatory, and in 1699 a regular legal impost was laid on the players for the poor in their neighbourhood.

Whatever the shortcomings of playing folk, want of sympathy with distress is not found among them. In the Registers of the Palais Royal such entries as the following were not rare: "For charity to a candle-lighter, burned, 11 livres;" "Dress made through charity for the little (girl) Duclos, 27 liv. 10s.;" "To M. Rouan for the little (girl) Chateaneuf, 60 liv., for which the company was responsible."

The candle-lighter mentioned above was doubtlessly one of the two candle snuffers found between the acts at their duty. They were required to be expert, so that the audience would not be kept waiting too long, nor be treated to unsavoury smells. From the diary we learn that there was considerable difference in the value of the ladies' dresses. *Georgette's habit* being valued at 9 livres, *Madame Pernelle's* at 46 livres 3 sols. Barillon, the tailor to the company, must have had his hands pretty full. For "Le Mariage Forcé" he made twenty-five dresses, at an expense of 319 livres. Moliere had his own tailor.

#### DEALINGS OF AUTHORS AND ACTORS.

From the inexhaustible Register we acquire some information about the emoluments of the dramatic writers of the time. It appears that an author who had won success, received a certain sum from the company and had no further claim on the receipts. Consulting the Register of the 4th of March, 1665, we find,—"*Attila*," a tragedy of Pierre Corneille's, for which he got 2,000 livres (about £77 sterling). On the 28th of November, 1670, La Grange recorded the handing over of the same sum to that distinguished writer, for the tragedy of "*Berenice*."

M. Fournier pleasantly descants on the then agreeable mode of closing bargains between the dramatist and the company who purchased his play.

Instead of saying in a curt and snappish style, "Go to the treasury and get your money," the man of business having the sum agreed on enclosed in an embroidered purse, politely slipped purse and contents into the hands of the happy man, just as a gentleman with sick wife or child leaves a sovereign or five pound note in the palm of the medical man, whose hand he cordially grasps at wishing him good morning. The unlucky M. Boyer, of whom mention was made among the "contemporaries of Moliere," received 100 demi-Louis (say £20 sterling) in a purse embroidered with gold and silver thread for the very unsuccessful play of *Tonaxare*.

No untried author was so liberally treated. Moliere's company varied in number from twelve to sixteen principal performers (dancers, &c., not included), and they divided the receipts equally. The new author received two shares every night on which his piece was performed. In this case he retained the copyright of his play; not so such tried hands as Corneille, who were paid before the first performance. An entry in the "Register," dated 20th June, 1664, imports that "*La Thebaïde*," the first tragedy of Racine, had been acted on that day, and the author in possession of his double share. His second tragedy, "*Alexandre*," was represented under the same conditions on the 4th of December, 1665, but we may fancy the annoyance with which La Grange made the following entry some fifteen days later:—

"Friday, 18th December. This day the troupe was surprised to find the same piece of '*Alexandre*' acted in the theatre of the Hotel de Bourgogne. As this was done in concert with M. Racine, the troupe did not consider themselves indebted for author's share to one who had used them so ill in giving his piece to other comedians, and instructing them in their parts. The author's share was therefore divided among the actors, each receiving 47 livres."

Racine was legally at full liberty to do with his play what he pleased, but Moliere was his first patron and had given him much useful instruction in the composition and arrangement of a dramatic piece, and he

should not have so abused his privilege as he did. Fournier says, apropos to this proceeding,—

"Racine, who was acquainted with the ancients, ought to have recalled the beautiful saying of Cicero, so appropriate to the present transaction,—*summum jus, summa injuria!*"

Moliere while in the provinces had sold his full right in his pieces of "*L'Etourdi*" and "*Le Depit Amoureux*." So whenever these pieces were played in Paris he received no emolument as author. The company purchased also from him his "*Precieuses*" first played at "*Le Petit Bourbon*," giving him 1,000 livres for its possession. This sum they paid in instalments of 500, 214, 110, 128½, and 47½ livres. For "*Sganarelle*" he received 1,500 livres in three payments. With regard to the rest of his plays he contented himself with his two shares as author in the receipts of every performance. Of course he had his single share as performer besides. By some of his plays he made nearly 7,000 livres, the "*Tartuffe*" being the highest in the scale. "*Le Médecin Malgré Lui*" which he merely patched up from old Taburinades eked with Italian *lazzi* (bye play), was more productive than some which had cost him considerable labour. Fouquet always paid right liberally when he invited the troupe to his place at Vaux. But for the receipt of their last visit the entry in the Register devoted a blank space, the *Surintendant* being arrested and conveyed to prison immediately after the festival was over.

#### MOLIERE AT HOME.

We find our author and manager easy in his circumstances from the time of his settling down at the Palais Royal till his death. He first occupied apartments in the Rue Saint Honoré, then in the Rue Saint Thomas du Louvre, from which he removed to Rue Richelieu, eight months before his death. Besides his town residence he had his country house, or at least a well furnished suite of apartments at Auteuil, in the Bois de Boulogne. He was under about £40 rent in the Rue Saint Thomas, and had his apartments richly furnished. Tapestry, curtains, sofa-covers, &c., being of rich stuff,

and the other articles of furniture corresponding in richness and high finish. Armande was luxurious in taste, Moliere indulgent; and the coverlet of her bed exhibited gold embroidery on a green ground. Some authorities bestow a carriage and lackeys on Moliere, but apparently without good foundation.

Moliere contented himself with few attendants. He brought to Paris with him a country boy, who enjoyed the name or nick-name of *Provençal*, but this youth found the change from country to city life so strange, and became so absorbed in getting at the philosophy of the matter, that he used only a small portion of his intellect in studying his duties, and his master was obliged to dismiss him. He never replaced him. He had besides his housekeeper, Renée Vannier, since celebrated under the name of *La Forêt*; a kitchenmaid, named Louise Lefebvre, the widow of a surgeon. She died in the year 1668, and her place was not afterwards filled. We shall do no more here than allude to his reading his yet unacted scenes to his housekeeper, *La Forêt*, and forming a judgment of their success in the theatre from the way in which they affected the old lady.

We have seen that his bed coverlet displayed the favourite colour of Merry Andrews—green. If he made his waiters don livery when he had company it would probably be of that colour. Of course he gave dinners to his literary friends and noble patrons; but in order that these last might not ever forget the rank of their host, he had a mask engraved on every article of his plate, from the dish to the smallest spoon. In the middle of his witty and lively guests, he spoke but little, made few attempts at good things, but bent an attentive ear to seize every witty sally or humorous remark that would occur. He understood games at cards well enough, but loved them not. He generally kept a pack, however, in his pocket, and made memorandums on it of whatever was uttered worthy of production at some future time in play or farce.

#### HIS BOOKS AND PORTRAITS.

Moliere, like other amiable men and good scholars, loved to take a stroll through the book-stalls that existed in his day, and pick up valuable volumes. He must have collected a good library; but of all the volumes that made it up there are no more extant, at least to the knowledge of the literati, than one small volume in the possession of M. le Comte d'Auterive, and an Elzevir, bearing for title "*De Imperio Magni Mogolis, Sive India Vera, Commentarius, etc. Lugd., Batav. Elz., 1651.*"\* Moliere was probably induced to purchase the volume by the circumstance of his friend Bernier having travelled into those remote regions. It also assisted him to some words for his *Mamamouchis*, in the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*." He put the price, 1 liv. 10s., at top of title page, and *J. B. P. Moliere* underneath.

The truest existing portrait of Moliere is that painted by Mignard, (?) and preserved in the Louvre. Mignard's touch was often weak and undecided, but in this, as Michelet observes, "manly vigor, good nature, honour, and fidelity shine out. Nothing can be more frank or more decided. The intensity of life in the dark eye fascinates; we feel its heat."

Mignard was the personal friend of Moliere. The portrait just mentioned represents him in youth. There are others taken at an advanced period of life. In all, the eagle glance, the sprightliness of the expression, the mobility of the features, and the fulness of the lips, are fully expressed. The word-portrait of him left by Mme. Poisson, who was fifteen years old at his death, has been already quoted. We would be glad to possess the engraved portrait thus mentioned by Fournier—

"The admirers of Moliere who desire to possess a portrait of him, not less authentic than the preceding, and taken from life even as they were, have only to secure '*L'Ecole des Femmes*,' Paris, Claude Barbin, 1663, small twelves. The engraved frontispiece, which represents *Arnolphe* conferring with *Agnes* on the proposal of

\* Not having access to a copy of the volume in question we cannot say whether M. Fournier has made any mistake in the wording of the title. *India Vera* being in the nominative case, *Commentarius* would be better placed after *Mogolis*.

marriage, is considered the representation of Moliere to the life in this part.

"Purchase, then, this first edition of 'L'Ecole des Femmes' if you can find it; do the same with the other comedies. You will have more of the living Moliere in them. He cared them, he paternally caressed them, he corrected the proofs, and the trace of his pen is often found in the orthography—strange enough at times; he was sometimes the very seller of them. Here is a proof. 'Psiche (sic) Tragedie-ballet,' Par J. B. P. Molière, et se vend chez l'auteur à Paris, 1671."

While treating of Moliere's relics we must not omit his two famous chairs,—one at Pezenas, belonging to Gelly, a barber, when the poet was young, and often used by him when listening to the conversations of the patrons of the shop,—the other still preserved at the Theatre Français. Some suppose that this respectable piece of furniture in which sat Moliere when playing the "Malade Imaginaire" for the last time, was destroyed in the great fire at the Odeon in 1799. However, there was a strong partition-wall between the audience portion of the building and the theatre proper, and the destruction in this latter portion of the building was not at all general. The Register of "La Grange" and many other valuable papers and things were preserved while the salle was entirely destroyed. Pontus, the theatrical valet, fearing that the fire would reach the venerable article, flung it out of a window at the risk of breaking one of its legs, and so it escaped. The brave boy received a pension for the good deed. His family name existed among the tradesmen of the Theatre Français from before 1780 till within a few years. A circumstance probably unique in the history of European theatres is the existence of the family Laurent connected with this Theatre Français as box-keepers, &c., since the days of Moliere. No one could be more kind or considerate than he was to his servants or the small people of the theatre. The first of the Laurents on record was his call-boy, and to gratify the poor fellow he gave his name to Tar-

tuffe's servant. He must have felt much self-complacency when the hypocrite called off the stage on his first entry in the third act:—

"Laurent serrez ma haine avec ma discipline."\*

In the same obliging spirit he borrowed the name of one of the female domestics of the theatre for *Madame Pernelle's* femme de chambre. Though the name *Flipotte* does not sound euphonious in our ears, it probably gratified its owner when heard banded about in the stirring scenes of "Le Tartuffe."

This casual introduction of the immortal Tartuffe makes us unwilling to lay it aside for a while, but we must give preference to the plays which preceded it in order of time.

#### THE MISANTHROPE.

"Le Misanthrope," one of the greatest of Moliere's dramatic works, was produced in 1666 with indifferent success. It is said to have originated with a young Italian who related to Moliere the outline of a play of the same name which he had seen performed at Naples, one of the characters being an indolent nobleman, whose amusement for hours was to spit in a well, and watch the formation of the white circles. The same Italian was surprised to see "The Misanthrope" announced for representation a fortnight later. Moliere first read the piece to Boileau who bestowed his entire approbation on it. Still it met with a chilling reception. In the first act, a sonnet was recited by *Oronte*, and applauded by the *parterre*, but to their great disgust, they found the same piece of poetry mercilessly analysed by *Alceste* shortly after, and were much chagrined for having applauded what was worthless. It is not easy to put those who are in bad humour with themselves in good humour with the persons or things around them; so the play suffered.

Good-natured people, French relatives of *Mrs. Candour* and *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, carried the news with little delay to Racine, between whom and Moliere there existed a coldness at the time. "The piece is damned," said one of these worthy

\* "Laurent, lock up my haircloth and my discipline (whip for self-chastisement)."

folk; "it is tame, detestable. You may believe me; I was present." "Were you?" said Racine. "I was not. Nevertheless I will not believe that Moliere could produce a bad work of art. Go again, and examine it better." Thus Boileau and Racine alone of all the Parisian world maintained at first the merit of "The Misanthrope." The result confirmed the soundness of their judgment.

The author, being gifted with self-dependence as well as genius, determined that his play should triumph in the end. With this object in view, he brought out a piece which, in a less developed form, had often set his country audiences in a roar—"Le Médecin Malgré Lui." This he made the principal entertainment of the evening, "The Misanthrope" following it as an afterpiece. At first it was barely endured, then it came to be rather liked, and finally it arrived at complete favour.

Moliere's unfriends endeavoured to persuade the Duke of Montausier that the *Alceste* of the play was intended to be his portrait. He attended the representation in order to test the truth of the report, and on coming out, said aloud in the hearing of the busybodies, "I wish I resembled this misanthrope."

Boileau so detested the poetry of Chapelain that he once said in Moliere's hearing, that hanging was too good for the author of "*La Pucelle*."\* The poet turned the expression to good account in the play. *Alceste* there declares with respect to some poetry in question:—

"Even if a command should come from the king,

To approve these lines which have cost them such pain,

I would still maintain, *monbleu*, that they're execrable,

And the composer most worthy of a rope."

"The Misanthrope" was first acted on the 4th of June, 1666. Boileau asserted in Moliere's presence that he would never excel it. "Wait," said he, "till you see the '*Tartuffe*.'"

#### LE MEDECIN MALGRE LUI.

"Le Médecin Malgré Lui" was produced on the 6th of August of this year, 1666, and had a long run.

It would not be easy to trace out the original form of the story, it being one of these world-wide legends of which the origin is not ascertainable. It was of course more highly relished by *parterre* and *paradis* than by the occupiers of the boxes. *Sganarelle*, a drunken fagot-cutter, while giving a sound beating to his wife is interrupted by a neighbour, who for his interference to save the poor woman, first gets a cudgelling from her, and then another from her brute, for giving him leave to administer conjugal correction, *Sganarelle* informing him of "Cicero's advice" not to interfere between the bark and the tree. He goes to his occupation, and his consort cherishing revenge in her bosom, sends a couple of servants after him to restore speech to their young mistress. She explains that he is a most skilful surgeon especially in maladies of the tongue, but being an eccentric, he requires a sound thrashing before he will acknowledge that he has taken his degrees. The young lady has feigned dumbness to punish her father, who will not allow her to marry Leander, and the servants have gone forth to seek a new physician after all the faculty in the neighbourhood have failed.

The spiteful wife vaunts all the cures wrought by the wonderful doctor. "A woman about six weeks since, after exercising the skill of sundry physicians lay for dead in her coffin for six hours, and was on the point of being interred. The doctor now cutting fagots in the wood for a whim, no sooner administered a drop or two out of his wonderful phial than she rose, and set about her household affairs. Three weeks since a child fell from the steeple of the village church breaking his head and all his limbs. The wood-cutting doctor had only to rub the parts carefully with his marvellous unguent, and the boy was off to play chuck-farthing. But specially severe drubbings were necessary when such out-of-the-way operations as these were needed." *Valere* and *Lucas* lose no time. They find out the wonderful man, but after a world of discussion in which he disowns the sanative impeachment they begin to rain blows

\* This was a serious poem of the merit of Sir Richard Blackmore's "*Alfred*" and not to be confounded with Voltaire's detestable production.

on his head and shoulders. Of course he is prepared to acknowledge himself whatever they please, to put a stop to the chastisement. He relapses however when he hears how he effected the wonderful cures on the woman and child, but another dose of hazel roughly administered cures him of his obstinacy.

The mock doctor visiting his patient and finding that her father does not understand Latin, treats him to this precious olio by way of explanation of the lady's malady.

"Cabricias arci thuram, catalamus, singulariter nominativo, hæc musa, the muse, bonus-bona-bonum. Estne oratio Latinas? Etiam also, quare wherefore. Quia substantivo et adjectivum concordat in generi, numero, et casus."

The listeners express regret at their ignorance of Latin, and he proceeds;—

"These vapours of which I have spoken, passing from the left side where the liver lies, to the right where the heart is situated, it happens that the lung which we call in Latin *Arnyan*, communicating with the brain, called *Namus* in Greek, by means of the vena cava, which in Hebrew is named *cubile*, meets in its way, the fore-mentioned vapours, which fill the ventricles of the omoplate,\* and because the said vapours—follow my reasoning closely I beg you—and because these same vapours possess a certain malignity,—Now mark this I beg—'Yes,' 'have a certain malignity caused by the sharpness of the humours engendered in the concavity of the diaphragm;—it happens I say that these vapours, ossalaudus, nequeis, nequer, potarinum, quipsa, milus. There is the reason of your daughter being mute."

*Geronte*.—Nothing can be better explained. One thing alone puzzles me, that is the positions of the heart and the liver. You appear to put them out of their places. Is not the heart on the left side, and the liver on the right?

*Sganarelle*.—True; it was so formerly, but we have changed all that. We practice physic in an entirely new style.

*Geronte* was the more easily imposed on, as some fifteen years before, in the dissection of a criminal, the liver was found to be on the left side where the spleen ought to have been, and this last on the right. The heart had also inclined to the right, and there were several other irregularities in the interior, which greatly astonished the faculty of the day.

*Sganarelle* being pressed to prescribe for the invalid, ordered her to bed and to take abundance of bread soaked in wine. Being questioned on the virtues of these viands he answered that there was a sympathetic virtue in their union which caused speech. 'Parrots,' he observed 'get nothing else till they acquire language.'

*Leander* disguises himself as an apothecary, and the patient, and doctor, and apothecary coming to an understanding, she not only recovers speech but gets permission to espouse her lover.

It is difficult when merely reading this play to refrain from uninterrupted laughter. What must have been the effect on Moliere's laughter-loving audience on witnessing its perfect embodiment by himself and his well practised company? It is strange that it is not more frequently seen as an afterpiece on our own theatres.

We must here pause, having noticed scarcely half of our great dramatist's literary labours. Had his relations with the rival houses and his *Ridiculous Marquises*, and his cream-tart dukes, and the much loved partner of his fate, been of a more agreeable character, his life would have been one scene of felicity and gratified self-complacency. But he had his sufferings, and he bore them like a man. He would occasionally give utterance to them in his dramas, but among his friends he pressed down his sorrow with a strong hand. He exemplified that conduct recommended by his friend, La Fontaine,—

"Reproche est pour le fat, complainte est pour le sot;  
L'honnête homme trompé s'éloigne et ne dit mot."

\* Shoulder blade.

# DUBLIN

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### THE SCIENCE OF WAR.

"In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello."—*Hor. Sat. II., lib. ii., 109.*

IN time of profound peace, a provident ruler or government will take care to be prepared for war. So said the practical Roman poet and man of the world, as quoted above, when writing some twenty years before the Christian era. Our own Shakespeare, rather beyond sixteen centuries later, amplifies the thought more elaborately thus, in Henry V., act 2, scene 4 :—

"Peace itself should not so dull a kingdom  
(Tho' war, nor no known quarrel were in  
question),

But that defences, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintained, assembled, and  
collected,

As were a war in expectation."

These opinions, so old in date, have long passed into political axioms. Statists of all ages and countries admit their truth, feel their importance, but frequently neglect their practice. Hence, when a cause of quarrel, real or imaginary, serious or trifling, springs up suddenly, between nations, both or all parties concerned find themselves unprepared for the *ultima ratio*, the deadly appeal to arms into which they plunge headlong, without forethought or calculation of consequences. Then follow reverses, disbursements, accumulation of public debt, bankruptcy, and exhaustion, until the belligerents feel the absolute necessity of a pause to recover breath,

and to recruit their energies for another struggle, when time, place, and circumstances again cohere : and thus the wheel of events circles round, and the antagonistic propensities of our nature have obtruded themselves, from the earliest dawn of historic records, down to this present year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, inclusive. A melancholy, but true portrait of man, the pugnacious, whose constitutional organ of combativeness appears to have been little affected by the softening influence of Christianity, the march of civilization, and the perpetual and ruinous drains upon his temporal exchequer. The past teaches us that war, rather than peace, has ever been the normal condition of fallen humanity ; and the gathering or gathered clouds of the future, present no promising indications of a change for the better.

The Temple of Janus, at Rome, was shut—as a symbol that the world was in harmony—only three times during a long period of above seven hundred years ; throughout the life of Numa Pompilius, the second king, who died B.C. 672 ; at the conclusion of the first Punic war, B.C. 235 ; and in the reign of Augustus, on the eve of the Christian era. These epochs combined scarcely reach three quarters of a century.

When the great Industrial Exhi-



bition of 1851 took place, it was hailed by peace-loving enthusiasts as an offering of the olive-branch which would be eagerly grasped and retained by all nations capable of reflection, and endowed with the faculty of understanding their own interests. This was followed by many imitations in foreign lands, by our second English Exhibition of 1862, and closed by the great Parisian show of 1867. And how did the enlightened world conduct itself through the rapidly passing sixteen years? Did it cultivate mutual confidence, peace, and good-will? Did the lion extend the paw of amity to the lamb? Did the lamb reciprocate the overture? and did they lie down together in fraternal security? Not exactly. The short interval was relieved from the luxurious monotony of inaction, and enlivened by the stirring, sanguinary and expensive episodes of the Crimean war, the Indian mutinies, the successful filibustering of Garibaldi in Sicily and Naples, the Austrian and Franco-Italian struggle in Northern Italy, the American civil contest, replete with battles producing no result but slaughter; the Schleswig-Holstein dispute, and the seven weeks' campaign of Prussia against the dynasty of Hapsburgh, in which that proud house went down under the needle-gun, and the star of Hohenzollern, guided by the ambitious policy of Bismarck, rose brilliantly in the ascendant.

War, then, although denounced by every physician of mind and body as an unmitigated poison, eating into the vitals of men and states, is not yet eradicated from the human constitution, or checked in its destructive progress. It has found its advocates, too, in temperaments of the most opposite construction.

The martial historian Napier says, "War is the condition of this world. From man to the smallest insect, all are at strife, and the glory of arms, which cannot be obtained without the exercise of honour, fortitude, courage, obedience, modesty and temperance, excites the brave man's patriotism, and is a chastening corrective for the rich man's pride."

Coriolanus, when told that the Volsces are in arms, and menacing the Roman territory, exclaims triumphantly, "I am glad on't; then

we shall have means to vent our musty superfluity!" This is the ebullition of a haughty soldier and noble, writhing under the discontents of the lazy, unemployed rabble.

A very different class of patrician, the profound and philosophic Bacon, writes thus, when treating of the true greatness of kingdoms and estates: "No body can be healthful without exercise, neither natural body nor politic; and certainly, to a kingdom or estate, a just and honourable war is the true exercise. A civil war, indeed, is like the heat of a fever; but a foreign war is like the heat of exercise, and serveth to keep the body in health; for in a slothful peace, courages will effeminate and manners corrupt. But howsoever it be for happiness, without all question for greatness, it maketh to be still for the most part in arms; and the strength of a veteran army,—though it be a chargeable business,—always on foot, is that which commonly giveth the law, or at least the reputation amongst all neighbour states, as may well be seen in Spain, which hath had in one part or other a veteran army almost continually, now for the space of fourscore years."

But the illustrious ex-chancellor forgot, or it did not suit his argument to remember, that the vitals of Spain were in a great measure consumed by its enormous armaments. *Mutato nomine*, this may be applied to nearly all the leading powers of Continental Europe in the present day. They are armed to the teeth, *mobilizing*, to use the favourite technicality, huge masses of men, as if expecting or contemplating to invade or be invaded to-morrow. But which of them is thoroughly solvent in cash or credit, or capable of finding the sinews of a sharp conflict without the aid of Rothschild and Co.? And would that cautious and all-powerful firm be content with such security as the most flourishing of the contracting parties are in a condition to offer? If war be, in some respects, as some philosophers maintain, a great safety-valve, want of money is a counterpoise which steps in, in the very crisis of the fever, to temper the mischievous ingredients of the remedy.

A wide distinction is to be drawn between defensive and aggressive war. The first is an incumbent ob-

ligation; the last an unmitigated crime. But what human referee or judge can fix the line of demarcation? All belligerents peremptorily assume that they are in the right; that theirs is the just cause, and that they are driven to take up arms in the interests of peace. All invoke a blessing on their efforts. When either side gains an advantage, each returns thanks, sings a *Te Deum*, and erects a monument to perpetuate the victory, which, as they decide, the just decision of Providence has assigned to them.

England desires no war. She has surfeited on glory, and has had a heavy bill of costs to pay for the luxurious indulgence. She truly, anxiously, and sincerely would prefer to devote her energies and resources to the arts of peace, to have no reminiscence of the income tax beyond an inscription to its memory, and to credit the annual thirty millions and odd, voted for naval and military supplies, to the reduction of that gigantic myth—the national debt. But other nations either do not or affect not to believe this, and their overgrown preparations, in mutual suspicion of each other, drive us into heavy counter-disbursements we should be too happy to spare. In a time of what is supposed to be profound peace, our expenditure for the *material* of war exceeds what it was when we were struggling for existence against the combined power of Europe, wielded by the genius of the first Napoleon. This is one of the pleasures and conveniences of having next-door neighbours who seem to enjoy sitting on a barrel of gunpowder, with a lighted fuse in hand, the ignition of which, either by accident or design, might, at any moment, hurl into atoms friends and enemies “at one fell swoop.” Such being the actual state of inflammability in the political world without, we are in duty bound to be prepared for possible contingencies. A hard and unwelcome, but, at the same time, an imperative and inevitable duty.

Some writer of note, we forget who at this moment, says, “The use of war is to keep the peace”—a startling antithesis. Washington Irving, a man of philosophic and philanthropic bias, decides “that the natural principle of war is to do the most harm to an enemy with the least harm to our-

selves, and this, of course, is to be effected by stratagem.” He probably thought of the common saying that all tricks in war are lawful. Here we have the question treated as an ordinary matter of business, in the common run of events, likely to be perpetual, and as rotatory as the course of the seasons. Professor Creasy, writing in 1851, in the preface to his “Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World”—he originally confined them to six, and might as well have augmented them to sixty—remarks that “for a writer of the present epoch to choose battles for his favourite topic, merely because they were battles, merely because so many hundreds or thousands of human beings stabbed, hewed, or shot each other to death during them, would argue strange weakness or depravity of mind. Yet it cannot be denied that a fearful and wonderful interest is attached to those scenes of carnage.” Montesquieu has the following sentence, delivered with the pretension of an oracle, “If Europe should ever be ruined, it will be by its warriors.” “Truly,” as honest *Touchstone* has it, “there is much virtue in an *if*,” yet Europe has once or twice been apparently on the verge of the predicted consummation. Had the author of “*La Grandeur et Décadence de l’Empire Romain*,” been alive to witness the career and successes of the great Napoleon, and had he exhaled before his fall, he might have added, “Behold the corollary to my proposition!”

Since, therefore, wars and rumours of wars appear to be inseparable from the condition of humanity, it is both salutary and desirable that the operations thereunto belonging should be transacted on regular, admitted, and defined principles. While science is so skilfully employed to smooth man’s entrance into the world, it is not less resorted to with a view to help him out of it, and to mitigate the plethora of population. In this consolatory view, we hail with much satisfaction, the announcement, as gathered from published lists (see “*Journal of the United Service Institution from 1858 to 1868*”), that within the last ten years there have issued from the press, in England and France alone, more than five hundred specific works on subjects exclusively

warlike—on the actual science of mutual destruction in all its various phases. Thirty or forty years ago military writers were “few and far between.” Now they multiply “as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa.”

Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Miss Joanna Baillie, authoress of the “Plays on the Passions,” preserved by Lockhart in his memoirs of his illustrious father-in-law, and writing in 1810, says—“I don’t know why it is I never found a soldier who could give me an idea of a battle. I believe their minds are too much upon the *tactique* to regard the picturesque, just as the lawyers care very little for an eloquent speech at the bar, if it does not show good doctrine. The technical phrases of the military art, too, are unfavourable to convey a description of the concomitant terror and desolation that attend an engagement.” The great novelist was also a great poet, with a prodigious organ of imagination. If he means that military men, by profession, are not the best and most eligible commentators on their own art, we demur to his opinion. If he means simply that soldiers do not usually describe or feel like poets, we have no objection to offer. But if not figurative, soldiers are, by habit, faithful, and relate the facts they witness, participate in, and understand, with clearness and intelligibility, although unadorned, and, perhaps, unobscured by the imagery they may deem superfluous. For ourselves, we much prefer a military chronicler of a military event, as we should select for choice a lawyer’s report of a remarkable trial, a doctor’s analysis of a medical case, or the homily of a divine on a difficult point of religious doctrine.

In ancient days, the ablest and most satisfactory writers on war, Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, Julius Cæsar, *cum aliis*, were all soldiers, and related the events in which they took part. So did, in more recent times, Montecuculi, Marshal Saxe, Folard, Frederic of Prussia, Napier, Marmont, Foy, the Archduke Charles, and Napoleon. But civilians, and even clergymen, have written with *eclat* on warlike transactions. Archdeacon Cox’s life of John, Duke of Marlborough, was considered as the text-book of that renowned general’s deeds, abilities, and

character, until, in the opinion of many, superseded by the narrative of Alison. Few believe that Lord Macaulay, in spite of his seductive periods, has given an unprejudiced and trustworthy estimate. He is too much blinded by political partisanship. The chaplain general, Gleig, is a military writer of established reputation, but in early life, he was a soldier, and fought in “famous battles.”

Amongst the ancients, Herodotus, the father of history, as he is styled, who chronicled the wars of the Persians against the Greeks, from the age of Cyrus the Great to the battle of Mycale, was not a soldier; Arrian and Quintus Curtius, the most celebrated historians of the exploits of Alexander the Great, were both civilians, “who never set a squadron in the field.” Arrian began life as a disciple of Epictetus, the stoic; graduated into a priest in the temples of Ceres and Proserpine, and finally matured into a registrar of battles. Polyænus, the Macedonian, wrote seven books of stratagems in war, which have reached our day, without personal experience. And so did the Roman Vegetius, whose well-known treatise, “*De re Militari*,” is often cited by moderns as a standard authority. Sallust, the historian of the Jugurthine campaigns, although not a soldier by profession, had held office in Africa, which gave him the opportunity of visiting the localities of the actions he describes. Tacitus and Plutarch stand in the front rank of distinguished civilians who have written fully and freely on the events of war.

Southey’s history of the Peninsular contest was composed with an ambitious aim. His much-lauded life of Nelson had given him a sort of prescriptive right to record the deeds of Wellington. The book, in three goodly quartos, excited curiosity, and enjoyed a reasonable share of public favour until snuffed out by the superior vigour and accuracy of Sir William Napier’s, who, in one of his controversial pamphlets complimented the work of his brother of the quill as “a most copious source of error.” Napier had the advantage of authorities Southey could not obtain: field states and returns from the French marshals and the English

commander. When the Duke was asked if he had really given certain papers to the historian, he replied "yes." "But is your Grace aware that the fellow is a bitter Radical?" "Yes, and I am sorry for it; but he'll tell the truth." On a subsequent occasion the Duke wrote in a published letter, "I have the greatest respect for Colonel Napier and his work, but I have never read a line of the latter; for if I did I foresaw that it might involve me in a controversy more intricate and difficult than the operations the Colonel has undertaken to describe." Napier was brought up in the school of Sir John Moore, considered himself his pupil, and was justly proud of his personal notice. For a considerable time he scarcely did justice to the genius of Wellington, which he subsequently admired and eulogized to enthusiasm.

Sir Walter Scott's life of Napoleon—almost exclusively a detail of military achievements—had a great sale on the outset, and much was expected from the announcement of such a book by the author of "Waverley." But it soon fell in the market, and is now seldom asked for or read. General Gourgaud dealt it a heavy blow when he called it the last romance of the ingenious writer. It was also said, but perhaps not truly, that when Marshal Soult, laying all national jealousies aside, with the frankness of a soldier, proposed to place at Sir Walter's disposal, many official documents and archives, he politely declined the offer, saying that he preferred, or was satisfied with the popular accounts.

When did any given history or biography win universal approval, or comprise fact alone, without a mixture of falsehood or exaggeration? Sir Walter Raleigh, who ardently desired to be truthful, more than once meditated throwing his "History of the World" into the fire, when he found half a dozen witnesses to the same passing event give as many totally opposite recitals of what they believed they saw. "History," wrote Lord Bolingbroke, "is philosophy teaching by examples." When the flashy, unprincipled state-secretary of Queen Anne composed that well condensed sentence, wherein much is expressed in six words, and which has been often quoted, he had present to his mind and distinctly engraved on

his memory, the stern, uncompromising integrity, the accurate, penetrating research, the well-balanced estimate of evidence and authority which mark the pages of the Greek and Roman annalists. Great teachers, who have bequeathed to posterity lessons drawn from events as they occurred, with the causes from whence they emanated, and the effects they produced on the social and political world. This was the history commended by Bolingbroke. He had no thought of the spurious imitations or travesties so commonly palmed upon the gullible public of his own days, gathered together by hired scribblers, or avowed partisans, from government manifestoes, authorized bulletins, official instructions, and selected correspondence. Bolingbroke could understand and perhaps feel the advantage of moral truth, although he affected to ignore the beauty and benefit of Christian Revelation.

When, on the other hand, an equally experienced and more honest statesman, Sir Robert Walpole, said, "Trust everything but history, for that is always false," it is equally clear that he based his opinion, not on the admitted purity of the ancient chroniclers, but on a very opposite estimate of the political and moral corruption of the time-serving and bigotry of their modern successors. From these conflicting opinions, delivered by the high authorities named, we may venture to lay down two very safe conclusions;—that it is extremely difficult to get a true history of any event, person, or period; and that such a history is a document of inestimable value, when it can be obtained. As Shakespeare says of tried friendship—

"Grapple it to your heart with hooks of steel."

The laws of war, considered scientifically, may be and ought to be reduced to a regular system, although they can scarcely be regarded as equally complete and undeviating with those which govern astronomy, mechanics, and mathematics. So much does the issue of the most sagaciously calculated operations depend on chance, that war has been often pronounced a multiplication of errors. "There goes a general," said a bystander to Turenne, "who boasts that he has

never made a mistake in war." "Then," replied the great marshal, "he has made very little war." But it is most unsafe for a practitioner to slight or neglect acknowledged rules, although examples may be adduced of fortunate results in exceptional cases. Napier says, "Mediocrity sins against rules and fails; high genius soars above them and triumphs." A seductive and well poised antithesis. The sentence is as dazzling and *ad captandum* as any of Macaulay's best; but the logic is scarcely sound, and the practice too hazardous for general adoption. Napier's dictum may pass as a commentary after the event, but is scarcely to be recommended as a principle by which to regulate it. The original idea belongs to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, treating of a very different art, says of painting, "genius begins where rules end."

The Crimean contest, the volunteer movement, the large European armaments in our close proximity, and the uncertain state of Continental politics have given a martial turn and tinge to English literature, and to the habits and tastes of Englishmen in general, which as yet exhibit no indication of an ebbing tide. We are not likely to become a nation of soldiers, as our nearest neighbours have long been called; neither does our national prosperity or onward progress require that we should undergo such a complete transformation; but it is well to have amongst us monitors and teachers who from experience can supply manuals of instruction in the art military; and still more is it to be recommended that we should avail ourselves of the information when placed within our reach. When the Duke of Wellington wrote his celebrated letter to Sir John Burgoyne in 1847, and Sir Francis Head threatened the House of Commons in 1850 with a morning call from the French general in possession of London, we were certainly unprepared, and had fallen into apathetic security. There was cause for alarm, and it was good to blow the trumpet in time. John Bull responded after shaking himself, and soon forgot the contingent expense. He is a taxable animal, made for the purpose, accustomed to the operation, and tolerably patient under its process when convinced of the necessity, and permitted to indulge in one or

two preliminary and constitutional growls.

In 1858, a small work was published by Mr. Bentley, from the pen of Lieutenant-Colonel J. J. Graham, on the "Elementary History of the Progress of the Art of War." It was both entertaining and instructive. The author's view was comprised in a short sentence in his preface: "The science of war is one which is derived from experience, and history is the basis on which its principles are founded." On this plan, Col. Graham goes back to the earliest periods, does ample justice to the inventive faculty of Epaminondas, who originated the *oblique* system—by which a superior force is brought to bear on a weaker point of the enemy's line;—so splendidly verified at Leuctra and Mantinea where with inferior numbers and the worst troops in Greece, he beat the hardy Spartans, long held as beyond all measure the best. It is true, he had a coadjutor of first rate talent in Pelopidas, for whom much of the merit justly due to his superior has been claimed although upon notenable ground; just as a division of the laurels of Marlborough has been demanded for Prince Eugene, who co-operated with him in some of his most celebrated victories. The genius of the Theban commander, although exercised on a comparatively small scale, and in a restricted field, exceeded that of Alexander, Hannibal, or Cæsar; and the adoption of his grand principle led to the surprising victories of Gustavus Adolphus, Frederic the Second, and Napoleon. The latter was ever sparing of praise to his predecessors and opponents. He said Charles the Twelfth was a fighting gladiator, who knew nothing of war as an art; undervalued the achievements of Frederic; called Blücher a debauched old dragoon; and sneered at his destined conqueror, Wellington, as a mere general of Sepoys. Napoleon was great as a soldier and statesman, but not magnanimous as a man.

Colonel Graham's book is illustrated by plans of the battles of Leuctra, Mantinea, Zama, Arques, Nordlingen, Fleurus, 1690, and Leuthen or Liess, 1757. This little treatise, valuable in itself, contains an extract from Vegetius, which we subjoin. It will be found as applicable to modern

warfare, despite the change of habits and weapons, as if written A.D. 1868 instead of *circa* A.D. 386. Every student of the military art, every general about to take the field in command should enter these aphorisms in his common-place book : they cannot be too strongly inculcated.

"Never expose your troops in line of battle until you have tried their courage in skirmishes. Endeavour to reduce your enemy by want, by the terror of your arms, and by surprises, rather than by regular battles, for they are frequently decided by chance.

"The best projects are those which are concealed from the enemy.

"To know how to take advantage of opportunities is more useful in war than courage.

"He who judges correctly of his own strength and of that of the enemy, is rarely beaten.

"By new and unexpected manœuvres a general makes himself formidable ; by following uniformly the same system he runs the risk of becoming despised.

"He who lets his troops disperse in pursuit, hazards the victory he has gained.

"Consider whether your strength consists in cavalry or infantry, and choose your battle-field accordingly ; and let that arm in which you have the greatest confidence receive the shock of the battle.

"Consult with several as to what seems best to be done. Decide with a very small number, or even alone, what you will do.

"Great generals never give battle unless they think a favourable occasion is offered, or that they are compelled by necessity. There is more science in reducing an enemy by hunger than by the sword."

To the above, let us add the following :—Never undervalue your enemy from a conviction of the superiority of your own troops. While we pen this sentence, the disaster of New Orleans on the morning of January the 8th, 1815, with its two thousand victims, sacrificed, too, a fortnight after the ratification of peace, rises to the mind's eye in sad and spectral

illustration of the soundness of the above maxim.

Colonel Graham adds a few precepts on war from the Eastern Emperor Leo, who wrote a series of "Military Institutions" long after Vegetius. Amongst other rules, Leo says, "Distrust your enemy when retreating ; it is often a stratagem to draw you into a snare." He seems to have had a fore-shadowing of the great manœuvre of Duke William, twice repeated at Hastings, when by a pretended flight he drew the still unbroken English army from their intrenchments, and won the victory by flank charges of cavalry, and the attack of heavier masses of infantry in front.

In 1866, the Messrs. Blackwood published a military work, by Colonel Edward Bruce Hamley of the Royal Artillery, entitled "The Operations of War explained and illustrated." This is beyond all question the most complete and satisfactory treatise on the subject which has been written in the present day ; not superficially dashed off in a hurry, but the result of study and reflection, evincing patient research, sound practical knowledge, and much power of analysis. We have no doubt of its becoming a standard authority. The author combines in his person and experience unusual requisites for the task he undertakes. He holds important rank in a scientific corps ; he served throughout the Crimean war with much distinction, and also became known to the public as an author as well as an able officer, by a series of highly interesting and graphic letters in his capacity as correspondent to "Blackwood's Magazine."\* He was for six years professor of military history, strategy, and tactics, at the Staff College, and is now a member of the Council of Military Education. These are his credentials. It would be difficult to produce better. From such a source, the public could not fail to expect a valuable contribution to an important branch of literature, and the expectation has been amply realized. The style is clear and unaffected ; the author's object, above

\* Since published by Messrs. Blackwood in an enlarged and collected form, under the title of "The Story of the Campaign of Sebastopol." Colonel Hamley has also written a brochure called "Wellington's Career: a Military and Political Summary."

all others, is to be understood equally by readers of every class. For this reason he rejects almost entirely the use of technical phraseology, an exuberance of which, although incidental to and characteristic of the subject, has a tendency to run into obscurity and affectation. His design, he says, "has been to impart such information, and to support it by such examples as shall enable the student to read military history, and to investigate military problems, with the confidence of one who does not grope and guess, but surveys and judges." In these pages we find nothing of the "Sir Oracle" tone. Colonel Hamley lays down his propositions and supports them by references to the most celebrated examples. There is no dogmatic assumption of infallibility, no pretence that he is always right in his deductions. On the contrary, he asks for free and frankly expressed dissent to his opinions should such arise on the part of professional readers, and courts discussion, seeing, as he says, "that the matters he treats of cannot but become clearer by consideration and argument." The Colonel's chief object being to elucidate the principles of modern war, he passes over the great campaigns and battles of remote antiquity, and confines his illustrative instances to comparatively recent periods. He also introduces more reference to the operations of the late civil war in America, and applies them more frequently, than we thought the nature of the contest and the composition of the contending armies would have permitted. The ablest generals on either side could draw little or no knowledge from previous experience. The soldiers and their commanders were improvised with the emergency. We should add that Colonel Hamley's treatise is illustrated by seventeen plans which greatly assist the reader by the distinctness with which they are designed and executed. The work is dedicated, by permission, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, "under whose administration as Commander-in-Chief, the staff officers of her Majesty's army have first been regularly instructed in the highest branches of military science."

There are no two terms in the soldier's vocabulary so constantly confounded and misapplied as *strategy*

and *tactics*. Colonel Hamley in an early section of his book carefully defines and separates each. "The theatre of war," he says, "is the province of strategy—the field of battle is the province of tactics. All operations must ultimately rely for success upon power of fighting, for it is of no avail to conduct an army into situations which it cannot maintain in battle." A general may be gifted with great power of combination in the plan and preliminary arrangements of a campaign, yet lack the faculty of skilfully handling troops under fire. It has been often said with truth, that in every action there is a critical moment, when victory will rest with the commander who has his reserves best in hand. A successful campaign depends much on calculation and forethought. Accident often determines the fate of a battle. Bonaparte's passage of the Alps, and descent on Italy in 1800, were master-pieces of strategy. But he was on the point of losing Marengo, and preparing to retreat, when the opportune arrival of Desaix's division, and the tactical skill with which he threw it instantly into action, with the charge of Kellerman's cavalry, wrested the victory from Melas, and closed the campaign in a blaze of triumph.

At Austerlitz, the French Emperor opposed a superior force to his opponent at the critical moment, and on every point, although his army, in the aggregate, was not essentially more numerous. But he masked a portion of his strength, and induced the Russian commander to believe that he had scarcely 40,000 men in hand, when he had in reality above 80,000. When the enemy extended their left, thinking to turn his right flank, and thus weakened their own centre, Napoleon ordered Soult to charge at once with his division. "Not yet," replied Soult, "the moment has not arrived." Napoleon began to fulminate against his refractory lieutenant, but presently Soult, hitting the exact crisis, launched his column in a heavy mass, on the heights of Pratzen, and decided the victory. Napoleon rode up and exclaimed, "Marshal Soult, I consider you the ablest *tactician* in my empire." Here we have one of the most signal illustrations of Colonel Hamley's de-

finition of *tactics*, as distinct from *strategy*.

In this great battle Napoleon threw dust in the eyes of Kutouzoff, by not displaying his whole force in an extended line, and led him to risk one of the most dangerous experiments in war—a flank march in column, in presence of a concentrated enemy. Massena, in 1810, when advancing on Lisbon, escaped what might have proved a crushing disaster, under somewhat similar circumstances. He attacked Lord Wellington at Busaco, in an impregnable position, and was driven back, as the English general confidently predicted he would be, with heavy loss. Finding it impossible to force his way in front, he determined to turn the allies on the left flank. Time pressed, and he had no other resource, except retreat on his own part, which was then out of the question. His orders to drive the "Hideous Leopard" into the sea were too imperative. Accordingly he threw his whole force in one extended column, clogged with the artillery and baggage, and by a single narrow road into the pass of Boyalva, where he exposed himself to be taken in *flagrante delicto*. Lord Wellington might have sent one or two divisions to head the French in the defile, while the rest, advancing by Martagao closed in their rear. What a *coup* it would have been to have bagged a large army, two marshals of France, and a whole platoon of divisional generals! The English chieftain did not judge it prudent to risk such a daring chance, and the success of the enemy's march compelled him to leave Busaco and continue his retreat, although within four hours of either end of the pass through which the French were struggling. He paid too much respect to his enemy, as he did some months later, when Massena retired from Santarem. But let this not be considered an impeachment of his genius. He was restrained by political motives; his army was composed of heterogeneous materials, and he had not then acquired that perfect confidence in his own personal resources which many subsequent victories authorised him to entertain. Had Lord Wellington at the moment thought of the Caudine Forks, or the surrender of Dupont, when circumvented at Baylen, he might have

furnished history with more than a parallel. Marlborough forwarded to Queen Anne *one* living marshal as a trophy of Blenheim, and Wellington himself, in 1813, sent the baton of another to the Prince Regent, in token of the route of Vittoria; receiving in return, the corresponding symbol and more substantial appointments of the same rank in his own service. They were gloriously won.

When more than one line of operation is open to the progress of an attacking army, the advantage of moving by several roads is one that a good general will rapidly see and act upon. Colonel Hamley illustrates this by well-selected references to the advance of Napoleon towards Waterloo in 1815, the movement of General M'Clellan from Washington, by five parallel routes, when the Confederates invaded Maryland, and the reciprocal approaches of the French and Austrians to the battle-field of Solferino.

A chapter in Colonel Hamley's book is devoted to the subject of fortresses, and the necessity of defending the capital of an invaded country by defensive works. The question has been warmly discussed within the last ten years by writers, military and civil, by soldiers and politicians, and much has been said and written on all sides of the question. Napoleon at one time disregarded fortresses, and either masked them with detachments or passed them by altogether. At another he treated them with too much importance. When driven to re-cross the Rhine, after the overthrow of Leipsig, he left above 100,000 of his best veteran troops in the strongholds of Germany. They were forced to capitulate in succession, and were thus lost to him and France, when their presence in the field during the marvellous campaign of 1814, in Champagne, might have turned the tide entirely in his favour. The terms of peace offered to him at Chatillon, prove how deeply his unexpected successes had checked the aspiring hopes of the allies. But for his own obstinacy he might even then have held the throne of the Bourbons; curtailed, it is true, and stripped of the unwholesome excrescences with which, in his hour of unmingled triumph he had loaded it; but still a compact and formidable empire.



Colonel Hamley considers, as a general principle, the defence of the capital of any given country, by fortifications, as a measure of incalculable advantage. He says Napoleon in 1814 would have gained vast additional power of manœuvring had Paris been secure from assault; and quotes the following passage from Marshal Marmont, written long after: "The fortifications of Paris assure more powerfully the independence of France against the attacks of all Europe than the acquisition of many provinces, which would only so much the more extend the frontier."

Let us consider these opinions with immediate reference to ourselves. Paris, we admit, is France; but London is not so assuredly England. During the great struggle, the fall of Paris ended the war. So did the evacuation of Richmond by General Lee terminate the American quarrel. When the fiery French colonels proposed the invasion of England and the sacking of London *en revanche* for the non-conviction of Dr. Bernard, the old alarm of our unprepared condition was revived, and much money voted for fortifications,—the protection of the metropolis not being included in the programme. But the capture of London is a contingency not to be thought of for a moment. Lord Overstone spoke with oracular weight when he said in his place in the House of Lords, "It must not be;" and every true-hearted Briton repeated the interdict. Such a catastrophe would not subjugate England, but it would shake our national prestige to its foundation. But with all due deference to the opinions of experienced engineers, we confess to no great confidence in detached fortifications in the immediate vicinity of the capital, as the most available means of defence against a foreign enemy. We should prefer an open field of battle, as remote from the Bank or Exchange as can be selected; near the point of disembarkation; on the beach, if possible. For this we want *men*, and the men, we contend, are to be found in the volunteers, acting in conjunction with the regular army and militia.

Citadels and forts are unquestionably necessary to secure our dockyards and arsenals from surprise; or to compel an invading army to pass

them by, or to consume invaluable time in regular sieges. But for the grand purposes of national defence, we look upon fortifications, whether of solid masonry, temporary earth, or imperishable iron,—the latest suggestion,—as objectionable on three grounds.

In the first place, their very existence implies a consciousness of inferiority. If we are competent to meet our foe in the field, why wait for him behind a wall?

Secondly, fortresses are sure to be taken if invested in due form.

And thirdly, they are seldom finished. In this they resemble the cathedral of Milan—always in progress, never complete. Any estimated calculation of expense or extent is a mere blind to the credulous. Ever since we can remember—and the period includes a large segment of the ordinary circle of life—we have read of fabulous sums expended on the works at Gibraltar, Malta, Dover, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Chatham, &c.—not to mention Corfu, which we generously made a present of to a paltry power that will assuredly lose it with the first opportunity, if not impelled by insolvency to sell in the meantime to the highest bidder. Yet these costly works are still in progress, and undergoing perpetual transmutation; as our ships of war, when launched, rigged, manned, and ready for sea, are often remanded back into dock to be cut in two, lengthened, or changed into something else, being condemned as utterly unfit for their original purpose.

Not long ago the writer of this notice happened to visit one of our most important military outposts, and obtained permission for an intelligent bombardier to show him round the works. At a particular point he observed to his conductor, "I recollect when I was last here, a few years back, there were two forts on this ground where we are now standing, with connecting lines." "Quite true, sir," replied the cicerone, "but after they were finished they were found to be of no use; so they were pulled down again to make room for others." We are sorry to say this is a *da capo* too often practised in our rehearsals of fortification.

When King Louis Philippe, in 1841, determined to surround Paris with

fortifications, Marshal Soult, then President of the Council and Minister of War, was one of the few members of the Cabinet who resolutely opposed the scheme, although, at last, reluctantly brought to consent to it. "You will spend," he said, "millions upon millions of money, and will lock up 250,000 men. Spare the money, and give me the men on the frontier, where I promise to make a much better fight. It is there, not here, that Paris must be defended." The advocates for fortifying London appeal to the impregnability of the lines of Torres Vedras, and the resistance of Sebastopol, which lasted for nearly a year. In our humble opinion, neither is a case in point. The suggested defence of London by detached forts embraces a circumference of some seventy or eighty miles. The lines of Torres Vedras in advance of Lisbon extended along a front of twenty-five miles, and were inaccessible on both flanks. The Tagus, commanded by our flotilla, protected the right, and impassable mountains closed in the left. These lines, which were, in fact, a series of intrenched positions, composed of detached forts and redoubts communicating with each other, could not be turned, and were occupied by a large army perfectly free in the rear and continually receiving reinforcements. To force them in front was simply impossible. Even if the first line had been carried by a miracle, the second was much stronger, and there was yet a third in reserve. We cannot conceive any position covering London, with even a modicum of the same features or advantages. Sebastopol is still more out of the argument. It was never regularly *invested*, but left open to endless supplies from the north side and eastern end of the harbour. According to engineering rules it ought not to have been taken at all. Had the place been regularly encircled by the attacking force, or had the originally contemplated *coup-de-main* been attempted in the first instance, the siege would have been shorter, less memorable, less expensive, and less sanguinary than it ultimately proved. The allies would have saved time, men, and money; but the lesson administered to Russia would have been sooner forgotten.

We confess to a strong impression

of the invincibility of British troops in a fair field, with anything like equal numbers and reasonably good generalship. We failed at the Redan, because, under the circumstances, we attempted what was impracticable. Our soldiers forced their way in, however, and would have held their ground had they been supported as they should have been. Having decided on the assault, it would have been wiser to have followed it up with the whole army than to retire under failure. The French had fifteen thousand men ready in hand to second the stormers of the Malakoff. Why were the assailants of the Redan left to themselves, without immediate support? The reason assigned in the public despatches was, that "the trenches were so crowded with troops that it was impossible to organize, at the moment, a second assault"—which was therefore postponed until the next day. But with that succeeding dawn came silence and evacuation. The defenders of Sebastopol had vanished during the night, and the opportunity of redeeming our mischance was lost for ever. Did the words of the despatch, fairly interpreted, mean that men were ready in abundance at the critical place and moment, but that the generals had not the *tactique* to handle them? The question has been often asked, and never satisfactorily answered. Shades of Frederic, Napoleon, and Wellington! what think you of the argument as it stands?

Something similar occurred at Bergen-op-Zoom in March, 1814. A British column attempted to carry by escalade one of the strongest fortresses in the Netherlands—the acknowledged masterwork of Cöhorn—defended by a garrison more numerous than the attacking party—and they very nearly succeeded. The leading columns passed the ditches, scaled the walls, and won possession of thirteen bastions. Had the second division, held in reserve as a support, been on the glacis instead of two or three miles off—they might as well have been at Amsterdam—the gates could have been opened to them by their victorious comrades, and the place secured. As it was, two thousand brave men were uselessly killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Sir Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord

Lynedoch, was one of the best and bravest soldiers in the British army. His dashing victory at Barossa was truly, as Napier calls it, an inspiration; but his genius slumbered at Bergen-op-Zoom, which must be classed with the contemporary sortie from Bayonne, and two or three other "untoward events" by which our long series of victories was now and then chequered. It was grievous to think that so much blood should be shed to no purpose, just as the dying embers of the war were flickering to extinction.

Some time afterwards, when the Duke of Wellington went over Bergen-op-Zoom, he observed that it was a prodigiously strong place, and must have been extremely difficult to get into. "But," he added, "when once in, I wonder how the d—l they suffered themselves to be beaten out again."

In case of a descent on England by an aggressive belligerent, supposing the enemy to escape our fleet, which is quite within the chapter of accidents, we think he should be met at once, in the confusion and hurry of disembarkation, before he has had time to land cavalry and artillery, and to select his ground. His superiority in numbers would then be comparatively neutralized. Give him leisure to place his army in position, and it might become very difficult to dislodge him. But with the sea at his back, and no permanent superiority on the unsteady element, he fights without a base or certain line of retreat, in case of a check. No general of common experience or prudence would like to be so assailed, even by a force numerically inferior. If he repulses the attack, and holds his own, such an advantage will not subjugate the country invaded, while defeat to him will be utter ruin. The odds are too much against him. Datis and Artaphernes found this to their cost, when routed by Miltiades at Marathon; and the Norman adventurer would, in all probability, have supplied another example at Hastings, but for the untimely arrow which deprived the English army of the generalship of Harold.

At the Helder, in 1799, and in Egypt, in 1801, British troops landed successfully, in the face of determined opposition, and drove back brave op-

ponents. Would the result have been the same had the position of the engaging parties been reversed? —Alarmists write and constantly proclaim that 150,000 men might be placed on any selected point of British territory at the choice and option of the foe. They will scarcely even admit the probability of our having any previous knowledge or forewarning of the assemblage of such an overwhelming force. All this is more easily said and written than realized. The two largest armies, in modern times, landed on a hostile coast, were those of Napoleon in Egypt, in 1798, amounting to 40,000 men, and the combined forces of France, England, and Turkey, at Eupatoria, in 1854, approximating in round numbers to about 60,000. In both the last-named instances they were unopposed.

If an army destined to attack another country, from the sea, evades the protecting fleet, a landing can be effected. Repeated experience establishes this fact. But an insular position, such as ours, while it facilitates concentration on the defensive side, increases the necessity of an overpowering superiority on the part of the assailants. Armies of 150,000 men, with their accompanying *impedimenta*, are more easily put in motion on paper than in reality. And when they are organized, disembarked, and formed in battle array, where is the master-spirit to direct their movements? A Napoleon or Wellington is not of every-day growth. Many a respectable general may figure with average credit in command of a brigade or division, but place him at the head of the host of Xerxes, or of the half million led by the French autocrat against Russia, and the chances are in favour of his becoming bewildered with his own strength and of floundering with it in inextricable confusion. It was not very flattering to the tactical proficiency of his old associates in arms, when the great Duke said, if twenty thousand men were marched into Hyde Park, there were not half a dozen generals in the service who could get them out again.

It is a favourite theory with bellicose Gauls and Americans, that in case of war, and the consequent invasion of England or Canada, num-

bers must ultimately prevail, despite of discipline, acknowledged prowess, and the resources of a well-replenished treasury. Again, history tells us that inferior populations have often triumphed over greater ones, that some of the most decisive battles have been fought by comparatively small armies; and that victory has often rested with the weaker side. We do not adduce this as a plea in favour of risking the independence or safety of a nation, or of unduly taxing the valour of its protectors with heavy numerical odds in the opposite balance, when the hour of conflict arrives; we simply use it as a counter-argument, based on recorded facts.

The Russian Empire has boundless territory occupied by between seventy and eighty millions of people, but they are too thinly scattered to be available in proportion, either for attack or defence. Condensed population within a reasonable compass, with rapid power of motion by railroads includes more real strength. France contained less than thirty millions of inhabitants when Frederic of Prussia declared that if he were king of that country not a gun should be fired in Europe without his permission. Russia, when attacked by Napoleon, in 1812, could, with difficulty concentrate 120,000 men at Borodino. Her armies never exceeded that amount in the successive retaliations on France by the invasions of 1814 and 1815. Marathon, Plataea, Issus, Arbela, and Pharsalia, in the olden times; the victories of our Edward the Third, Black Prince, and Henry the Fifth, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; Narva, Roebach, and Leuthen, more recently, are marvellous instances of small hosts utterly routing large ones. Marlborough never commanded 35,000 exclusively English troops, and the Duke of Wellington had only 29,000 at Waterloo. Neither was the bulk of that force his Peninsular veterans, but untried soldiers, who had never been under fire. At the conclusion of the Peninsular war, the British portion of the army, the hardy battalions who had marched from the Tagus to the Garonne, and with whom their general said he could have gone anywhere and done anything, fell below 45,000 men.

Leipzig furnishes a signal exception to these moderate estimates. In that decisive conflict more than 400,000 combatants were engaged on both sides; and at Magenta and Solferino, the joint numbers exceeded 300,000. The civil war in America also stands forth as a titanic anomaly in all its leading features.

The present standing army of France may be given, in round numbers, as an approximation to 600,000 men. An enormous aggregate. But they have more to do than our 180,000. The National Guards are not included in the above calculation, as they are not *mobilized*, or available for foreign service. Happy is it for England that she has no such security for keeping her domestic peace. The ordinary duties of this class of hybrid citizens, half military and half civil, are confined to watching the Socialists and Destructives, to changing dynasties and superintending revolutions. We have no doubt that many reflecting statesmen, whether absolutists, imperialists, legitimists, liberals, or radicals, look upon them as a domestic nuisance, calling loudly for abatement, and would, for once, make common cause in compassing their abolition, were it possible. They are as dangerous as the Prætorians of Rome, or the more modern Strelitzes, Janissaries, and Mamelukes. Sovereigns and magistrates use and fear them. They constitute a sort of *Imperium in Imperio*, ever doubtful and menacing. When we were last in Paris we remarked to the landlord of the hotel at which we were staying, an intelligent bourgeois who was not at all backward in speaking his mind, that the National Guards were an effective body, well armed and disciplined, and that we had nothing of the kind in England. "You are much better without them," he replied; "and if I were emperor I would do away with them to-morrow. They are not to be depended on. *Les pantalons rouges*, the infantry of the line, are the men of battle, and the real conservatives of order; without them our city would be in a constant uproar." "If it had not been for my old Algerians," said Cavaignac, when he carried the barricades of 1848, "you were all done for."

The ordinary garrison of Paris consists of nearly seventy thousand re-

gular troops. A strange necessity. What would people think if London, with more than twice the population of the French metropolis, required such an army to restrain the revolutionary tendencies of the Cockneys? But the real fact is, that the National Guards are *supposed* to keep down popular *emeutes*, and the garrison are wanted to keep down the National Guards. The military occupation of Algeria, a terrible sacrifice to national vanity, absorbs nearly 100,000 soldiers; while Toulon, Lyons, a hot-bed of insurrection, and other large towns, swallow up as many more. And in the unsettled state of Europe, a large disposable force is indispensable along a great portion of the northern and eastern frontiers on the look-out for an impromptu turn up in Austria, Hungary, Prussia, Poland, central Germany, or Italy.

Colonel Hamley, commenting on the beauty and power of military organization, quotes from Macaulay, who says, "a hundred thousand soldiers, well disciplined and commanded, will keep down ten millions of ploughmen and artisans. A few regiments of household troops are sufficient to overawe all the dissident spirits of a large capital." Advocates of the physical-force doctrine, disciples of the Bright, Potter, Beales, Bradlaugh, and Dickson school, we recommend these sentences and their contexts to your special consideration.

Our ancient, hereditary foes of long standing, fought side by side with us in the Crimea with emulative ardour; and the Emperor has proved himself a staunch and loyal ally, faithful in all points to his engagements, and thoroughly impressed with the advantage to the civilized world of enduring amity and close relations between France and England. Much stress has been laid, and perhaps not altogether without reason, on what some commentators call the "*morale*," or, as it would be more appropriately expressed, the total absence of "*morale*" in the French army in general, and the Zouaves in particular, refined as it has been by a succession of Algerine experiences, by the Italian episode, and their more recent *razzia* as liberators in Mexico. The aspirations or idiosyncrasy of a stray grenadier may

suggest to him visions of the plunder of London; but we really think it a libel on our gay and gallant friends and neighbours to suppose that in a body they bear any such feelings towards us. Yet, without arguing whether such may or may not be the case, to a certain extent; whether they actually cherish the hostile feelings attributed to them, the thirst of revenge for Waterloo, the longing after *loot*, with an idea that the realization is promising;—it is clear that many of our own writers have long been labouring to put such notions into their heads, if they are not already there, and to bring the mischief to maturity should it be actually brewing. But this is too episodic. Return we to the more immediate subject of our notice.

The issue of any particular battle may be more or less influenced by chance. Many memorable instances, as recorded by Colonel Hamley, attest this fact. But do such cases affect the established principles of war? Are these principles likely to be overthrown by the revolution in the tactics of the day? Our author says on this leading point—(Part vi., chapter v.)—"The introduction of arms of precision was the signal for numerous speculations, many of them somewhat extravagant, on the changes in warfare which would ensue. Some said all attacks would be impossible; some that artillery would now be the chief arm, and infantry and cavalry mere escorts for the batteries; some that the day of cavalry was over. This is by many degrees the most important question that can occupy the thoughts of contemporary soldiers, for it was by divining the relations between new systems and old that Frederic and Napoleon rendered Prussia and France each for a time supreme in war. To discern and provide for the new conditions under which armies will engage may, in the next European struggle, be worth to a people, not merely armies and treasure, but liberty and national life." He then adds, that the recent changes are not subversive of old systems, but merely modifications of others previously existing, and proceeds to an argumentative examination of their extent and bearing. This section is one of the most interesting in the volume.

With regard to the value of cavalry in line of battle, in prospective campaigns, as that arm has remained stationary, while rifled firearms, at long range, have introduced such startling novelties in the branches of artillery and infantry, some military authorities have argued that the horseman may be dispensed with in future, except for the duties of reconnoissances, advanced guards, and escorts. In the American contest the inferiority of the cavalry induced both Confederate and Federal commanders to incline to this opinion, which is not adopted by the European powers. They think that though the relations of the three arms have been changed, and new combinations are necessary, yet their relative value has not been disturbed. Colonel Hamley adopts the latter view, and adduces many sound arguments in its support. He observes, amongst other points, that "as cavalry can move with ease one thousand yards, ending with a charge, in three minutes and a half, its speed of motion insures it against numerous or accurate discharges either of great guns or infantry." He adds, too, that good cavalry has seldom been repelled by fire alone, but rather by the steady aspect of the serried ranks. In reply to this, we have always understood that in the memorable instance of Waterloo, which outweighs a hundred ordinary cases, it was the close, deadly fire of the English hollow squares that so completely baffled the desperate charges of the French horsemen. Our ranks, unquestionably, were firm and unflinching. As men fell under the storm of French artillery, the unwounded closed in on the right and left, and at the end of the conflict the reduced area of the squares gave evidence of their indomitable discipline and obstinacy. Not an inch of ground was lost; not a battalion broken. As Sir Walter Scott says of Flodden—

"No thought was there of dastard flight,  
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,  
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
As fearlessly and well;  
Each stepping where his comrade stood,  
The instant that he fell."

If the leading files, men and horses, of an attacking column, are shot down as they near the point of contact, and encumber the ground, the impetus of

the charge must be broken, the rapidity checked, and the weight negatived. Let it be remembered, too, that the multiplied power of the breech-loading rifle was unknown in 1815, and for many subsequent years.

The French cavalry failed to break the English infantry at Waterloo. A remarkable instance, on the *per contra* side, occurred during the Peninsular campaigns. The day after the great victory of Salamanca, our heavy German dragoons, under General Bock, came up with the French rear at the hill of La Serna. Two battalions threw themselves into square, while the third, still in column, faced about, without changing formation. The Germans dashed on, regardless of a well-directed, concentrated fire, which emptied many saddles, went clean through the mass, dispersed it, and captured nearly a thousand prisoners. Victors and vanquished were equally astonished at the result. "Yet," says Napier, "those who witnessed the scene, nay, the actors themselves remained with the conviction of this military truth, that cavalry are not able to cope with veteran infantry save by surprise." This dashing feat of La Serna supports Colonel Hamley's opinion. The British cavalry were not checked by the destructive fire of the French; but the aspect of the enemy was wavering instead of steady, and their ranks were not serried. They were taken by surprise. At Balaklava, Lord Clyde, then Sir Colin Campbell, instead of forming square to receive the Russian horse, kept the Ninety-third in line, which, he said, was quite sufficient; and so it proved. With respect to the most effective pace for a charge of cavalry against cavalry, great differences of opinion have been expressed by the best authorities. Jomini, than whom no one is more completely master of the subject, recommends the trot, and reinforces his own view by the concurrence of Lasalle, a celebrated leader of horse, who one day seeing the enemy approach at a gallop, said, "There come lost troops;" and these impetuous squadrons were in fact overthrown at a slow trot. Colonel Hamley writes that at Balaklava the Russians bore down upon our heavy brigade at the gallop, but before closing drew up to a walk, either to

restore lost order or from failure of resolution. Our regiments, except the 4th Dragoon Guards, which attacked their flank, moved to meet them much more slowly, hampered by impediments of ground, yet the enemy, thrice their numbers, were defeated. Lord Raglan, in his despatch, said that the heavy cavalry charge was never doubtful for a moment, and was equal to anything of the kind he had ever witnessed. Mr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent, who was looking on from the heights, in his description, conveys the idea that our charge was one of tremendous speed. "They rushed on," he says, "with a cheer and a wild shout that thrilled every heart. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskillens pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The intervening distance was only a few hundred yards. It was scarcely enough for the horses to gather way, or the men to obtain full play for their sword-arms." The two accounts, by the soldier and civilian, convey very different ideas of this memorable charge. We have been assured by a distinguished officer of rank who was wounded in the *melée* that the pace on our side was as rapid as time and close proximity allowed, and certainly partook much more of the gallop than the trot.

Murat, a celebrated cavalry officer, whose irresistible charges decided the issue of more than one great battle, was accustomed to move up to the attack at a moderate pace, so as not to blow his horses or exhaust his men, and then urged them to the fullest speed when within a few yards of closing. Napoleon repeatedly declared at St. Helena that if Murat had commanded the French cavalry at Waterloo he would have broken the English squares. An amateur soldier, with more confidence than discretion, mentioned this one day at Lord Anglesea's table in Dublin, when he was Lord Lieutenant, and added that he thought so too. "No, no, he wouldn't," quickly replied the brave old Viceroy, "nor twenty Murats to help him." The brilliant King of Naples was considered a perfect model in his peculiar line—a matchless cavalier. But some recent writers have questioned his paramount pretensions, and place Seidlitz and

Ziethen, of the Seven Years' War, far above him. Of Seidlitz it was recorded that as a mere feat of equitation, he would gallop his horse in and out between the circling wheels of a windmill in the most rapid rotation. This we should call evidence of foolhardiness rather than generalship.

It was when describing the action of La Serna that Napier pronounced the musket the *Queen* of Weapons. The present writer has often shuddered "Brown Bess" in days, alas! long gone by, was considered an expert at the manual and platoon, and more than once hit the bull's eye at ball practice, range one hundred yards, when only one sergeant and a lance corporal in the light company could accomplish what was then looked upon as a marvellous feat. But where is our old friend Bess now? Dead, buried, and forgotten, with the few surviving relics, rusting, as antiquarian curiosities, in the lumber-racks of the Tower. Napier had no premonitory visions of the Minie—the *King* of Weapons, according to Russell—the Enfield, the Snider, and Chassepot; all of which are already threatened with supercession in favour of still more perfect instruments of rapid and wholesale destruction.

The needle-gun was supposed to have been the chief agent in the quick decision of the late Prussian and Austrian quarrel. This is not likely to happen again. The nations of Europe have adopted the hint, and will in future take care to enter the field with equality of arms, however they may be unequally matched in other respects. But the Austrians were slow, and, from some infatuation not yet explained, put faith in their Commander-in-Chief, Benedek, which his antecedents scarcely justified. It was the same in the case of Giulay, when they were at issue with France and Sardinia. Had they done at the beginning what they did afterwards, given up with the best grace they could assume, their profitless, exhausting hold on Venetia and the Quadrilateral, liberated their best troops and best general, it is difficult to say how matters would have eventuated. But Austria is always slow in opening a campaign, and in a hurry to close it when a reverse occurs. The popular opinion, on the last occasion, inclined to their side. They gave the great

Napoleon his first serious check at Asperne, or Essling, as it is variously called, in 1809; forced him into an almost desperate position on the Island of Lobau, and gave in on the defeat of Wagram, which need not have been considered as a hopeless overthrow. After Magenta and Solferino, they were outmanœuvred in diplomacy. A suspension of hostilities was almost as desirable to their opponents as to themselves. The French Emperor had no wish to venture within the Quadrilateral at that advanced period of the year. Peace, pause, or retreat, were his alternatives, and he succeeded in dictating the former.

We ourselves ended the Russian war—into which we plunged without adequate preparation—too hastily, when the game was in our hands. But our allies were tired of the whole business, and we were too complaisant to go counter to their wishes. They had, besides, their own reasons for not desiring to humble Russia to the dust. The Turk was shabbily used, and treated with less ceremony than any of the interested parties. If France and England were too magnanimous to exact payment of expenses, they should, at least, in fair dealing, have demanded re-imbursment for the "sick man." It was remarked, in a contemporaneous article in this Magazine that neither of the great Western powers wanted anything for themselves. They had vindicated a principle and shown their power in the face of the world; but retributive justice demanded that Turkey should receive some equivalent for the enormous sum so tyrannically extorted from her under the panic of Diebitsch's advance to Adrianople, after the passage of the Balkan in 1829. An opportunity was passed over of teaching the most merciless despotism in the world—always excepting those exercised under the Republican form—a moral lesson, which would have been remembered until the last rouble of the last instalment was paid in full. Russian sympathies are accessible only through the pocket; the loss of a million or two of dross in the shape of human life, is a sacrifice they neither feel nor care for. Ay, said many, at the time, this is all true to the letter, but the allies were not in a condition to

insist on such terms. To which it was answered, but they ought to have been, and a little more conjoint perseverance would have verified the fact. Napoleon's great maxim was, that the war should pay the war; and he seldom omitted an opportunity of putting it in practice. An indemnity for expenses, and a pretty heavy one, was usually his first stipulation.

Napoleon was a wonderful general; there can be no doubt of that, although his reverses were, in the long run, almost as signal as his victories. His system, however, was more adapted to succeeding single campaigns than in protracted contests. It was too wasteful of human life. Forced contributions, inflicted on the defeated enemy can more easily replenish the military chest than fill up gaps in the ranks of the decimated veterans. Moreau said of his rival, sneeringly, that he was a conqueror at the rate of ten thousand men per diem. The tactics, however decisive they may be, are not very abstruse or elevated, which are exercised on this principle. "A victory," says *Leonato*, in "Much ado about Nothing," "is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers." But Napoleon, more particularly in his early career, fought under the pressure of evanescent opportunity, the quick seizure of which required that he should utterly crush his opponent at any cost or hazard, as the moment presented itself, by dint of concentrated force on a given point, without pausing to calculate the probable carnage in his own ranks. Such a plan of action, followed up systematically, gains an insulated battle or two with brilliant results; but when, as Colonel Hamley says, it is pursued for a series of campaigns against enemies with greater means in the mass, although not available altogether at one particular crisis, it must fail in the end. Of Lee, the Confederate leader, a strategist of a high order, he observes, that like Napoleon he won frequently by making skill compensate for numerical inferiority; but like Napoleon, he yielded at last to the superior resources of enemies who continued to press him to exhaustion.

It gives us great satisfaction to find that Colonel Hamley includes



geology in the profitable studies of the Staff Officer. Some acquaintance with this branch of natural science, he says, may enable him to recognise at once the character of whole tracts of country, whether they are boggy, gravelly, rocky, what sort of roads may be expected in them, what supplies they will afford, and whether field-works will be easy or difficult of construction. In our own days of active locomotion, before time had thinned our flowing locks, or the remorseless visitations of gout had checked our pedestrian propensities, we were enthusiastic on this point—traversed many a mountain district in Ireland, Wales, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire, hammer in hand, and have written more than once on the applicability of geology to military operations. Let us suppose an instance. A brigade is in cantonments; there has been an unusual drought, and the whole force is suffering much from want of water. Wilkins, of the 20th, when quartered for a year or two in some back settlement of Canada, Australia, or New Zealand, has beguiled the long hours of idleness with studying geology. He has read of Artesian wells, and how they have been found even in the sandy deserts and barren wastes of Egypt. He knows how and where to bore for them with good chance of success. He offers to try the experiment, his offer is accepted, he succeeds, and becomes a man of mark forthwith. When he gets promoted to the Quarter-Master-General's department, his brother officers exclaim "What a lucky fellow Wilkins is!"—forgetting that Wilkins created his luck by being prepared for it—and wish they had made the same use of their time, when the same time was at their disposal; but it is now too late.

The able work of which we are treating winds up with the following passage, which we transcribe as applicable to every reader, whether military by profession, or a simple civilian, proud of his country, and anxious that she should never lose her position in the front rank of civilization and political influence. "The moral of this book is not that numbers and wealth must prevail, nor that great generals are heaven-born; it is, on the contrary, that the conditions of success are attainable,

and capable of demonstration; that the preparation of study and thought is essential to skill in war; and that being thus prepared, a leader, in order to achieve the most notable successes, need not be gifted with inspiration, but only with the more appreciable, though still rare combination of sound sense, clear insight, and resolution. It is partly for the sake of pointing this moral that the achievements here recounted have been divested of the glow and ornament with which historians naturally establish, while they confuse, the records of deeds that form the pride of nations, and that those feats of arms have been dealt with in their logical, not their rhetorical aspect. If of the many Englishmen who possess the qualities necessary for great soldiers, some few should find that this book has in any degree smoothed the path that leads to honour and achievement, the years passed in studying its subjects, and the many months devoted to its composition, will have been sufficiently fruitful of result." The author, in this *Envoy*, claims no more for his "Operations of War" than its unvarying tone of perspicuity, and sound deductions, its absence of parade and dogmatism, amply justify.

In the course of this notice we have expressed an opinion that, in case of invasion by a foreign power, inland lines of fortifications and detached works to cover the capital are not the most promising modes of defence. Where, then, is safety to be found? Not in immovable, artificial ramparts, but in living, movable men. But our very limited military establishment, and the demands on it for colonial service, leave no regular army at our disposal equal to compete with the overwhelming numbers that may be hurled against us. This palpable fact leads to a consideration of the great impulse which, within the last ten years, has stirred the heart of the land, and imparted to us the feeling and aspect of a military people in the purest and most exalted sense in which the term can be applied. We allude, of course, to our battalions of Volunteer Riflemen, embodied suddenly under the pressure of alarm, and now, as we confidently hope and believe, assuming the solidity and value of a permanent institution.

A countless number of spectators.

including many curious foreigners, witnessed the first review before the Queen in Hyde Park on that memorable Saturday, the 23rd of June, 1860. All who were present must have felt convinced that they looked upon twenty thousand able, handy, and high-spirited citizens, anxious to acquire the discipline which alone was wanting to make them first-rate soldiers. The simultaneous, prolonged, and heartfelt cheers for Her Majesty with which they made the welkin ring again at the close of the day's operations, will never be forgotten by those who heard them. They caused tears to moisten bronzed cheeks, and the pulses of aged men to quicken with emotion. A similar display took place in Edinburgh on Tuesday, the 7th of August following. On that occasion the Scotch Volunteers exceeded the number previously assembled in London. Since then these reviews have been repeated on even a larger scale, with encampments and field movements, indicating a steady advance in the practical application of the theories of the military art. We have here a type of England's natural defences, a specimen of her true fortifications—sons of the soil, ready to fight for their hereditary rights and privileges, their homes, and their hearths, and prepared to resist to the death aggressive invasion. They are not in the ranks from the stimulant of what our impulsive neighbours call glory, or the ambitious aspiration that a dukedom or a marshal's staff lies at the bottom of every knapsack. They have no perspective visions of plunder or promotion. They are there from a nobler incentive—a sense of duty. Their one, undivided feeling is essential, inborn patriotism. They will not be subjugated or even insulted with impunity by a foreign power.

When the idea of invasion crosses the mind of an Englishman, he thinks exclusively of France as the only dangerous quarter from whence we are likely to be assailed. Close proximity, ages of national rivalry, and the great standing army panting for action which our immediate neighbour has at disposal confirm this idea. The French temperament is restless; in time of peace, promotion is slow, ambition checked, pay inadequate, and the aspiring conscript has no chance of realizing the booty which

*Claude Melnotte*, Lord Lytton's theatrical hero, dignifies somewhat sophistically as "bought and hallowed in the cause of nations with a soldier's blood." But the sagacious ruler of France estimates truly the superior advantages of encouraging peace and harmony between the two foremost nations of the world, and strives to impress them on the thirty-five millions under his control. While he lives, that harmony is in no danger of interruption. The old hereditary dynasty, lineal and collateral, were less cordial in their alliance; perhaps because they winced a little under the obligations of owing chiefly to us their restoration to the throne they had lost.

Should we unhappily fall to loggerheads with France at a distant period, we have no cause to dread the result unless we facilitate defeat by want of preparation. There is not much danger of our furnishing an instance of a compact, condensed empire of thirty millions submitting to a foreign yoke, or even to the temporary insult of an indemnity to purchase peace.

The characteristics of the French and English, in a fighting sense, have always had some material distinctions. They are more skilful in manœuvring under fire than we usually are, but are not so constitutionally disposed to close contest. They attack with great *elan*, as they call it, or *dash*, but are hurtled back by our dogged defence. "If they, '(the French),' says my Uncle Toby, 'have the advantage of a word, or you give them time to intrench themselves, they are a nation that will pop and pop for ever at you. There is no way but to march coolly up to them, receive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell'—'Ding-dong,' added Trim—'Horse and foot,' said my Uncle Toby—'Helter, skelter,' said Trim—'Right and left,' cried my uncle—'Blood-and-ounds,' shouted the Corporal! The battle raged; Yorick drew his chair a little on one side for safety." The national features have not materially changed since Sterne wrote this in the last century. An additional argument in favour of close and quick fighting may also be found in the modern improvements in artillery and firearms, great and small, which threaten to sweep off whole

ries while miles of distance are yet between them. The tide at present is strongly in favour of the rifle and the long-range. The English general who trusts too much to these neither a master in his craft nor acquainted with the best qualities of his soldiers. We hope the day far distant when British troops will feel inclined to abandon their superiority with the cold steel, and to rely on their proficiency as marksmen and gunners.

The aggregate number of trained volunteers at present enrolled is estimated at 200,000, as a minimum. During the old cry of invasion in 1803, they reached 400,000. The British islands are more than doubly populous as they were then. The muster-roll of Volunteers, therefore, may be readily increased in proportion, as was demonstrated not many years ago in a clearly argued statement by Colonel Pitt Kennedy. We sincerely hope the movement may be kept alive by substantial, systematic encouragement from the authorities. The cost, however great, would form but an inconsiderable item in comparison with the sums demanded for fortifications and experiments in shipbuilding, not unfrequently found to be nugatory on trial.

Next to a preponderating Channel fleet, which we may call our national bulwark, men to oppose the enemy in the field is the grand desideratum of defence. When the present Volunteers began to enrol themselves, it was the common opinion that a useful reserve of skirmishers, or light, regular auxiliaries might thus be supplied. People talked of a guerilla system of warfare, without any deep perception of what the term implies; passing over the physical features of England, the moral composition of Englishmen, and the great fact that no country was ever protected or rescued from foreign enemies by the efforts of detached or independent bodies of troops. The materials which our Volunteers are composed of are not the staple that supplies the nation—ignorant rustics taken from the rough, working handicraftsmen, or pouring operatives, of whom Sir William Napier said, and a hundred

battles proved, that six months drilling made them the best infantry soldiers in the world.

The Volunteers are to be found in the educated and intellectual classes, young men of mind and character, bodily and mentally active, the pith and essence of English citizen society. They are commanded by experienced officers, and are quick in acquiring discipline. It is enough to see them march in and out of the Park, to note their steady tread and resolute demeanour to be satisfied that they would stand in line, side by side, interlaced with the experienced warriors of India and the Crimea; and confront, without flinching, the boldest foes that could be arrayed against them. Our countrymen of the four races, English, Irish, Scotch, or Welsh, fight at once, from native courage, without requiring the apprenticeship of a series of battles. The novice is usually more daring than the veteran. At Talavera, a great portion of the English infantry, 18,500 in all, consisted of drafts from the Militia, who had never faced an enemy before, and had joined the Line so recently that they still wore the belts and accoutrements of their old regiments. Yet they beat the soldiers of Austerlitz and Jena, outnumbering them by two to one, in one of the toughest fields that recent history records. All men are not gifted with equal courage, but the example of the few has a powerful effect upon the conduct of the many. Bravery and panic are both epidemics. One determined spirit controls a host of waverers, while an unlucky cry of *sauve qui peut* changes an orderly retreat into a headlong rout. The prize meetings at Wimbledon Common and elsewhere, are admirable movements in the true direction. We hope to see them go on until rifle practice is established periodically by legal enactment, and superintended by the county sheriffs, as archery was of old, in the days of the Plantagenets. It was that which made the fame of English bowmen resound through the world, and inscribed on our annals the undying names of Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt.

## SWEET ANNE PAGE.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## A BLACK NIGHT'S WORK.

AY, the Seraph was there, to the amazement of everybody except Fiordilisa. She saw her expectation realized. She sprang into his arms without a word. She brightened blushfully into the wondrous beauty of her maidenhood. Her fears and doubts were put to flight for ever.

How had Raphael reached Isola Rossa at the very nick of time—he whom we saw last arranging an elopement in the purlieus of Mesopotamia? He had seen a good many curious events while the *Seagull* had been voyaging the blue waters of the Mediterranean. I must follow his course for a while.

Humphrey Morfill had arranged to start on his foreign mission at an early hour on a certain Wednesday morning. Raphael, duly apprised thereof, arranged to carry off Humphrey's erring wife about two hours earlier. He laughed maliciously at the idea of Morfill's irate perplexity when Anne should have mysteriously vanished at the very moment of departure. The evening of Tuesday had arrived; every detail was settled; the Seraph sat in his sanctum in George's-street lazily smoking, when Louis entered, looking as if he had bad news to communicate.

"Well, Louis, what's the matter?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; I hope I'm wrong; it's something about Miss Branscombe," said the valet, very hesitatingly.

"Go on."

"I'm afraid, sir, she's thinking of going off with Sir Arthur this evening."

Raphael laughed.

"That would be a curious coincidence," he said to himself. "But what do you know about it, Louis?"

"There have been meetings to-day between Margot and Sir Arthur's man. She's outside waiting for him now. I expect she'll bring a letter."

Margot was Claudia's French maid, a tall, handsome girl, whom Louis rather admired. Doubtless a touch of jealousy had put him on the scent.

Raphael looked at his watch; it was nearly eleven. He rose at once, and descended into the passage. Swinging baize-covered doors interposed between the staircase and the front door. Over the latter burnt a lamp.

"Keep in the back-ground, Louis," he said. "Leave her to me."

The Seraph stood behind the baize doors, and through an oval pane of glass watched for the girl's coming. Presently the front door cautiously opened; Margot stepped in softly and closed it soundlessly, and Raphael saw in her hand a letter which she hid in the bosom of her dress before she pushed open the inner doors. The moment she entered he pinioned her arms with irresistible force, putting his hand upon her mouth to stop the expected scream.

"You are found out," he said, in a whisper. "Be silent."

He took the letter from its hiding place, and handed the girl over to the valet's care.

"Bring her up to Miss Branscombe's room," he said.

Claudia was sitting expectant. She had heard nothing of the movement below, for an ante-room divided her sitting-room from the stairs. She sat with those bright eyes of hers fixed upon the door, awaiting Margot's arrival. The door opened. . . . Raphael entered, a letter in his hand.

Claudia sank back in her chair and covered her eyes with her hands.

"I have not yet read this letter," he said, "but I know it is from Sir Arthur Willeaden. Let me read it to you." He broke the seal, and read thus:—

"Darling! to-night at twelve, or as soon after as possible, come to me here. The door will be ajar. You will see no one; my servant will be at —'s stables with the carriage. I hope the maid you bring with you is trustworthy.

"ARTHUR."

A friend of mine once showed me

a rare miniature painting on ivory, of the Archangel Michael. There was marvellous youthful beauty in the face, but it was the beauty of an avenger. You would say that thus he looked before he fell with irresistible might on the Archrebel of whom Mr. John Milton has made a hero. Even thus looked the Seraph as he threw this note of the Assyrian baronet's upon a table, and exclaimed to his sister, with intensity of contempt—

"You — a Branscombe!"

There was a brief pause, which to Claudia seemed like an hour. Then she threw herself at her brother's feet, crying—

"O, I love him so, Raphael. I love him so."

She had positively persuaded herself that it was true. This is what comes of a passionate woman's remaining too long unmarried.

"Love him!" said the Seraph, with utter scorn.

It certainly seemed strange. Claudia was a woman fit to wed a Cæsar; the baronet was simply a heavy swell, large, inane, good-looking, perfumed.

"Now," said Raphael, "let us settle this matter at once. I am rather busy to-night. Will you write a note to this fellow, declining all further intercourse with him—and I'll take it round and horsewhip him? That's the proper course."

"I cannot," she said. "I cannot. I love him, Raphael."

"Pshaw! . . . Will he marry you?"

"O yes, I know he will. I know he will."

"Do you?" He took up the letter again and looked at it. It gave him an idea. He opened the door of the ante-room, and beckoned Louis and Margot to enter. He scanned the French girl from head to foot.

"Twill do," he said. "Margot, go into your mistress's bedroom and take off your dress and under clothing. Quick; don't waste time. . . . I shall go with you, Claudia, in that girl's dress."

Claudia was silent. Her bedroom was beyond the room in which they were, and had no other outlet. The girl obeyed orders.

"Louis," said Raphael, "go to my room and bring a lot of silk handkerchiefs—a dozen, if you can find them."

When the valet returned, the Seraph said to his sister—

"Now, come and dress. Be quick!"

They entered the bedroom. Margot, divested of most of her apparel, had slipped into Claudia's bed. But she was not allowed to remain in peace. Raphael was determined that she should not, in their absence, alarm the other servants. It was no time to stand on ceremony. With the handkerchiefs that Louis had brought he safely gagged her, and bound her hand and foot, fastening her immovably to the bed. Then he pulled off his coat and waistcoat and arrayed himself in Margot's dress, which fitted him fairly enough. This done, he turned to his sister, saying—

"Claudia, lead the way. When you get to Jermyn-street, you can ask Willesden to marry you. If he will, all right; if he won't, he must take the consequences. . . . Louis, keep near us, but on the other side of the street, and follow me quietly when I come out again."

The Panther led the way down stairs, and along desolate Piccadilly, Raphael following in the guise of a female attendant. Her heart failed her. She knew her brother's implacable resolve. She walked as if in a dream.

Arrived at Sir Arthur Willesden's residence, Claudia pushed open the front door, and quietly ascended to the first floor, Raphael following.

Louis took up a position as sentinel in the shadow of a doorway on the opposite side of the street.

"Ah, my pet," exclaimed Sir Arthur, as Claudia entered, "how good of you to be punctual!"

He sprang towards her, and tried to embrace her, heedless of the apparent *soubrette* who stood respectfully at the door. But Claudia sank at his feet, and cried in a low, passionate voice—

"Will you marry me, Arthur? Will you?"

This was not exactly what the baronet had expected, and he was by no means the man for the situation. He commenced a hesitating explanation about his difficulties—the Jews—that they would be down upon him if he married—and much else that was equally to the purpose. Claudia could only repeat her pitiful question; her presence of mind had deserted her.

"You don't intend to marry this young lady?" suddenly said the Seraph, in a falsetto voice.

"Who the devil are you? What the devil do *you* mean by this impertinence?" said the baronet, who, like all stupid big men, was delighted to have somebody to bully when he saw no way out of a difficulty.

The effect was electric. Probably Sir Arthur would have preferred something less surprising.

"I am Raphael Branscombe," said the Seraph, taking off poor Margot's bonnet and veil, and leisurely proceeding to unpetticoat himself.

"O, I see!" said the baronet, sulkily swearing. "This is a trap."

"Ay, it's a trap," returned Raphael, who stood in his shirt and trousers, ready for action. "You're caught in it, my fine fellow. You wanted to run away with my sister, but you didn't want to marry her—rather a dangerous game, you'll find."

Sir Arthur's wits had become chaotic. He could find no reply.

Raphael's eye had caught a pair of foils on a side-table. He took them up, broke off the buttons, and turned their hilts to the baronet.

"Here, choose!" he said. "You're not a coward, I suppose."

The baronet looked as if he could crush his lighter opponent, and as if he meant to do it, but Raphael's keen, fearless glance deterred him. Claudia had sunk half fainting upon a sofa. Sir Arthur took a foil.

"We shall want pen, ink, and paper," said the Seraph. "Oh, here they are."

"What do you mean?" growled the baronet.

"Why, if you kill me you don't want to be hanged, I suppose; and I'm sure I don't if I kill you. Just write what I tell you."

The baronet wrote, at Raphael's dictation:—

"Having debts that I can never pay, and being in fear of arrest, I have decided to commit suicide.

"ARTHUR WILLESSEN."

And the Seraph wrote:—

"My sister has eloped with Sir Arthur Willesden. I will not survive the dishonour.

"RAPHAEL BRANSCOMBE."

"There!" said the Seraph. "Now, if you kill me, just burn your own paper . . .

Claudia shuddered on her couch.

Raphael pushed aside the centre table, and the two men engaged. Sir Arthur attacked passionately. The Seraph, a master of fence, with a wrist of steel, enraged him horribly by disarming him, and then lowering his point while he picked up his weapon. A skilled spectator might have seen that Raphael was only playing with his victim.

A clock over the chimney struck one.

As if reminded that he had no time to spare, that instant Raphael made a lunge, and the steel passed right into Sir Arthur's heart. He fell heavily, without a word.

Claudia, whom the terrible music of the colliding foils had roused from her apathy, and who, half raised, with straining eyes and clenched hands, had watched every pass, now fainted in good earnest.

The Seraph's coolness was diabolical. He put in his pocket the document he had signed; took Willesden's foil from his relaxed hand, and replaced it; found some Eau de Cologne, with which he partially resuscitated his sister. Then, again arranging himself in the French girl's dress, he descended the stairs, supporting Claudia; made his way into the street, quietly closing the door after him, and walked home, followed by Louis.

When they reached Claudia's apartment Raphael told Louis to release the prisoner.

"Take care of your mistress," said the Seraph to Margot; "and whatever you may hear, or whatever questions are asked you, the best thing you can do is to know nothing. You and Miss Branscombe both went to bed at eleven o'clock. . . . Do you hear?"

The ready-witted girl showed that she understood.

Raphael left the mistress and maid to their own devices, and went to his own rooms, where he carefully cooled himself after his exertions, having previously observed to his servant,—

"You had better get ready for our next affair, Louis. Half-past two, at Hyde-park Corner."

The Seraph's adventure had made him neither excited nor meditative. He dressed himself for travel, mounting a coat lined with abundant furs. Then, lighting a cigar, he turned

out once more, and as he paced the pavement towards the place of appointment, he sang in that luscious tenor of his—

“Que d’alarmes !  
Que de larmes !  
Un pas d’armes,  
C’est très-beau !”

A bright moon had arisen by the time he reached Hyde-park Corner, at which place stood motionless a carriage with four horses. As he approached, Louis came forward, and opened the door. Raphael sprang in, to the baby beauty who awaited him there, with palpitating heart ; Louis shut the door, and climbed to the box ; and away went the horses at that racing pace which your postilion knows so well to command when there is certainty of abundant gold.

And away they went on the Bath-road, which the subtle Seraph had chosen because he designed, by doubling, to escape the pursuit which he hoped Morfill would institute. And poor little foolish Anne Page nestled to his side in perfect happiness. At this most perilous crisis of her fate she for the first time felt safety. Not the first or the last, I suppose, of her sex, to whom that has seemed or will see the best which in very truth is the worst possible.

At about sixty miles from Hyde-park Corner, in a dull town, where post-chaises were seldom seen, the Seraph’s rapid equipage pulled up just as everybody was at breakfast. The principal inn was called the *Bear*; this the travellers entered, and Raphael at once sent Anne to bed, with some warm liquid to comfort her. She was not able to bear the toils of rapid travel, he knew full well. Then he sent back the post-chaise, the postillions having been sufficiently fed to ensure secrecy as to their route, if any inquiry chanced to be made of them.

His first care was to arrange with the landlord for a light trap and a fast horse to take him some fourteen miles that afternoon. The days were long ; he would give his victim a few hours’ sleep, and then drive her across country into another road. There was no difficulty about the matter. Having settled it, and feeling restless, he left Louis in charge, and took a stroll through a pleasant river valley near the town. Chance led him to a

fine old house ; he thought he would wear the time away by inspecting it, and so asked at a lodge whether he could be admitted. The family were absent, and he found entrance. A quaint old place—its hall hung with the veritable armour—buff jerkins and steel caps—of Cromwell’s irresistible Ironsides. There was a legend connected with it—a legend of a secret birth, and a new-born child ruthlessly thrust into a mighty fire—which was told him by an old-world crone of a housekeeper with a terror in her face—

“A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,  
Whose passing-bell might ere the midnight toll.”

Raphael lightly laughed at the weird tale, and delighted her with a sovereign, and strolled back to the old inn in the somnolent town.

In the afternoon, his companion being refreshed with sleep and food and wine, away they started north-eastward. The latter part of the drive was over breezy chalk-downs, from whose farther slope they descended to a town even more ancient, though perhaps not duller, where they stopped at an inn of the same name, and at once ordered dinner. The Seraph rejoiced to find a bottle of good old port in this quaint country inn. And when he strolled out into the market-place, he also rejoiced to find a yellow full moon, high above the fine tower of the old church—a tower with a tree growing on its summit.

“By Jove !” he said to himself, “the little party looks wonderfully refreshed by her feed. Another drive of about the same length will do her no harm.”

He was full of the pleasure of eluding pursuit. He found already that he should soon be very weary of his victim—though I think he considered himself hers—and thought only of depositing her in safe quarters, and baffling Morfill. She had such supreme confidence in him that she obeyed him implicitly. Poor little thing !

He had sent back his horse and trap. He had no difficulty in obtaining another. Away they went again ; and, at the end of about fourteen miles more, crossed the noblest of

England's rivers, and ascended a street on whose right was a long and lofty building. From the dome above its noble gateway a mighty bell was slowly pealing as they passed. They turned to the right, beyond this famous edifice, and drove down a superb street, where old-fashioned shops mingled with colleges and churches, and where young men in scholastic costume jostled the crowds in ordinary dress, thronging the pavement beneath the serene moonlight. Half-way down the street he pulled up at a hostelry, whose fame he knew full well, and there they spent the night.

Post-horses were ordered for an early hour next morning, and before noon on Thursday Raphael, and his companion, calling themselves Mr. and Mrs. Butler, were breakfasting at an old-fangled inn in Gracechurch-street, in a room on a gallery overlooking a dirty, picturesque courtyard; and Mr. Butler was searching the papers for news.

He was not disappointed. The evening papers of the previous night had, of course, an account of Sir Arthur Willesden's being found dead, with various speculations on the subject. The *Globe* (and *Traveller*?) mysteriously referred to Mr. Humphrey Morfill's departure on his mission being delayed by a domestic calamity. The morning journals had fuller information on both topics. There was a doubt whether Sir Arthur *could* have stabbed himself with the foil from the position in which it was found. But then there was his own statement in writing, the authenticity of which had been fully proved, his autograph being only too well known in the London money market. Again, his man-servant deposed that Sir Arthur had ordered post-horses, and intended to leave town soon after midnight—but he didn't know where he was going, or whether he was going alone. Then Mr. Humphrey Morfill had been on the point of starting for abroad, to perform the highly-important duties of his appointment, when it was suddenly discovered that Mrs. Morfill had left the house, and could be traced nowhere. Mr. and Mrs. Morfill had always been on the best of terms. There were, however, one or two super-sapient editors who fancied there might be a connexion between

Mrs. Morfill's disappearance and Sir Arthur's post-horses. And an intelligent member of the new police recollected having seen two females near Sir Arthur's house, in Jermyn-street, late on Tuesday night, or early on Wednesday morning, he did not quite know which. Claudia and Claudia's *fille de chambre* seemed to have made no sign. Not a word was said of the Seraph. Why, indeed, should there be?

It was a queer imbroglio, to which Edgar Allan Poe might have done justice. I don't think I ought to have let my readers into the secret. If I had opened the story with a dead baronet lying in a Jermyn-street first floor with a foil through his heart—and a young barrister, just appointed on a mission to the East, losing his wife half an hour before he started—I doubt whether my ænigmatical namesake could have presented a neater puzzle. However, it is a little too late to re-write the novel—I'm at folio 605—and so you must even be content with a straightforward story.

The Seraph, having breakfasted, and read the papers, left Louis in charge of Mrs. Butler, and made his way westward. His habits were notoriously irregular, so that nobody was likely to inquire where he had spent Wednesday. He had dined at the Chandos at seven o'clock on Tuesday evening: he lounged in now, at about four o'clock on Thursday, with the most nonchalant air imaginable.

"Hallo, Branscombe," said Frank Maule, whom he encountered in the superb columnar atrium of the Chandos, "you've heard the news, of course?"

Frank was a great mathematician, Senior Wrangler and Smith's prizeman of his year—and also a great drinker of port wine. He was specially fond of difficult social problems, and estimates of probability; and there was some talk of Lord Cheiron, who was a great friend of his father, forming a department of High Police and putting him at the head of it. But the papers took the alarm, declaring that such an institution would be used for political purposes; so nothing came of it. Frank ultimately took holy orders, and married a bishop's daughter, and is at present an archdeacon and well-



beneficed rector. This double enigma excited his curiosity.

"About Willesden, you mean?" said the Seraph, quietly. "Only just seen it in the papers. I was out of town yesterday. A man must be a tuff to commit suicide because he was in debt."

"Was it suicide?" asked Maule. "You saw he had made arrangements for going away; post-horses were ordered. Besides, I went into the room with the police and I noticed what they didn't, that the other foil had the button off it."

"What's your theory?" said Brabazon Aylmer, one of a group who had gathered round the talkers.

"It is premature to form anything at all like a theory. But Branscombe can perhaps help me to something like the preliminaries of a hypothesis. Do you know," asked Maule, "whether there was any intimacy between Sir Arthur and Mrs. Morfill? You knew them both, I think."

"Why, Mrs. Morfill is my cousin, and I saw Willesden often enough, though we were never intimate; and they used to meet one another, now and then, at my sister's rooms in Clarges-street; but I don't think they were at all on familiar terms. I see what you are fancying."

"Well," said Frank Maule, "if Willesden meant to run away with anybody, which doesn't seem unlikely, it *might* have been Mrs. Morfill. Morfill might have found out that she was gone, and suspected Willesden, and gone to Jermyn-street to see. In any case, whether Morfill's suspicion was just or not, they might have quarrelled and fought."

"You're making it deucedly potential," said Brabazon Aylmer.

"And I think," said Raphael, "in order to construct a scientific theory, it is necessary you should account for Mrs. Morfill's disappearance, over which her unhappy husband is at present tearing his hair."

"Tell you what," said Horace Chichester, captain in the Guards, famous for his recklessness of theory, "suppose Morfill and Willesden fought, and Morfill killed Willesden, and then the young woman came to Willesden's rooms expecting to be run-away with, and then Morfill killed her, and now hypocritically pretends he don't know anything about her?"

By Jove, perhaps he stuffed her dead body up the chimney! Did anybody look, Maule?"

"I didn't," said Maule, laughing. "Really, Chichester, your theory is not a bad one. If Mrs. Morfill was killed at Willesden's rooms, it would be difficult to remove her corpse."

"Pshaw," interposed the Seraph, "all this is nonsense. If there had been anything between Willesden and Mrs. Morfill, I should certainly have known it. She'd have been likelier to run away with me, if that was at all my line."

"Egad, I like that," said Captain Chichester. "Why, you're a most dangerous fellow, everybody knows."

"When you find me running away with anybody, old fellow, abuse me as much as you please. But who can tell me what Morfill is doing?"

"The poor fellow is half mad," said Maule. "One hears of him or meets him everywhere, making inquiries in all sorts of impossible places. He was here last night, taking counsel of me. You won't find him at home."

"I suppose not," observed Raphael. "If you're going to dine here, Maule, let us feed together. I should like to see Morfill, if he should look in."

"We four will dine together," said Chichester. "I'll order the dinner—anchovy salad to begin, and a bloater to finish—eight o'clock. I like a nice little dinner when there's a pleasant subject of conversation. You fellows may trust to me. I'll look to the wines. The Margaux's better than the Lafitte, I think. Perhaps Mrs. Morfill's body will be found by that time."

"Better order some port with a body in it," said Maule, drily.

"Well, never mind; eight sharp. You may depend on me for a good dinner. You three go and pick up all the news you can."

"I shall stroll round to Jermyn-street and hear if there's anything fresh," said Frank Maule.

"You are the likeliest of us to pick up news," said the Seraph. "I'm too lazy. If any of you see Morfill, tell him I shall be here this evening."

Raphael, of course, knew that Morfill's servants, aware of their mistress's intimacy with him, might well suspect him of having taken her away. But he had not heard of any such suspicion being expressed by

Humphrey, so he thought he would meet him and ascertain for himself how matters stood. On that Wednesday morning Anne had slept unseen from the house, met Louis in a neighbouring square, and walked with the valet some distance to the post-chaise. She had left no trace. And public opinion—or what passed for that—muddled the affair by persistently connecting Mrs. Morfill's disappearance with Sir Arthur Willesden's death.

Raphael, leaving the Chandos, went straight to Clarges-street, where his absence and Louis's had not caused the least surprise among the servants. Their movements were always sudden and abrupt. He found that his sister was secluded and unseen—very ill, said a handmaiden, whereupon he ordered Margot to be sent to him.

That young person, who rather resented having been tied down on a bed in the airy costume of chemise and femoralia, appeared sulkily. With anybody else her indignation would have been loquacious, but the Seraph terrified her. He learnt from her that Claudia was in a variable state—fierce sometimes, sometimes sullen. But the terrible scene through which she had passed had not disordered her senses. And the girl had not as yet, apparently, heard anything from any source to connect Jermyn-street with Clarges-street on that night of horror.

The Seraph, having learnt from Margot the position of affairs with her mistress, allowed her to leave him, much to her satisfaction. He did not want to see Claudia. He felt as if she was no longer his sister. He was as much amazed as anything could amaze him, by the betrayal of such weakness by a Branscombe. It was not the wickedness, it was the silliness of the thing which annoyed the Seraph. It may seem surprising that Raphael Branscombe, whose pastime through life had been taking advantage of the weakness of women, should visit an escapade so sternly on his sister; but the truth is, that he was surprised and disappointed at a Branscombe's showing such weakness. If she had been a Borgia or a Brinvilliers, he would have readily forgiven her. But that she should succumb to the gross attractions of a Sir Arthur Willesden—that she

should be willing to sacrifice herself for a man whom Raphael held utterly in contempt, was what he could not forgive.

Raphael Branscombe considered women the natural quarry of men, even as the heron of the falcon. He had

"The wing of the hawk that shall fetch the harnshaw."

He was ready any day to run away with any woman, and to give "satisfaction" to all her relations, one after the other. But he was disgusted to find that his sister belonged to the heron tribe. It was solemnly debated in the Council of Trent whether woman is really the female of man. After this little affair of Claudia's, Raphael thought not.

Having ascertained to his own satisfaction the state of affairs in Clarges-street, the Seraph took wing to the old eastern hostelry where he had left Mrs. Morfill under Louis's care. He found her safe and patient. She was in a curious mood. Her absolute infatuated love for him rendered her perfectly content to do his bidding, present or absent; she was *his*—that was all she knew or cared to know. Being his, she would do all that he told her, would obey him in the merest minutiae, would find her fullest delight in so doing. The love-fever has variable symptoms: this was little Anne's diagnosis. When Raphael told her she was to leave England in Louis's company, to be rejoined by him in the course of days or weeks, she acquiesced delightedly, happy to obey whom she loved. So the Seraph, knowing Louis's ability and loyalty, started them for the Continent, making an arrangement for meeting in Italy.

And then he returned to the Chandos, where Captain Chichester had occupied the interval in ordering dinner. An excellent dinner it was. There were a heap of people dining at the club that day. ("*Heap* of people—vulgar slang!") "Slang is young language," says my friend Mr. Cayley, poet and politician: is it not rather old language, sometimes? What a parenthesis, ye gods!

As the four men sat over their wine, Humphrey Morfill entered. How altered was that erudite, sagacious business-like young scion of the

law! Had he loved his wife, then? Was it passion for "Sweet Annè Page" which had made his eyes so wild, and given his cheek so strange a pallor? Not a bit of it. It was the shame of the public knowledge that she had left him—the annoyance of being placed before the world in a ludicrous, even an ignominious position.

Morfill was a man who could bear anything except being laughed at. Put him in a barrel full of spikes, as they say Regulus was served, and he would take it easily. But he had begun life with a resolve to live with dignity. He was determined to be infinitely respectable. And, alone in the world, he would have carried out his scheme; but a man cannot control the actions of his wife. Morfill's dignity was wounded by Anne's disappearance, and no severer blow could have been inflicted on him.

Moreover, certain rumours had now reached him, vaguely enough, of Raphael's being on terms of unsuspected intimacy with his wife. And somebody had told him that the Seraph was at the Chandos. So he came into the dining-room in a ferocious state, bent on quarrelling with the only man whom he could connect with his wife's disappearance.

Raphael was quietly sipping his wine, and listening to Frank Maule's subtle speculations, and Captain Chichester's extravagant theories when Morfill stalked up to the table.

"Mr. Branscombe, may I speak to you?"

"By all means," said the Seraph. "What is it, old fellow?"

"What do you know about my wife?"

"Just what I see in the papers," he replied, with insolent coolness. "Is there anything *new* about her?"

"I am credibly informed you have been on very familiar terms with her—much too familiar."

"Credibly informed!" said the Seraph, deliberately. "It seems curious for a man to rely upon others for information about his wife. Have you any other *credible* information?"

Morfill was getting more and more enraged, while the men who were dining with the Seraph looked on with surprise at his tone.

"If a man's profession," he said, furiously, "takes him from home, the

man who takes advantage of his absence is a villain."

"Don't be offensive," said the Seraph. "Your wife was my cousin. Many a time have I had her in my arms . . . when she was a baby."

"Don't aggravate him, Branscombe," whispered Aylmer. "The poor devil doesn't know what he's about."

"I can't stand this," said Morfill, impetuously. "I believe you know where my wife is gone. I believe you took her away."

"My good friend," said Raphael, rising from his chair, and throwing his napkin on the cloth, "she learnt from you to elope. You should not be surprised if she does a second time what she liked the first. . . . Chichester, if he wants to fight, perhaps you'll act for me?"

Therewith the Seraph turned slowly away, and went to the smoking-room, whither Maule and Aylmer followed him. By-and-by came the excitable captain.

"All right," he said; "he means fighting. Wimbledon in the gray of the morning. Pistols. By Jove, he's awfully mad."

"Who is his second?" said Aylmer, for the Seraph was smoking as placidly as if the affair in no degree concerned him.

"Anstruther—sharp fellow—understands the thing perfectly."

"You didn't expect so exciting a dessert after your little dinner," said Frank Maule.

"I can't think why you provoked that poor devil, Branscombe," remarked Aylmer. "If you hadn't been so cursedly sarcastic, there would have been no row."

"I dislike the man," said the Seraph. "He behaved very disreputably in taking away that little girl from my Uncle Walter's house. He only wanted her money, and he persuaded her—a mere baby at the time—to elope with him, although he must have known she was engaged to Langton. Now, as I told the fellow, she has profited by the lesson, and eloped with somebody else. It serves him right."

Raphael, while his friends conversed, had been occupied by a delicate point of casuistry. There is no casuist like your duellist. The Seraph, under ordinary circumstances of elopement, would, being the person

culpable, have made it a point of honour to fire in the air ; but, in the present instance, he argued that he had a previous cause of quarrel with Morfill for eloping with his cousin in the first place ; so they were on equal terms clearly, and he had a perfect right to take his own part.

That night the four gentlemen who had dined together spent in the smoking-room of the Chandos. The club is always late, especially in its card-rooms ; but these four were the last in the place. Chichester recommended his principal to take an hour or two's rest ; but the Seraph, though he had slept but little since Tuesday evening, was not to be persuaded.

"I'm not in the humour for sleep," he said.

"But cigars and brandy and seltzer will make your hand shake," urged Chichester.

"Not a bit. If I went to bed I might possibly feel shaky when I turned out again ; but I'm quite firm enough to wing a lawyer."

"I wonder is he a good shot?" said Aylmer.

"If he is, I'll eat him," replied Captain Chichester. "But bad shots are like bad whist-players—they have such cursed luck."

"He'll have no luck," quietly remarked Raphael.

"You seem to feel very safe," said Maule.

"I do. One can pretty well tell, I think. I shall get shot one of these days—a ball through the lungs ; but Morfill won't do it. But, surely, you fellows are tired of this subject. Let's have a game of whist."

They played whist till daybreak. Then the Seraph and his second, and a surgeon whose services had been retained, drove off to Wimbledon. while Maule and Aylmer walked to their respective quarters through the fresh quiet of the morning.

"I hope Branscombe won't get

hurt," remarked the goodnatured Aylmer. "He's a capital fellow."

"He's a very curious character," reflectively replied the more perspicacious Maule.

They met in Glen Cardigan—years before its baptism. Morfill was first on the ground : Anstruther had been utterly unable to restrain his nervous impatience, and they were twenty minutes before their time. As the Seraph neared the spot, he touched Captain Chichester lightly on the right shoulder and said,

"That's where he'll get it."

I have never been much impressed by the moralists who are horrified by the notion of two men standing opposite one another with this issue of life or death between them. Mr. Tennyson's lunatic hero is very eloquent about

"The Christless code

That must have life for a blow ;"

but the arguments of maniacs ought not to have much weight. "Life for a blow," however, save in very bad cases, I would not demand ; but there are crimes which only the duel can punish : and the man who seduces a woman ought to be ready to stand and be shot at by her nearest relation. This is a maudlin mawkish sentimental hypocritical age. But there are symptoms of reaction, and I believe an advanced civilization will bring us back a few things we have foolishly cast away—among them, in cases of deadly dishonour, the duel. I suppose the critics will say this is "padding." Who cares ?

The two men fired simultaneously. Morfill's bullet ploughed the ground a yard on Raphael's left. Morfill himself went down with a wound in his right shoulder. The surgeon examined it, and declared there was no serious harm done. And so ended that act of the drama.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE Panther, shut into her room, brooded over her mischance. She was desperately dissatisfied with herself. She recognised the mistake she had made in Sir Arthur Willcsden. The man whom she had loved was a

creature of her own passionate imagination, differing utterly from the real baronet. She did not feel the slightest pity for Sir Arthur.

"Nay, you know  
You never could have mercy,"

says Chastelard to Queen Mary in Mr. Algernon Swinburne's fine tragedy. There was no touch of mercy in Claudia. She felt that the baronet was rightly served. She adored her brother for the deed done by his remorseless sword. But she despised herself.

This was the worst of it. That she, who hitherto had worked her wicked will with men, should have been the victim of a gross half-coward half-fop like the dead baronet! That she should have surrendered her heart to this mere animal—a kind of human bladder, which collapsed at the touch of Raphael's foil! That Stephen Langton should refuse her was, we may well deem, a terrible humiliation; but at any rate Stephen was worth loving. He was neither fop nor coward. He was true to the core. He would not have made lame excuses to a woman whom he loved, pleading at his feet for honourable treatment.

Indeed, Claudia looked back to her liaison with Stephen, and did not blush thereat. He had refused her: true; but it was her own fault. He was loyal and loving. If she had played fast and loose with him, she had none but herself to blame. It was quite otherwise in this last affair. She felt that she had fallen far short of the Branscombe standard in this matter. She deserved the contempt of her family. What, if he knew it, would her father say?

And where was her father? Occupied with her own affairs, she had thought but little of the old gentleman. Probably he was back at Kings-leat, superintending the rebuilding of the manor house, and enjoying the homage of his acquaintance and tenantry. She would go down and see. Even if he happened to be elsewhere, her Uncle Walter would receive her.

Amid all her wandering thoughts there came no terror of the peril to Raphael by possible discovery of his having slain Sir Arthur Willesden. Somehow or other she had come to think of Raphael very much as he thought of himself—as safe from all such danger.

The Seraph had the most complete confidence that his hour was not yet come—that the weapon to wound him was yet unforged. Claudia shared her brother's faith. She knew of his return to Clarges-street on

Thursday, but she did not wish to see him, feeling that he must despise her, and she heard from Margot with intense satisfaction that he was gone.

The beautiful wild creature lay for hours together on a couch, scarce moving a limb, scarce lifting an eyelash, scarce conscious of anything external. All the while she was in agonized perplexity. What could she do? What would remove the contempt which her brother must feel for her? How should she regain the position from which she had descended—debasement, dethroning, un-Branscombe-ing herself?

Suddenly a thought struck her like fire. She had been as quiet as death: the electric idea seemed to raise her from the dead. She sprang to her feet, and went to the inner room, and looked upon the tall mirror, which reflected her beauty day and night. She saw a wild and weary face before her. With curious, eager eyes, in whose depths lurked lambent fire, looked Claudia upon herself. She searched with wild anxiety for fading colours and distorting curves. Surely there were none. Surely, as she stood there, half-veiled by her wondrous hair, she was still right beautiful. She might do mischief yet. She might have hearts thrown at her feet—and tread upon them—yet. She had made one great mistake, but it was not irretrievable. Raphael's fatal foil, as unerring as she was erring, had silenced for ever the only possible witness against her. And the Seraph was secrecy incarnate. He might despise her, but he would suffer none else to do it. She took good cheer, and made a great resolve of fresh conquest.

Scarce had that resolve found definite form when Margot tapped at the door to say that Mr. Branscombe wanted to see her.

"Mr. Branscombe!" exclaimed Claudia, who felt certain it could not be Raphael, and whose thoughts journeyed to her uncles, Walter and Marmaduke.

"Your papa, mademoiselle," said Margot.

Claudia hastily resumed her attire, and hurried to receive her father. The old gentleman looked bored.

"Really, Claudia," he said, "you look younger and fresher than ever. Do you know, I find it's a perfect

nuisance to have no duns. The people down at Idlechester and Kingsleat are so beastly civil I feel inclined to knock them down. I've got no excitement now."

"How is the house getting on?" inquired Claudia.

"Slowly—but well. It will be a noble place when it's finished. But I don't want to live in it: I'm not fit for a country gentleman's life. And I don't believe Raphael will ever settle down quietly. You'd better pick out some well-conducted country squire, Claudia, and go and live at Branscombe."

Claudia laughed.

"I am not much fonder of a quiet life than you, papa. But are you going to stay in London? Everybody is just leaving town."

"London! Not if I know it. I shall go abroad; you can come with me if you like. You can be *bon camarade*, I know."

Indeed Devil Branscombe had often found his daughter better company than his son. She had no troublesome effeminacies, and she did not possess that indolent obstinacy which made the Seraph an unsatisfactory comrade unless he always had his own way.

Among the many varieties of wives, I should think the *femme bon camarade*, as Devil Branscombe put it, must be one of the best. There is the "superior woman," a remarkably nice party to marry. And then there is her very opposite.

Well, the "natural woman" is far superior to the "superior woman"—but when Dame Nature takes it into her grand maternal head to say—

"I will make  
A lady of my own,"

the result is sometimes a little namby-pamby. As for the "accomplished woman," who draws and dances and plays and sings as if she were the majority of the Muses rolled into one, anybody may have her for me. Preferable, doubtless, is the "domestic woman," who has Cussy and Ude and Soyer and Francatelli and Dr. Kitchener and Miss Acton and Crefydd at her fingers' ends, and would rather be roasted at the stake herself than allow the cook to over-roast a woodcock. Admirable, also, is the pretty stateswoman—the Mrs.

Coningsby and Lady Vivian Ashleigh of the two greatest living novelists. But the varieties are endless; and of the rarest is the *bon camarade*. I rather think these fast days will increase the class. Imagine a wife who can write a leader, or smoke a cigar, or look after luggage, or understand *Dod* or *Bradshaw* or the *Owl* as well as yourself! Is not the idea pleasant? Would it not be better to wed a woman who could be with you at all hours than one whom you must leave in order to give certain portions of your mind full play?

"It's *half* the world to me, dear,  
It's *all* the world to you,"

says a modern poetaster. Why should there be the distinction? Why should women lose *half* the world? There are a set of strong-minded females who see this absurdity, but would remedy it by the far greater absurdity of setting up woman as a rival to man. Pshaw, ye Cobbes and Martineaus! What woman wants is, not rivalry, but full partnership. Educate young girls to regard their future career as involving the most intimate association with men, and the happiness of the human race will be doubled. At present, the two halves of the race are at war; and it is a proverb that a man of genius can seldom get on with his wife. The eagle finds a mate whose "stormy scream" has no less terror than his own; the lioness is no slower in deeds of death than the black-maned monarch by whose side she crouches. Only one half of the human race fears to share the life of the other half. But I think we shall mend these things.

"Where do you think of going?" asked Claudia.

"Naples," said her father. "Raphael will be there."

"Raphael will! How do you know?"

"Simply because, strange to say, he wrote and told me so. There is a possibility of somebody requiring his signature as well as mine, and he positively was thoughtful enough to write and say where he should be. Wasn't it good of him?"

"Wonderfully," said Claudia. "O, I am quite ready to go, papa. Naples will be delicious just now, and I am very tired of London."

"Very well," said the old gentle-

man; "then that's arranged. Can you start the day after to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"I'm at the Clarendon. I'll send over, and let you know what time to be ready. Have you seen your Uncle Marmaduke or Isola lately?"

"They are staying in Spring Gardens. Raphael turned their house upside down. Didn't you hear of it?"

"No."

"Well, let *them* tell you. You'll laugh amazingly, I assure you."

"I was thinking they might like to go with us. Marmaduke must find it rather slow in London, where he knows nobody. Suppose you were to ask him?"

"O yes, that I will. We should make quite a respectable family-party, and rather astonish Raphael when we came down upon him. I'll go round at once."

"So, as soon as Devil Branscombe had left her, the Panther ordered her carriage, and drove to Spring Gardens. She found Isola at home. That little party was thinking of Stephen Langton, I fear."

"Where is your father, *cugina mia*?" said Claudia.

"I hardly know. He will be here soon, no doubt."

"Papa is going abroad, going to Naples, and proposes that you and Uncle Marmaduke should come with us. What do you say?"

"Delightful!" exclaimed Isola, clapping her fairy hands; "and I think papa will go, for he seems to have nothing at all to do just now."

When the old Wolf came in, he expressed his perfect willingness to join the party with his daughter. Thus happened it that they four started together for Naples—the fathers hoping at least to dissipate their ennui, the daughters hoping for far more than that—hoping for love.

"I'll start afresh," resolved the Panther. "I'm young yet—and not ugly."

"I *may* see Stephen," thought Isola. I hope I may."

A pagan maiden would have prayed Aphrodite for that result—a Roman Catholic would have besought the Virgin, or a favourite female saint. Wherefore not?

Raphael Branscombe, when he told his sire to write to him at Naples, had no idea of being followed thither.

He fancied the old gentleman so thoroughly occupied with re-edifying the mansion of the Branscombes, that nothing would attract him from that pleasant occupation. His own idea was to mystify everybody as far as possible—to avoid everybody whom he knew. With this object, which he had set before himself rather for the fun of the thing than any real good he could do by it, he had bought a sailing-boat at Genoa, which he fitted up with considerable comfort, and ran along the glorious coast, looking in at Spezzia, Leghorn, Grosseto, Civita Vecchia, Terracina—running round Ischia and Capri, and at last settling down in the pleasant little Hotel Rispoli at Sorrento.

"Sorrento, stella d'amore!"

exclaims Filicaia; and what sayeth Frederick Locker, Præd's legitimate successor?—

"Sorrento! Love's Star! Land  
Of myrtle and vine!  
I come from a far land  
To kneel at thy shrine;  
Thy brows wear a garland,  
O weave one for mine!"

If Raphael had been passionately in love with sweet Anne Page, and spending with her a mad honeymoon of ecstatic elopement, could there have been a pleasanter place for the purpose than Sorrento? I trow not. Unluckily, this was not precisely the Seraph's case.

He had amused himself by another piece of fantastic disguise. He had provided himself with feminine attire, which he was an adept in using, and always went ashore with Anne in this amazing fashion. So there ran a rumour through Naples that two eccentric Englishwomen were travelling about in a sailing vessel; and they were, apparently, two Englishwomen who took up their quarters at Rispoli's. It was a charming little place then, in its delicious garden overlooking the queen of bays, with the exquisite fragrance of the orange groves around it: and where stands the present hotel—or where it did stand when last I was at Sorrento, Heaven knows what may have happened since—there was a divine pavilion on the brink of the precipice, where breakfast and dinner *à la fresco* were intensely enjoyable. Here the Seraph and his erring companion established them-

selves for a while, the courteous landlord fancying he had two English ladies to deal with, and not for a moment suspecting that the elder and handsomer was in reality a dangerous, dexterous duellist, a fearless wooer of women, and antagonist of men. This being so, it seemed highly unlikely that the Seraph would be detected by his relations.

But he soon detected them. They had hired a palazzo—at least the chief rooms—the prince to whom it belonged getting himself into some distant and difficult suite of garrets. Raphael was wont, in the morning, leaving Anne to amuse herself by wandering in the orange groves, to cross the bay in a light skiff, with, as sole companion, a young Columbus, such as my dear old friend (who has forgotten me) Walter Thornbury met at Genoa ten years ago. And so one day, in the Street of the Giant, Raphael—dressed in the blue serge dress with anchor buttons of gold and a flat straw hat of an English yachswoman, and smoking jauntily a Russian cigarette—came right upon Ralph Branscombe, and Marmaduke, Claudia, and Isola. Not one of them recognised him though every one of them made some remark upon the eccentric Englishwoman. Isola was charmed. The notion of lounging independently through the broad squares and streets of a foreign city arried her greatly. The cigarette was the exquisite poetic climax.

"There! That's what I should like," she said, turning to look at the lovely apparition in navy blue. "Wouldn't you, Claudia? What's the good of being in *bella Napoli*, as they call it, with two elderly gentlemen to look after one? Couldn't you and I manage to escape, like yonder young woman, and smoke our cigarettes in happy independence?"

"I don't smoke," said the Panther, "though I used to take just the first whiff at dear old Raphael's cigars for him. Papa," she went on—for the two gentlemen were also watching the departing Seraph in petticoats—"have you found out anything about Raphael? Has he arrived here yet?"

"He hadn't inquired for letters when I was at the Post Office this morning. We may as well stroll that way now. He may come at any moment."

But no inquiry had been made. The Seraph had given his father an address simply for certain legal purposes. As his father had reached Naples, he knew that his address was not wanted. And he had no other correspondents. So he went not near the Post Office—and his father was baffled.

As, however, he did not wish to lose sight of the old gentleman, in case of anything turning up, he ascertained—it was easy enough—where they lived, and dropped a line to the Panther. It had delighted him to see her so fresh and gay: evidently she had not taken Sir Arthur's death severely to heart. And he was glad to let her know that he forgave her. So he wrote:—

"DEAR CLAUDIA,—I was glad to see you looking well yesterday. (He put *yesterday* to throw her off her scent.) I shall be in this neighbourhood for some time; don't expect to see me, however. If you are about to leave, send a note to me at the *Albergo Reale* in Castellammare; but be discreet—don't inquire for me there—I have business. I am glad you know what has not spoil your beauty or quenched your courage. You may show this to Isola if you like; she can keep secrets without asking questions.

"Your brother,  
"RAPHAEL."

This note reached Claudia as she and her cousin sat in a balcony looking over the beautiful servile city to the sapphire bay, with the pale cone of Vesuvius on its shore, the sluggish white smoke hiding its outline. Isola was gaily singing—

"Chi non desidera, chi non apprezza,  
Del ciel di Napoli tanta dolcezza!"

The Panther started at the well-known handwriting. Raphael's firm bold autograph was very like Henry VIII.'s. She read it through, hurriedly. Isola's keen eye marked a blush upon her face. She read it through again, slowly; then, looking up, she met Isola's glance, and smiled.

"Mayn't I have a love-letter?" she asked, gaily.

"Twenty, if you like; but that is not a love-letter."

"You are a witch!" Google  
"Am I? Well, if I may guess, I should say that comes from Raphael."



"You saw the handwriting!"

"No—by St. Januarius, who is the right saint to swear by here, I should think. I guessed it from your looks."

"Then you're a witch," reiterated Claudia, and I shall be afraid to have you look at me. Would you like to see the letter? It is from Raphael."

Isola read it.

"Dear old Seraph!" she exclaimed. "Crafty, cunning old Seraph! Fancy his being here and seeing us, and our knowing nothing about it. Well, he is clever."

That night, as Isola undressed herself in solitude, a sudden thought flashed upon her. There is something very curious in that abrupt electric flash of thought, which brings back some vague idea of the past, giving it shape and meaning. Hazlitt in his "Table Talk," relates a story of a man, who, prosecuted by government for some political crime, and acquitted, went away into a solitary part of Wales with intent to purge his brain of the sordid horrors of attorneys and spies. After long sojourn with nature, it chanced that one morning a man passed his window; he scarcely noticed him; but all through the day he was miserable, and the unbetraying heart of maternal nature could not console him. He was nervous, fretful, worried; he knew not why. The evening explained; the chance passer whose scarce-noticed face had thus affected him, was a hired scoundrel who had borne witness against him at his trial.

This phenomenon is not unlike the sudden revelation from what seems an utter blank of a photographic picture, when mercurial vapour is applied. Few are they who have not often experienced it—as did Isola at this moment, when, brushing her wild wealth of hair, she suddenly felt sure that the handsome English-woman in blue serge yachting costume, coolly smoking a cigarette, was Raphael and none other. Yes: she was absolutely certain. She wondered Claudia had not detected him. She resolved not to say a word—as he evidently desired to lie perdu—but to watch for him in street and square, and act . . . as the moment might decide.

Vain resolve! Vainly did she keep

her keen, bright eyes ready and recognisant. No Seraph! The very next day the whim had seized him to ascertain what had become of Fiorilisa. He knew it was perilous: but peril was pleasure. The Lily of Isola Rossa might be dead of grief—if so, his life was not worth five minutes' purchase. But he would know: after all, the Lily had loved him passionately, and had been loved—pretty well. So he left Mrs. Morfill under care of Louis, charging her to avoid strangers and keep within Rispoli's gardens and orange groves; and then, with young Columbus for sole comrade, he made for Corsica in his Genoese fishing-boat. But winds and currents were against him; he was driven into the Gulf of Terra Nova in Sardinia; and, leaving his boat there, he made his way across the hills to Longo Sardo. There was no difficulty in crossing to Bonifazio. When he ascended, wearily enough, that inverted pyramid of rock on which the town stands high above the sea, he felt he was again in the very island of romance. They call this rock of Bonifazio the *seventy-second* wonder of the world: but as Raphael Branscombe entered the old fortress gate, and looked back at the dizzy steep which he had climbed, and over the straits, golden in the sunset light, he said within himself—

"This is the gate of wonder. Through this I enter the realm of romance."

Leaving young Columbus to await his return, he hired horses and a guide, and made straight across the hills for Isola Rossa. It was a glorious ride, but terrible for its toil. Mighty hills, wild rivers, stately forests of chestnut, wondrous views over pale peaks and misty gorges to the cerulean sea beyond: with this wealth of beauty his eye was delighted as he made his resolute way northward. Seldom was there a locanda at which to eat or sleep: but hospitable priests and godlike goatherds gave him their best, and he saw a simple noble rude Homeric life. And, leaving his babyish love behind him, Raphael Branscombe had for a while a touch of nobleness, and thought with remorse of his long absence, with joy of again pressing the pure lips of the Lily of Isola Rossa.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## BEHIND IN LONDON.

HUMPHREY MORFILL'S wound kept him for some time a prisoner. When he was able to leave the house, his sole resolve was to discover what had become of his wife, and to obtain revenge. He had thrown up his Eastern appointment, which indeed could not be kept open for him, requiring instant performance. He threw aside all his occupations, legal and literary, and concentrated all his faculties, and devoted all his time, in order to trace his lost spouse and avenge himself. He was like an express engine which, doing its mile a minute from London towards Bristol, is turned by the switches upon another line, and continues with undiminished speed and power away towards Birmingham. The dynamic force which had driven Humphrey Morfill on the path of ambition drove him now with no less velocity on the path of revenge.

As soon as he was well enough to move about he restlessly sought the solution of the mystery. He went to detectives, and offered heavy rewards, and kept up a perpetual excitement. A good many postchaises had left London on that fatal Tuesday evening. Among those which Morfill traced was one which took a lady and gentleman, with their servant, to a dull market-town on the borders of Wiltshire and Berkshire. The proprietor of the postchaise did not know the gentleman who hired it, could not remember his personal appearance; the postillions were equally unreminiscent: but Humphrey resolved to follow the scent—as he had done in several previous cases. So he travelled down to the place at which the postchaise had been dismissed.

Honest stupidity baffles an inquirer more completely than anything else. The landlord of the Bear remembered the early arrival of a postchaise, and that the lady went to bed for some hours, and that the gentleman hired a trap and went away in it. The conveyance was sent back, but he did not remember who brought it. The gentleman paid like a lord. The lady was very pretty. This was about all that Humphrey could make out of land-

lord, landlady, waitress, chambermaid, and ostler.

What was the gentleman like? This was a point on which anybody who had seen the Seraph might be expected to give intelligible evidence. But there are folk who, like the pagan idols, have eyes yet see not. Indeed the perceptive faculty requires education as much as any other faculty: and there are quite as many people who have no eye as there are who have no ear. Music is the only sensuous art which has been scientifically treated: the eye has loftier functions than the ear, yet there has been no attempt to teach the use of those functions. Do we not see upon the canvas of many a modern painter beings and things which anybody might worship without breaking the second commandment? And if painters paint what they have never seen, nor ever will see, and call it nature, what shall be expected from the ordinary public?

If the eye cannot obtain justice, what hope is there for palate or nostril? When, for example, will there be a scientific æsthetic of perfume? When will people learn that musk and lavender water, and Ess. Bouquet are quite as nasty as assafoetida? Strong perfumes indicate consciousness of tragus. Wood violets are sweet, smothered up in leaves; and so are the May-lily and the blue-bell; and so—ah, how sweet, yet with how faint and delicate a sweetness!—is the cyclamen.

“Those delicate white leaflets, upward turning—

The perfect odour of that rose-tinged mouth,

Curved eloquently, and for ever yearning  
To gain warm kisses from the wooing south:

There is no blossom, theme of poet's pen,  
Dowered with like beauty to the cyclamen.”

But sweeter than any breath of flower—and more suggestive of delight than the most exquisite bouquet of choicest claret—is the odorous breath of a healthy young girl,

“With red lips breathed apart  
By the music of her heart.”

As to the æsthetic of taste, that I fear must continue undeveloped, so long as the Epicure, poet of the palate, is stigmatized with grossness—so long as

“God sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks.”

Well, thanks to the utter absence of the eye's education, the people at the Bear were entirely at issue among each other as to what manner of man he was who brought thither the beautiful lady in the postchaise. That he was a remarkable man to look upon they all agreed; but the majority held that he was a tall man, rather gigantic indeed than otherwise, with a vast quantity of raven-black hair. Humphrey could remember no man of his acquaintance whom this description fitted even loosely. It is to be observed that he had given up his notion of Raphael's being the person he sought, having sagaciously concluded that the Seraph would have candidly confessed what he had done when the matter had led to a hostile meeting between them. And, indeed, he told his second and his surgeon, so soon as his senses returned to him, that he regretted having wronged Mr. Branscombe by his suspicions—a phrase which found its way to the papers.

Humphrey could not discover whether the errant gentleman and lady had driven in that hired conveyance. He explored in all directions, but somehow did not reach the historic town beyond the chalk downs in which Raphael had taken brief rest. So from this journey, as from many before, he returned baffled and disappointed. But the ardour of pursuit was not checked.

On the day of his return he dined at the Chandos with Frank Maule. Frank, whose love of difficult inquiry we know, was much interested in this investigation of Morfill's. His opinion, however, differed from Humphrey's in regard to Raphael. He had noticed the Seraph's peculiar tone towards Humphrey, and had inferred that he knew more about Mrs. Morfill than he cared to tell.

“You have done nothing yet,” he said, as they waited for dinner.

“Nothing. I went on a fool's errand yesterday and have come back baffled. I found myself in pursuit of

a tall man with a canine mane, black as jet. Do you know any such person?”

“I have heard a curious story to-day,” said Maule. “You know Hudson, who married Lady Emilia Hastings?”

“I don't know him. I have heard of him as immensely rich.”

“Awfully. Well, do you know his wife?”

“I saw her once at the opera. She's the Cleopatra style of woman, rather.”

“She is. Well, I hear that Hudson came upon a packet of letters showing that she was on too intimate terms before her marriage with Raphael Branscombe, and that she has not renounced her intimacy.”

“By Jove!”

“That's not all. Some of this correspondence showed that the old countess found out the affair, and that she afterwards, and in consequence, pushed on the marriage. Now the old lady is dead; and, if she did what is said of her, why . . . but there, it's no good to speculate. What I hear is that Hudson used the old lady's name very freely, not to say foully—that Shottesbrooke heard of it—and that they're going to fight to-morrow morning.”

“Do you think you are well informed?”

“It reached me through Aylmer, who is very intimate with Shottesbrooke, and who is to be his second. You know what sort of fellow the young Earl is?”

“No.”

“Then I'll tell you. I don't know another man like him. He is a child in purity, a Bayard in courage, almost a Christ in pitifulness. He is spotless, if any man ever was. He is only two or three-and-twenty, but far older men who know him reverence him. And for him to be mixed up in so vile an affair!”

“What will he do, think you?”

“Meet Hudson, of course: that first. If he survives, I should predict that he will follow Raphael Branscombe . . .”

“To the death!” said Morfill, fiercely.

“I don't know. I am not sure that he would deem that right. We shall see.”

“Branscombe is an infernal scoundrel,” said Morfill, after a pause. “I wish I had shot him.”

"Why? What quarrel have you with him?"

"None, of course, but he deserves to be shot. If he meets the young Earl, he'll surely kill him. He's a fiend, I think. Why should he have provoked me that day, instead of saying in a straightforward way that he knew nothing of my wife?"

Frank Maule leaned back in his chair, and reflected. Should he tell Morfill his suspicion—a suspicion so strong that it almost amounted to certainty? Why not? Morfill could not *again* challenge Raphael: all he could do was to search for his wife.

"*Could* he say that?" he asked, at length.

Morfill half rose from his chair.

"Why shouldn't he? What do you know?" he exclaimed.

"I know nothing. I merely think that Raphael Branscombe is your man, from the way he talked to you that night. Does he dislike you? Has he any reason to dislike you?"

"He intended to marry his cousin—my wife, you know—for her money."

"Ah," said Maule. "Then that supplies a motive. He may have taken away your wife, less from love of her, than from hatred of you. That would be his disposition, if I am any judge."

Morfill struck the table with his clenched fist.

"By God," he exclaimed, "I believe you're right. Where is he? I'll find him, by Heaven."

"Quiet, my dear fellow, quiet!" said Maule.

Their colloquy had been carried on in the lowest possible tone of voice, and Humphrey's sudden excitement called attention to the remote table at which they sat.

"It will be a very strange thing," said Frank Maule, after a pause, "if we cannot discover what has become of so well known a man as Raphael Branscombe. We'll make inquiry this very evening. If my theory is right, you have only to overtake him in order to find Mrs. Morfill. But don't be hasty. You know he has fought you once."

"He is a liar!" said Humphrey. "I'll murder him."

"My dear Morfill, don't give way to excitement. Of course I know you have been very badly treated, and that it is difficult to keep cool; but

depend upon it, if you *can* be cool, it will give you an immense advantage. However, let us devote the evening to inquiry."

This was done: but at first with no satisfactory result. They ascertained that Raphael had left England, but could not discover in what direction. It was pretty clear, however, that he had left England alone. This was perplexing.

Frank Maule was a man by no means disposed to give up an inquiry because it was difficult. Indeed this gave a keenness to the edge of his desire, and caused him to become more fertile in suggestions. And at last, after they had made many legitimate experiments—and the night was growing late—and Humphrey Morfill was becoming surly and savage—and Frank himself was feeling deucedly tired of the whole affair—it suddenly occurred to him to visit a certain quarter of London where you and I, decorous reader, have never spent an hour, and where indeed life is at this period far slower than it was in the days of that splendid brute, the Marquis of Waterford, whose memory is dear to the Marquis of Downshire and Mr. Grantley Berkeley.

And in that piquant pooh-pooh purlieu—that florid fi-fi field of flash and fancy—they encountered a little bird. A very pretty little bird, exquisite of shape, brilliant of plumage, with the sweetest beak and greediest claws in the world, with a marvellous thirst for fizz. And this gay, wild-winged creature, of a species unknown to Audubon and Wilson, chirped and carolled musical news of the Seraph. And the burden of that news was—

"*Bella Napoli!*"

"I shall go over at once," said Morfill.

"I'll go with you," said Frank Maule, "if you'll wait till to-morrow. I've no particular occupation at present."

"Wait till to-morrow!" exclaimed Humphrey. "You didn't expect me to start for the coast at once, surely?"

"Well, I don't know. You seemed rather impetuous. However, I really will go with you, and to-morrow we shall perhaps have another comrade."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, whether Shottesbrooke kills Hudson or Hudson Shottesbrooke, the survivor will surely look after

Branscombe. And there is no time to be lost."

The character which Frank Maule had given of the young Earl of Shottesbrooke was no exaggeration. He was the fair ideal of a Christian gentleman—or rather would have been, if Froissart had written a fifth gospel. There was a certain gentlemanly monarch of the United Kingdom (thank God, he was not King of England) of whom a poet wrote—

"A noble, nasty course he ran,  
Supremely filthy and fastidious,  
He was the world's first gentleman,  
And made the appellation hideous."

Not such sort of gentleman was Lord Shottesbrooke. He was the Sir Galahad of the nineteenth century. Boy though he was, his native purity made his intellectual eyesight keen, and he judged character more truly than many an experienced man of the world. Knavery marvelled to find itself fathomed of this lordly child.

I have called the young Earl a Christian gentleman. This, of a surety, he was. But he was a knight—in the highest sense of that glorious monosyllable. Sir Philip Sydney would have welcomed him as a true brother in arms. Cowardice, dishonour, falsehood, were things to him unimaginable. He was chivalry's noblest product.

Conceive, dear reader, what I cannot describe—the grief and shame of this young nobleman when the conviction was forced upon him that his sister had been false to her husband—ay, and more, and infinitely worse, that her fair fame had been soiled in her maidenhood, and that her dead mother was her accomplice! My God, how cold the words look as I write them—mending my pen, mayhap, in the midst of a sentence! How would Shakespeare have given to such an awful situation eternity with his words of fire and blood! The truest gentleman alive—to whom the least thought of dishonour was torture unutterable—to be told that his sister was . . . . . that his dead mother was . . . . .

No, I will not write the words of infamy. That night—the night, I mean, when Humphrey Morfill and Frank Maule sought for some trace of Raphael Branscombe, and found one at length—that night, Edward, eleventh

Earl of Shottesbrooke, boy as he was, and fortunate boy as most men would deem him, knelt down and prayed God that Hudson's bullet might kill him next morning.

"If it be possible let this cup pass from me!" That was the burden of his prayer. Better death—better to sacrifice the love and break the heart of a beautiful young girl to whom he was betrothed—better to resign his high hope of doing service to England, as ten gallant earls, his foregangers, had done, than to live with the knowledge that his mother and his sister had done such deeds as men attributed to them.

But the morning came, and with it the chill uncomfortable meeting. The Earl felt neither nervous nor blood-thirsty; he longed for death, and felt a definite presentiment that what he longed for would not come. It would be hard to say how he felt towards the man whom he had challenged—his sister's husband. By no means inclined to kill him, certainly. Possibly Mr. Hudson felt similarly towards his brother-in-law—for both men fired in the air.

And when the affair was over, and Brabazon Aylmer was going to take his principal off the ground, that young nobleman walked across to Hudson, and said—

"George, shake hands. I don't know how this affair will end. I wish I had been dead before it began. But it cannot end here. We must find that man who has brought us so much misery and shame. He must not escape."

"I don't know, my lord," said Hudson plaintively. "I don't think he is a man. I look upon him as a fiend."

"Where is he? What has become of him?" inquired the Earl.

"I wish I knew," exclaimed Hudson.

"I think I know where he is," said the Earl's second, Brabazon Aylmer.

"How so?" said the Earl.

"Simply thus:—Frank Maule knew of this business. He came to my rooms at about three this morning, and said, 'You will want, in an hour or two, to know where Branscombe is. He is at Naples.'"

"How did he know?"

"Hudson called Branscombe a fiend just now," said Aylmer. "He spoke

truth. You are not the only men who are in keen pursuit of him. Only last night was it discovered where he had gone, and the first vessel will take a resolute avenger in search of him. God knows by whose hand he will first meet punishment."

"I'll tell you what," said Hudson, "from all I have seen and heard of that man, I believe no one of us will punish him. However, let us make trial. How soon can we start for Naples?"

A curious conversation after a meeting at Chalk Farm. Its result was that Lord Shottesbrooke and Hudson joined Morfill and Maule in their expedition. A week later the four gentlemen were to be seen in the pleasant, lazy streets of the Siren City, Parthenope, though assuredly without any ideas in their heads of either laziness or pleasure.

Inquiries soon led them to the Palazzo in the Strada Monte di Dio, where the Branscombes had taken up their quarters. Their cards were sent up, one languid morning, when the ladies were lying on couches and watching the magical movement of the slow Vesuvian smoke.

"Four Englishmen!" exclaimed the Panther, scrutinizing those polished parallelograms. "Lord Shottesbrooke—ah, he's a nice fellow; but he's engaged to Gerard Morly's daughter, so he's no good. 'Hudson'—there are so many Hudsons—O, this must be the one that married Shottesbrooke's sister. 'Maule'—don't know him. 'Morfill'—know him, rather. What can bring him here, Isola?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine," replied that young lady indolently. "Ask him. I suppose you're going to let them come up by-and-by."

They were admitted, and Maule, as the most collected of the party, explained that they had expected to find Mr. Raphael Branscombe at the Palazzo. Would he be in soon?

"If you could answer the question you have asked," replied the Panther, "we should be much obliged to you. Papa came over to Naples purposely to meet Raphael, who said he would be here, and nothing has been heard of him. He is very erratic in his movements, and, I suppose, has altered his mind."

Humphrey Morfill decided at once

that Claudia was uttering falsehood. There was a sullen gleam in his eye that told of this.

The other three looked doubtful. Lord Shottesbrooke had yet to learn that it was possible for a lady to lie, he therefore believed . . . and wondered. Hudson simply wondered. Frank Maule renewed his questionings.

Isola looked from one to another of the group with a perplexity in those marvellous eyes of hers. She alone knew that she had seen Raphael in Naples. She wondered why these four men were anxious to discover him. She wondered why he chose to hide from them.

"Perhaps they think he's afraid of them," she thought, scornfully. "They don't know the Seraph. I guess he's amusing himself, and don't choose to be interrupted."

Her conjecture was not a wild one, as we know. Presently Devil Branscombe and the old Wolf returned from their stroll, and from lounging at the Caffè d'Europe.

"Friends of Raphael's, eh?" said Ralph Branscombe. "I can't make out what's become of him. He wrote to say he should be here, for there were some legal documents he expected to hand to sign. I have been able to hear nothing of him from post office or passport people. And I have already stayed here rather longer than I intended, because if I miss him, I don't know when I may find him again. He wanders all over the world."

The four visitors could see that this was the truth.

"Won't you, gentlemen, dine with us?" said the Wolf, hospitably. "We can't give you an English dinner, you know, but our cook shall do her best."

"Thank you," said the young Earl, "unfortunately it is impossible. I wish it were otherwise."

They took leave. As they walked to their hotel, Maule remarked—

"They evidently have no idea where Raphael Branscombe is. We can do nothing with them. We must wait."

"He is expected here," said the Earl.

"I was not quite satisfied with the women's looks," said Morfill. "I fancy the little one, at least, knows something."

"What can we do now?" asked Hudson, despairingly.

"Play a waiting game," answered Maule. "Our quarry will turn up where the rest of the brood are. Of course it isn't as easy for you to be patient, with your passionate interest in the quest, as for me, who regard it as a simple scientific problem. There is the more reason that you should put yourselves in my hands."

Frank Maule quite enjoyed his captaincy. He had three men to keep in order, all as different as possible. He had very little idea as to what would happen when they ran down their foe. But he deemed it his duty to keep his men well in hand, and was quite determined that neither of them should do anything premature or rash, if he could help it.

"What did those four fellows want of Raphael?" growled the old Wolf, on their departure. "They seemed devilish anxious to find him."

"If they want anything he don't like, they'll be devilish anxious to get

away again, when they do find him," said Devil Branscombe.

"I suppose," remarked Claudia to Isola, as those two young ladies, with true Parthenopean laziness and languor, were loitering through their preparation for dinner—"I suppose those men have got some awkward business with Raphael. It looked like it."

"Very much," said Isola. "Let's hope they mayn't find him."

"Why," inquired the Panther. "You don't suppose he'd be afraid of them—four to one even?"

"Not a bit of it. I meant . . . for their sakes."

And, emitting one of those silvery laughs of hers, Isola indulged in a pirouette that shook all her curls like the leaves of a birch tree tossed by the west wind, and then announced herself ready for dinner. It was not uncondusive to the merriment of her young heart—the idea that, Raphael being at Naples, Stephen Langton must be somewhere near."

How wrong she was!

#### RETIREMENT OF JOHN KEMBLE.

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE made his first appearance, at Drury Lane, as *Hamlet*, on the 30th of September, 1783. He was then twenty-six, and had been seven years regularly on the stage. The three last of these he had passed in Dublin, where he acquired the opportunities and reputation which led him to the English metropolis. He took leave of the public, at Covent Garden, as *Coriolanus*, on the 23rd of June, 1817. During the long period of thirty-four years which intervened between his first and last performance in London, he held his ground as the leading tragic actor of the time, and the founder of an eminent school. Inferior to Garrick in versatility, and to Edmund Kean in intense passion, he excelled both in sustained declamation, and in dignity of demeanour, for which he was gifted with a lofty person, and features cast in the classic mould. His voice, from an asthmatic tendency, sometimes gave way, and forced him to restrain his powers, while his conceptions were overflowing with strength and feeling.

He was a grave man, of solemn

sepulchral utterance, of methodical habits, calm temper, and much moral propriety, with a strong natural tendency to the worship of Bacchus. But even that besetting weakness he kept under control, and regulated on philosophical principles. "We don't act to-night, George," he would sometimes say to the less disciplined Cooke; "let us get drunk; occasional inebriety gives nature a salutary fillip." He forgot what a veteran brother of the buskin, who had the same failing, observed as a corollary: "It is a pleasant and cheerful thing enough to get drunk, but a very disagreeable business to get sober."

Educated at the College of Donay for the Roman Catholic priesthood, John Kemble, contrary to the wishes of his father, determined to follow the family calling of the stage. He was a reasonably good scholar, but had the reputation of more profound learning than he possessed, and collected a large library of black-letter books; but his brother Charles and his biographer Boaden, have both said that he had some difficulty in reading

them. In social intercourse, he never lost his measured tone and style. He declaimed in ordinary conversation, and in relating a common anecdote; he declaimed when sober, and in his cups. One night, when he was very far gone indeed, at the house of a convivial nobleman, a servant announced, "Mr. Kemble's *charrut*!" He got up with difficulty, made his bow, descended the stairs, supported by the faithful John, and entered the vehicle. As the door closed, and the coachman prepared to start, he let down the window and called hastily, "Stop! John, my good fellow, come here. There's half a crown for you: and the next time you have occasion to mention the name of this conveyance, remember it is a trisyllable, and must be pronounced cha-ri-ot. Drive on." Kemble and Mrs. Siddons always spoke of each other reciprocally as "our sister Sarah," and "our brother John." We pass over the pedantry of the *aitches*, for which there was poetical authority; but our honest Saxon English has not yet recovered the shock it received from being told to substitute *burd* for *beard*, *Room* for *Rome*, and *varchue* for *virtue*.

On the night of Kemble's last appearance, it is no less true than strange that the house was far from crowded—the extreme heat of the weather was alleged as a cause—although, in the anticipation of an overflow, the musicians were removed, from the orchestra, behind the scenes, to afford additional accommodation to the pit. The luxury of stalls had not yet been imported. The great departing actor tasked his powers to the utmost on this his final representation of his greatest part. It was admitted by all present, and recorded by the chroniclers of the press, that he played with as much freshness and vigour as he had displayed in his best days. Hazlitt observed, "It is mere cant to say that Mr. Kemble has quite fallen off of late—that he is not what he was: he may have declined in the opinion of some jealous admirers, because he is no longer in exclusive possession of the stage; but in himself he has not fallen off a jot. Why then do we approve of his retiring? Because we do not wish him to wait till it is necessary for him to retire." The reason is a sound one,

and Kemble did well to bear it in mind. He did better when a few mistaken enthusiasts pressed him to return, and he declined. Why was not Mrs. Siddons equally resolute? She re-appeared again and again. The cause was family kindness, but the effect was a martyrdom of her own fame. An actress who revives once a year cannot play as she did when in constant practice. An uncertain wavering between public and private life weakens the reminiscence of the one and detracts from the gracefulness of the other. The last breakdown of Grisi, in 1866, after several "farewells," caused both her friends and enemies to mourn.

When Kemble entered as *Coriolanus* on the memorable 23rd of June, the audience rose simultaneously, to evince their respect, and reiterated peals of approbation, for a considerable time, impeded the progress of the play. Many of its passages were applied with avidity to the occasion, and when the curtain dropped, a few placards were exhibited in the pit, with this inscription: "No Farewell." Then the applause redoubled, and continued until, after an interval of some minutes, Kemble again presented himself. In Edinburgh, not long before, he had taken leave in a poetical address, written expressly by Sir Walter Scott, which contained the following lines, often quoted and worthy of repetition, more from the sentiment than the versification:—

"But years steal on, and higher duties crave  
Some space between the theatre and grave;  
That, like the Roman in the Capitol,  
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall."

Either he felt that he could not improve on this, or thought with Garrick, when standing for the last time before a London audience, with whom his life had been passed, that "the jingle of rhyme and the fictitious language of poetry" would accord but ill with the feelings of such a moment. He confined himself to the following few valedictory sentences, in the most unpretending and concisely expressed prose:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I appear before you for the last time, to terminate, most reluctantly, my long professional career. I did not think I should have composure enough for this occasion, and had it accordingly in contem-



plation to take my leave of you in silence. But lest this might be misconstrued by some into disrespect, I have determined, in compliance with custom, to address a few words to you on my departure. No exertions on my part have been spared to improve our dramatic representations with respect to their splendour and accuracy; but particularly those of our divine Shakespeare. For these exertions I have been amply rewarded by your applause, which has attended me from my first appearance as a candidate for public favour. Your kindness will never be defaced from my memory. Ladies and gentlemen, I respectfully bid you an unwilling farewell." It would have been difficult to have said less, and impossible to express what was said in more commonplace terms.

As Kemble retreated from observation, amidst a hurricane of tumultuous plaudits, a gentleman in the pit handed to Talma, who sat in the orchestra, a white satin embroidered scarf, accompanied by a laurel wreath and a letter, desiring him to place it on the stage. The graceful manner in which the French Roscius complied with this request was warmly applauded, and the manager being called for, Mr. Fawcett appeared, took up the trophies, and having stated his conjecture as to the intentions of the house, professed unqualified delight in being directed to hand them to Mr. Kemble. But he was first directed to read the letter, which he did with as good emphasis and discretion as a professed comic actor could muster, on a sudden demand, and on a serious occasion. It was a long, laboured tissue of panegyric, compared with which the most highly coloured of Dryden's adulatory dedications dissolves into milk and water. The climax wound up with a request: "We entreat of you not to take your final leave on this, the night named for your last performance. We earnestly entreat that you will not at once deprive the public of their gratification and the stage of your support. All we ask is that you will consent to perform a few nights each season, as long as your health will permit. We conjure you to grant this request, by your own fame, an object which is not more dear to you than it is to us, and we confidently rely upon your

respect for public opinion, that you will not cover us with the regret of a refusal. We have spared the annexation of signatures as inadequate and unnecessary, even if our numbers and restricted limits permitted that form. The pealing applause of the audience each night of your performance, *and the united voice which accompanies this*, are the best attestation of the public sentiment. P.S. The receiver of this is requested to read it aloud, or hand it along the row in the pit, or round the box in which he is seated."

Whether this application proceeded from a small clique of private friends, or from a large section of the unbiassed public, never transpired. Something of the same kind occurred when Mrs. Siddons left the stage. A committee was formed to urge her regular return, but she had either the good taste to resist their importunities, or yielded to the advice of her real friends. The gentleman who originated the attempt greatly suspected that, in her heart, she wished to form a new engagement, and had given a hint to that effect. Such partings, if not voluntary, are as little entitled to respect as the resumption of imperial power by the co-Emperor Maximilian after his abdication. John Kemble remained deaf to the flattering appeal addressed to him, and thenceforward his achievements in the art he had so eminently adorned lived only in the memory of his admirers. While feelings of mingled respect and regret were prevailing before the curtain, they were still more powerfully evinced by Mr. Kemble's professional associates behind the scenes. All contended to be foremost in their expressions of kind condolence, and were eager to obtain some memorial, no matter how trifling, of their long cherished love and admiration. Matthews received from his hands the gift of his sandals, which he held aloft in triumph and exclaimed, "Although I am proud to have his sandals, I can never hope to tread in his shoes." Miss Bristow obtained the handkerchief he had used that evening while uttering his farewell, which she playfully promised to keep with more faith than *Desdemona* did the first gift of the *Moor*. On Mr. Kemble leaving the theatre the stage-entrance was filled by all ranks of the dramatic

corps, carpenters, scene-shifters, property-men, and supernumeraries, anxious to offer a last salutation to their veteran commander; while the outside of the door was thronged by individuals of all callings and grades, eager to catch a last glimpse of their tried and valued favourite. There are many portraits of John Kemble, and many engravings from the portraits. Sir Thomas Lawrence has faithfully handed him down to posterity as *Hamlet*, *Rolla*, and *Cato*.

His fortune received some injury from the burning of Covent Garden Theatre, and altogether his savings were less than might have been expected. His habits, with the exception of a passion for rare old books, were not expensive, and he had no children to provide for. His claims to sound erudition were shaken by a very pedantic, singular, and arbitrary pronounciation of many words, for which he could neither adduce classical nor etymological authority, nor even the sovereign rule of custom,

"Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi."

Colman seems to have had Kemble in his eye when he described *Sir Edward Mortimer*:

"Edward is all deep reading, and black letter;

He shows it in his very chin. He speaks Mere dictionary, and he pores on pages That give plain sense the headache!

'Scarce and curious,'

Are baits his learning nibbles at; his brain

Is cramm'd with mouldy volumes, cramp and useless,

Like a librarian's lumber room."

The picture is overcharged, as such pictures generally are.

On Kemble's last night, a portion of the audience demanded the withdrawal of the farce, "The Portrait of Cervantes." The rest insisted as vociferously on its being acted, as announced in the bills. The curtain was lowered before the first scene concluded, and the company grew thinner. But the farce party continued their cries, and up went the curtain again. Many of the no-farce faction being still left, continued their opposition, and got themselves kicked out of the pit with broken heads, "in compliment to Mr. Kemble." Surely the intense respect of these turbulent admirers would have been more sen-

sibly evinced by their walking quietly out, or remaining quietly in, until the provision for their entertainment had been duly exhausted. On the 27th of June, 1817, four days after his last performance, Mr. Kemble was complimented by his personal friends and the admirers of the drama, with a dinner and testimonial, at the Freemasons' Tavern. The chair was taken by Lord Holland; many other noblemen of rank and renown were present, with above 340 guests of all grades and professions, sculptors, painters, poets, authors, and actors, including amongst the latter the celebrated French tragedian, Talma. Lord Holland took his seat about half-past seven o'clock, at the head of the principal table, with Mr. Kemble on his right, and the Duke of Bedford on his left hand. At the other tables Mr. Charles Kemble, Mr. Young, and Mr. Mathews presided. Fifty years ago these compliments to departing excellence were less frequent than they have since become, and were more valuable from their rarity. Now, every notoriety of every class claims a dinner and testimonial. Tom Sayers had his; Jem Mace will probably be the next, unless some actor of note steps in and supersedes him. We have heard—but vouch not for the fact—that aspirants for this distinction have canvassed for each other by mutual concert; and we have also heard that not very many years since a provincial actor of no great fame was in the habit, as long as his money lasted, of giving himself public dinners. He pulled up the mayor of whatever town he happened to be in, for president, issued the invitations, settled the toasts, prepared the speeches, and paid the bill. The fact is, *charlatanerie* in all its phases ever was, is, and will be a leading ingredient in these and such like ceremonies. The tickets for the Kemble commemoration were fixed at two guineas, which included the dinner and intended vase.

After the usual "Non nobis Domine," the royal toasts, and "God save the King," Lord Holland rose and displayed a drawing of the, as yet unfinished, piece of plate to be presented to Mr. Kemble. He then read the inscription which ran thus: "To John Philip Kemble, on his retiring from the stage, of which for

thirty-four years he has been the ornament and pride ; which to his learning, taste, and genius, is indebted for its present state of refinement (great applause), and which, under his auspices, consecrated to the support of the legitimate drama, and more particularly to the glory of Shakespeare (applause), has attained to a degree of splendour and prosperity before unknown," (where was the ghost of Garrick to cry 'No, no ! horses and elephants.')

"(this vase, from a numerous body of his admirers, as a mark of their gratitude and respect, was presented by the hands of their chairman on the 27th of June, 1817."

The noble chairman then observed : "It has been said by Mr. Sheridan, that the materials of an actor's fame are more perishable than any other artist's ; but the object of this meeting is to counteract the imperfection of the art (applause.) Mr. Kemble has counteracted it, and as long as Shakespeare is remembered, Mr. Kemble can never be forgotten. He will be remembered in the general improvement of the English theatre, in the propriety of costume, and in all the qualities which distinguish the scholar and the critic. The sentiments of the inscription, I am satisfied, are those of the meeting, in whose name I must thank my friend Mr. Kemble for the delight they have so often experienced, and declare their respect for him as a scholar, an antiquarian, and a critic, and their affection for him as a man of independence and honourable character (loud applause.) I have now to beg that my friend will accept the offered vase as a mark of the sentiments I have endeavoured to express. A gentleman present will recite an ode, which will do more justice to the occasion than any speech of mine is capable of."

Mr. Young then presented himself from the row of seats at which he presided, and recited with great point and animation the celebrated "Farewell," written by the Bard of Hope, which is too generally remembered to require insertion here. The concluding stanza—

"Yet shall our latest age  
This parting scene review—  
Pride of the British stage,  
A long and last adieu !"

was admirably sung, having been set to music by Tom Cooke.

Lord Holland then briefly proposed the health of the distinguished guest, which, of course, was received with enthusiasm. Mr. Kemble said in reply :

"Gentlemen, for your presence here to-day, and the favour you have done me in drinking my health, I beg to offer you my most sincere and heartfelt acknowledgments. Unused, as I am, to extemporaneous public speaking, it will not appear extraordinary that I should be a little embarrassed in addressing an assembly in which I see so many persons highly valued for their genius and talents. I shall therefore, gentlemen, be obliged to confine myself to saying, that this is the greatest honour that could possibly be conferred on me ; and as it is a distinction that never has been shown to any of my predecessors, I feel, for that reason, how far your favour exceeds everything my deserts could justly challenge (applause). Gentlemen, the terms in which you have been pleased to convey to me your approbation of my professional exertions, and of my private conduct, leave me nothing to say, but that I am very proud you think so highly of me. Your noble chairman has done me the honour of attributing to me much more merit than I can pretend to ; his feelings have led him, I fear, very much to overstate my services ; but I can truly say, that when he attributed to me a strong desire to discharge my duty fairly in the different parts of my profession, as far as my honest endeavours to deserve that praise could be considered as entitling me to it, so far your noble chairman has spoken of me only with justice (great applause.) The manner in which you have so kindly stepped forward in order to hand down to posterity my exertions on the stage, is too flattering to my feelings not to affect my heart most deeply. (Here the speaker was so much affected that he paused for a few seconds.) I receive your gift, gentlemen, with affection, with gratitude ; and it is pleasing to me to hope, that I shall still be remembered, when this mark of your kindness has faded away, since my farewell has been sung by the muse that dictated the 'Pleasures of Hope.' (Prolonged applause.)"

This speech, though short, is open to objections, in spite of the acclamations which attended it. A few bottles of champagne are fine stimulants to enthusiasm at the moment, but when the fumes have subsided, sober criticism claims to be heard. The old school-boy cant of "unused as I am to extemporaneous public speaking," was unworthy of Kemble and the occasion. He was invited on the 24th of May, accepted the invitation on the 1st of June, and had twenty-seven days to ponder on what was to take place. He knew, as a matter of course, that his health would be drank, and equally as a matter of course had prepared his reply. To tell his auditors that he had not done so, was an insult to their common sense. Besides, he had been tolerably well used to extemporaneous speaking during the O. P. riots, when for ten weeks he had to appear three or four times per night, and improvise defences against accusations which sprang up at the moment, as rapidly as mushroom, when their predecessors were disposed of. Kemble's insinuation that his deserts could hardly challenge a distinction withheld from his most illustrious predecessors, was insincere and jesuitical. It would also have been more graceful and modest if he had allowed other lips than his own to remind the company of the fact.

The guest concluded his speech by proposing "The Health of the Noble Chairman." The chairman, in returning thanks, declared that it was most gratifying to him to preside in such an assembly; he then proceeded to eulogise the political genius of Mr. Campbell, and asked for a full bumper to the author of the ode.

Mr. Campbell said, he was so wholly unprepared and completely overcome by the honour conferred on him, that he was quite incapable of returning a suitable answer, or of giving vent to those feelings under the influence of which he rose. The heat of the weather also had, for several days past, affected his health, and he was perfectly unable to make a speech, if he were inclined to do so; but he was sure the company would think better of him for abstaining from such a course. He had received an honour which he felt he did not deserve; but he should ever

reflect on it with pleasure, and ever participate in those feelings of enthusiasm which appeared to pervade the present meeting, in doing honour to the great ornament of the English stage. He should end here if he did not know that there was more genuine poetry in the room than he could pretend to. But he saw a distinguished contemporary near him, who ought to have assisted, as he assuredly would have gone before him, in composing a farewell ode. He alluded to the author of "Lalla Rookh" (loud applause). He also took this opportunity of particularly introducing to the company, the Rev. Mr. Crabbe, whose presence he did not expect, a gentleman who might be termed the father of modern poets.

Some said that Tommy Moore by remaining mute, implied that silence gave consent to the compliment paid to him by his brother bard. But he would have been out of order had he spoken, and had too much tact to commit a solecism. Lord Holland next gave "Mr. Fawcett and the actors of Covent Garden Theatre."

Mr. Fawcett, in returning thanks for the honour conferred on him and his brother performers, observed, that next to the pleasure of receiving the applause of a good-natured audience at Covent Garden, the approbation of that splendid assembly which he then addressed, was most grateful to his heart. He and his fellow-actors did not take any pride to themselves for the plan which led to the meeting of this day; but they felt the honour done to their brother in the utmost recesses of their hearts (applause). He was sure no soldier that traced the doubtful field of Waterloo felt more for his General than they did for theirs (applause). He was about to give up his command, but he had done great good while he held it; and his example, he was convinced, would not be forgotten (applause). He had left an indelible impression behind him. To him the actor was obliged for raising his profession to a degree of respectability which it never before possessed (applause). They would keep their eyes steadily fixed on the example left them; and though few could hope to rival him as an actor, yet all might endeavour to achieve that enviable character which he so highly pos-

essed—the character of a good and honest man (applause.)

Lord Holland, after adverting to the liberality which Mr. Kemble displayed during the rebuilding of Drury-lane Theatre, gave the health of Mr. Rae, and the Drury-lane Fund. Mr. Rae returned thanks, and added, “After the eloquent speech we have just heard, I shall merely say that I and my brother performers participate entirely in the feelings of affection and respect manifested towards Mr. Kemble, on this occasion, by men of the most exalted station, talent, and learning. The establishment with which we are connected will ever recollect with pride that on the boards of Drury-lane Mr. Kemble commenced the career which he has now so splendidly terminated” (warm applause).

On the morning of the same day, June the 27th, a deputation from the Drury-lane company, comprising Messrs. Rae, Downton, J. Johnstone, and Holland, had waited on Mr. Kemble, at his own house, as a token of respect. Mr. Rae then addressed him in the following words: “Sir, Mr. Downton, Mr. Holland, Mr. Johnstone, and myself, as representing the performers of Drury-lane theatre, have the honour to tender you our tribute of personal respect, and at the same time deeply to lament your having withdrawn yourself from the stage, of which, for many years, you have been the pride and distinguished ornament. I am concerned that illness prevented my accompanying these gentlemen, for this purpose, on the evening of your universally regretted retirement; but we trust, though late in the expression of our feelings, it will not be the less acceptable. As the representatives of Drury-lane theatre, we proudly feel that *there* you attained and perfected that high professional character which is now deservedly drawing forth every mark of public estimation; and we beg to assure you that we fully participate in these general feelings of admiration and regard. We feel that you have added a dignity to the profession, both from your genius in the art itself, and by the force of your example in private life. We take our leave of you, wishing you the enjoyment of health, and cherishing an earnest hope that the

remainder of your life, may, in every respect, be as happy as it has hitherto been serviceable and ornamental to learning and the drama.”

Lord Holland expressed his satisfaction at witnessing the liberality of sentiment which pervaded the two winter theatres, rivals as they were in some respects. But he was sure that the liberality of Englishmen would not be confined to their own country. They had now a great actor from a neighbouring nation amongst them (enthusiastic applause). He was happy that all were so eager to express their gratification at this circumstance. He should therefore propose “The health of M. Talma, and success to the French stage.” This toast was drank with long-continued plaudits.

Mons. Talma spoke as follows, in English, and with a good accent:—

“Gentlemen, it is impossible for me, in a foreign language, to express my warm gratitude for the hospitable way in which you have this day received me (applause), and for the honour you have done, in my person, to the French stage. To be thought worthy of notice on an occasion consecrated to my dear friend Kemble (shouts of applause), I estimate as one of the highest honours of my life. As I cannot thank you with my tongue, you will, I hope, suffer me to thank you with my heart (plaudits). Gentlemen, permit me to drink success to the British stage” (thunders of applause).

These few words, delivered in a clear and powerful voice, with great boldness of utterance, and much vehemence of action, had a most surprising effect on the audience. But this curt oration, condensed almost into Spartan brevity, was quite long enough to get the speaker into hot water when he re-crossed to his own side of the Channel. The newspapers accused him of having adulated “Le perfide Albion,” at the expense of “La belle France,” of drinking success to the enemies of Gaul, when he only thanked the hospitality of England. He found it necessary to defend himself from the exaggerated charge, which he did in the following straightforward, gentlemanlike explanation, addressed to the editor of the *Moniteur*, on the 21st of August, 1817:—

"SIR,—I learn, upon my return from England, that, on the credit of certain journals, I am publicly assailed with reproaches, of which I feel it my duty to take immediate notice.

"It is pretended that I wished to smuggle into Calais some articles of English merchandise, which were seized. In answer to this I have only to say that the accusation is wholly unfounded. My effects were examined with much politeness by the custom-house officers of Calais, who did not discover that in any respect I had contravened the laws.

"The second accusation which is brought against me is of a nature more serious; and the high value I attach to the esteem of the public—an object to which the whole efforts of my life have been devoted—the duty I owe to my friends and to myself, make it imperative upon me to justify myself in this particular more explicitly.

"After the last representation of Mr. John Kemble, the first actor of the English Theatre, as justly dear for his noble character as for his rare talents, his friends and admirers assembled at a farewell dinner, in order to testify to him in a striking manner their attachment and regret. The greatest noblemen, the most distinguished artists and men of letters, were present. According to the English custom, toasts were given; and in the midst of three or four hundred persons at table, and of a great number of spectators, it was thought proper to render me an object of particular distinction. The noble lord who was president of the fête, proposed a toast to my honour, and to the glory of the French stage. I replied by some phrases which were graciously received, and in which I endeavoured to express my gratitude for the reception, so full of kindness, which I had experienced, and my wishes for the prosperity of the English Theatre. This return of politeness was, in a manner, a duty which the most severe observer of propriety could not condemn.

"Some English journals which have not reported with scrupulous exactness the extempore speeches at this assembly, have not given mine more correctly than others, and the French papers, in translating them, have not shown greater fidelity.

"To join a political wish to the toast I proposed, in the midst of persons who merely assembled to celebrate the arts, and to honour particularly my own profession, would have been, to say the least, a folly; to forget in the same situation that I was a Frenchman, would have been something more than absence of mind; and this double unsuitableness would have been tacitly blamed even by those to whom I addressed myself.

"I am delighted to make known the reception, truly fraternal, which I experienced from the artists of London—the flattering distinctions, the eager attentions of which I have been the object in the highest classes of society; but the profound gratitude which I feel for the testimonies of affection and esteem—honourable alike to the French Theatre and to myself—has never made and never will make me forget that sentiment without a rival, the predilection which every good man owes to the country of his birth."

Talma's presence at the Kemble festival gave a zest to its attractions. His graceful, unaffected, and gentlemanly deportment, his few words, not requiring the aid of translation, gained him even more admirers than his splendid exhibitions in conjunction with Mademoiselle Georges, at the Opera-house.

The healths of the respected chairman and the patriarchal Flaxman were given and responded to with good taste and brevity, almost rivaling that of Talma. Lord Holland then proposed "Mr. Young, the reciter of the Ode." Young replied in a neat speech, which would have been more becoming had he said less of himself. He declared that to Mr. Kemble's example he entirely owed the success he had hitherto met with in his profession. He delivered his decided opinion that no actor could remain long a favourite with the public who formed himself on any school but that of Kemble, and who ventured to tread in any other steps; steps which, although at an humble distance, he hoped he should pursue.

This was evidently an indirect thrust at the Kean heresy, with which the town was at that moment strongly inoculated. Kean was absent. He was out of London, fulfilling a provincial

engagement, and, not being Sir Boyle Roche's bird, was unable to be in two places at once. But he sent ten guineas as his contribution of respect to the vase. This might have insured him civility, if not notice, which he could scarcely look for on an occasion exclusively devoted to the glorification of Kemble. Samson had no right to expect a compliment amidst the ruins of the temple he had tumbled on the heads of its worshippers. Every school of philosophy, science, mechanics, morals, sculpture, painting, and acting, is the best and infallible one—according to the judgment of its votaries. During the prevalence of the Kemble mania, all the actors measured their words, enunciated them with difficulty, attitudinized, and made long pauses; when Kean came into vogue, a clear voice and a lofty person were considered the greatest impediments to tragic success, of which poor Conway furnished a striking example. John Kemble said of Conway "He is a very *tall* man;" of Edmund Kean, "He is a very *small* man;" the peculiar emphasis with which he marked the antithetical adjectives, implied that he meant a sneer at both. Kemble should have been above a sneer in either case. Again, on seeing Kean's *Sir Giles Overreach*, he said, "It must be admitted this little man is terribly in earnest." When unwisely induced afterwards to attempt the same part, without any of the little man's terrible earnestness, he broke down, to the mortification of his friends, and the enduring shame of some Vandals amongst the audience, who hissed because the setting sun had lost a portion of its meridian radiance. "It is time that I should retire," murmured the insulted luminary.

Hazlitt says of this lamentable incident, "Mr. Kemble, with all his faults, has powers and faculties which no one else on the stage possesses; why then does he not rely on these instead of throwing himself upon the charity of criticism? He has given the public great, incalculable pleasure; and does he know so little of the world as to trust to its generosity?"

Truly does the poet disparage

"The fickle reek of popular applause."

The iron blinds at Apsley House

remained as memorials of the value of the fleeting vapour long after the ebullitions which caused their erection had faded into history. "How gratifying it is," once observed an enthusiastic friend, "to see your Grace's lasting popularity!" "Look at my shutters!" replied the Iron Duke, mildly, pointing to them with a smile in which the sardonic and humorous were happily blended. But we are losing sight of the Symposium.

As the evening wore on, the toasts and speeches "grew fast and furious." From sober eulogy they advanced to heated enthusiasm. Charles Matthews, when his turn came, delivered himself pleasantly, without affectation, and doubtless, under the excitement of the moment felt every word he uttered. Not satisfied with hearing Mr. Kemble hailed as a *general*, he thought proper to promote him to a *sovereign*. Had not the company soon after dispersed, in all probability the copious libations would have elevated the departing hero still higher, and before morning he would have been throned on Mount Olympus and speechified into a *deity*.

But the most glaring and original episode in the programme of proceedings was the speech of Mr. Horace Twiss, in rising to return thanks for the health of his illustrious aunt, Mrs. Siddons. We transcribe it for the general benefit, in its integrity, *totus, teres, atque rotundus* :—

"It becomes me to state, as my apology for addressing your lordship and this assembly, that I do so at the special desire of Mrs. Siddons, who, understanding that this honour was designed for her, requested that I would return her most grateful acknowledgments. Your lordship has observed how frail are the materials of the actor's work. His exertions, unlike those of other artists, perish even in their birth; no scroll, no canvas, no marble preserves them, but, as it were in a mirror, they 'come like shadows, so depart.' It is only therefore from the impression which the powers of great tragedians have produced on the acknowledged judges of their own time, that posterity can obtain any direct criterion of their deserts, and most splendidly has contemporary opinion to-day attested and recorded the excellence of its favourites, in this thronged atten-

dance and pervading enthusiasm of an assembly so distinguished in every various walk of talent and of taste. I will only add, that if there be terms which can more forcibly and feelingly than any others, convey to such an auditory the deep sense which Mrs. Siddons will always retain of the honour and kindness now conferred upon her, those are the terms which, could she herself have been present, she would have selected to express the thanks I but attempt to offer so imperfectly in her name."

Really this tirade is, as our French neighbours say, *un peu trop fort*. It savours of quackery and pre-arrangement to a most offensive extent. How could Mrs. Siddons have been guilty of such bad taste as to let anyone know that she fancied her health would have been proposed? If she received a hint to that effect she should have kept counsel, and not let out the "secrets of the prison-house." How could she have had the inconsiderateness to bespeak Mr. Horace Twiss to return thanks for her, or how could Mr. Horace Twiss have had the folly to give way to such a weakness in his aunt, and thus expose both himself and her to the whispered ridicule which buzzed round the room, and was afterwards more audibly expressed out of doors? Nothing could have been worse conceived than this speech, except perhaps the mode—according to the reporters—in which it was delivered; and yet Mr. Twiss had the bad taste—shall we call it effrontery?—to conclude by declaring that he had said exactly what, had Mrs. Siddons been present, she herself would have offered on the occasion! Let us imagine, that by any incidental hiatus in the arrangements this health had been forgotten. How the subject and commentator would have been mutually *sold*—to use an expressive and very intelligible term in our modern vocabulary. Mr. H. Twiss would then have found himself in the predicament which sometimes chances to professed dining-out wits—he must have given himself the cue for his own joke.

Much as the last orator we have named may have felt self-persuaded that the talents of "his Uncle John" were to be indisputably settled and recorded by a dinner and a piece of

plate, concerted by a clique of private friends, we crave leave to dissent from this sweeping deduction. If "posterity can only obtain a clear notion of histrionic excellence from the impression which the powers of a great tragedian have produced on the acknowledged judges of his own time," by what system of reasoning shall we reconcile the tributes bestowed, at different periods, upon actors whose styles were as distinct as light and darkness? upon the jarring and utterly opposite claims of Kemble, Kean, and Macready? Each had his feast and testimonial from a numerous body of his personal admirers. This, in some degree, puts the recipient upon a level with a successful race-horse. Carry the comparison a little farther. Only one can win, but the next may be within a length, a neck, or a nose of the conqueror. Testimonials are many, but they do not reach all who deserve them. Let the disappointed remember that favour and private interest, in these cases, as in many others, acts as a spur to public apathy. "You cannot stand upon one leg as long as I can," said a dancer to a Spartan. "No," replied the philosopher, "but any goose can, and nothing is thought of it." If you fail in procuring a complimentary salver or goblet, console yourself by turning to the pages of the Newmarket Calendar; there you will find that while Kemble, Kean, and Macready have won each his cup, Eclipse, Lord Lyon, and Gladiateur can show their twenty.

John Kemble survived his retirement nearly six years, during which time he resided chiefly at Lausanne, where he died on the 20th of February, 1823. His widow outlived him for twenty-three years, and died at Leamington on the 13th of May, 1845, aged ninety. The Kemble school has long been defunct: not even an adumbration is to be found amongst existing actors. That of Macready still lives in Phelps, and that of Edmund Kean expired in January last, with the premature and lamented death of his son Charles, who, with superior education and a more refined mind and habits, inherited much of his father's genius and brilliant style.



## "MY QUEEN."

## CHAPTER I.

"I will not dream of her, tall and stately,  
 She that I love may be fairy light,  
 I will not say she should walk sedately,  
 Whatever she does, it will sure be right."

*My Queen.*

"MAKE haste, children, or you'll be late for the train, the cab's at the door; all packed—*do* make haste."

Thus called out Mrs. St. Clair to her two daughters, whom, by the way, she always called "children," though Georgie, the eldest, was a fine, handsome girl of twenty, and Mab, the youngest, just eighteen.

"Oh Georgie, do be quick," said Mab, "mamma's in such a fuss."

"Mamma's always in a fuss, Mab, and there's plenty of time—oh dear me, and here comes Bryant to fuss us still more."

"Miss St. Clair, are you ready? your mamma's in the cab, sitting waiting for you."

"Oh, Bryant, are you come to worry too? do go away, I'm ready now; go down and say I'm coming."

And Georgie ran down stairs, and jumped into the cab with her mother and Mab, while the maid and man disposed of themselves in another.

"To the Victoria Station, as quick as possible," called out Mrs. St. Clair. "Really, Georgie, I wonder you keep me waiting in this kind of way."

"Well, mamma, I couldn't help it, at the last moment there are such heaps of things to be done, and you know we're in plenty of time; really we always are, and then we have a long wait, and it's such a bore."

"Better to wait than be late for the train, which we'd always be if we depended on you, Georgie."

Then silence for a few minutes, as the cab jolted along the streets; and the girls amused themselves looking out at the long lines of placards, of all kinds and descriptions, from the Christmas pantomime to Cassell's Family Bible. At last Mab whispered to Georgie, "Did you ever see anything like the quantity of luggage we've brought? I'm quite ashamed."

"Really," said Georgie, "have we; I'm so sorry, it looks as if we were

going to live at Uncle Harry's. Mamma, why did we bring such a quantity?"

"Why do you ask *me*, Georgie? I didn't pack the boxes; Bryant said she couldn't do with less."

"I'm perfectly certain she could; just look, Mab, there's 'The Ark,' and another box and two bags on the servant's cab, and I suppose, to judge by the swinging of this one, we've a pretty good lot here too—all I hope is we haven't brought 'The Malakoff.'"

"Indeed we have," said Mab, laughing, "and more besides."

"I declare it's a shame; I shall just go and speak to Bryant about it."

"What's the use of that?" said her mother, "when they're all on the cabs now?"

"Oh, Georgie, I advise you not," chimed in Mab, "Bryant's not in the best of humours; you know she never is when she's fussed."

"I wish I'd known it before, I'm so ashamed going to 'The Chase' with such a load."

"Well, my dear, you know your uncle asked us to stay three weeks, and how are we to do that without enough of clothes?"

"Three weeks! but this looks like three years. But here we are. Ha, ha, mamma! I knew I was right, we've forty-five minutes to wait."

"Well, it won't kill you; and I'm sure I'm delighted we can take it so quietly."

"It's more than I am," muttered Georgie. "Mab, what *shall* we do?—I know, I'll go and worry Bryant."

"I think you've the courage of a lioness if you do; just look at her there, standing amongst the baggage, keeping guard over it, with a face like a nastiff."

"Bryant, why don't you sit down?" began Georgie, "you know the train doesn't start this instant."

"How can I sit down, Miss St. Clair; who is to look after the luggage when I'm resting?"

"I thought John could."

"Do you think I'm going to let him touch it, a stranger like him—come into the house only a month or two. How is he to know anything about them?"

"I thought he could read the labels; besides, I don't think there's much danger of him making any mistake in our luggage. Such a pile as we've brought—and *such* boxes!"

"I know quite well what you mean, Miss St. Clair, and I'd like to know how I could manage with less? There's your mamma's black silk morning dress, and another for the evening, and her gray silk, and her black linsay, and yours and Miss Mab's black velveteens and brown silks, and all your evening dresses—that can none of them be crushed—and your ball dresses—that I may say each require a box to themselves, to say nothing of all your common dresses, and hats, and bonnets."

"Well, I hope Sir Harry won't be shocked."

"Of course he won't. He's more sense than to be shocked. He knows when ladies come to stay three weeks at his house, they must bring enough luggage. He'd be much more shocked if he saw you and Miss Mab going to the hunt ball, tossed, and Miss Mab coming out and all."

"Oh, of course, Bryant, you're always right"—and they moved off.

"Georgie, look at mamma," said Mab.

"Oh, you're not accustomed to mamma travelling. I'm quite used to seeing her 'eyeing her book,' as I call it, on the most crowded platform. She forgets quite where she is. She doesn't know she's sitting bolt upright on a hard wooden seat, waiting for the train. She's at present deep in 'Women's Hearts,' or some such stupid shilling novel. I wonder how she can have patience with such trash."

"You'll despise me, Georgie, for I love stories too."

"And why shouldn't you, Mabby? it's only these dreadful, trashy, flimsy, milk-and-watery railway novels I hate."

"Oh, I don't know about them, as I never read them."

"I suppose not. My little Mab was much too well looked after at Madame d'Estrée's to be allowed to do that."

And then followed a long talk about Paris, Mab's pension, &c., &c., till the platform began to fill (as the hour approached), principally with mustached men and boys, on their way to Aldershot, who stopped every now and then, even in their hurry, to take a look at Georgie, who, with her tall figure, bright pink and white cheeks, laughing mouth, and fair hair peeping from under her small black sailor's hat, was quite an object of interest, particularly as her short, black serge dress and petticoat displayed a slender foot and ankle, encased in well-made boots and violet stockings. Mab came in for a much smaller share of notice, as she was far less striking looking than her sister, being as tiny as Georgie was tall, her face a creamy white, enlivened by no brilliant colouring, her mouth not smiling like her sister's, her hair dark, short, and curly; her eyes, the only really good feature in her face, being of that lovely blue-gray colour, sad and sorrowful as a dove's—could not now be seen, as the heavy lids—a long, dark, fringe of eyelash—was half-closed over them; and her head bent, as it always was, when Mab was frightened, and that she was just now, as she saw the crowd gathering. A crowd was to Mab, of all other things, the most terrible.

"Don't you think we'd better go back to mamma, Georgie?" said her little frightened voice.

"So we will. Are you frightened, Mabby?"

"I don't like a crowd, you know."

"Well, here we are with mamma now."

"My dears, why did you stay away so long? I couldn't think what had become of you. We ought to get in now."

"Ladies and gentlemen, take your seats," was screamed out, and a deafening bell set in motion, which terrified Mab, and set poor Mrs. St. Clair in an agony.

"There now, you see, there's a fuss after all, and there's not a place to be had, I do believe. We can't get in there, Georgie, with those dreadful men smoking."

I think the "dreadful men" heard,

for with surprising self-abnegation they flung their cigars out of the window, and said there were three seats in that carriage. Perhaps, Georgie's bright cheeks had something to do with it.

And so the three ladies deposited themselves in the three seats, the girls close together, their mother opposite, with the inevitable railway novel still in her hand, her finger even keeping her place in spite of all the fuss, and which was now opened again and begun that she might not lose a particle of light, which she knew would fail her before the end of her journey, and then the whistle sounded and they were off.

The girls did not want to read, they had a great deal too much to say to each other, about all they were going to do, and so a sort of low-toned chatter was kept up between them, principally by Georgie, about "Uncle Harry and dear Aunt Fanny;" Madeline, who was better and prettier than anyone; Alice and Charlie, who were *such* fun; Walter, who was so tall and good-looking, and dear Bob, who was almost the nicest of all; the hunt ball, the party that was to be in the house; wonders as to who they all were, and if they were nice, &c., &c., till the train stopped at Farnborough, and the men getting out left them free to talk as loud and as much as they pleased, and by that time, as it was getting dark, and the book had to be given up, their mother joined them, and right merrily they chatted till the guard calling out their own station, roused them once more to the necessity of gathering up their things and getting out.

"I don't see your uncle's servant, children."

"No, mamma, but there's the omnibus. I suppose he expected we'd bring enough to fill it, so didn't send one."

"Well, we'll get in and wait till the servants have got out the luggage. I hope they'll make haste, for we'll be very late."

They made as much haste as they could, still it involved a very long wait, which was very trying to Mrs. St. Clair, who was in an agony about their not having time to unpack and dress for dinner, and to Georgie, who hated waiting. Mab was the only one who bore it calmly. She,

poor child, rather enjoyed it, as it put off a little the dreaded ordeal of entering the chaise, and being launched amongst uncle, aunt, and cousins, of whom she felt sadly shy. She had seen so little of them for the last two years and a half, which had been spent by her abroad, finishing her education, and then besides them there was, she knew, a houseful of gentlemen, which inspired her with a dread more nervous still. So she sat very patiently, listening to the quiet country sounds, the winds sighing amongst the trees, the lowing of a cow, or the lazy clatter of a tired farm horse returning home for the night. Looking at the calm sky above, where the little stars were peeping out one by one, and the moon slowly rising behind a dark mass of trees, throwing a pale silver light upon their tops, across the fields of dark brown earth, the little hedges that bounded them, and into the pools of still white water beneath them, and sitting thus, listening and watching, Mab was fast sinking into one of her own pet dreams, where stranger cousins, and men in shooting coats, killing pheasants, played no part, but art, and poetry, and romance had it all their own way. When in this bright dream she was rudely awakened by a sound above her head, quickly followed by another and another, as "The Ark" and "The Malakoff" were deposited with no small exertion on the part of John and the guards, and amid sundry groans and sighs from Bryant about the "ruination" to the ladies' things, on the top of the omnibus, and then all was ready and they set off.

"We're very late, Bryant, said Mrs. St. Clair. I don't know how you'll get us all dressed by half-past seven."

"I'm sure I don't know, ma'am; what will you wear?"

"Oh, my black silk will do."

"I don't know what we shall wear," said Georgie. "I dare say, our high white dresses will do; they won't expect us to dress much. I shan't take my hair down either."

"My dear Georgie, I hope you'll have it smooth and nice, whatever you do, not as it sometimes is—all rough and fuzzy."

"If mine's fuzzy, what do you say to Mab's, mamma?"

"Hers is quite different, as it's all

short and curly ; besides I never see it really untidy."

"How pleasant it must be for you, Mab, having so little trouble with your hair?"

"I'd put up with it all to have yours, Georgie, its so beautiful."

"Dear little Mab, I'll always come to you for compliments."

"Isn't this the gate?" said Mab, with the little frightened tone again in her voice."

"Yes, what a mercy."

Mab didn't think so, but she kept herself quiet, looking out for remembered bits, and straining her eyes for a peep at the hills rising up behind the house.

"Oh, mamma, there they are ; aren't they beautiful in the moonlight?"

"What, Mab?" said Georgie.

"Oh, the hills, Georgie ; do look at them."

"Mab, you're just like mamma, so fond of scenery, and of stories too. But, here, we're driving up to the house, now ; I wonder if they'll come out to meet us? Ah, there's Walter."

"I thought you were all lost," said a cheery voice, and a vision of a tall figure, in brown velveteen, standing on the steps, caught Mab's eyes.

"The train was late, Walter, and you know we couldn't go very fast with such a load."

"Let me help you, aunt ; I've got your bag ; mind the step, lean on me, that's all right."

Here the aunt gave her tall nephew a hearty kiss, and then he turned to help his cousins. Georgie was out before his help, but in time for her share of the embrace ; then Bryant was helped, and shaken warmly by the hand.

"But where's the child," he exclaimed, "lost among all the bundles? I must find her out."

So little Mab was found out in her corner, lifted out, kissed like a child, and put down again, then led into the brilliantly-lighted hall where she was pounced upon by Alice and Charlie, two pretty fair-haired merry girls, and where dear Aunt Fanny, as pretty as any of them, and almost as girlish looking, was waiting with baby and Fan in each hand, and Jack scampering wildly round, in black velvet and bare legs.

Then, of course, there was a great

deal more kissing from everybody except Master Jack, who steadily refused, saying that "gentlemen never kissed ladies."

Mab felt almost at rest amid the Babel, with Aunt Fanny, who gave over Baby to Walter, and made a baby of her instead, folding her close in her arms, while her soft, chestnut curls fell over her face, saying how glad she was to see her, and how welcome she was to "The Chase."

"And now come and see Uncle Harry. He's in the small drawing-room. He said he'd wait till the first greetings were over, as he knew he wouldn't have a chance — Ah, there he is at the door, waiting for you."

The shyness crept over Mab again as she saw uncle in the doorway, backed up by what seemed to her a regular crowd of men scattered all about the room, in shooting costumes of all sorts and descriptions.

Uncle Harry met them with fully as much warmth as the rest, saying he was right glad they had come at last. It was too bad their having thrown him over for Christmas.

"Well, Harry, you couldn't have been sorrier than we were," said Mrs. St. Clair, "but you know I couldn't put off the old Miss St. Clairs, who never leave home, when they proposed themselves to come this time and spend the Christmas. You know they hadn't seen Mab for such a time, and they wanted particularly to see her."

"I've no doubt they did ; but query, did she want to see them? They ought to have had the sense to look at it in that light—oughtn't they, Mab?"

Mab laughed, and said she had been very much disappointed having to give up the Christmas party.

"Don't they want any tea, Fanny?" he called out. "They must be all faint after their journey."

"I desired some to be sent up to their rooms. I thought they'd like it better as it's so late."

"Oh, thank you. That sounds very snug, and I think we ought to go up at once. Now, children, don't sit down to gossip in the hall—do come up."

"Yes, directly, mamma ; but you know Bryant hasn't got out our things yet."

"Besides, Aunt Harriet," exclaimed

Charlie, "Madeline's dressing *now*, that she may send Lusette to help the girls."

"Just like dear Madeline. I missed her, and was asking your mother about her."

And so saying, the two mammas and the little ones went upstairs, while the girls, though forbidden, *did* sit down for a chat in the hall.

"Yes, isn't it just like the 'saintly Madeline?'" exclaimed Charlie. "No one would think of such things but her. She's really better than ever. I'm always expecting an aureole—isn't that what they call it?—to shine out round her auburn tresses."

"How poetical, Charlie! What is the world coming to, when Charlie grows poetical! But leave your poetry now, and tell me where Bob is."

"How should I know? He was in the small drawing-room just before you came, and now he's vanished. At some mischief, I've no doubt."

"Hush, Charlie," said Alice. "Georgie wouldn't allow a word against her pet, Bob."

"I beg pardon."

"I'll forgive you. How does he like the Rifle Brigade?"

"Oh so much. I verily believe he's made such a pet of there he couldn't help liking it."

"Quite right. They know his value."

"So they do. I like his whole battalion for the fuss they make about him, and I'm always teasing Walter, and telling him how much nicer they are than his stupid Guards."

"Isn't he angry with you for that?" said Mab.

"He pretends not to be. He affects to look down on anything so insignificant as I am, but I hope I do tease him a little. My present delight is setting up Bob's dear little friend, Reggie, against his elegant gentleman friend."

"Hush, Charlie; they'll hear you."

"Not they. Walter shut the door when he went in."

"But are these two here?" said Georgie.

"Yes. Reggie, in other words, Mr. Reginald Stuart, Ensign in Her Majesty's — Batt. Rifle Brigade, is Bob's friend, and my friend, and everybody's friend, as he's the nicest little fellow you ever saw. Walter's

man (I won't say friend, as I don't think he or anyone, always excepting one, who is here also, is exalted to that pinnacle—well, where am I! on Walter's man)—is Mr. Compton Muir, Lieutenant in Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards, refined, nice-looking, and a great favourite with everyone, except me."

"Well, Charlie, considering you don't like him, it's surprising how much attention you give him."

"Of course I do, to tease him; and that embraces two pleasures: first, teasing him; and secondly, by that means annoying Walter."

"Really, Charlie, you're too bad. Mab looks quite shocked."

"Does she, the little darling? But I'm going to teach her never to be shocked at anything I do or say. No one ever is."

"Oh, there's the dressing-bell," exclaimed Georgie; "we must be off."

"Wait one instant, just till I tell you about the rest of the people. There are only two more: Colonel Vivien, eldest son of Lord Portmore, also in the Guards, but at present holding a staff appointment at Aldershot, tall, rather dark, nice-looking, not very young, and perfectly charming to men, and above all things Walter's friend; and last, but not least, Mr. Eustace Cary, youngest son of a youngest son, Lieut. Something Cary, attaché at some place or other, very handsome, very fascinating, and with a tenor voice that would drive you wild."

"Mab, do you hear that?" said Georgie. "Mab goes distracted about tenor voices."

"Oh, yes," said Mab; "but I'm sorry he's good-looking."

"Why?" exclaimed Alice and Charlie.

"Because I like to detach the voice from the singer, and listen to it, as if it was some spirit from a far way off, quite a thing to itself, and you can't well do that if a person's very good-looking, because I think, unless they're godlike artists, they always try to thrust themselves upon your notice, and then you're distracted in spite of yourself, and made to think about them."

"Mercy!" said Charlie, "the child speaks like a book with nice painted pictures in it—far beyond me. Madeline will understand you. You and

she can soar up into the heights together; while we and our little officer friends stand below, looking on, open-mouthed with wonder."

"Charlie, I won't have you tease her," said Alice.

"It doesn't tease me," said Mab. "I suppose it all does sound great nonsense. But shan't we be late if we don't go now?"

"So we shall. Come. You are in the large blue room; Aunt Harriet has her own room, quite near you. Hulloo! who's in your room? I hear a man's voice there."

Here Charlie flung the door open, and discovered to their astonished gaze Bob, quietly seated before the fire, with his feet on the fender, talking to Bryant, who was trying to unpack.

"Well, Bob, you *are* cool," said Georgie.

"Don't mention it—don't apologize. I assure you you're not disturbing me the least. Come, Georgie, and kiss your cousin."

"You pert boy!" she said, laughing, and kissing him.

"And where's the t'other of you—the little one? Mab, don't be shy, but come and imprint a kiss of affection on your cousin's expansive brow."

Little Mab walked up shyly, and did as she was desired.

"Bob, go away and dress," said Alice, "and let these girls dress, I beseech you."

"I'm not preventing them. On the contrary, I'm helping Mrs. Bryant by my suggestions as to their toilette. Now, haven't I been helping you, Bryant?"

"Well, sir, you've been talking to me," said Bryant, laughing.

"Yes, that's the way Mr. Bob always helps Bryant," said Charlie. "But, my dear girls, I forgot all about your tea. Where is it?"

"Ha, you may well ask," said Bob; "but I didn't forget my dear little cousins. I have their little teapot by the fire, and I've made them each a nice bit of toast."

"Thanks, you dear Bob," said Georgie.

"Yes, and I'm going to stay with you till you've finished it, to see you enjoy it. Sit down there, Georgie, and you here, little Mab, and I'll make it for you."

"Well, we must be off," said Alice; "and I know who'll be late."

"Do you? Now we're very snug, if no one disturbs us. Bother! there's some one at the door. Oh, it's only the dear, sweet Madeline, in white attired, and looking as if she couldn't think a bad thought."

"Dear Madeline!" said Georgie, running up to her; and even little Mab felt scarcely shy of the fair, gentle woman standing in the doorway, who caught her in her arms and kissed her just the way Aunt Fanny had done.

"Upon my word, Madeline, you look extremely well," said Bob, standing to look at her. "That white gauzy thing suits your elegantly tall figure and snowy shoulders, and the violet chrysanthemums—natural, of course—nothing artificial about Madeline—becomes the auburn hue of your beauteous hair."

"My dear Bob, I feel highly complimented, only I know this is all to stop my mouth, and prevent my telling you to go away, which I'm going to do all the same, or your cousins will be quite late."

"Well, I suppose I *must* go. Bryant, remember what I said. Their little high white frocks will do. There, I'm gone."

"I'm so glad you've come, dears; but I won't stay and talk to you now, as I know you want to dress. Suzanne will be with you directly."

"Thank you, dear Madeline;" and she vanished. Then a scene of hurry and confusion followed, sorely trying to Bryant's temper, to say nothing of Georgie's, and sadly fussing Mab.

"We shall never be ready," said Georgie. "Oh, who's that at the door? Come in, will you?" and a little dark face appeared, with the hair rolled back, and a large comb fastening it, the dress fitting to perfection, tight body, tight skirt, tight sleeves, finished off with long white cuffs, looking as if they'd been cut out of white cardboard.

"Mees Harvey send me to see if I can assister mademoiselles."

"Merci bien," said Georgie. "Ayez la bonté de m'arranger ces feuilles."

"Avec plaisir, mademoiselle. Mademoiselle se coiffe assez haut, n'est ce pas?" as she arranged the dark ivy leaves in Georgie's fair hair. "Mademoiselle, votre sœur est tout-à-fait Parisienne, cette bandelette, la coiffe à ravir."

"Oui, je l'ai acheté à Paris," said Mab.

"Laissez-moi, un peu vous l'arranger, mademoiselle;" and leaving Georgie to Bryant for the fastening of her dress, she proceeded to adjust the gold band and comb up Mab's dark curly hair over it, letting only a little bit of it appear every here and there.

"C'est ça, n'est ce pas, mademoiselle?"

"Ah oui, c'est charmant. Merci beaucoup."

"Il n'y a pas de quoi, mademoiselle."

The bell has sounded, and Mrs. St. Clair arriving at the door that instant, insisted on Mab going down with her, leaving Georgie to follow when she was ready. A clatter of voices greeted them on their entrance, and at first Mab didn't see anyone; but Madeline came up at once to her, and made her come and sit near her. First, however, she had to go through the process of introduction to four gentlemen, not one of whom she saw till afterwards, when, sitting by Madeline, she tried to make them out from Charlie's description. The pale, thin, rather tall young man, with the fair downy moustache and an eye-glass, she settled, was Mr. Compton Muir, particularly as Charlie was already busy tormenting him. She inwardly hoped he would not fall to her lot at dinner, as she knew she never *could* talk to that sort of man. Aunt Fanny, looking more charming than ever in a black velvet that swept the ground, trimmed with old point, was seated near Mrs. St. Clair, and both were talking to a very young man—quite a boy—with a bright, happy face, and straight, smooth hair, divided down the middle, and such a cheery, merry laugh, as if all the world went right with him. He seemed quite at home with Mrs. St. Clair already; but then she had that happy knack, which Mab envied her, of adapting herself to any circumstances, and talking as pleasantly to a boy as to anyone else in society. Mab thought this very clever of her, as she had an undefined dread of boys, not knowing what on earth to say to them. Her mother was different; she liked them, and took a sort of motherly interest in them—Mrs. St. Clair was such a thoroughly motherly woman—and they always liked her.

Sir Harry and Walter were both talking to a tall, grave man, not good-looking, she thought, but very gentlemanly, and though not very soldierly in appearance, she settled he must be Colonel Vivien.

The only other stranger was standing with Alice, looking at photographs, with his back to her, so that she could only see he was about middle height, and had jet black hair.

Dinner was by this time announced, and Sir Harry was moving to take his sisters in, when he asked first where Bob was.

"Late, I'm afraid," said his wife.

"And so is Georgie, I'm sorry to say," said Mrs. St. Clair.

"I dare say they arranged to be late, that they might go in together. You know if my cousin had been in time, you were to have taken her in," said Charlie, looking up mischievously at Mr. Compton Muir.

"Oh, then it is my misfortune," he said politely.

"Now that's an empty compliment which means nothing. How can you know it's your misfortune as you never saw her? But you'll have to content yourself with her sister now, and take her in."

Mab fancied she overheard him say, "Why not you?" So her misery increased at having him to escort her. She had to submit however, and they all filed in. Before they had crossed the hall, Charlie turned round and called out—

"What did I tell you? There are Georgie and Bob following arm-in-arm, as if nothing had happened."

"Trust Bob for coming in all right anywhere, Miss Harvey," said Mr. Stuart, who was taking her to dinner.

And then they all seated themselves; there poor Mab was far out at sea, away from mother, away from Georgie, between the white-faced, high-bred looking gentleman, and the grave, silent Colonel Vivien. And, to add to her confusion, two soups were handed to her, and she had to choose between them; this she could not do, so they were both taken away; the same with the fish, and Mab was in a fair way to be starved; but, when the *couteilles* were coming, she heard a very gentle low voice saying—

"You must eat this; let me send

it to you." So Colonel Vivien passed her on one to which he had helped himself.

How grateful the little thing felt.

"Don't you drink any wine?" he said then; "you ought to be tired after your journey. Perhaps you don't like champagne?" as he remarked her glass untouched, which had been filled against her will, she having no power to refuse it.

"I never tasted it," she said.

"Perhaps you take claret; let me ask for some for you."

"Thank you," she said, looking up into his face as she said so, and then for the first time discovered what a kind gentle look there was in his dark brown eyes, almost beautiful in the depth and tenderness of their expression, set far down in the head, beneath overhanging brows, a setting that they say denotes intense and unalterable affection.

"Ah, there is your claret, Miss St. Clair. Take my advice and drink it all, it will do you good."

Mab smiled, and did as she was desired.

"I suppose you know this part of the world very well," he said then.

"I used," she said, "but I haven't been here for nearly three years, so I find it rather altered."

"Indeed! Where were you all that time?"

"In Paris, for my education."

"Ah, I dare say that was very pleasant. I like Paris for some things very much. Of course you went very often to the Exhibition."

"Oh, yes, wasn't it delightful?"

"Well, I don't know that I *did* find it so very delightful."

"Why? *Didn't* you like the pictures, and the statues? Oh, that beautiful English organ, I think I went every afternoon for a month to listen to it."

"Yes, that *was* a beautiful instrument."

"I never heard one that spoke as it did," said she. "It had ever so many different voices. I used to make out what they all said."

"I'm afraid I didn't quite know how to do that; but you're very musical I see."

"Yes, *very*; I worship music," and as she said so, her eyes lit up with an inward fire, and her pale cheeks glowed with her enthusiasm.

He looked at her wonderingly, her whole face seemed so transformed in one instant; and other eyes across the table watched her too—sad melting blue eyes, shaded with dark lashes—and the owner of them said to his next neighbour, Alice—

"What an expressive face! Does your cousin act?"

"I don't know, but she sings splendidly I hear."

"Does she? What sort of voice?"

"A high soprano, I believe."

"That's charming, what duets we shall have—you know the tenor and soprano always sing together in the opera."

"Yes, I know that much about music, Mr. Cary."

"And with Miss Harvey's contralto, we ought to be able to get up something very good."

"Indeed you ought. Why not get up an opera?"

"I'm afraid with only three people, that would be hardly possible," he answered laughingly.

Mab, not knowing she was the subject of any remark, went on talking to Colonel Vivien. They had left music now, and were at the picture galleries.

"Yes, I know," she was saying, "they weren't considered such a fine collection, but I thought some of them most beautiful—the Belgian best of all."

"They were very fine;—that man Leys is very clever," said Colonel Vivien.

"I don't think I understood his so well, though I know they were very clever. One of my favourites was that exquisite little one called "*La Conversation défendue*," the effect of the lady's white dress against the dark background was too lovely; it looked like a little ray of light in the surrounding darkness. Do you remember it?"

"I do," he answered; "it was beautiful. But talking of lady's white dresses, do you remember Hilliene's '*White Satin Lady*'?"

"With the peacock feather fan? Of course I do. Wasn't it lovely? And more beautiful than all, in a very different style, was that one of Thomas's, '*La Vierge au Calvaire*.'"

"Ah, yes, that was a sublime picture. I don't think I ever saw the idea of stricken grief more exquisitely



carried out by any painter, not even by the old masters."

"Yes; one could never describe that picture," she answered; "it was a thing to see and feel. I always think that too, about the Murillo in the Louvre; nothing could ever convey in the faintest degree the expression of those eyes. The rapture and sorrow combined, as if in the midst of the joy; she foresaw all that would follow."

"You have just said in words, what I have always been trying to discover about that picture," he replied, "the reason of its strange fascination. I used to stand like a fool before it, and go away feeling a better man. But somehow one does feel that, after having been at the Louvre."

"Do you really think so? I have so often felt the same. But S. Michael was my sermon."

"The Raphael, you mean; I'm not so sure about that, it's not one of my favourites. I think I incline more to Guido's conception."

"Well I never saw that except in photographs; but I know I would never give up my own. The union of strength and calm in that face is so perfect, he looks so unruffled, as if he could not bring the railing accusation against his enemy, but only conquer through the strength of that calm taught him in heaven, where the wings are pointing. I always think to teach, where he learnt the lesson."

"Ah, that is all quite a new light to me. I shan't forget it the next time I see the picture."

"Is this one of the pictures in the Exhibition?" said Aunt Fanny, turning to Colonel Vivien.

"No, Lady Frances, we've been at the Exhibition, we're at the Louvre now."

"It's such years since I've been there, I wanted Sir Harry so much to take us to Paris, to see the Exhibition, but he wouldn't hear of it."

"What wouldn't Sir Harry hear of?" he called out, from the end of the table.

"Now never mind, Harry, we didn't want you to hear."

"I'll engage it was the Exhibition."

"Well, if you knew, why did you ask?" said his wife, laughing.

"Upon my word, I'd rather see the horses and hounds in full swing after the fox, than all the exhibitions the world ever produced."

"We all know that, Harry, perfectly well."

"And so would Charlie, wouldn't she now?" he said, turning to his favourite daughter.

"Indeed she would not, papa, she was dying to go to Paris."

"Ah, now, Charlie, that's very unkind not to back up her old father."

"Poor father! so very old, and so unable to fight his own battles," he said laughing. "Now, Charlie, I'll punish you for this."

"How disrespectful you are to your father, Miss Harvey," said little Reggie Stuart.

"Bravo, Reggie," said Bob. "I'm always speaking to her about it."

"Yes, and showing me such a good example yourself," she answered, throwing a bon-bon at him, looking round first to see that her mother didn't see.

"Thank you, Charlie, dear, it's delicious," he said, cracking it with great gusto.

"Oh, you dreadful boy! how can I make him angry, Mr. Stuart?"

"I don't think you ever could, Miss Harvey; nothing puts him out."

"Don't apply to Reggie, Charlie, dear, he won't help you; as he and I are in the same box. We're both the living representatives of that nice little song—'The happiest fellow out.'"

"Well, I hate you both," said Charlie, "for I think that 'Happiest fellow out,' was the nastiest old man I ever heard of. How I pitied his poor wife, when she threw the kettle at him, and he just sang on, and didn't care a bit."

"I'm sorry you hate us, Miss Harvey, but, I assure you, that's just like both of us."

"I tell you, who's not a very happy fellow though," said Bob to Georgie, "little Mab, she and Muir don't hit it off very well."

"No, poor little thing," said Georgie, "she seems half afraid of him; I wish we had her down here."

Yes, poor Mab had sunk back into her little frightened self again, she had been drawn out of it by Colonel Vivien, who had chanced to light upon the very topics that suited her, and which always made her forget self. Art was Mab's world, and when introduced into *that* world *this* one was forgotten, and she seemed to live a

new life. That accounted for her want of shyness, when talking to Colonel Vivien; now it had all come back as she tried to make talk for her other neighbour. She had a kind of feeling too that he was greatly bored with her, and that it must be her fault, when other people found him pleasant, and she was almost growing desperate about it, when her aunt made the move, and they all swept into the drawing-room.

I believe gentlemen have a kind of feeling that the time when ladies pass in the drawing-room before *their* arrival, is one of the worst penances in this life, that they have nothing to do but look at each other, criticise each others clothes, yawn inwardly, and pine for the gentlemen. But this is by no means always the case; it *may* happen that ladies are sometimes bored with each other, but this evening certainly quite the contrary seemed the case, for to judge by the sounds of laughter and chat issuing from the small drawing-room, where the young ladies were assembled, we might conclude they were at the height of happiness; so it appeared, for Charlie actually called out, when the gentlemen did arrive—

"Oh, what a bore, I did want so to hear the end of Mab's story."

"What a barger," said Bob.

"But won't the little woman tell it to us?" said Walter, sitting down by her.

"Oh, it was nothing," she said; "I was only telling about a little play we got up at our pension."

"You act, then, Miss St. Clair," said Mr. Cary, approaching her, and looking down at her with his dark expressive eyes.

"Only very little."

"Don't you find it very fascinating?"

"*Very*," she said, earnestly.

"More so than singing?"

She started: who had told him she cared about singing?

"No, not *more* than singing, that is before everything."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes," she said, looking up at him, with the flashing light in her eyes, "music is before everything on earth. But don't you sing? I *hope* you will to-night."

She put such earnestness into her

voice and manner, he was half taken aback, and couldn't help gazing into her little pleading face, as if fascinated, before he answered.

"I shall be only too happy to sing to anyone who feels it as you do."

"Oh, thank you; when will you begin?"

"My dear Mab, let him have a cup of coffee first, and then I've no doubt he'll sing to you all night," said Walter.

Mab hung her little head and blushed.

"What a sensitive little thing," thought Mr. Cary; "a true artist of nature, I should think."

"No, I will not sing all night," he said aloud, "even to please Miss St. Clair, as I hope, part of the evening, to hear her too."

"Yes, with great pleasure, I will sing," she answered.

He was surprised, and so was Walter, that one whom they saw was so shy and shrinking should at once and so readily consent to sing before a roomful of comparative strangers. They did not know Mab yet. They did not know that with her that glorious gift of song was viewed as a thing quite apart from herself, a gift sent to her from heaven, to be cultivated to the highest extent, guarded, treasured, as one of God's most precious gifts, used to make herself and others happy, and used too to draw all men to worship at that sacred shrine of art, where she herself, was amongst the humblest adorers.

"That's very good of you, Mab," said Walter; "I never asked a lady to sing before, always excepting our Madeline, that she did not say 'she had a cold,' 'and really could not.' But won't you have some tea? I see Madeline making signs for me to bring you some."

"Oh, I'll go to the tea-table," said Mab; so she took her place among the merry group there, where Madeline presided, looking like some guardian angel sent down to watch over them all, at least so Mab thought, as she gazed at her with loving admiration, thinking she had never seen anyone so beautiful or with so holy a face.

"But aren't we going to have some singing?" called out Sir Harry, from the other room.

"Yes, father," said Bob, "but I really can't get them to finish their tea."

"Oh, Bob," said Georgie, "you're keeping us all waiting."

"Mr. Muir's keeping us all waiting, did you say? What a shame! Muir, do be quick with your tea, like a good fellow; don't you hear what my cousin says? *My* tea, I've finished long ago, my dear fellow, I think it's you who haven't though," said he, looking, with his eye-glass in his eye, over at Bob's full cup and plate heaped with a regular hecatomb of cakes.

"Well, I never said I *had* finished," said he, swallowing down his tea and passing his cup over to Madeline to be replenished for the third time.

"Don't give him any more, Miss Harvey," said Reggie, "he doesn't want it, it's only to play with."

"I really will not," said she, laughing. "I think two cups enough for anyone after dinner."

"Mother, they're starving me," said he.

"Yes, because that song almost touches me, at least when you sing it." He bowed low and went to the piano.

Mab also rose at once, and seated herself a little apart from the rest, half turned away from the piano, to listen and enjoy.

Col. Vivien came in too, and stood by the door with his arms folded. There was a great silence, and then Mr. Cary began.

How can I describe his singing—how can I describe his voice? I might almost have said enough when I have said it was a pure tenor, but that would hardly convey it all, its sweetness and softness, its melting tenderness, its ringing strength, the touching simplicity in his telling of that little scene, the depth of pathos thrown into the "refrain."

Mab felt a shiver run right through her as she heard, she seemed transported far away, to see it all, feel it all, and as the last soft notes died away, a mere quivering sigh, and when all the room was loud in its applause, she neither moved nor spoke, but one large tear rolling down her cheek showed how that music had told upon her.

A voice in her ear, exclaiming, "I see you," recalled her to herself, and

with a long, gasping sigh, she looked up into Bob's roguish face peering into her own.

"What's the matter?" he said, "you look like a clairvoyante coming to life again. Go and tell Cary you liked his song, he'll be quite hurt if you don't."

But Mr. Cary did not require to be told, he knew it "without one word from her." He felt all the time he was singing that near him was a soul *en rapport* with his own, that in that soul there lurked a responsive cord which he had power to touch and thrill with his music. When he ceased to look towards the little figure, with its drooped head and clasped hands, neither speaking nor moving, but with the tear shining on her little white cheek, words were not needed to tell him he had done all he had hoped to do.

She never imagined for a moment he could wish for compliments after such singing, so she was still silent when she moved to the piano.

"Mab hasn't said what she thought of it yet," exclaimed Alice; "isn't it beautiful?"

Mab looked up at him, while her lips quivered, and the tears still shone in her eyes, and first said—

"Yes."

He stooped down, and half whispered to her—

"Silence is sometimes more eloquent than words; thank you."

Some one standing in the doorway, with folded arms, saw it all. He had watched the little lady ever since he had entered the room, had seen the effect the music had made upon her, and now he half envied the man that could call up such a look in those soft sad eyes. He almost wished he too could sing and make himself agreeable to ladies, and sighed as he thought it was too late to begin now.

Then he heard Mr. Cary petitioning her to sing, and she answered, with that earnest pleading glance in her eyes—

"And I am not to hear you again? If you *know* how enchanting it is to me."

"You flatter me too much, Miss St. Clair," he replied.

"Not flattering," she answered, quickly; "it's never flattery admiring God's gifts; but I will sing if you

like. I haven't my music down, however perhaps you have some here."

"Oh, I'm sure I have," said he, "here's the whole of the 'Traviata,' *par exemple*."

"That'll do," she said. "Which shall I sing—'A forsè lui' or 'Tempre libera'?"

"Oh, the first."

"Don't answer so fast, Mr. Cary," said Charlie; "perhaps I may like the last best."

"A thousand pardons, Miss Harvey; pray you decide."

"That's delicious," said Bob, "when she doesn't know t'other from which."

"There is some *slight* difference between them however," said Mr. Cary, with a half sneer in his voice.

"Which is the valse?" said Bob.

"The last," said Georgie.

"Oh, then let us have it," said Charlie.

"No, I'll tell you what," said Bob, "we'll make her sing them both."

"That's right," said they all.

"If she won't be too tired," said Madeline.

"Oh, no," said Georgie, "she likes it. Find it, please, Mr. Cary. I'll act as orchestra."

Colonel Vivien caught himself watching that tiny little form with much interest, who stood so quietly and gravely by the piano, one hand resting upon it, the other by her side. Mr. Cary also took up his position to listen, and half unconsciously to himself, to criticise. Both watched her earnestly to the end of the symphony, and both almost started then at the sudden change from quiet gravity to joyous merriment that stole over her face, and still more at the rapturous burst of melody that followed. High, sweet, strong, and clear, like some wild bird in the woods, escaped from its cage. No more effort, no more exertion. It was as if some intense delight had seized her soul, that could only find its outlet vent in song.

All stood amazed, even Mr. Cary could only wonder and enjoy. And then, when it ceased, and just as the delighted audience was beginning its applause, the song changed and the low mournful notes of the "A forsè lui" fell upon the ear.

Such a change could hardly have been conceived. The face a moment

before so glad and joyous now told only of an overwhelming grief. The notes that were so bright and ringing, now a low wail of despair. Sadly and mournfully it went on till the word "misteriose," then the sounds increased in strength, power, and rapidly till at last it was as if the whole pent up agony of the soul had flung itself into the one word "croce." A wild shriek of anguish, awful, thrilling, beyond expression, subsiding by degrees, growing softer and softer till only a faint whisper was heard at the close.

Words cannot convey the effect of the song. The hearers stood aghast, their faces white, their eyes glistening, they forgot to applaud; and it was only when Georgie rose looking round to ask them what they thought of it that they seemed to remember themselves at all; and then such deafening applause followed that poor little Mab seemed half frightened, and stole away to a seat behind the piano. Madeline followed her, and then Walter, who sat down by her, and took her little hands into his, looking at her with such wondering admiration. "Poor little thing! How cold it is!" he said. "Let me warm the little hands."

"Are you always cold like that?" said Madeline.

"Yes, generally when I sing," she answered.

"Mother, the child's a little lump of ice," said Walter to his mother, who came up just then.

"Is she?—my poor little thing!" and Aunt Fanny stooped down and kissed her, and told her in her own tender way how she had delighted them all.

"I assure you your uncle doesn't know yet whether he's standing on his head or his heels."

Mab smiled, and said she was so glad she could give them pleasure.

"But aren't you proud of yourself?" said Alice and Charlie, peeping over their mother's shoulder.

"Why?" said Mab, with a look of the most complete astonishment.

"Why! because you've electrified the whole room, and made us all cry."

"My art has," she answered, her whole face lighting up—"not me."

"Oh this is beyond me," said Charlie; "perhaps Mr. Cary will understand you?"

She was wrong. Perfect musician as he was, there was too much of self in his art to be able fully to sympathise with, or even understand that character.

Hearing his name mentioned, and seeing the circle a little diminishing round Mab, he moved towards her, and, managing to get near her, he said to her, in a low voice—

"I don't want to say conventionalities to you no more than you did to me, Miss St. Clair, but you know what I felt."

"Yes, yes, you understand," she said, looking up at him. "You feel, too, music is too sacred to be trifled over with empty compliments."

She thought he did. As she went on to talk to him with all her own "naive" enthusiasm, forgetting him, as the handsome, fascinating Mr. Cary—thinking of him only as the possessor of that glorious voice.

And then they sang again—a duet this time—"Parigi ò carà"—sang, not coldly, conventionally, as one hears it too often, but sung as if their souls hung upon their lips—sung to each other, looking at each other as if no others were on earth but themselves.

Then Madeline sang a holy hymn of Pargolesi's, calm and solemn, which made Mab think of

"The trailing garments of the night  
Sweeping through marble halls,  
Laying a finger on the lips of care,  
And they complain no more."

It seemed to linger over the room, and for a time even the merry laughter of the young ones seemed hushed by it.

And soon after, Aunt Fanny gave the signal. Candles were lighted, "good-nights" exchanged, and a long line of lights and dresses wound their way up the stairs, and were lost to sight above.

The gentlemen watched them from below, and then disappeared *en masse* to smoke—not a romantic ending to such an evening; but, still, *que voulez vous?* men *must* smoke—"it is their nature too." Let every woman remember that it is a useful lesson; for whatever impression she may think she has made in the early part of the evening, ten to one it is all puffed away before midnight at the end of a cigar.

This night, however, there was one exception (which, by the way, they say, proves the rule): it was a grave, dark man, who held also, it is true, a cigar in his hand, but who did not puff out a little spark lit in his heart that night.

## JOHN HALLER'S NIECE.

BY RUSSELL GRAY.

### CHAPTER LXXVI.

#### A NEW HOME.

My story is all told now, and yet I linger over it, the telling of it has been so sweet, so wonderfully sweet to me, but I scarcely know why, for there is much that is sad in it also. But the old sorrows are dearer than the new joys, and so it is that I am fain to stretch out this little history to its utmost length, trusting that there are some few in the world, some few whose lives—like the lives of woodland flowers—have been still, and quiet, and set in the sequestered places, along the untrodden ways. It is for them I write, it is for them I tell this story of quiet country life,

and they, I feel sure, will follow to the close the story of the life of "John Haller's Niece."

Months glided by, and still Sir Victor and Lady Darrell had never gone home to the big stone house; Victor was thoughtful, and he knew how many associations the place held for Ethel; he knew how she shrank from going there at once, and he said—

"We will go abroad for a little, we shall see some new places and people, and then Ethel—then we can come home."

And she answered, gently—

"Yes, Victor, that is best."

And so they went, Victor and Ethel, and "Little Blossom," away out of Devonshire, out of England, into a quiet little valley town lying in the sunny south of France. And there, with tall mountains all round them, with strange people, they spent a few happy weeks. It had been a bitter, bitter parting for Ethel when she left her "Moated Grange" and her little garden, knowing that she was never to return there again; but I think when the return did come she could not have come back there without her boy. For in that sunny foreign town "Little Blossom" grew ill. "Little Blossom" was the name, so true was he indeed to fade and wither in the young, young spring of his life. It was even so, Ethel's boy died, and they buried their first-born child in that far-away little foreign valley, among the tall mountains. They buried Ethel's beautiful boy, the child of her affections which had been born to them in the sweet happy days in the "Moated Grange." Poor little blossom! they laid him asleep, with his waxen baby hands crossed on his breast, and his fair sunny hair curling about his face; and Ethel mourned as Rachel of old, and would not be comforted.

All this while, where is John Haller? He is living his old life just the same, and his way of living is quiet as ever; he farms, and sows, and takes an interest in his work, all day he is busy, of evenings only he misses the sweet young face, the clear young voice that filled his life with music. For Ethel never sings in the evenings now, when there is darkness outside, and only the flush of the firelight within. Her little gilded organ stands unused; other hands will never stray along its notes, other voices will never mingle with its tones; its voice, like hers, is hushed in the house, for John Haller could not bear to hear it now. I am going to take down my picture of that good honest man; I am going to take it from among the many which hang side-by-side in rows and lines in the picture gallery of my memory, for we shall see him no more, the story of his life is told—his life, which glided on like a river, is creeping, creeping into the sea—and for the last time I ask you to look on the picture.

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It is not a handsome face, but it is a good one; it has a smiling mouth and honest eyes; it is sad, and yet tender, and I ask you, reader, who have known him for the little time of which I have written, are you sorry that he is slipping away into silence and shadow, to be forgotten? I cannot hear your answer; I stand afar off; but this I know, that if the answer is not a heartfelt "yes" it is all my fault, in that I have not done him justice. His kind face has a beauty in it which I have never seen on young faces. It is what Dr. Donne has called an "autumnal face," the tints are mellowed and softened by time. The deep clear thought which, every year of his life, has been growing in his mind and improving it, shines out in his eyes and glorifies them. Kind, manly John Haller! I have this picture of him before me while I write; his tall, strong figure, and rough tweed clothes, his wide-awake hat and big, sun-burnt hands, his pleasant thoughtful face and kind eyes, it is a picture—

"Where every god did seem to set his seal

To give the world assurance of a man."

His life will not alter now; it will run on to its close in the same quiet groove which he has chosen for it. But there come times when he feels his loneliness lying very heavily on him; when his still, solitary life lies out before him fading into the vale of years, so loveless and lonely. He thinks all this sometimes of evenings, when the red glow of the sun is dying the western sky with colour. When he sits by himself under the trees on the lawn, and looks away to Darrell; the great stone house looks more lifeless and trist than ever, for blinds are all down in the long windows, and no smoke curls up from the chimneys; it is tenantless now. Old Sir Hugh's manufacturing wife has gone away to France to be with Ethel and Victor in their trouble, to minister and comfort seems her mission upon earth, and so the long, faded drawing-room at Darrell knows her no more.

John Haller stands looking over the fields, towards the stone house, in the pleasant evening, in his hand he holds a letter which tells him, that Sir Victor and Lady Darrell are on their way home; and he is think-

ing how he can make things look cheerful for Ethel. "They shall come here for the first day or two," he told himself. "It will be better for her." And he wrote to Victor; and Victor, and Ethel, and Lady Darrell all thought it would be better, just for a day or two.

How they dreaded that going home! How they kept putting it off, and delaying! and no one understood this better than John Haller.

It was evening when they came at last; a rich sunlit evening, as Ethel drove along the familiar roads with her husband and Lady Darrell; they drove through the village, past the doll-houses and little shops, and up the hill; and when at last they turned in at the Dower-house gate, Ethel gave a great sigh of relief, that the journey was at an end.

They drove up under the shady trees, over the fresh gravel, up to the porch, and there stood John Haller under the summer leaves, waiting to greet them—John Haller, rough-clad John Haller, and Fairy barking round him; the same greeting as of old. How Ethel's face flushed, how bright the tears started in her eyes, as she sprang out of the carriage, and flew to meet him. How tenderly John Haller took her in his arms, and gathered her to his heart, no one came between them then. Victor was helping his aunt out of the carriage, and Mr. Haller lifted Ethel's head off his breast, and looked into her face. Ethel! his Ethel! his little spoilt darling! had been in trouble, the soft tears which shone in her eyes were only the successors of many, many other bitter ones. "Little Blossom" lay buried far away in sunny France. It was for him, and the hopes that lay buried with him, that Ethel wept. John Haller led them all in then, into the pleasant old grange; he took Lady Darrell into the library, and there was spread a table, white clothed, there the sun shone in upon Ethel's organ, on the rows of red-backed books, upon oak shelves on the long lounge sofa, where Ethel had lain that night when Victor stole in, in the firelight to be forgiven.

"I thought we should be snuggler here," he said; "it is Ethel's favourite room."

Still thinking of Ethel; still plan-

ning for her, and trying to please her.

Ethel went up the stairs, hurrying up, with Fairy at her heels, and she pushed open the Dutch room door. Everything was the same there too, from old Sally to the Dutch clock, and shelves of china, even the wood-doves cooed away in their basket cage in the window. How Ethel hugged old Sally, how she clung about her neck, how stealthily the tears crept up again to her eyes!

"Miss Ethel! Oh my beauty! not changed; no not changed at all."

And she spoke as if years had crowded themselves into weeks. But Ethel's heart spoke out, and she cried—

"Oh Sally, I have lost my boy—oh! my treasure! my Little Blossom!"

And then the tears fell fast and bitterly out of the fulness of her heart. That first sorrow of Ethel's lay hidden away among the treasures of her heart, deeper than one ever thought. She didn't sorrow like other women, wearying with her tears and complainings, but she felt it all the deeper, like a wound in her heart. When she went down she met Victor, and the tears were gone out of her eyes, for Ethel was such a true, loving wife that she would not let him know in any one little way, how sad this coming home was to her.

Victor led her to the door, which stood open, under the pleasant leafy porch, and he stood with his arm about her in the shadow.

"We are very near home now, Ethel," he said, looking out over the lawn and curving hill, to that patch of trees where the stone house stood.

"Quite close, Victor," she answered.

"And are you happy now, my wife?"

And her answer was—

"Victor, I must sing you a song to-night; it is Ruth's song, Ruth's words:—

"Where thou goest, I will go,  
And where thou lodgest, I will lodge.  
Thy people shall be my people,  
And thy God, my God.  
Where thou diest, I will die,  
And there shall I be buried."

She spoke in her gentle, musical voice, and she looked up to his face, while she repeated the words very softly—

"You must learn to understand such love, dearest, for it is mine."

"My wife! I do."

And after that he didn't speak to her, or question her any more; he let her look out into the pleasant sunlight, over the fields, and meadows, and groups of trees in silence.

"That night she did sing, to her organ in the library, many of her old songs, "Ruth" and "Resignation," and Schubert's song "To the Distant One." There was only one which she could not sing, and that was Goëthe's German ballad—

"My little rose, my rosebud dear,  
My rose that blooms the roadside near."

It was the song among them all, which was sad, for she used to sing it to "Little Blossom," as a lullaby, to sing it to him, as he lay in his cradle in the little sunnynursery at the farm house, to sing it to him, as he lay on her knee, while she sat working on the rustic seat under the sycamore tree, in the dear quiet days at the "Moated Grange." She couldn't sing it now.

In the morning Ethel and Victor went away to their new home. And this was how they went:—they went together into the library, where John Haller was writing, and they stood before him.

"We are going home at last," Victor said, and while he spoke he smiled, and Ethel kissed her guardian, one of her clinging, loving kisses.

"It is only a very little way," she whispered; and then they went. Victor drew Ethel's arm into his, and led her away through the garden, and across the fields.

There was something primitive in that "going home." They just walked into the house, as if they only meant to pay a visit there, and then Victor turned to Ethel and said, "Welcome home, my darling!"

She only pressed his arm with her fingers, she only looked up at him with her earnest eyes; but there are some silences more eloquent than any flow of words, and hers was one of them.

## CHAPTER LXXVII.

### THE END OF IT.

HENRY DARRELL has been dead a long time, and what has become of the strange, passionate woman who kissed his dead face, and wet his dead hands with her tears? What, too, has become of beautiful, ambitious Carlotta, who stood dreaming on the vine-grown terrace in far away Italy?

Years have glided by, years bringing with them changes to everything and everyone. Those who read this story may remember a short paragraph in one of our newspapers, copied from a French one, the account of the death of an actress who drowned herself; and yet, I dare say, those who did read it have long ago forgotten all about it; because it was such an everyday story, such a trite subject.

"One more unfortunate"

gone to her death, that was all. One more unhappy soul

"Mad from life's history  
Glad to death's mystery."

Only that and nothing more, and the

dark waters covered her; the deep hid her; and she is forgotten. Other figures slip in and take her place upon the stage; other voices sing Donna Anna's wild appeal

"Non sperrar se non m'uccidi——"

and Henry Darrell's first love is dead.

When Victor and Ethel walked away from Darrell to their farmhouse, on the day when Henry had fallen among the stones and weeds in the deep dyke to die; they left the foreign woman at Darrell-house. They were kind and charitable, those two; rich in their own love, they could afford to be generous to one who, however improbable her story might have appeared, was, at all events, lonely and desolate. No one told her that there was no place for her in that solemn house. They let her stay. But she was proud, and the inquisitive, suspicious glances which met her everywhere stung her, and she determined to go. To go out into the world and



lose herself, where these good, kind people could never trace her. They had dealt tenderly with her, speaking kinder words than had been in her ears for ages; Ethel's gentle voice haunted her, speaking words of comfort, all gathered from good books and good thoughts; the touch of Ethel's pleasant hands, so soft, so womanly, had wakened old memories, such memories as even the most desolate and friendless must have, of an old half-forgotten time, when a mother watched o'er their childhood. Ethel's eyes, Ethel's voice and words, and, above all, her trusting manner, so charitable in its determination to believe the best and think no evil, seeing no accusers, and so saying in her heart, "Neither do I condemn thee." Ethel in herself so pure, so blessed, had not held back her comforting ways; and the strange woman, whose nature had become coarse and hardened by time and uses, as she looked into those earnest eyes—

"With holy fervour bright,"

saw, like a far-off gleam of heaven, the hope of better things. But then came the suspicious glances of servants and strangers, and she bowed her head and whispered to herself, "*Too late! too late!*"—the fatal words which men and women will frame together for themselves, and speak in judgment upon themselves and others; forgetting that wonderful long-suffering patience which forgave the dying penitent even on the cross of death. She could bear all but those unanswerable, accusing eyes, and so she fled, like a thief, in the night, out among the trees and fields; and when the morning broke, when Victor walked back to the silent house, she was gone!—no one knew where—out into the world; and the world is a large place, containing hundreds of minor worlds. Let us hope, let us think in charity that the sphere into which Henry Darrell's first boyish love lost herself, was one not altogether dark and full of death; but that rather her cruel death was like her life, impulsive, and the act of one who had grown tired of living, and so folded her hands upon her breast, and closed her eyes, and slipped into the dark water, and drifted away; and no one knew her sad story. Those who took "her up tenderly,"

with the Seine water dripping from her hair and garments, with the cold Seine water glistening on her eyelashes like heavy tears—they knew nothing of the story of her life, they only took her in her death and laid her alongside of other of the world's unfortunate ones, in the Paris Morgue, the dead-house where they lay their drowned—the Morgue that

"Has made the Seine renowned—"

laid her on one of those long, copper couches, screened by glass, waiting to be claimed, and, looking on her dead face,

"I thought and think the sin's atoned."

Years have glided by, and the distant Italian town and the Italian villa where Sir Henry Darrell wooed the handsome contessa, looks just the same. The sun shines upon the bay and Villa Reale, on the promenade di Chiaia, and on the distant heights and villas, on Carlotta's vine-grown terrace, on the Santa Lucia, and glittering sea; and other lovers wander in the quiet places in the Giardin, among the palms and bananas; other faces look out of the Palazzo windows, across the bay—and Carlotta's villa knows her no more. The ambitious young contessa, robbed by death of her English bridegroom, has consoled herself with a French count: She lives at Paris, a gay, idle life; she wears diamonds and Russian sables, and purple and fine linen. She is one of the belles, and the old romantic Italian days are quite forgotten. Sir Henry Darrell sleeps with his forefathers in the mausoleum at Darrell. There is a broad inscription written over him—"In memory." His cousin, the present baronet, has raised a marble slab above him.

"Let no rude hand deface it,  
And its forlorn '*Hic jacet*.'"

For it is, perhaps, the only record of the little good done in his life.

The rooks still build and caw among the tall trees at Nante rectory-house. The cabbage roses and big peonies in the garden bloom in as great abundance as ever; on summer evenings the rector sometimes strolls there with his children, and their voices and the pleasant tinkle of the harpsicord in the parlour "like sweet bells jangled out of tune," bring up the memory clear and fresh in his

mind, of a time when these his rooms and gardens were peopled only with dream faces and voices.

At night, too, on the clear, still, summer nights, when the moon is in the sky, when the elms in the "Doctor's walk" are clothed with leaves, and the gravel path lies like a silver stream in the moonlight, the rector takes his wife there, and they pace up and down, arm-in-arm like a snug little old-world couple as they are, and talk of a hundred things, the parish, the children, the still remote bishopric which is so long in coming. He has not turned into "a musty old piece of divinity;" true he has not given up his alpaca coats, and he even wears slippers sometimes; his spectacles he cannot do without, but in other respects he is fresh, spruce, and tidy, like his little wife.

And so we leave them, as the dear old fairy-tales were wont to leave their heroes and heroines, with the pleasant, cozy words, "And if they weren't happy, that you and I may be."

Little Spavells has never repented his run-away love match with his Irish wife; he is a peer now, a great man, and she wears diamonds, and goes to court, and has a house in Belgravia, and receptions there during the season, and is a very fashionable person indeed. They, too, in their own way, have run smoothly to the end of the fairy-tale part of life, and so we leave them.

And so the story is told, the play acted, the lights gone out. The same old story which belongs to the world, life, and the hopes and passions of life, all framing themselves every new day, into new shapes. It is a story which men and women can go on telling and writing about as long as the world is; it is a play which men and women can go on acting, over and over again, as long as the world is peopled. It is all a great repetition, what was, is now, and shall be to the end of time.

If things would but run smoothly always, if people could speak out what is in their minds, and not feel strange towards those with whom

their lives are set, all the little mysteries, and misunderstandings, and wrongs, and ill-feelings would come to an end, and people could stand face to face with one another, soul to soul, not like strangers, merely touching hands, perhaps even lips, but never understanding one another. Matthew Arnold has pronounced a judgment very true in its applicability to human nature when he says—

"We mortal millions live alone!"

It is the great curse of all, this one of loneliness—that loneliness which is greater, deeper than any want the world knows—the want of sympathy.

We can all make our lives sublime if we choose.

"Life is real! life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal."

We can all so use the talents which God has given into our hands that, dying, we may leave behind us—

"Footprints on the sands of time—"

impressions and examples, for good or evil. I would that I could think that in the mere writing of this book, in the mere representing and recounting character, I was laying out some of the talents committed to my care in the service of my Master. I would that I could think that when the great judgment—

"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"

finds me out, I may even then fold my hands upon my breast, and shut my eyes upon the world, and know surely that some act of mine, let it be never so slight or trivial, had influenced others for everlasting good.

I am perfectly aware that it is not customary for novelists to write in this strain, but I cannot help it sometimes. When I look back into the months which it has taken me to write this little useless tale, into the time used in thought and act, I cannot help feeling a strange yearning that all the time, and all the trouble, has not been in vain, but that rather some little echo of the good, in tone and record, may live after me, leading upward and onward to other, higher things.

## CHAPTER LXXVIII.

## CONCLUSION.

AND so, at last, I have come to the end of my story, and, as the old clock said, "I am tired of ticking."

It has been a very stupid, humdrum little tale, I know; the people in it have walked only in fields, and woods, and country places, in gardens, and meadows; and their lives have been simple and monotonous, like almost all country lives. But, reader, I have experienced what Leigh Hunt desires every Christian should experience that there is a green and gay world, as well as a brick-and-mortar one; that life can be enjoyed and made much of to the full, as well in the quiet, sequestered places as in great cities and noisy towns.

There is no life so purely enjoyable as a quiet country one—a life among fields, and trees, and flowers. Every element belonging to it is real and healthy. There is time to think, time to watch, and learn, and reason—such time as men and women living in busy cities can never find. I can remember such a life, which all belongs to "the long ago"—how the sun used to get up in the early, early summer mornings—

"Bright against the eastern gate,"

and shine "upon a hundred fields," all familiar to me; how the morning stole on, as only such quiet mornings can steal, over a plain of June fields and meadows; over the hedges, full of the blossoms of white briony and wild honeysuckle, and blue and yellow nightshade; over the green, sloping lawn, and old-fashioned flowery garden. How clear and fresh came the cuckoo's two notes from distant fields; how busily the bees flew buzzing from flower to flower, as one by one they opened in the growing warmth of the sunlight. Click! click! sang the tiny grasshoppers in the grass, and, chattering a whole volley of song, woke up the sparrows in the ivy. From far away came the voices of the happy haymakers, like spirit-voices on the air, the bleating of sheep, just caught for shearing, and the lowing of cows. Above all, the clear blue of a sky in which lay little silver specks of cloud, now resting in lumps still and solid, now misting down in dew to refresh the

young grass. Such pictures I have in my memory of my old country life, and my heart grows sick with longing as I think of it all. "Better," I say to myself sometimes, "better I had been 'town-bred' in the beginning. The world wouldn't seem so cold, and harsh, and empty now, had it been so—had I never known another kinder, warmer life."

The last of all my series of water-colour sketches is the old stone house of Darrell. Years have gone by, and the house and place look much the same as they did in the beginning of my story. It will never be a pretty house, that big, solemn stone one, it is too square and barrack-like; but there is an air of life and brightness about it now. The long drawing-room has been newly papered and covered, light French papers and gay chintz covers have altered the whole character of the room; children's voices sound, laughing and playing, in the long corridor of pictures, and their feet patter over the floors and on the stairs. No house can seem lonely which is full of children. Darrell certainly does not; from being a sombre, melancholy place, it had turned into a pleasant, lively one—life, and bustle, and voices everywhere.

Years have gone by, and round Ethel and Victor other children have grown up in "Little Blossom's" place. Boys with Victor's brave, manly beauty on their faces, girls with Ethel's sweet eyes; and smiling lips; fair promising children, with brave, true natures. And Ethel sometimes shows them a little locket hanging on her watch-chain, in which are two locks of hair, Freddy's lock of gold, and a tiny flaxen curl, cut from "Little Blossom's" sleeping head; and she tells her children that those locks of hair belonged to two little boys, who are now angels in heaven. And another fair-haired boy looks up at her, with blue eyes, Victor's eyes, and asks—

"Shall I be an angel sometime, mamma?"

And Ethel says, "I hope so, darling." But she catches the boy to her heart, and holds him close to her, and prays that that "sometime" may be far off.

They are very, very happy together. Victor and Ethel; their life is, comparatively speaking, a quiet one; and so the days and weeks grow into the years, and slip away quietly. Like a dream she remembers a lonely little farmhouse, round which lay a garden, sweet as "The blissful seats of Eden," a sycamore tree, wreathed with woodbine, and a baby-face fairer than any of the others which have smiled up at her since. But as the years go by, that picture of Ethel's every day grows more and more like a sad sweet dream. There is an organ at Darrell now, in the long drawing-room, and Ethel plays at it often in the evenings, for Victor and Lady Darrell, for Lady Darrell's home is always to be at the stone house now, and she sings the old songs, "Ruth" and "Resignation," and Schubert's song "To the Distant One."

It is evening—still, and soft, and quiet as those other evenings in the old dead years at the "Moated Grange." Victor and Ethel are together still. It is late, so late that there is dusk in the long drawing-room at Darrell, and Ethel has been singing, and the song she chose was Goëthe's ballad—

"My little rose, my rosebud dear,  
My rose that blooms the roadside near."

It is almost dark outside, and the moon is just rising from behind the tall hills at the back of John Haller's farm. There is a light shining from the Dower-house library window; Mr. Haller is there alone! It is late, the birds have long ago gone to roost in their nests in the trees and ivy, and the children sleep in their little beds up stairs; all is silent in the room; and outside on the terrace and lawn, save for Ethel's sweet singing, there is no sound upon the air. They are alone together, and Ethel has not sung that little German song for years, and while she does her eyes fill up with tears, her voice grows low and melting, but the room is dark, and Victor cannot see the tears, the voice only sounds more sweet and expressive; he is sitting by her, close by, and when the song is ended she turns and lays her two hands on his as they rest on the chair.

"Dearest, that song makes me think of old times," she says, and then she breaks off suddenly.

Victor is thoughtful, and tender, and true as ever. He lifts the two hands and lays them on his shoulders, and then he draws her nearer to him, and nearer still, until she lies all along his breast, folded in his arms. In all the years of their life together, he has known each day how hard she found it to forget those "old times," of which she now spoke—their lonely "Moated Grange," and "Little Blossom." He is sensitive, and he has known and understood it all. When he saw her sit with another baby on her knees, looking out over the terrace and broad handsome park, he has seen a mist gather in her earnest eyes, as she looked out so, and he has seen the mist turn to blinding tears, as she looked down on the baby's face. All that is over now; she is cheery, and gay, and happy, filling his home with sunshine; but he has not forgotten the valley of shadow through which patient Ethel has had to pass. She had never spoken her trouble to him; true wife that she was, she didn't try to share that sorrow with her husband; but looking into her eyes now, somehow he read it all—all, and a great deal more than words could ever have told. The story which belongs to a world of trial and disappointment, a world which is full of stories sad and wicked, and mysterious ones, but a world half governed by the divine, sacred power of love. It needed something more than mere instinct, for Victor, brave, hearty fellow as he was, to comprehend the whole of that great, silent grief, which had been creeping and eating into Ethel's life; it needed sympathy, and some similarity of mind and soul; but he had this, and he had the perfect flawless love which penetrates everything. He read it all in her face, in her eyes dimmed with two big tears; in her lips which strove to smile, in her words which carried him back, far back, into the old days of their love-making and early married life. And so he took her in his arms, and, not speaking, not telling anything new to one another, they felt that somehow in those few moments, they had grown nearer and dearer to each other.

It is night—a fair, still night, and they are together still; they have been talking, and their talk has wan-

dered away from those old times, to the years to come, when the fair-haired children shall have grown up into men and women. Ethel has all a mother's tender love and anxiety; she is patient too, and her patience has taught her resignation. She has found consolation for her lost baby. Reading in her own clear-sighted, thoughtful way, in the good wise book, how Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," the words have been creeping into her heart, and filling the vacant place there, and she has grown quite resigned.

It is night, and Victor and Ethel sit by the long drawing-room window, talking and planning, looking out into the moonlight, which shines along the terrace and over the lawn, and lights up the fields, and all Sir Hugh's favourite view of pasture lands and meadows, and John Haller's farm. So still the night is, so soft, and still, and pleasant, that the very murmur of their voices seems to break a kind of spell. Hand locked in hand, 'tis so we leave them, soul grown to soul; few men are more blessed than Sir Victor Darrell; few women can boast of purer, happier life than can "John Haller's Niece."

#### A DREAM.

I DREAMT a dream the other night,  
When everything was still,  
I dreamt I saw the shadows fall  
Upon a distant hill.

I dreamt I saw the amber light  
Lie trembling on a lake,  
And I heard the call of a bugle-note,  
That bade the echoes wake.

And I dreamt I stood in a garden old,  
With roses red and white,  
And a thousand little crystal drops,  
That glistened in the light.

And I dreamt a dream of a beauteous face,  
Of a little nestling hand,  
Of a wealth of sunny golden curls,  
By the dying west-wind fanned.

And my dream was all of that wondrous face,  
When everything was still,  
When the hush, and the calm was over all,  
And the shadow on the hill.

And my dream was sad for that darling face,  
With roses red and white,  
And a mist of welling crystal tears,  
In eyes serenely bright.

And I dreamt that I kissed the tearful face,  
And the little nestling hand,  
That I smoothed the hair from the sunny brow,  
By the Autumn breezes fanned.

Oh, God! that the dream was all a dream,  
Or else, a present bliss;  
Oh, sweet! that my life had died with thee  
Into forgetfulness.

## THE CLOSE OF A GREAT DRAMATIC CAREER.

WHO that has read Washington Irving's delightful sketch of a romantic youth's sensations during his attendance at his first play, can ever let it slip from his memory? However deceptive and unsubstantial may be the impressions made on such occasions on the feelings of pure-minded and generous young people, there is no gratification derived from success or distinction in mature age to be put in comparison with them. The grown boy or girl present at the performance of a drama in whose composition genius and a good heart were occupied, is for the moment freed from the barrenness and tiresomeness of actual life, and enjoys existence among the enchanted castles, and lawns, and woods, and river-sides of romance, and mixes among the stately men and noble and beauteous dames of the days of chivalry.

The characters on the stage are not such men and women as come within the circle of his acquaintance. He identifies them with the disinterested generous men, and pure souled and lovely women whom they present to his enthusiastic mind. It is not probable, however, that a Parisian audience ever counted many very enthusiastic young people. Playgoers of Paris, as well as of London and Dublin, repair to the theatre to enable them to escape ennui for a few hours. But whoever attended the theatre of the Palais Royal exactly two centuries since, and witnessed the fine acting of the troupe and their manager, and the applause so liberally bestowed on them, and thought on the fame of Moliere as a dramatic writer, and his high place in the king's esteem, must have looked upon him as the most happy and favoured of mortals.

But even the pagan Roman knew the hard conditions of humanity, and appropriately placed a slave in the triumphal chariot of their glorying conquerors. We have alluded to the sensitiveness of our poet's feelings, and can imagine the desolation which

would seize on his spirit while disrobing himself of his theatrical bravery, after a glorious scenic triumph. His idolized wife would have more attention for the *fade* compliments of some brainless fop of the court than for the conversation of that devoted husband whose intellectual being was all compact of wit and wisdom.

It must have been a mere amusement to him to throw off the "*Médécin malgré Lui*," as he had the framework already shaped out for him, with its bye-play and practical jokes; but the next in order of time required the exercise of his best faculties to arrange and mould it, this was—

## THE TARTUFFE.

Whatever infused the general idea of the "*Tartuffe*" into the poet's mind, it is said he procured the title in this manner. Being on a visit at the Nuncio's, he took notice of a grave looking gentleman in attendance on the dignitary, and seemingly sunk in a devout reverie. Some truffles were brought in and offered to his Excellency for purchase, and all at once the pious personage quitted his abstract state; animation lighted up his features, and he exclaimed, "*Tartufo! Signor Nuncio, Tartufo!*"\* and he began lovingly to handle the delicacies, and select the nicest. The name remained impressed on Moliere's memory connected with the idea of hypocrisy.

The king had seen the first three acts performed in 1664, without suspecting any harm in it; but a band of hypocrites, joined by a number of people, some really devout, others merely weak-minded, raised such a clamour that Louis forbade anything further to be done till the play would be completed and examined. Examined it was by the legate, the king, and the bishops, and they found it so harmless, in substance at least, that permission was given to have it acted—*Tartuffe* merely changing his name to *Panulphe*, and those parts of his costume which trenched

\* Our popular root, the potato, is honoured in Italy by the euphonious title *Tartufo Bianco* (white truffle).

on the clerical, for the feathered hat, the sword, and other outward marks of the man of the world.

So "*Tartuffe*" was presented to the Parisian public, at the Palais Royal, on the 5th of August, 1667; but the fears of the truly devout, the tolerably devout, and the pretendedly devout were not allayed. As they were going to commence the second representation the next evening, an order came from the President of the Parliament forbidding the performance. Moliere announced the news to the audience in these words,—"Messieurs, we expected to have the honour of presenting you the '*Tartuffe*' to-day, but M. the First President forbids us to play it."\* The audience understood the latter part of the announcement in the sense specified in the note, and laughed uproariously.

Two years passed before *Tartuffe* could present himself again to an admiring public. At last the king gave permission, being convinced that the work was not intended to bring religion or truly religious people into ridicule. Moliere's friends congratulated him upon his having exhibited Virtue in all her beauty. "It is true," said he, "but I find it too expensive to seek to advance her interests. It has cost me too much."

While Moliere's play was under the ban, a licentious Italian piece, "*Scaramouche Hermite*" was left undisturbed. Louis XIV. once after witnessing it, said to the great Condé, "I cannot understand why Moliere's comedy is so much opposed, and nothing at all said of this evil performance." "Ah, Sire," said he, "Heaven and religion, about which hypocrites do not care, are attacked in this, while in the '*Tartuffe*,' they themselves are assailed."

The "*Tartuffe*" was the first play which Piron saw on his coming to Paris. He could not contain his transports. When his surprised neighbours asked him the cause of his enthusiasm, he cried out, "Ah, messieurs, if this work had not already been composed, it never would be."

This play may be considered the finest comedy of Moliere, a masterpiece in fact. The subject was singular,

and required great prudence and judgment in its management. It required great ability to unmask hypocrisy, and yet give no offence to sincere religious feeling. It would not be easy to make the couple of scenes in which the hypocrite's love passages occur very edifying, and to say truth, we would not pay much for letting our sons or daughters be present at their acting. However, the presence of the husband under the table, at the wife's instances, while the tender sentiments issue from the mouths of the clever woman and the deceived voluptuary is calculated to nullify the ill effect. The sententious and sour truisms of Madame Pernelle are as good in their way as the proverbs of Sancho Panza. We find in the "*Tartuffe*" as well as in most of the French dramas, a movement towards the granting of some liberty to young gentlemen and ladies in the selection of their life's partners. Still they have not much modified the selection of wives and husbands for their children by the *Peres Nobles* of France, and the almost absolute power they enjoy in this particular. The denouement is not the happiest portion of the piece. The villain hypocrite is having everything his own way and about taking full revenge for his exposure, and sending the wretched father of the family to prison, when the police officer suddenly becomes the "*Deus ex Machina*," makes a long speech, and consigns *Tartuffe* to that inhospitable cell which he had prepared for *Orgon*. The greater portion of the *Exempt's* speech is occupied with the glorification of the young king who has discovered and disconcerted *Tartuffe's* knavish tricks. This, as M. du Casse observes, was breaking the king's nose with the censor, but how few human creations are perfect!

Allusion has already been made to the ignorance of the plots in which many actresses and actors are content to remain, their whole care being to commit to memory and judiciously repeat their lengths. A comic actor, Armande by name, who lived in the beginning of the eighteenth century, once amused himself with the igno-

\* The words *ne veut pas qu'on le joue* also means "does not wish that we should mock him," i.e., the President, or rather the Parliament, as M. de Lamoignon the President was a sincerely pious man.

rance of two of his fellow-actors on the subjects of the plays in which they were accustomed to perform. They had been drinking for some time and their feelings had reached the sentimental point when he thus began with tears in his voice. "Figure to yourselves, my good friends, an honorable gentleman who takes into his house a wretch, giving him his daughter in marriage, and making over to him his property; and yet this scoundrel attempts to seduce his wife, to drive him out of his house, and brings an exempt to arrest him." "Ah, the scoundrel, the wretch, the ruffian!" cried out the two compassionate hearers. Then the narrator resumed in the cool and comic way peculiar to him, "La, la, be comforted! my gentleman suffered nothing but the fright. The exempt said to him—

'Remettez-vous, monsieur, d'une alarme si chaude!'

"Oh, the D—!" cried they, "it's *Tartuffe* you are reciting to us." "Indeed it is, my dear comrades. They are not very wrong who say that many comedians know only their own parts even in the pieces which they represent daily."

#### AMPHITRYON.

*Amphitryon* was represented on the 13th January, 1668, and had a run of 29 successive nights. The subject, as every classic scholar knows, was borrowed from Plautus, and the world would have gone on as well if the loan had not been effected. The plot was well calculated to gratify the depraved taste of a heathen audience, and however decent might be the language of a Christian adapter, the essentially-bad design of the piece could not be kept out of sight. The legitimate theatre, however, does not profess to inculcate good morals so earnestly as good manners; the illegitimate theatre makes no profession of one or the other. *Amphitryon* more or less modified, was represented on all the theatres in Europe. The Austrian adapter showed some ingenuity in his version. *Jupiter* gets a peep at *Alcmena* through a hole scooped out of a cloud, falls in love, sends for a tailor to come up, filches from him an embroidered dress, then steals a bag of money and a valuable ring, and thus provisioned pays a visit

to the fair one, falls on his knees, and lays his ill-got spoils at her feet. This mode of treating the indelicate subject was not without its merits. Paul de Kock, that easy moralist, has sworn by all his Grisette-goddesses, that it is not the tale or the play that sets people a laughing, that does the mischief;—the harm lies in the play or tale that causes them to sigh. Two women conversing about the *Amphitryon* the morning after the first representation; said one, "Ah, how pleased I was with this fine play!" "I believe you," said the other; "it is a pity that it teaches so nicely how to sin."

Every literary attempt of our writer was not blessed with success. Benserade, of whom we have already treated, entertained His Majesty at St. Germain with *Le Ballet des Muses*, for which Moliere wrote the two short pieces of *La Pastorale Comique* and *Melicerte*. Neither was well received; so he set to work again and composed the charming little piece of *Le Sicilien*. Benserade took occasion from the failure of the first two interludes to assume airs of superiority with Moliere—a foolish proceeding, as the sequel proved.

In the end of his prologue to *Les Amants Magnifiques*, Moliere introduced some complimentary verses to the king entirely in the style of the other poet. These were much applauded and by common consent attributed to Benserade, who did not deny the soft impeachment except in a manner to strengthen the justice of the conjectures. A great patron of his felt the honour as much as he did himself. Before the prologue was spoken at all, Moliere let the king into the secret. He waited patiently till Benserade's borrowed flowers were in full blow, and then he publicly owned the authorship of the verses. As Louis confirmed the truth of his assertion there was no doubt felt, and the poet and his patron had to endure no slight mortification.

#### GEORGE DANDIN.

The rich peasant-farmer, *George Dandin*, would not select a wife from among his own class, but must aspire to the hand of the heiress of the dilapidated house of Sotenville. However any reader might pity the poor man when reading of his sufferings,



he could not choose but laugh when seeing them represented on the boards. All his common sense and logic are of little avail when opposed to the pretensions of her noble parents, a Paris *Mr.* and *Mrs. Wittitlerly*. In the opening scenes the Mercury of the gallant having delivered his message to the lady, and received her answer, makes a confidant of the unfortunate *George*, and when he attempts to reveal his grievance to monsieur and madame, her parents, he can succeed only with great delay and difficulty, being obliged to correct ever so many breaches of etiquette in his phraseology. Though the lady deigns to call him her Son-in-Law he must not dare to use the term Mother-in-Law to her. He is not to address his *beau-père* by his name but say *Monsieur tout court*. The poor baited victim then aggravates the offence by addressing him as *Mons. Tout-court*, and telling him that his wife has given him—— But he is told that he must not think of calling their high-born daughter *his wife*.

The lady strives to make him sensible of the advantages he has obtained by being admitted into their noble family; but *George*, after recapitulating the service his gold and silver have rendered to their dilapidated condition, can recollect no equivalent but the lengthening of his name into *George Dandinère*. The lady retorts that his children will be gentlemen and ladies by birth. "Oh, yes," the poor victim answers, "*mais je serai cocu* if I do not look sharp." When they come to understand his special grievance, madame cries out, "Impossible! For three hundred years no female of the house of Prudoterie has been ever spoken of in that way." Monsieur protests that chastity was as hereditary among the ladies of the house of *Sotenville* as bravery among the gentlemen. *She*.—"We had a Jacqueline de Prudoterie, who refused to be the mistress of a duke and peer, governor of our province." *He*.—"There was a Mathurine de Sotenville, who would not receive 20,000 crowns from a royal favourite, though all he demanded was the privilege of speaking to her."

Thus were the changes rung, till *Beau-père* took *George* with him to have an explanation from the Lo-

thario of the piece; but instead of receiving this much-desired explanation, he finds himself at the end apologising to young Tarquin in terms dictated by the head of the house of Sotenville.

The poor husband is at last so well disciplined that he understands he must sooner discredit the evidence of his eyes and ears than the discretion of his high-bred lady. In the last scene, the pompous old ass, his father-in-law, makes him repeat an apology to his false spouse, and then dismissing him, says to his own wife, with the self-complacency arising from having done a worthy action, "It is getting late, my dear, let us go to bed." The victim being left alone, acquaints the audience that his lot is irremediable, and hints that the only thing left to the husband of a bad woman, is to throw himself into the first pool he meets head foremost.

The author of the "*Nouvelle Heloise*," that moral masterpiece, pronounced this play an immoral one. Better minded men have given it a much better character. It certainly reads a useful lesson to ambitious folk who affect alliances above their station. A vicious woman may get a hint or two to advance her on her evil path, but a well disposed woman will feel nothing but disgust or dislike to the proceedings of *Angélique* and her parents. The seducer is not immoderately warm in his pursuit, and the sympathy of the audience is not with him or the frail wife, but the wronged husband; and an audience's sympathy is a good index to the moral or immoral tendency of a play. From M. du Casse we extract an amusing incident connected with the history of the piece.

When Moliere was working at his "*George Dandin*," one of his friends charitably reminded him that there existed in Paris a veritable Dandin, who, perhaps, might recognise himself in this comedy, take the thing badly, and give some annoyance to the author, as he belonged to an influential family. Moliere told his obliging friend he was quite right, but that he was up to an excellent plan to avert the storm. On that evening, in the theatre, he took a seat next Dandin, and in the course of conversation expressed a desire to read a new piece to him before

putting it in rehearsal, adding, however, that he could not think of infringing on his well-occupied time, &c., &c., &c. The other, most highly flattered by the proposal,—for it was a high social distinction at the time to have a reading by Moliere at one's house,—eagerly named the next day. He traversed the city, and invited friends and acquaintances in large numbers to come and hear Moliere. In short, the brave man, scarcely able to contain himself for joy, found the comedy admirable, excellent—happy to be the first to applaud his own portrait. This was a little comedy in a great one, and showed what knowledge of the human heart was possessed by the great dramatist.

This play was written to embellish a festival given by the king to his court in 1668, for joy of having reduced Franche Comté, and concluded the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

"L'AVARE."

Never was the hateful and contemptible passion of avarice more perfectly or naturally depicted than in "L'Avare." The idea of the subject is found in Plautus, but the Frenchman much improved on his model. The intensity of the passion encroaches on caricature, just as at some points of Robson's acting you could scarcely decide whether you ought to shiver or laugh. *Harpagon* knows his son to be extravagant, and is justly incensed, but that does not prevent him from lending him money at usury, through the mediation of a third person. His all-engrossing care of his treasure prevents him from taking care of his family. His son is a prey to usurers, his daughter has an intrigue on hands; these things touch him not. But let his treasure be only removed from his hiding-place and hear him bewail his destiny:—

"Thieves, thieves, assassins, murderers, justice! oh just heaven! I am lost, I am killed! They have cut my throat, they have stolen my money! What can have become of it? Where is it hidden? Where shall I run to find it? Ah, rascal!" (seizing himself by the arm) "give me back my money. Ah, it is myself! I am confused. I don't know who I am, where I am, or what I do. Alas, my poor money! my poor money! my dear friend! They have taken you, I've lost my

support, all is over, I have nothing more to do in the world. I can't live without you, I am dying, I'm buried. Will no one bring me to life by telling me where my money is? What's that you say? Alas, there is no one. I must go look for justice. I'll put my whole family to the question, servants, valets, son, and daughter. What a crowd! Everyone I see looks suspicious—the very cut of my thief. What are you talking about there? Is it of him who has robbed me? What noise is that above there? Oh, if you know who robbed me, tell me in pity. Is he hidden among you? They are looking at me and laughing. They'll share with the thief. Quick, quick, commissaries, archers, sheriffs, judges, rods, gallows, hangmen! I'll hang everybody, and if I don't recover my money I'll hang myself."

*Valere*, the lover of his daughter, is accused by him of the theft. He, supposing that it is of the young lady he is treating, answers most *mal à propos*, and a scene of equivocation follows most pleasant to hear acted.

"*Valere*. The loss is not so great as you think.

*Harpagon*. The loss not great! My blood, my bowels, you gallows-bird!

*V*. Your honour, sir, shall be fully satisfied.

*H*. The question is not of my honour. What induced you to commit this vile action?

*V*. Can you ask me? Love!

*H*. Love, love, love of my Louis d'ors.

*V*. It is not your riches I want. Leave me but what I have obtained.

*H*. No I will not, *de par tous les diables*! What insolence to ask to retain your theft!

*V*. Call you this a theft! We have promised mutual faith, and sworn not to forsake each other. I seek not your riches; a motive more noble has actuated me.

*H*. Christian charity I suppose; but I'll have justice let loose on you, gallows-bird. Confess where you have taken it (*her*).

*V*. I have not taken her (*it*) at all. She is in your own house.

*H*. (*Aside*). Ah, my dear casket! It (*she*) has not then gone out of the house.

*V*. No, sir.

*H*. You have not touched it (*her*).

*V*. Ah, sir, you do us both wrong. I burn for her with the most pure and respectful passion.

*H*. (*Aside*). Burn for my casket!

*V*. I would die rather than affront her by even an offensive thought. She is too pure-minded.

*H*. (*Apart*). My casket pure-minded!

*V*. My utmost wish is to enjoy her pre-

sence. Nothing criminal has profaned the passion with which her lovely eyes have inspired me.

H. The lovely eyes of my casket !"

Even when explanations are made, and marriage resolved on, his engrossing passion exhibits itself. During an animated discussion he blows out one of the two candles which are alight on the table, and when a double marriage is proposed he denies his ability to give any dowers.

"Anselme. (Suitor's father). I have enough for both; let not that disquiet you.

Harpagon. You oblige yourself to the expenses of the two weddings?

Anselme. Yes, yes: are you satisfied?

H. Oh yes, but you must be at the expense of a wedding-dress for me."

But the officer of justice, called on for finding the thief, must be paid for his trouble. Harpagon won't disburse, but is satisfied to give over Jacques who had offended him, to be hung. "Alas!" cried the poor fellow, "they cudgelled me for telling truth; now I'm to be hung for telling lies." "Signor Harpagon," said Anselme, "you must pardon him his tricks."

"Harpagon. You will then pay the commissary.

Anselme. Be it so. Let us hasten to tell the good news to your mother.

Harpagon. And I to see my dear casket!"

Children and parents, supposed lost by shipwreck, but recognised in the fifth act, were dear to Terence, Shakespeare, and Moliere. *L'Avare* has a good surprise of the kind for the denouement.

#### LES FEMMES SAVANTES.

Moliere nearly lost the favour of the public by the introduction of prose into his plays instead of the terrible jolting French rhyme. It would contribute much to the comfort of many of his English admirers if there was not a distich to be found in any of them. Consider the absurdity of the poor servant, Martine, having to defend herself in verse when assailed by the learned ladies of the family for her neglect of grammar; and how much more naïve and droll her answers would be if expressed in the prose of M. Jourdain. The easy

master of the house finding her accused of weighty crimes for which she is to be dismissed, asks in succession; "Is it for breaking a mirror, for stealing some of the plate?" &c. "Worse, worse, worse! she has mispronounced a word; she has broken a grammatical rule, and thus flayed her mistress's ear." Poor Martine replies—

"All that you preach I know is fine and good;

But I shall never be able to speak in your jargon."

Oh, the insolent! To make matters worse, she thus defends herself from a new attack.

"My goodness! I have not *stugued* like you;

But I speak quite correct, as we all do at home."

She is asked, "Do you intend all your life to offend against grammar?" as she had used the plural for the singular verb in the answer just made. She rejoins—

"Qui parle d'offenser gran'mere ni grand-pere?"

"Oh, heaven! you take grammar in a wrong sense; I have often told you whence the word comes!"

"Let it come from Chaillot, d'Auteuil, or Pontoise; what's that to me?"

"Grammar teaches the relations of the nominative case and the verb, the adjective and the substantive!"

"I tell you, madame, that I am not acquainted with these people!"

"Oh, martyrdom! these are the names of words, and we must consider in what respect they agree with each other!"

"Let them agree or disagree as they like; what matter about it?"

Madeleine Bejart was to have filled the diverting role of *Martine*, but she died before the piece was produced. Mlle. Beauval was then to undertake it, but she was well known to be nearly as deficient in polite literature as poor Martine, though affecting fine language, and having a high opinion of her own abilities. Moliere, and perhaps she herself were afraid that some of the sojourners in *Paradis* might cry out to her, "you know no more grammar than Martine herself." At last Moliere's own servant-maid, a stout country girl, was taught

\* Grammaire was then pronounced *Gran'mere*, and this naturally produced Martine's next mistake of grammar for grandmother.

the part, and came off with flying colours. Whatever name was originally intended for the character, the kind-hearted author substituted the genuine one of his delighted hand-maid.

He introduced the unfortunate poet Côtin as *Trissotin*, reading the sonnet just quoted to the learned ladies, and delightedly snuffing up the incense swung from their censers. In comes *Vadius* (Menage) unfortunately, and after some mutual laudation of each other the latter, being shown the ode, but not being told the author, mercilessly cuts it up, and a bitter colloquy ensues. Poor Côtin was completely despised and neglected after the exposure. The following epigram went abroad in 1682, soon after his decease.

"Savez—vous en quoi Côtin  
Diffère de Trissotin ?  
Côtin a fini ses jours,  
Trissotin vivra toujours."\*

Côtin furnishes a melancholy instance of the instability of literary reputation. He had long been of the Academy fifteen years, he had been eulogised by many men of eminence. He was in the literary world of the day what Brumel long after him was in the world of fashion a bel-esprit, an arbiter elegantearum. Yet utter neglect was his lot in his latter years. At the installation of the Marquis d'Angleau in his vacated place in the Academy, his decease was necessarily mentioned, but unaccompanied by a word of praise—a most unusual occurrence in the history of that body.

In the same comedy, *Trissotin* (triple fool) and *Vadius*, poet and Greek scholar, mutually offer incense to each other, till *Vadius* severely criticises one of *Trissotin's* poems, not knowing it to be his. Then a most undignified and angry recrimination takes place. This scene was supplied

by a visit which the Abbé Côtin paid to the "Great Mademoiselle"† when he recited the following precious sonnet to Madame de Nemours, on occasion of her lying ill of a fever.

"Votre prudence est endormie  
De traiter magnifiquement,  
Et de loger superbement,  
Votre plus cruel ennemi.

"Faites-la sortir, quoi qu'on die (dit)  
De votre riche Appartement,  
Ou cette ingrante insolément  
Attaque votre belle vie,

"Et nuit et jour vous fait outrage.  
Si vous la conduisez aux bains,  
Sans la marchander davantage,  
Noyez la de vos propres mains."

The princess was delighted with the piece, and Menage‡ happening to drop in just after the reading, she showed it to him, and without naming the author asked his opinion of it. He pronounced a most unfavourable one, and poet and critic had nearly recourse to the trial by fisticuffs before they separated.

Both Côtin and Menage had done Moliere some injury in the minds of the powers that ruled in the Hotel Rambouillet. Côtin even went out of his way to spite him. The good-natured dramatist was not above making reprisals when attacked.

#### LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME.

The charming comedy of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" met at first only an equivocal success, because the king expressed no opinion on its merits. After seeing it a second time he set no bounds to his approval. "I have not," he said, "spoken till now of your piece, because I was afraid of my judgment having been biassed by the excellence of the acting; but in truth you never wrote a piece which has diverted me so much; it is excellent." There

\* Do you know in what (respect) Côtin differs from Trissotin? Côtin has ended his days, Trissotin shall live for ever.

† Mlle. de Montpensier, first cousin of Louis XIV. She married that youth of evil life, the Duc de Lauzun, and mortally offended her royal cousin thereby.

‡ Gilles Menage, born at Angers of a respectable family in 1613, showed an aptitude for science at an early age. He practised for some years at the bar, but becoming dissatisfied with that profession he embraced the ecclesiastical state, procured a comfortable benefice or two, fixed his abode in the cloisters of Nôtre Dame, and entertained his literary friends every Wednesday. He was a man of much erudition, and of amazing memory, pouring forth in greater abundance than was often desirable, poems in all the polite languages of Europe. He was of a sour, presumptuous, and fault-finding turn, and during his life kept up continual disputes with his literary contemporaries. He produced some philological works of value in his day, his death occurring in 1692.

was an immediate commotion among the courtiers, every one striving to exceed every other one in the quantity and quality of his praise. It became a great favourite with the public. Many a spectator anxious to mingle with high society, could afford to laugh at M. Jourdain's folly, never suspecting that he himself was subject to the same delusion. Our readers probably bear in mind the portrait of Madame Moliere before quoted, and which is taken from the valet's disparaging remarks on the *Lucille* of this piece, and the lover's emendations. The buffooneries are not in the best taste, but they were wonderfully dear to the audiences of the Palais Royal, and even to the court. They would not be unwelcome to some audiences of our own time. Poetic justice is not done in one instance. *Dorante* borrows much money from the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, and gets a valuable diamond from him to be presented to the Lady Dorimene, who, as he persuades the dupe, is not insensible of his merit. By means of these loans he (*Dorante*) obtains her hand, and no punishment whatever is inflicted on him for these acts of swindling. The brusque *Mme. Jourdain* with her good common sense, and content with her station, presents a fine contrast to her husband's folly, and the piece happily combines comic situations, lively movement, and sound morality. Every one recognised in *Dorante* a well known "Jeremy Diddler" of the court, and *M. Jourdain* was modelled after a fantastic citizen, whom his family, after enduring several of his pranks, succeeded in getting confined in a lunatic asylum.

#### MONSIEUR POURCEAUGNAC.

In this play Moliere passed off all sorts of pleasantries on the professors of medicine. The piece is full of practical jokes perpetrated at the expense of the unlucky man from Limousin. What a capital part for the late Mr. Liston would M. Porceaugnac have furnished—the cautious, selfish young man from the country, baited and badgered by the cunning Italian *Sbrigani*, still escaping from his toils, and still retaken, and obliged to throw away his much valued money by handfuls. The drift of the whole action is to save *Julie* from becoming his wife

and give her to the man of her choice, *Eraste*. To effect this he is successively entrapped into the clutches of a private asylum keeper, arrested for debt, made to believe that the young lady whom he has come to wed is by no means as virtuous as would befit his wife (he consequently refuses her), is claimed as husband by a woman of Picardy, and another of Languedoc, saluted as papa by two families of children, and about to be apprehended and hung for bigamy. In all his misfortunes the roguish *Sbrigani* himself passes off as his friend, and finally sends him off disguised as a woman, leaving the way open to the marriage of the lovers. In quitting the scene, poor Porceaugnac exclaims to the rogue who has so cunningly circumvented him all through, "You are the only honourable man I've met in this cursed city."

Moliere indulged his dislike to the physicians in this play. The victim being delivered up to them they proceed to inflict their modes of cure in a manner very disagreeable to the healthy bumpkin, but most diverting to the audience, pursuing him with an enormous syringe round the stage. The musician Lully being out of the king's good graces, and imagining that if he forced him to a hearty laugh in spite of himself, he would be forgiven, begged Moliere to allow him to present the rustic Limousin. In the scene where he was set on by the doctors, he turned and wound and coursed round the stage in a most ludicrous style, and at last, as if despairing of escape, sprang into the orchestra and made ruin of the harpsichord. Louis's resentment gave way before this mad feat, and Lully was restored to favour. Some time after, being refused by Louvois of a place, on the ground that he had trod the boards, "And would you have refused even to dance on the same boards," said Lully, "if the king had commanded you?" Instead of giving him an answer the minister gave him the place. Of the

#### FOURBERRIES DE SCAPIN.

Boileau has left this opinion—

"Dans ce sac ridicule ou Scapin s'enveloppe  
Je ne reconnais plus l'auteur du Misanthrope."

But Moliere had those good and sufficient reasons which we have already alleged, for indulging his audience with these relics of Gros Guillaume's booth, which always gave such pleasure to his audiences, and put money in the treasury.

*Scapin* having put the old gentleman who is the object of his pleasant revenge in a sack, and hoisted it on his own shoulders, as if to convey him to a place of safety, counterfeits the voices of Gascons and others, using their peculiar patois, and holds imaginary conversations with them. They are seeking the imprisoned gentleman to treat him to a good cudgelling, *Scapin* endeavours to put them off the scent, but at every possible suitable turn of the conversation thrashes his victim, the blows in all appearance coming from the pursuers, and *Scapin* roaring out as if his own shoulders were receiving the discipline.

The idea is taken from a *Tabarinade*,\* in which the old suitor, *Pi-phagne*, is about to bring home a wife. He gives money to his servant *Tabarin* to provide for the nuptial feast. Contemporary with this arrangement, the good wife *Francisque* is hiding her husband in a sack to conceal him from the police; and that being done, she encloses the valet of *Rodomont*, who is vainly seeking to seduce her, in another. *Tabarin* comes in quest of the provisions. *Francisque*, with intent to punish her husband for needless jealousy and the valet for his evil message, offers him a good bargain of two fine pigs, just scalded and ready for the pot. He pays down 20 crowns (about 50s. sterling), and taking a knife, cuts the strings, and is frightened beyond measure by the sight of two live human heads. The men get out, and after some *lazzi*, fall to and they and *Tabarin* pound each other with cudgels, the usual catastrophe of *Tabarinades*.

#### LA COMTESSE D'ESCARBAGNAS.

The Countess d'Escarbagnas is a provincial *Mrs. Malaprop* of whom there were several in the good old days of the slow coaches. She has

all the desire to shine in the city, notwithstanding her ignorance of letters and the usages of the upper circles. One of the most amusing scenes is that in which her son's pedantic master examines him before her. Moliere borrowed it from an incident which occurred in the house of the Marchioness of Villarceaux, whose husband was supposed to be an admirer of the notorious Ninon de l'Enclos. Her little boy being under examination by his tutor in a large company, was asked, "*Quem habuit successorem, Belus Assyriorum?*" He readily answered, "*Ninum.*" The resemblance of the name to that of the frail beauty caught the attention of the marquise who, turning to the self-complacent tutor, angrily observed, "*My goodness, monsieur! what necessity was there to let the child know all about his father's follies?*"

The court perfumer and valet of Monsieur (the king's brother) at that time, was a man named Martial. The dramatist captured his name for another joke. The vicomte says to *M. Thibaudier*, a suitor of the countess, and a sorry poet, after he had repeated a couple of wretched strophes, "These two epigrams are worth all that ever Martial wrote." "*Martial*," says the countess, in surprise; "*Martial* make verses! I thought he made nothing but gloves." "*Ah, madame*," said her *pretendant*, "that's not the man. The Martial that made the epigrams is dead more than forty years."

The countess and her lackey, *Criquet*, and her maid, *Andrée*, are well fitted to each other. She gives her maid her cap and muff, and bids her take them to the *garde-robe*, but she is dismayed to see her walking in the direction of another part of the house which in servants' halls in France is called by the same name.

"*Countess*. Where is she going, where is she going, the bridled goose?"

"*Andrée*. I am taking these things, as you told me, madame, to the *gardes-robcs*."

"*Countess*. Oh the impertinent! I ask your pardon, ma'am: I said my wardrobe where my clothes are kept, you stupid!"

"*Andrée*. Oh, madam! do they call a cupboard a *garde-robe* at court?"

\* For these naïve and laughter-provoking pieces so dear to open-air audiences, see the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, February, 1866.

"Countess. What trouble it requires to instruct these animals! Call that scamp of a lackey."

"André. Hola, Criquet!"

"Countess. Forget Criquet, if you please, and say 'lackey.'"

"André. Lackey, then, and not Criquet! come speak to Madame. I think he is deaf. Criq—lackey, I mean."

"Criquet. What's wanted?"

"Countess. Where have you been, little rascal?"

"Criquet. In the street, madame."

"Countess. Why in the street?"

"Criquet. You told me to go out."

"Countess. You little impertinent! 'To go out,' in Court language, means the antechamber. Bring me a glass of water. [*Andrée brings it in her hand.*]"

"Countess. Are these your manners? Present the glass on a *soucoupe* (properly a saucer)."

"Andrée, to Criquet. Criquet, what's a soucoupe?"

"Criquet. I'm sure I don't know."

"Countess. You're standing stock still."

"Andrée. Madame, neither of us knows what a soucoupe means."

"Countess. A plate on which you place the glass. [*Andrée brings in the glass covered with a plate.*]"

"Is this what I told you, ninny hammer? The plate is to be underneath."

"Andrée. It's easy changed. [*In the operation the plate drops, and is broken.*]"

"Countess. Awkward creature! You must pay for that glass."

"Andrée. Very well, madam; I will pay."

"Countess. Such an awkward, such a vulgar, such a careless creature!"

"Andrée. I am satisfied to pay, madame, but not to be scolded into the bargain."

Moliere spoke rather rapidly, as is generally the case with men whose thoughts crowd each other; if excited he would even stutter. Yet he took pleasure in making little speeches, and his audiences generally took pleasure in hearing him. The highest personages were delighted at receiving a compliment or salute from him when he was speaking before the curtain. He would never intrust to any of his actors the pleasant labour of delivering opening or closing addresses. The mutual interest felt in these little displays was well exemplified in the speech of a coquette in the novel of "Araspe et Simande," published in 1672, the year before his death.

"Prizes are often given to merit, whose foundation lies only in people's thoughts; we have an example in Moliere. You know all the fine

things that are said of him, and that he passes for one of the most witty and judicious men in France. You said to me the other day that he was an original which would never be copied; but I now say to you, that he has not even common sense. I shall furnish you with a proof which cannot be gainsaid. While my lawsuit was pending I went one day to see the play of "L'Arab," but that is not what I wished to speak about, though the play is a good one. 'Perhaps you mean "L'Avare,"' madame, said I, very politely. "'L'Avare' let it be," said she. When it was finished, Moliere came before the curtain in his acting dress, and politely saluted the popinjays who were in the king's box. I made him a reverence from my box just before his eyes; and, thank Goodness, there is something distinguished in our appearance. Would you believe it! he took no notice of me, and will you say, after that, that he possesses sense or judgment?' 'By no means, madame,' said I. 'He can never make the slightest pretension to either again, and I'll never be in his company without reproving him for that fault.'"

#### THE LAST DAYS OF MOLIERE.

While Moliere entertained court and city with the miseries of real or imaginary cuckolds, his volatile and unprincipled Armande cruelly exercised his own spirit. To add to his discomfort, he was teased with a troublesome cough, and together with these annoyances he felt or fancied himself under the necessity of writing continually, and acting evening after evening, to afford bread to his actors and actresses.

"Two months before his death (we quote Du Casse) Boileau calling to see him found him much affected by a troublesome cough—so troublesome, indeed, as to indicate his approaching decease. He affectionately remarked, 'My poor Moliere, you are in a bad plight. Your mental anxiety and the severe exercise to which you subject your lungs on the stage, should induce you to give up acting. Have you not some actor who could undertake the chief characters? Content yourself with composition, and leave the representation to some of your people.' 'Ah!' returned Moliere,

'what do you say? I look on it as a point of honour not to quit the boards.' 'Fine honour, indeed!' said the satirist to himself; 'to blacken your face every evening in order to get up *Sganarelle's* moustache, and resign your back to all the cudgellings set down in the prompt book!"

"*Le Malade Imaginaire*" was the last production of our poet. The morning of the third representation he found himself more incommoded than usual by his cough, and declared that if they did not begin the representation at four o'clock precisely he would not be able to appear. His wife, and Baron, his chief actor, vainly endeavoured to dissuade him from acting that day, and begged him to take some repose. "Ah," said he, "what would my poor fellow-labourers do? I would not forgive myself for having neglected to give them their bread, even for one day." His exertions on the stage aggravated his complaint, and as he pronounced the word *Juro* in the interlude of the third act, he was seized with convulsions. He was conveyed to his house, Rue Richelieu, where his sufferings were soon terminated with a throwing up of blood. This was on the 17th of February, 1673.

Armande married again, her second husband being a certain Mons. La Guerin. She kept Moliere's daughter in a convent, and did what she could to secure the relics of the property left her, for her son by the second marriage. Poor Mlle. Moliere felt no vocation for cloister life, and eloped therefrom with M. Montaland, a gentleman by birth, but then a simple parish organist and music-master. He gave lessons at the convent, and in this way the intimacy arose. He was a widower at the time, and considerably older than his second wife. There was no issue by this union and he outlived his second wife by several years. She was not distinguished by beauty, but was witty and amiable, and a good musician.

We behold in Shakespeare a creative and sustaining power which we vainly look for elsewhere. He fashioned a little world and set its parts all in accordant relations with each other. He imagined conditions of things and characters which have never been witnessed, and in their development produced results as consistent and yet

as diversified as are the separate parts of tree or plant whose germ appears to be only a simple essence. Shakespeare's deductions in the moral order of things, were as necessarily true and consistent as those of Euclid in the department of mere figure. Moliere did not let his genius take its course through unexplored regions of possible things or ideal existences. Shakespeare seems instead of examining circumstances or characters very closely, to have taken some rapid glance at things or persons, and then in the chambers of his brain to have established everything connected with them with as perfect truth as if he had patiently witnessed an entire series of operations each logically arising from that which preceded it. Moliere had more patience, and paid more attention to what was passing before him, as one who was content to see the whole process or progression unfolded before he began to exercise his powers on it. Then the picture he drew was perfect and consistent, and plastic powers were applied to shape out results which his observations had not met in a perfected form. His graver plays evince a faculty of exhibiting the stronger passions and the workings of minds out of the common track, but he revelled in the comic phases of incident and character. Nothing capable of exciting mirthful emotions escaped his keen powers. Affectation, inordinate self-esteem, hypocrisy he lashed or mercilessly ridiculed, and he made the most out of the defects of estimable characters or the humours or habits which self-complacency had prevented them from correcting. By his satire the Hotel Rambouillet was purified from the vapour of euphuism and affectation which had rendered its salons so unhealthy, and ladies who prided themselves on their learning and their independence of the rougher sex, were shown the sphere in which they might naturally expect to do the most good to themselves, and their fellow creatures, and enjoy the greatest portion of earthly happiness. He could not cure want of principle, ingrained selfishness, hypocrisy, avarice, or cruelty by having them laughed at on the public stage, but he at least made them objects of public scorn and hatred. His powers of observation were exceedingly great, and spread



over a large surface as is witnessed by the number of successful plays which he produced, and the variety of characters, not invented but closely remarked in the first instance, and then carefully and truthfully developed. From the ample store of his dramatic riches,

the dramatists of his and our country have been helping themselves since the days of Shadwell and Wycherly. Like all geniuses of the highest order he was of a generous and amiable character.

## HAUNTED LIVES.

BY J. S. LE FANU, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SILAS," "GUY DEVERELL," "THE HOUSE BY THE CHURCHYARD," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER I.

LAURA CHALLYS GRAY.

THE Old Brompton of my earlier recollections, with its silent lanes, its grass-plots, and flower-knots, its towering trees, and those sober old houses of dusky red brick faced with white stone, which, set round with tall flower-pots and flowering shrubs and roses, had a character of old-world comfort, and even grace, has faded and broken up like a sunset city of cloud.

When regretful memory names a place, as I name Old Brompton, I always find it call up a special picture, and always the same. Mine is no bigger than a cabinet picture. Through a short perspective, the rugged columns of half a dozen old trees, under shadow, with a patch of broken flickering light, I see little more than the lower half of the tall old window—dusky brick, and a worn setting of old Caen stone. On the broad window-stone stand some flower-pots; I know not the names of the flowers, trembling stars and cups of blue and crimson; and from the *chiar' oscuro* of the room within leans over them the prettiest face, I almost think, this mortal world ever saw.

Beautiful cousin, Laura Challys Gray! A pretty music rings in your name, for me—with those sad notes that come from the distant past, and die in the far future.

I close my eyes, and I see you; I open them, and you are dead. Those violet eyes are sightless now; those rich brown tresses, with their golden folds, lie in the dust. The crimson lips are sealed in the long silence. Vain yearnings! Oh! pretty Laura—odd, wayward, misunderstood, full

of faults—with many perfections, I am sure, that others possessed not—I am going to jot down my recollections of you, and what I know of a story as odd as your character.

In this house, at the open drawing-room window, Charles Mannerling—a tall young man, with a face kind, frank, and also sensitive—was standing, looking westward, where the sun was nearing the horizon with the glow of a coming sunset. I think there is a pleasant sentiment in the artificial rurality of such a scene, and he could fancy among the urns and roses, under the distant groups of ruddy chimneys, melting in the misty light of evening, a pretty powdered Daphne ogling her piping Philander across her crook.

He liked being employed, too, by his pretty cousin. Here was a commission which had given him a world of trouble—to find her just such a house in the old-fashioned suburbs of London as he had lighted upon.

She ought to have arrived half an hour before. He was standing, as I have said, at the open drawing-room window. He was nervous about her decision upon the manner in which he had executed his commission. Her letter was in his pocket; and, while he was amusing himself with an imaginary dialogue with her, the carriage arrived at the gate, and was admitted. It was a chariot, prettiest of all carriages—why discarded now I cannot imagine—four post horses, and two postillions. They had travelled up from Gray Forest in the old-fashioned way—by the road and posting stations

—not then on that line, superseded by rail. Hot and dusty were the horses that were pulled up at the steps. He ran down, and handed my pretty cousin from the carriage, and then her elderly kinswoman and companion, fat, and rather amiable, and not very active. The springs yielded to her weight, of which that sagacious lady was as conscious as the elephant, and she leaned upon my shoulder, and then upon my arm, with a cautious emphasis that made me stagger.

Good Mrs. Wardell—that was her name—came in, very red, talking and giggling, and wheezing a little, and sat down in the dining-room to divide her journey, and recruit before essaying the stairs, under care of her maid, much the more elegantly got up of the two. Charles ran up stairs to the dining-room, where he had seen his light-footed cousin already looking from the window, as he lent Mrs. Wardell his arm up the steps.

Miss Laura Challys Gray was still standing between the voluminous silk curtains, looking out through one of the tall windows, as he entered the room. In shadow and reflected lights there is sometimes a transparent effect which heightens beauty; and I think he never saw her look so lovely as when she turned towards him from the light, as he entered. I pause for a moment to recall that pretty image.

She had removed her little bonnet, which dangled by its ribbon at one side, from her slender fingers. Her rich brown hair, so wonderfully voluminous, in the shadow showed its golden glimmer where the dusky sunset touched it. Her large violet eyes, under the long curve of their lashes, were turned upon him. Nearly in shadow, her beautiful lips, with a light just touched in crimson, parted, and very grave. What a beautiful oval that little face was, and how richly her shadowy brown hair parted low above her brows. As she looked at him this pretty face was thoughtful and nun-like, and after a little silence she said, with a very imposing seriousness:—

“I think I shall like this out-of-the-way house, and the fifteen trees, and the half-acre of grass.”

“Oh, I assure you, there’s a good deal more than you see from this. I should say there are at least two

acres altogether, and fifty trees reckoning”——

“Reckoning the roses?” she laughed.

“No; the lilacs and laburnums, which are enormous, and deserve to be counted in,” said he.

“I think I shall like it,” she repeated, a little imperiously, as much as to say, “It is your place to listen at present, and mine to speak.” “It looks old, and homely, and secluded. It has a monastic air; has not the slightest pretension to elegance, and is perfectly dull—*thank you*. You have acquitted yourself, so far as I see, to admiration. I can’t pronounce absolutely, however, until I look about me a little more.”

She spoke with such perfect good faith, and such an air of gravity and wisdom, that he was on the point of laughing.

But that would not have done, for Challys Gray, as she liked to style herself, was an imperious little queen; and when she was serious, expected all the world to be grave also.

There was not a folding door between the front and back drawing-rooms, but an ordinary door, with a very heavily carved casing, like the others in that house, which projected almost like a porch. Under this passed Miss Gray, and looked slowly round the other drawing-room.

“Yes, I like it; I’m sure I shall. It is a suitable house for old people. You need not laugh. Mrs. Wardell is actually old, and I am prematurely old, and no one that is not old, either in years, or, older still, in spirits, has any business here.”

“Come, Miss Challys, that won’t do. You and your spirits, as you say, are precisely of the same age—each two-and-twenty—and that is very young, and you’ll not like isolation long, with the great world and the gay world so near; and you’ll find this house, and the monotony you propose, the dullest whim that ever you engaged in.”

“Well, that’s very much my own affair, I suppose,” said she. “Suppose my plan of life ever so absurd, it is worth a trial. I don’t love the human race. I have no opinion of my species; I have no reason, and if I am to be happy it must be independently of human society; and, after all, I’m not tied to this house.

Should I tire of it, I can take my departure without asking any one's leave—I shall travel. I have half a mind to buy a yacht, and live on the sea, a sea queen, and treat the world as a picture-book—look at its scenery and cities, and depute my courier to talk with its people.”

“A misanthropist?” suggested he.

“No; I don't say that quite,” she answered; “but a person who, from experience, has formed no very high or pleasant opinion of her fellow-creatures, and being her own mistress, means in a harmless way to live as pleases her best, and die an old maid.”

“A passionless recluse?” he continued.

“Wrong, again. No, not passionless. With one passion very fixed—very wicked. What do you look at? Why do you laugh?” she demanded a little fiercely. “I say very wicked, not because it is wicked, but because the cant of the Pharisee and the cant of the world concur in calling it so. I don't choose to reason; I suppose I could if I chose, but I have no taste for arguing. I leave that to philosophers like you, who always lose their tempers when they engage in it. I read my Bible, and that is my church. I have no notion of being bullied by clergymen. I have gone into various places of worship, both at home and abroad, and I'm not particular about forms. None of them please me exactly, and none of them displease me altogether.”

“Ah! Miss Challys,” said he, raising his finger, and shaking his head, with a smile, however, “you are the same wild girl—Undine, before she acquired her soul.”

“Thank you, Cousin Charles,” she answered; “I hope I have not said anything to call for an argument?”

“Because you should have to listen—is that it?”

“Listen! Well, I don't promise that. But I should have to answer it, I suppose.”

He laughed.

“And I don't see why you need do battle for clergymen. You're not one. There isn't one present—I shouldn't abuse them if there were—and if one can't abuse people behind their backs I'd like to know where's the liberty of a British subject.”

“Very well argued, for a person

who abhors reason,” he said, applauding.

“I don't argue. I do despise reason. Our moral nature, instinct, passion, are divine, but reason came by eating of the tree of knowledge, at the persuasion of Satan, and is part of the curse of our fall, and therefore devilish, and, what is worse, dull. I like this view better still,” she said suddenly, as she looked from the back window. “There is so much green—trees and gardens, and I don't object to the stables and the roofs and chimneys through the leaves—the look-out is so like a country village. I shall make pets of all the birds—but none in cages—if liberty is so much to me, what must it be to them?—poor papa used to say—and I shall have a little King Charles or two. And where do they sell cats? I must get one of those great foreign cats. I'll have the most magnificent cat that ever was seen in Old Brompton. Every old maid sets up at the sign of the cat, and an old maid I'm going to be, and the sooner we set up the sign of my profession the better. You smile. Very well—you shall see.”

“But you talked of a passion just now. It can't be *the* passion?” suggested he.

“Now, that's so like your sex! You poor weak men, when you hear passion spoken of, can imagine nothing but the insipid sentiment you call love. Come, rouse your energies, and be a—woman. I require a person of sense and energy, and you must please to get rid of your conventional ideas. You got my letter, of course?”

“Several,” he answered.

“I mean about that triumvirate—the attorney, the Jew, and the clergyman.”

“Yes, I told your solicitor,” said Charles.

“I have no objection to see them, and I preferred seeing them here. When do they come?”

“To-morrow, at one o'clock, if that quite answers you.”

“Yes, quite—very good.”

“And what do you mean to say to them?” he asked.

“How should I know? Come and hear. That is, I do know perfectly; but I shan't discuss it. I'm sure I'm right, and I don't want to be puzzled.”

“Something wicked, as you say, I

am sure. I see the wild light of Undine's eye again."

And he wondered mentally what she was going to do in the painful matter in which she was called on to pronounce.

"Well, never was Undine in so dusty a plight. Dear old Mrs. Wardell and I almost quarrelled about the windows and such clouds of dust. So would you mind touching the bell

for my maid; I suppose they have got my things up stairs by this time; you come back, do you mind? to tea, or dinner, or whatever it's to be. I hear Cousin Julia coming; she'll tell you."

"Cousin Julia Wardell was indeed very audible; for the stairs creaked, and she panted and wheezed, and a shrilly lapdog barked and scampered all the way up.

## CHAPTER II.

### BROTHERS OF MERCY.

"WELL," thought Charles, as he let himself out of the gate, "*this* freak won't last long; an heiress, well connected, and with her beauty! It would be the greatest pity in the world, but the comfort is she'll tire of it in a fortnight, and confess her mistake in a month, and next season she'll come out, and be presented, and have her head turned like the rest."

Charles glanced back with a little sigh, as he closed the gate, and saw a broken view of the tall windows and glowing old brick and the weather-worn Caen stone facings.

"Pretty creature she is, but there's some odd want about her; is it feeling or is it only sentiment?—*no*—yet she is like Undine without her soul. I always said so—playful, odd, harmless, I think—but also cold, vehement, and wild—a coldness that piques one. She talks so like a fool, too, and yet she has a provoking faculty of thinking."

He did not return that evening to Guildford Hall. Such, I forgot to mention, was the style of the old-fashioned house in which my young cousin had established herself; but in the morning his breakfast was interrupted by the arrival of a tall footman—inconsistency number one, with a note reminding him that he was to come to her at twelve o'clock, and saying that her solicitor was coming also. But it was plain she would wish to have a kinsman by, although from an odd wayward pride of hers she would not say so in so many words.

As he walked up the short straight avenue, dark with the shadow of old elms, it was still a quarter of an hour

to the appointed time. Already Miss Challys Gray had been busy, and under her beautifying influence tall flowers were nodding and quivering in the great stone pots along the ballustrade that ran before the windows, and on the drawing-room window sill were other tinier flowers, and there he saw her as I always see her—looking from the shadow of the open window.

"See, I keep tryst," said he, smiling up, as he held his watch towards her, standing on the steps."

"I can hardly tell at this distance," said she, "tho' I have pretty good eyes—for seeing with"—she interpolated, observing his smile; "but my little clock tells me you are fifteen minutes before your time, so you are very good, indeed."

"You've been doing wonders, already—such flowers—like the Indian enchanters, who make them grow up in an hour," said he.

"You'll find pictures also, and hung with very good taste, I can tell you," she answered with a smile, well pleased that her energy was appreciated.

"Pictures!" said he; "where did you get them?"

"From Gray Forest, and they came last night—go in, and see Mr. Gryston, you'll find him in the library—the room to the left—and I'll see you there, immediately;" and the pretty head drew back, and nothing but the nodding flowers remained. So in went Charles.

Guildford Hall was a rather stately old house, and really more spacious than from the outside one would have fancied. The hall was a square panelled chamber, with five doors, one

facing the hall door, and two opening at either side under those heavy projecting cases, which went out, I believe, with the second George—but which have an air of solid pomp and comfort. Beyond, under a wider arch, were visible the wide stairs with their heavy banisters.

When he entered the first room, on the left hand, he found Mr. Gryston reading his *Times*. He knew that shrewd and reliable attorney who set down his papers, and seemed tolerably glad to see Charles.

"I thought it was those people about De Beaumirail," he said, glancing at his watch; it isn't quite time, though I think it would be desirable that I should see Miss Gray before those people come, and on that account I came a little early. That fellow Levi is a most unscrupulous dog; and Larkin—I've met him once or twice in business, and he's sharp and not very straight; and the fact is she ought to be cautious what she says—or rather she ought not to say anything, but just leave herself in my hands, d'ye see? and I thought I should have an opportunity of talking to her a little, for I don't know what view she takes, or what she means to do; do you?"

"I have not an idea," Charles answered, truly.

"They want her to let him out—they have some object, of course—but I don't see anything we can gain by keeping him in prison. There's that little property in France, it must be very trifling, for they say he has very little to live on, and is ready to hang himself, poor devil!"

Charles Mannerling did not know much about De Beaumirail. He knew, however, that the Gray family had suffered in more ways than one by his misconduct, and that he was, in the opinion of that family, at least, a very unredeemed *mauvais sujet*. He had lain in prison now for more than three years, refusing to give up some small property which his creditors could not themselves reach. It was in some respects a pitiable case. A young man who had figured four years ago brilliantly in the great world of Paris; he was of old French blood allied by marriage to English, his mother was a Challys, and related distantly to the Grays of Gray Forest.

Born to a great fortune, he had

wasted it, in gaming and fabulous extravagance, in seven or eight years, and now he was at thirty, a despairing prisoner in the London Fleet, with the alternative of ending his days there, or giving up the pittance which alone saved him from the direst penury. Liberty of course was not to be desired at that price. His creditors had begun to forget him, his relations with them were assuming the character of routine, and the prisoner was subsiding into despair, when a simple old clergyman, named Parker, took up the case, and had succeeded in getting the creditors to agree to his discharge upon very easy terms indeed, and all that was now needed was the consent of the girl, Laura Challys Gray, who represented a very heavy claim for meane rates and law costs which had accumulated in her father's time.

"I take an interest, of course," said Charles, "but I'm quite ignorant of details."

"Miss Gray will be for letting him out, very off-hand and generous, and I've thought it over, and I can't see any good in keeping him locked up any longer. Even if he did eventually give up that bit of property, I don't think we should be benefited to the extent of three hundred pounds, after all costs paid. But he'll never give it up, for he has nothing else to keep body and soul together, and he'll live and die where he is rather than take that step—d'ye see; so I don't see any good in our thwarting her, if she wishes to open the door for him."

Mr. Gryston was a shrewd man, and respected, who knew the city and the profession, and knew something of most persons whom he was at all likely to meet in business.

They had not talked long when the deputation, as they styled themselves, appeared.

Tall, bald Mr. Larkin entered first, with a very well brushed hat in his large lavender-gloved hand. He had on a lavender-coloured poplin waistcoat and lavender-coloured trowsers, and a perfectly new black frock-coat, that shone with a sleek gloss, and he wore his meek simper, showing gaps at either side, and his pink dovelike eyes glanced this way and that expecting to see Miss Laura Challys Gray. He liked making a good impression

upon rich people in whom he always saw possible clients.

Mr. Gryston received this gentleman dryly and gravely, with a slight bow, and also the small Jew, Mr. Levi, with the great lurid, vigilant eyes, and sullen dangerous countenance, and black hair, and many trinkets, who followed him closely. This gentleman walked about the room, picking up the books that lay in long rows on the floor, trying the strength of the binding by plucking the covers backward, breathing on the backs and rubbing the gilding with the sleeve of his coat, knocking and scratching the furniture, overhauling the construction of the book-cases, and staring sullenly in the faces of the two or three portraits with which my cousin had already hung the walls, with such an expression as one could fancy he might wear while beating down their price in a broker's shop. Charles longed to box his ears and kick him down the steps, and was on the point of interrupting his scrutiny rather peremptorily, when he suddenly tired of it, and with his hands in his pockets strode over and placed himself beside the agreeable and pious Mr. Larkin, and contributed now and then, uninvited, a drawing sentence to the conversation.

And now entered that venerable and simple clergyman, Mr. Parker, with no trinkets like Mr. Levi, and whose clothes were by no means so new as the unexceptional Mr. Larkin's.

With light blue eyes, guileless and kindly, he too looked round the room, as he entered with his white locks uncovered. He recognised Mr. Larkin gladly. Charles Mannering introduced himself, and then Mr. Gryston.

"Has Miss Gray arrived?" he inquired.

"Yesterday," answered Mr. Gryston, and looked again at his watch. "She'll be with us here, I expect, in five minutes." He signed to Charles Mannering, and walked to the window, and in a low tone said—

"Run up to the drawing-room, please, and give her the caution I intended about Larkin and Levi, and tell her she needn't come down unless she likes; she has only to send me word what her wishes are."

"All right," said Charles, with a nod; but before he reached the door, it opened, and his pretty cousin, in her high-up morning dress, came in. I don't think she knew they were all assembled, for she drew back her foot a little surprised, but immediately advanced, greeted Charles with a smile, and Mr. Gryston, and more gravely and coldly her other three visitors.

Among this little assemblage, in which white heads, and bald heads, and long heads, and very hard heads, were represented, this young and beautiful girl was an incongruous intruder, and perhaps a latent sense of the contrast prompted Mr. Gryston to say—

"I've been here some time, Miss Gray. I thought you might wish a few words, as it is a matter of business, and Mr. Larkin is a professional man"—Mr. Larkin's smile was here one of preternatural innocence and urbanity—"and on the other side, you know—I mean interested for Mr. Guy de Beaumirail."

"I can hardly, in strictness, claim that honour," interposed Mr. Larkin, blandly shaking his tall head.

"And it might, perhaps, be as well, Miss Gray," continued Gryston, not minding, "that you should confer with me for a few minutes, before taking any step."

"Thanks—no; it's quite simple, I fancy—done in a word; but I think I had better first hear what these friends of Monsieur de Beaumirail wish to tell me, as they have taken the trouble to come here." She spoke to Mr. Gryston, and glanced graciously at these gentlemen. "Ask them to sit down."

### CHAPTER III.

#### AD MISERICORDIAM.

WELL, they did not sit down, they remained standing, everyone did, Miss Gray included, and Mr. Larkin, in parliamentary phrase, laid upon the

table a paper with a series of signatures attached, which he, in his most engaging manner, informed Miss Gray, who stood near the other end

of the table, with Gryston at one side and Charles Mannering at the other, was a consent signed by the creditors, for the release of Monsieur de Beaumirail, on the sole condition that their rights were not to be prejudiced by that step.

"I act in this matter, and I believe I may speak for Mr. Levi and his eminent and influential partner, entirely from motives of compassion, and I will say humanity."

"Humanity—that'sh it—and compassion," echoed Mr. Levi, standing at his elbow, and eyeing the party with a sulky glare.

"Quite so, a Christian feeling, we hope; that is," said Mr. Larkin, suddenly recollecting Mr. Levi's faith—"a feeling of perfectly disinterested charity and commiseration."

"Commishera-a-ation," assented Mr. Levi, with emphasis.

"And we are actuated," continued Mr. Larkin, in this, I will say, melancholy case, "by no other motive."

"I'll take my oath of that," said Mr. Levi, to place the matter quite beyond doubt.

"And really, thrown professionally into contact with that unhappy, though sadly misguided young man, I will say that it is impossible to contemplate his great, and I will add, his—a—eminent privations—without a sentiment of pity. 'Sick and in prison'—I take the liberty, Miss Gray, of quoting—and ye visited me."

"Vishits him twishe a week,"—"and always finds him at home," he mentally added. But of course this latter was but an unspoken thought of Mr. Levi, who looked especially hang-dog, as he always did when he affected the philanthropic vein.

"Occasionally—just occasionally," said Mr. Larkin, blandly. "We don't make a boast, Mr. Levi, of any humble attentions, or unaffected—a—mitigations it may have been in our power to bestow."

"That'sh as true as the table-book, sho help me," said Mr. Levi, with more solemnity than was needed.

Pretty Laura Challys Gray looked at the window with an expression of pain and weariness, as if she would have liked to escape; and as there was a slight pause she said gently—

"Is there anything more?"

And Mr. Gryston ventured to sug-

gest that it would be desirable if Mr. Larkin came to the point.

Whereupon Mr. Larkin agreed—quite agreed—that feelings, however strong and however unexceptionable, ought not to mix in business, and mentioned the nature of the application he had to make, and also the fact that without exception the other creditors had consented, as their names at the foot of the agreement now on the table, attested.

Old Mr. Parker then asked to say a very few words; and he had something to add about the health of the unhappy prisoner, and was solemn, earnest, and pathetic.

A little silence followed, during which Mr. Larkin dipped the pen in the ink and tendered it with a saddened smile and a graceful inclination to Miss Gray.

"I have heard everything now, haven't I?" she asked.

"We have nothing more to add," said Mr. Larkin engagingly; and with the ends of his long lank fingers he slid the paper gracefully toward the young lady.

Mr. Gryston raised it and read it through, and turned it round and read it a second time; it was very short.

"You quite understand, Miss Gray? The effect of this is to give Mr. Guy de Beaumirail his liberty, but without prejudice to any rights of yours, as to any property of his which may hereafter turn up."

He placed the paper before Miss Gray, who looked not at him but at it, in what is called a "brown study."

"We make a great sacrifice, gentlemen—our detainer amounts to more than half the other creditors' claims put together; but I suppose as the others have done it"—and with this aposiopesis he presented the pen which he had taken from Mr. Larkin's fingers, to his young and beautiful client, adding in a lower tone—

"I don't see any objection, Miss Gray, to your putting your name to this."

"But I do," said Miss Gray, in a faint icy voice that had a slight tremor in it, raising her head suddenly. "I won't sign it. I have quite made up my mind, Monsieur de Beaumirail shall remain where he is."

And with two or three little impatient waves of her fingers she put away the

pen. There was a silence. Mr. Larkin, staring at her, went on smiling inconsistently. Mr. Levi gaped luridly as if he was going to swear at her. Mr. Gryston glanced shrewdly at her as if he doubted his ears, for a moment, and then looked down demurely on the table, and played the devil's tattoo softly on it, and the clergyman, with his gentle eyes wide open, gazed on her with an alarmed uncertainty. The silence that followed was for a few seconds, but for Mr. Gryston's drumming, intense.

"Bega-a-ad!" boomed at last in the Jew's metallic diapason.

Miss Laura placed her hand in her cousin's arm, and said, looking very pale, "Will you take me to the drawing-room? Good-bye," she added in a low tone; and making a very grave and haughty inclination to the strangers, she drew near the door, which Charles opened for her.

The old clergyman followed quickly in a kind of consternation.

"But my dear madam—my dear young lady—pardon me—you cannot possibly understand."

"I do, indeed, sir—I understand perfectly; and I wish you and everyone to understand that I have quite made up my mind—that I know the effect of what I do, and that I am resolved that Monsieur de Beaumirail shall be punished, and my resolution is not to be altered by anything you can possibly say or urge; I am sorry if I give you pain; good-bye."

And with a more gracious farewell to the old clergyman, Miss Laura Challys Gray was gone, and standing at the back drawing-room window, before her audience down stairs had well recovered their surprise.

"You must ask that foolish old clergyman to luncheon, and Mr. Gryston, but on no account, either of those dreadful men, the two people with that paper to sign," said Miss Gray to her cousin.

"Don't, pray, call him foolish, Laura," said Charles.

"And why not pray? He was foolish, and he is foolish. No sensible person talks so dogmatically as he did upon things he knows nothing about."

"I thought he spoke with good sense and good feeling," said her cousin.

"You ought to know that he did neither—that is to say, that I have

acted rightly in utterly despising his advice. I saw you were shocked, and I don't care; and do just go and give my message to that foolish old clergyman and Mr. Gryston."

Charles smiled upbraidingly, shook his head, and left the room very gravely, thoughtfully even. Laura looked after him over her shoulder a little vexed.

"There goes another fool," she soliloquized. "What does it signify what they think? Nothing, while I'm sure I'm right—and one must be right, morally at least, when one does from a superior motive that which is perhaps disagreeable to them, though it ought to be pleasant, very pleasant, and even is pleasant in a certain way."

Down stairs, the gentlemen passing through the hall, on their way out, heard brilliant and joyous music from the piano in the drawing-room. Mr. Larkin's heart was not very deep in this matter, but the Jew heard this music very sourly. As he walked away, said he to Mr. Larkin—

"Who'd think that young woman, Miss Gray, was such a precious screw? When a woman likes money doesn't she like it, oh, no! They'll go all the way to the devil for a tizzy. Look there—that young man; where's the good of his four bonesh locked up, to Miss Gray? What devils they are! And she knows he's dying by inches there. What's her income—you know something of it?"

"There's Gray Forest, and the Yorkshire property, and they say a great investment in the funds. It's certainly not less than eleven thousand a year, and people who should know, say it's nearer thirteen," said Larkin.

"And all for that one girl's board and clothing, living in old Brompton! Baah! She's a miser, and she'll let that fellow die in quod for the chance of a penny in the pound."

"Very young, as you say, Mr. Levi, for so much severity. I hope it is not covetousness—covetousness which is idolatry, Mr. Levi."

"You have a nishé bit of money yourself, Larkin," said Mr. Levi; "and they do shay you're fond of it too; you take precious good care of it, and turns in a devilish nishé per-shentage."

"There are plenty of 'buses when



we get down to the corner here," said Mr. Larkin, mildly, and with his head rather high. He wished this little Jew snob to understand that there was some distance between him and a gentleman of Mr. Larkin's position.

It was not pleasant having such a fellow hanging on him; it could not be helped though. They had promised to see M. de Beaumirail in his den, with the result of their suit, the success of which they had never doubted. But Mr. Larkin would sit back in the 'bus, and take out some letters and read them diligently, and so guard himself against the disconcerting familiarities of that questionable gentleman with the pretty trinkets, and somewhat villanous countenance.

Miss Laura Challys Gray laughed to herself pleasantly, as she played a brilliant air in the old-fashioned drawing-room of Guildford house. The slight pallor which had chilled her beauty at the moment of her passing sentence, as it were, of imprisonment for life on that ill-starred Monsieur de Beaumirail, had been succeeded by the brilliant colour of excitement; and gaily, as a girl going to her first ball, she glided round the room, smiled on her beautiful face in the mirror, glanced at the pictures, then stood at the window looking over the brilliant flowers that trembled in the air, and she saw the old clergyman in the seedy black, with the silken white hair, and thin, sad face, with his cotton umbrella in his hand

trudging lonely down the short avenue.

She knocked at the window—he turned—she beckoned, and threw it up—she leaned out and beckoned again smiling, and when he had reached the step, looking up with his sad wintry face beside the flowers that rose high from the great stone flower-pot on the balustrade, imaging side-by-side the beautiful fragility of young life and the bleak melancholy of age, she said—

"Pray excuse me, Mr. Parker. I was so much obliged for your letter. Won't you come in and let me thank you, just for a moment?"

He had raised his hat, and the light breeze blew over his thin white locks, as with his patient smile, looking up, he listened to that beautiful young lady with life before her, and with a gentle bow to her, he re-entered the house.

"That stupid old man! He has walked all the way I'm certain, he is so covered with dust, and he's going away without any luncheon!"

So when he came up, she again pressed her hospitalities upon him. But he declined; he made an old-fashioned early dinner in his lodgings, and intended the luxury of a seat in a 'bus to the Bank. And after a few words, and a silence during which the old man fidgetted a little with his hat and umbrella, as if about to take leave, the young lady very gravely opened the following conversation.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### M. DE BEAUMIRAIL.

"I'M so sorry you won't take even a glass of wine—but—I did not wish you to go away without telling you why I refuse to let that wicked man, Monsieur De Beaumirail, out of prison."

The old man was standing, at these words he bowed his head, leaning his hand upon the table. It might be simply an attitude of attention, or it might be that the subject was painful, and that he did not care to look in her face while discussing it.

"I ought to mention," he said, "that the unfortunate young man is

a distant relation of my own—so distant as almost to count for nothing—I mention it only lest your ignorance of the circumstance should affect the spirit of what you are going to say, not that it need do so, for as I say, the relationship is very remote."

"I have lost my father, I have lost my sister; I stand alone in the world, sir. My father suffered from a complaint under which he might have lived for very many years to come, but his life was cut short by the excitement and anxiety of a wanton attack upon his property.

My sister died when I was very young, six years ago. They called it consumption, it was a broken heart. The lawsuit which hurried my father's death, was instituted by a man who snatched at that desperate chance to redeem his fortunes from the ruin in which his selfish prodigality had plunged him. My sister's heart was broken by the same unscrupulous man, who first won her love, and then deserted her, and that cold, frivolous villain was Guy De Beaumirail. You did not know all that, sir, when you wrote and spoke to me as you did."

The clergyman shook his head.

"Certainly not—I knew there had been some litigation. But, whoever may have first moved it, let us remember it was De Beaumirail who suffered, and I must add, that even had I known every circumstance you have mentioned, I should have applied to you in his behalf all the same."

"Then, sir, you would have taken a great liberty," said Miss Gray, flushing brilliantly.

"I don't mean to argue a case that does not exist, ma'am; but I avail myself of this opportunity to re-open the suit which I ventured to prefer on his behalf."

Miss Laura Challys Gray had taken nothing by her motion, neither did old Mr. Parker by his.

"Really, sir," she said, "this is too provoking."

"Admitting that you have had provocation, my dear young lady, remember that you are bound to love them that hate you, to do good to them that spitefully use you and persecute you, to bless them that curse you."

"Tiddle, sir—as you misapply and pervert the words—tiddle and nauseous cant. How can you talk so?" said the young lady, changing colour rapidly.

"Oh, my dear Miss Gray, oh, pray, you don't seem to reflect how very shocking such language is," said the old clergyman.

"You don't seem to reflect, sir, how very shocking yours is; what a perversion of the Bible! We are told to discriminate between the wicked and the good; we are told to have natural affections; we are told to have common sense, and common fairness, and common decency; to

honour our parents, and not, that I remember, to honour their murderers."

"My dear, ma'am, the obligations of charity are immense; read Saint Paul, read his first epistle to the Corinthians, the thirteenth chapter, read the sermon on the Mount, the sixth chapter of Saint Matthew."

"I know it all, sir; I know the Bible as well as anyone need; but it is not to be read all at one side; reconcile your blind charity with Saint Paul's command, that he that will not work neither shall he eat; and if any man being a professed Christian be also a sinner, we are commanded to let him be accursed, and to avoid him as if he had the plague. Sir, your distortion of our reasonable faith is a blunder, it is imbecile, and not only imbecile but wicked; and if I thought you represented Christianity truly, I should cease to be a Christian. I am sorry I have detained you, I expected to find you accessible to reason, and I have found you a clergyman—exactly—exactly a clergyman, and I feel very like a fool, sir, and—and I've only to say, good-bye."

So for his sound doctrine this old gentleman received a sound jobation, and the beautiful young lady, the spoilt child, looked wonderfully brilliant and handsome as she blew him up. With a bow, and a faint sad smile of patience—not put on, quite unconscious—he drew towards the door, and without more parley, disappeared.

"We are both fools, but he's the oldest," she said, in soliloquy, with the same carmine tint in her cheeks. "And now he's gone down to shake off the dust from his feet, and plenty of dust he has got there—for a testimony against me." She looked at her watch. It was later than she thought. She touched the bell, and ordered up her cousin, Charles Mannerling, from the library. She complained of the clergyman, and commanded Charles, as it were, to agree with her. But Charles, on the contrary, took the other side—very quietly at first—but more spiritedly, as she urged him. She was very much vexed—more than she quite cared to show.

"When you have quite finished your lecture tell me, and I shall tell you its effect."

"I hope I have not been very impertinent," said he a little awkwardly, as he stood by the window and plucked a little blossom from one of the flowers that stood there. "I should not have mentioned the subject—I should not have ventured, only that you asked my opinion."

"I did not give you leave to pluck my flowers though, and that's of more consequence than anything you have said," she observed, a little angrily.

"Oh! I really wasn't thinking. I'm so sorry"—and he placed the little sprig gently on the table.

"And you two gentlemen might as well have spared your eloquence. It is pleasant, though one knows one is right, to have people to agree with us. But we disagree about everything, I think; not that it matters much, for it has not the slightest effect; that vain, worthless man shall be punished, with God's help, while I am spared to punish him; and your tiresome sophistries and platitudes have no effect but to heighten the disgust with which I have been always accustomed to hear you, men, support one another through thick and thin in all your enormities and oppressions, provided they have been directed against my miserable sex; and I'm going out for a drive with Mrs. Wardell, and I shan't much mind if I don't see you again till this day week."

With which rude speech she left the room. Charles picked up the little flower he had laid on the table, and smelled at it once or twice absently, although it had no perfume, and twiddled it in his finger and thumb for a little, feeling indistinctly very much annoyed with his pretty cousin, much more vexed, in fact, than I think he would have been had she not been so pretty; and away went he under censure, like the clergyman.

"This day week—well, perhaps so, though this day fortnight may answer me as well—better, by Jove," said he, as he drove sulkily along Piccadilly towards his club.

In a dingy room in the Fleet, about the same time, a young man in slippers and dressing-gown, without a necktie, pale, utterly *ennuié*, with a long beard that added a premature gravity to the dejection of

his face, bit his lip with a frown of sudden pain as he listened to the close of Mr. Larkin's polished statement, heard his gentlemanlike condolences on their failure, and the metallic drawl of Mr. Levi as he contributed his share to the dolorous and vengeful duo.

The old clergyman was looking out upon the listless yard through a window which wanted cleaning. A silence followed the close of the dismal narrative. The Jew sat down and made half a dozen notes in his pocket-book, and totted a sum or two, and pulled out some letters.

Mr. Larkin being a polite person, and, as he liked reminding people, a gentleman, awaited with considerate attention the remarks which such a narrative might not unnaturally draw from a person in Mr. Guy de Beaumirail's situation.

That gentleman looked down on the agreement which lay upon the table, with the same sharp frown, drawing the paper toward him, and he drew his finger slowly down from signature to signature in a dreamy despair—there were so many—he had come so near his liberty—within one name. A pencil line was drawn where that talismanic name was to have been written, and with the same pencil thoughtful Mr. Larkin had traced the words "Miss Gray will have the goodness to sign *here*." Beaumirail sighed heavily as his finger traced the descending line of names till it reached Mr. Larkin's inscription, and there it stopped, and gradually a strange smile, weary, patient, bitter, lighted up his pale face.

Mr. Larkin "hem'd" slightly to remind him that he was at hand and attentive. But notwithstanding this inducement, silence continued until that painful smile had slowly waned, and Beaumirail, with his hands in his pockets, shuffled lazily to the clumsy old sofa, covered with faded red stuff, laid down with tarnished brass-headed nails, that stood at the far end of the room, and he took the arm of this in his hand, as if he was trying its strength with a tug or two—and said he in a low intense tone—

"The wretch! I hope to God she may cry for mercy yet, and die for want of it."

And De Beaumirail, with this brief soliloquy, threw himself down on the

sofa, with his face to the wall, and lay there at his listless length.

Tall Mr. Larkin looked with his pink eyes at the clergyman, and slowly shook his tall, bald head and red whiskers, and raised his large hand in religious pain.

Then Mr. Levi and he talked a little in murmurs by the window, about another matter, and the attorney and he appointed a meeting for next day; and soon the good old clergyman finding himself alone with Monsieur de Beaumirail, accosted him mildly as he lay on his sofa—

"You must allow me to say, my dear young friend, that I heard what you said, with pain; your words were not Christian."

"They were as Christian as I meant them to be," said de Beaumirail without moving.

"It is a sad disappointment," said the clergyman.

Silence followed this remark.

"It is, indeed, a great blow."

De Beaumirail made no comment.

"So young and so wealthy, yet insisting upon extreme rights with so much severity, and in a very vengeful spirit. I have been deeply disappointed," said the old man.

Still no answer came.

"Sir, I deplore it—I feel for you deeply—it is indeed a blow!" and after a pause he added, a little hesitatingly—

"If I thought you would wish me, in this trying hour, to pray, or even to read with you"—

"I thank you, no—I'll try a cigar instead, and a saunter round the court."

## CHAPTER V.

### BEYOND THE PRECINCTS OF GUILDFORD HOUSE.

GUILDFORD HOUSE missed a visitor next day. Its sober red brick and Caen stone, and its short dark files of rugged elms saw not the passing shadow of Charles.

He had "sulked." He was quite high with his pretty cousin. He was lonely and short-tempered, but he didn't wish to go near her, and mightn't for many a day. But the day after a little note reached him, asking, "Where *have* you been, or what have you been doing? Have you forgotten us quite, or why should I have the trouble of writing? Don't you remember there are fifty things to be done, and what are you good for if not to consult with? Pray do come immediately. I do want a little advice about tradesmen and other things, and especially about hanging the pictures. When we are a little settled, and have entered on the regular humdrum life we propose, you shall have leave of absence—a long one, if you insist; so comfort yourself with that hope, and in the meantime help us poor women in our loneliness."

"Capricious, disingenuous, impudent—what a sex they are! If I did right, I shouldn't go, I suppose—but is it worth a quarrel?" said Charles, very much pleased, I think, and he arrived in the 'bus at the corner next

Guildford House more promptly than was, perhaps, strictly dignified under the circumstances of his sudden recall.

So his friendly relations were restored, and their conversation was untroubled by an allusion to Guy de Beaumirail. The fuss of settling was nearly over, and as things began to subside into that humdrum in which Miss Laura Challys Gray chose to discover, for the present, the secret of human happiness, she began, he fancied, to grow already ever so little weary of the half-conventual and (according to the "arcadian" portrayed in Dresden china) half arcadian simplicity of life in which she had embarked.

"Well, Miss Challys, a little slow, isn't it?"

"Slow! Life's always slow, if you mean dull; but this is nothing like so stupid as living in a round of balls, concerts, and kettle-drums. I saw *that* for half a season; an interval of quiet has saved me, and nothing on earth shall ever tempt me back again into that enervating, and headaching intoxication."

"You'll not endure it long," insisted Charles, with a smile.

"You don't, however, fancy that I'm quite a fool," she said, "and no one but a fool could think of living

without either occupation or amusement. I shall soon find both for myself; there are many things to be seen."

"And some people," suggested Charles. "I suppose you'll see your relations?"

"Well, yes, some of them, I must, I suppose. But there's no need to be in any great hurry. I sometimes think I might very well wait till they find me out; and in this wilderness of London, I might be hidden for a long time."

"I know you are a misanthrope, you told me so; but are the Ardenbroses and the Mayfields on your black list; won't they think it very odd your avoiding them?"

"I shan't avoid them. I like them, on the contrary; but there are times when one prefers postponing even what they like, and I think I should wish to dream away a few months of my life in this place first; just to try my experiment fairly."

Here was a silence. She had set Charles down to a little task of copying a song. She had laid down her work, and, leaning back in her chair, looked out of the window through the flowers. It was a listless hour.

"I call it an experiment, my good friend, Charles, because you are pleased to be satirical upon the subject, and I was in a cowardly mood, I suppose. But it isn't an experiment. I mayn't like this life very much; but every day I feel a greater reluctance to enter upon the other—that gay world, the season, and all that. I saw quite enough of it to know that it is insincere, cold, unmeaning, and does not suit me; my idea of life is quite different. It must not be all simper, glare, and headache. Let the groundwork be a good, broad, neutral tint, like this sober existence on which such sober lights as I may care to throw, shall tell with the brilliancy of contrast; above all, let me be free—the liberty to do as I please—live how I like, and go where I list—my birth-right—my liberty—to think of selling it for such a mess as that insipid and reckless world can offer!"

Charles looked up from his music and smiled.

"I'm quite in earnest—why do you smile?" said she.

"Exactly *because* you are in earnest," he replied.

"A little oracular, aren't you?—but I think I see you are amused at the profundity of my self-delusion; you shall see; wait a little; you don't know half."

Charles was very much pleased, I think, at those sober resolves, and I fancy that it was his secret apprehension that they would never bear the strain of surrounding temptation that made him affect to treat her professions so slightly.

"I forget—let me see—where am I to take you to-day? Oh, yes,—the ancient armour—the exhibition of water-colours;—and you said you'd look in again at Westminster Abbey, and there was something else; but don't you think you are pretty sure to light on some of your people in some of these expeditions?"

"Sufficient to the day.' I dare say I shall—so much the worse—well, and what follows?"

"Nothing particular; only it might be as well that you should call or report yourself as be found out."

"Now, do pray be quiet—you're growing such a tease—you have no idea—and it is so stupid. Let them find me out, if they must—I'll not go to their parties, and if they grow seriously troublesome it is very easy to go somewhere else—just as easy as it was to come here; besides you fancy my plans are all whims and caprices. When the truth is, I have no spirits—no energy—and a positive dislike of nearly everyone—and a genuine horror of all that sort of thing you fancy I secretly like. I can't prevent your thinking—if so, it must be—that I am telling stories—but, remember this, I never told a lie in my life, and anyone who tells me an untruth, I *never* forgive; and that sort of thing would, you know, of itself disqualify me for all the amenities of human society."

"Here's the carriage, I think;" I interrupted, as I heard the iron gate swing back, and the roll of the wheels.

"So it is; and where is Julia Wardell? Oh! there—walking up and down before the steps."

So they went out—and had their drive, and saw their sights, and did their shopping, Charles dutifully accompanying them; and he came back again with them, and dined at Guildford Hall and drank tea there.

"What are we to do to-night, Cousin Julia—how are we to pass the evening?" inquired Miss Gray, who delegated the trouble of thinking to her fat chaperone.

"Well, dear, anything. What do you say? You don't like cards——"

"I don't know how to play—I think I shall learn some time or other. I do know how to play beggar-my-neighbour—but that's all. What do you say, Charles?"

"I say this—and I'm sure Mrs. Wardell will support me—that enjoying good music and the opera, as you do—you ought to take a box for the remainder of the season, and go there whenever you feel inclined—it will do you good."

"Immense good," acquiesced fat Mrs. Wardell, who, though she liked her sly nap in the evening in her cushioned chair, had also a liking for what she called a little "refined amusement" now and then. "Immense good!" she repeated, with an enthusiasm which cost her a fit of coughing by which the remaining argument or exhortation was lost to the world.

"I don't see why I shouldn't—I think the opera is quite within my conventual vow; there is just the objection that friends may see me, and fancy they are obliged to make me out—but I can reconnoitre carefully before coming to the front, and I need not be much in evidence."

"Then, you authorize me?"

"Yes. Shall I?"

"Certainly," answered Charles.

"You'll say I'm inconsistent—I know you will—and it will be very treacherous if you do," said she.

"But I'll do nothing of the kind; on the contrary I shall be very glad."

"Because," she continued, "you advised it; remember, and after all, it is merely transporting our little party to a smaller room, where we can listen to good music, and may be as much to ourselves as here."

"Then I am commanded by you to do the best I can to-morrow? We can get a box for to-morrow, and see how you like it."

"Well, yes—you may; and I'm glad you advise it. I think after my vows of solitude, I should have been half ashamed to hint at it, so soon at least; but I've begun to have an uncomfortable kind of presentiment

—I don't know what it is—an omen, an anticipation."

As she spoke she got up and sat by the window, looking out on the short, dark row of trees, through whose rugged stems the moonbeams crossed.

"I know that kind of thing," said fat Mrs. Wardell plaintively; "I have experienced it, my dear—and in my case it was always followed by some affliction, particularly once," and she touched her handkerchief to her eyes.

"But I won't believe in omens," said Laura Gray, "and after all, I don't see that there is any form in which grief can well reach me now; of course I may die like anyone else, but that is not the sort of apprehension."

Mrs. Wardell touched the cushion beside her, and her little dog obeyed the signal, and she in murmurs, and the dog in snarls, carried on a dialogue; while Charles followed his pretty kinswoman to the window, and in a tone accordant with the moonlight hour, asked with a smile—

"And what is your terrible presentiment?"

"I begin to think it is better having something of that kind to occupy one—to look forward to," said Miss Gray, half thinking, half answering him. "I have felt so oddly—I'm sure it's nervous—a kind of fancy that I am—how shall I describe it?—watched—well, not exactly watched—a kind of feeling that I am going to meet somebody—I don't know whom—whom I have never seen, perhaps, except in a dream, or somehow," she laughed, "in a pre-existent state, a kind of expectation mixed very largely with fear. And, of course, you and I know that the whole thing is purely nervous."

"But how do you mean *watched*—have you any reason to suspect any such thing? I'd like to see anyone presuming——"

"No; there's no cat looking at the king, that I know of," said Miss Gray; and *apropos* of cats, you have not brought me the cat you promised—and an old maid without her cat is a witch without her familiar—and pray do choose me one of those huge creatures. I should so like one of those splendid northern tigresses."

"My darling Laura, you're not really going to bother Mr. Mannering about a cat. You haven't an idea

what odious animals they are!" exclaimed Mrs. Wardell, who thought it might not conduce to the comfort of her lapdog.

"I had not an idea you heard me, Julia, darling. But there's no contending with instinct; unlike you, I'm going to be, as I said, an old maid—and so the invincible affinity between me and those demure and comfortable animals—so reserved, so querulous, and with such nice little claws on occasion."

"I'm sure you're not serious," said Mrs. Wardell, with a lurch towards her lapdog on the cushion. "No; she would not, she couldn't be so cruel as to bring in a great big beast to the housey-wousey—to eat up poor little darling, precious Scampscams, that its old mother doats upon!"

And the dog, with a sympathetic wriggle, playfully snapped at her nose, which, with an adoring smile, she had approached perhaps incautiously near. A squeak of alarm from Julia Wardell, and a shrill bark from the charming animal, and then a torrent of endearments from his fat and indulgent "mother," as she termed herself, closed this little episode.

And now their early evening drew to a close, and Charles Mannering took his leave; and he had hardly gone when the postman knocked. He left a letter, from which seemed to germinate, as from a bulb, a living stem of romance that bore its sombre boughs, its blossoms, and its bitter fruit, and gradually cast an inexplicable gloom upon her life.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A DIAMOND LOCKET.

"How very late for a letter!" said Miss Gray, who was thinking of going to her room. "I have only had four since we came here. A letter is quite an event—and this comes so late! Oh, here it is."

And the servant brought her a square letter, addressed with a broad-nibbed pen and a firm hand which she did not know, to "Miss Gray, Guildford House, Old Brompton."

She turned this letter round curiously. She had not six correspondents in the world. All her letters of business went direct to Mr. Gryston. This autograph she had certainly never seen before. It was a bold, rather large hand.

The letter contained a small enclosure—a coin, perhaps—and was sealed in black wax, with a very odd device. The motto said, in French, "Choose which dart," and represented Cupid with his arrow drawn to the head at one side, and, at the other, Death with his javelin brandished—a small but very distinct and beautifully cut seal. Solitude and monotony are the discipline which prepare the nerves for odd impressions, and Laura Challys Gray was predisposed toward that vague superstition which has more to do with the nerves than the reason.

It was a London letter, dropped in

a west-end office; and this also troubled her. Her retreat had been discovered—and so soon! With a growing anticipation of something disagreeable, and a wish that it had never come, she glanced again at the bold, distinct character of the address, and at the hurried, blotted monogram—now undecipherable—which was traced in the corner. Was it a monogram or only an accidental mark? She could not make it out, but she thought it was a blotted monogram.

Her intuitive misgiving postponed the moment of certainty, and when Mrs. Wardell asked—

"Well, Laura, dear, what does it say?"

She answered—

"Don't ask me now, dear. I should hate to open it. Some stupid thing, I dare say, that should have gone to Mr. Gryston. We can read it at breakfast. It's from no one that we know."

When she got to her room she laid it, still unopened, on her table; and it was not until her maid had gone that, unable to resist longer, she opened it.

It contained an enamelled gold locket, very prettily set in brilliants. It was not new; it had lain long in the piece of tissue paper that was wrapped round it, and was a little

tarnished. It contained some very silken, dark brown hair, a little like her own; and on the other side some interlaced initials were engraved, which she did not stop to decipher.

The writing in the letter was in the same hand, but much smaller and more elegant than that upon the envelope.

It spoke thus:—

"MISS LAURA CHALLYS GRAY,—You will never know more of me than I choose to disclose. That, for certain reasons, shall be little. I observe with admiration and respect how, with firmness and justice beyond your years, you have answered the application of the worthless Beaumirail. You remember your father; you remember your sister—I know not for what purpose if not to subserve the ends of justice, our affections were made strong enough to outlive the frail beings to whom they were dedicated. The retribution is virtuous—persist! This locket, which I once had thoughts of giving to a degraded kinsman, Beaumirail, contains your dead sister's hair. Deserve my goodwill. Go where you will, my eye is upon you. Do what you will, my hand can reach you. Those who know it not are not to learn from you, that Beaumirail is a prisoner. He is *almost*, and shall be utterly forgotten. What am I—man or woman—young or old—human or fiend—whence come I—whither go I? With respect to you, the writer is a *shadow*—a shadow, however, that if your path be crooked will cross it."

"A weak invention of the enemy," said Miss Laura Challys Gray, making her quotation with an uncomfortable smile. "The enemy! But what enemy have I, except, I suppose, that wicked Beaumirail? and this, certainly, is no friend of his."

She read the letter through again.

"What a piece of melodrama! The idea of trying to frighten a sane person with such rubbish!"

She examined the seal again and again, tried to make something of the little scribble in the corner, and, standing in her slippers and dressing-gown, read the whole thing through once more.

"It's a mere hoax! Who can it be? It certainly is not Charles Manning. There is no one but Ardenbroke," she thought. "It must be

he—but, oh no. I forgot the allusion to my sister and father. And this little locket—no; that's quite out of the question."

"What a contemptible thing," she murmured, sitting down in a great chair by the fireplace. "How ridiculous! What an idea the writer must have of me, to fancy I should be frightened or influenced by such a device."

She looked down at the slipper in which her tiny foot was tapping the floor; and then looking up, smiling, she said—

"And what a fool I am to think for a moment about it. I would tear it into little bits but that I may chance to trace the author by the writing, and I half doubt whether it is worth sparing till to-morrow morning."

She was more interested by it, however, than she was quite aware, and more alarmed. It seemed as if the privacy of her life was gone, and a secret eye watching her with an intensity, from which there was no escape, and that an undetected and possibly potent influence was interfering with her daily life. "Angel or fiend"—here were evidences of an unaccountable interest in her doings, of the accuracy with which the writer was informed, and the malignant pretensions with which he or she affected to control her conduct. She was growing more uncomfortable.

When she lay down she could not sleep, but lay awake in excited conjecture. Every theory she framed broke down. Sometimes it seemed that her own servants were spies upon her; sometimes that the simple old clergyman had unwittingly made a confidant of some masked enemy of Beaumirail's.

But these conjectures gave place, and failed one after the other, and left her with the uneasy sense of being watched by an unseen eye—a vague suspicion and constraint that gathered strength as the minutes passed, and assured her that her solitude was false.

On the table by the fireplace lay the letter, and on it the locket, which, amid the dark thoughts that gathered about her, glimmered with a sinister brilliancy in the distant light which she had left burning on her dressing-table. In the darkness, that glim-



mering circle simulated to her fancy the steady eye that observed her, and, associated with the relic of her dead sister, helped to wring her girlish imagination with a strange pain.

She was glad she had preserved the letter. She was resolved to find out who wrote it. She would consult her friends; she would charge Gryston with it; she would place it in the

hands of the London detectives; she would lose her life but she would discover the author of the letter—and what then?

"Well, it can't be legal, for it is certainly cowardly and wrong to try to frighten poor creatures like me with anonymous letters. If the laws permit *that* sort of thing, pretty laws we live under!"

## CHAPTER VII.

ROBERT LE DIABLE.

BEHOLD our little party installed in the box which had been promptly secured in the name of Miss Gray, Guildford-house, Old Brompton.

"Something a little triste I always think in the aspect of this great house—I mean, compared with a theatre; these little curtained pigeon-holes, *real* boxes, partitioned, and dim—very splendid, the *coup d'œil*, a sort of oriental richness—superb and luxurious, but also a little gloomy," said Miss Gray.

She was leaning back in her chair, and making a cautious survey of the long sweep of boxes, which were beginning to fill.

"I wish one could see without being seen. Have the Ardenbrokes a box?"

"Yes, over there; no one in it," said Charles. "You have found out someone you know, haven't you?"

"Have I? Where?" said Miss Gray, lowering her glasses, and looking at him.

"Somewhere over there; haven't you?" said he.

"Oh! Perhaps so," she answered, with a smile and a little shrug. "I had better look again."

And she did turn her glasses in the direction he indicated, and he saw them again linger, he fancied, at the same point in their circuit. It was at a box where sat two gentlemen, whose appearance had already struck him.

One was an elderly man, with a long, close-cropped, iron-gray head, whiskers, and well-waxed moustache of the same colour, whose white-gloved hands, folded together, rested on the edge of the box, as, with a grave face, rather apathetic, and with features commonplace, insignificant, but on the whole grim, he looked steadily towards

the stage. The other was a singularly handsome and elegant-looking young man, with dark hair, moustache, and small peaked beard in the Italian style, an oval face, and large soft eyes, and delicately pencilled eyebrows. This face was very feminine. There was colour in the cheeks, and a soft lustre in those large eyes, with their long lashes, and a soft carmine touched the lips. The waving hair lay low upon a very white forehead. Altogether, the tints and formation of the face were feminine and delicate, and there was something of fire and animation, too, that gave it that kind of beauty that belonged to the great Italian tenor in his young days.

When Charles Mannering's glasses rested on this face it was with an unpleasant feeling—a little pang of scarcely conscious jealousy—an intuition of antagonism. He was standing behind Miss Gray, and, stooping as he lowered his glasses, he said with an unreasonably bitter feeling—

"There are two fellows over there. Did you observe them? An old gray man who seems to have come to hear the opera, and a young man—such a specimen of a man-milliner! He seems to have painted under his eyelashes, and put on some rouge. He certainly has, and he has done nothing since he came in but stare at all the women in the house. He'll get himself a precious good kicking if he doesn't take care." So spoke Charles, and affected a little laugh.

"I don't think I've seen anyone answering that description," said she, indifferently.

"Oh! you *must* have observed him. You won't deny it, you who hate anything that resembles—what shall I say?—a concealment."

"I know whom you mean, perfectly, but you don't describe him," she laughed.

"How do you know, then?" he asked drily.

"A caricature is not a description, and yet it may indicate a person, and you forget that you have helped me by mentioning that old man with the long gray head. Well, tell me—what is it?"

"What is *what*?" inquired Charles.

"Weren't you going to tell me something about them?"

"I? Story, Lord bless you, I have none to tell. Interesting subject, no doubt; but I was merely thinking how like a girl in masquerade he is."

"I don't agree with you. I think his figure so manly—manly and elegant."

"Oh! I spoke of his face."

"I think him very handsome—he is handsome—I don't say exactly in the style I admire, but you must see that he is. Hush! We are going to have that divine tenor again. Oh! isn't that voice angelic?"

This night there were selections from two operas. The scenes from "La Sonambula" had closed. In the interval between it and those that followed, from "Robert le Diable," the people in Miss Gray's box, who had talked now and then during the singing, grew perversely silent. Most persons whose spirits are at all capricious, have at times experienced in a theatre something like the sensation which that young lady on a sudden felt just now. A sudden air of desolateness seemed to overspread the stage; an idea of cavernous solitudes beyond half-lighted and silent made the scene joyless and unreal; the illusion failed; imagination and the spirits collapsed together; the music sounded jaded and forlorn; the lights grew less light, and fancy and enjoyment chilled.

The descent of the curtain did not dissipate this odd depression; she leaned back; the whole scene had lost its interest. "It comes from over there—this influence comes from that singular looking person. Such strange beauty, such brilliant intelligence, and yet such a gleam of malevolence as sometimes looks half fiendish—that is Beaumirail's kinsman and enemy—he is the

writer of that letter enclosing the locket with poor, darling Maude's hair, and that horrid old man beside him, so stiff and apathetic, who has never turned his head once, or changed a muscle of his gray face, and whose arm moves as if it was made of wood, he looks as if he were dead, and just animated for this occasion. I wish so much I had not come."

This young lady, looking apathetically forward over the heads of the distant people in the stalls, over the foot-lights, to the line where the gray boards and the curtain meet, is conscious of those images which disturbed her, reflected obliquely on her eye—that brilliant, malignant young man, that cadaverous old one. Had these two figures and faces in reality all that sinister character with which they seemed to present themselves to her? Not one particle, possibly. I can't tell. Miss Laura Challys Gray had a fancy highly excitable, and sometimes sombre. An intimation, fancied or real, told her that the young man in the box at the other side was the author of that letter, which, in spite of every effort, troubled her more and more. And from this one speck gradually rose and spread that darkness through which she saw all things changed.

This "Robert le Diable" did not find in that house a spectator so predisposed to receive in good faith the whole melo-dramatic impression of that great churchyard scene. The peaks and shafts of the ruined abbey, glimmering in moonlight, the terrible necromantic basso, and the sheeted phantoms, all but a moving picture—had yet a relation to real emotions which circumstances and fancy had already set in motion within her; and Miss Gray, to whom accident made the opera and all such scenic glamour still new, gazed on in the sort of erie rapture with which she might have read for the first time in the solitude of her room the ghostly scene in the "Lay of the last Minstrel" in the aisle of Melrose Abbey.

Had Charles suspected how rapt and thrilled she was, he would, no doubt, have smiled, notwithstanding his pre-occupation. She was absorbed—music, scene and figures all blended in one solemn, supernatural impression that was for her quite genuine. Leaning back again, with a sigh, as

if something drew her, without thinking, she turned her glasses unconsciously on the box where these people sat. The effect was startling.

Through her glasses she saw, it seemed but four feet removed, straight before her, the person of whom she had been thinking so disagreeably. That young man held his glasses on the edge of the box, in both hands, as if he had but that moment lowered them. The sensation was as if their eyes at that short distance had met. His were fixed on her with a steady, stern, and penetrating gaze, that seemed to hold her fixed for a moment—his face lighted with a faint smile of recognition.

With a kind of start she turned her glasses away, and carried them slowly on—a feminine effort to conceal the effect of that accidental encounter over a space so wide. She felt her cheeks, her very throat and forehead flush intensely, and then a chill and pallor came. There seemed to her a character of menace in that smile, and she felt that she was detected, and probably her thoughtless look misinterpreted.

She could have cried with vexation and terror. She had not time to reflect what a fool she was. A vague suspicion, however, of the light in which others might view her uneasiness about the whole occurrence, and some other feelings had made her lock the letter and the locket up, and evade good Mrs. Wardell's inquiries in the morning. That was her first secret.

At this moment she felt so uncomfortably and disconcerted that she would gladly have got up and left her place. She did not wish to talk over her folly with other people; her reluctance to divulge to old Mrs. Wardell and to Charles the odd occur-

rence of yesterday evening had grown upon her, and was now insurmountable, and Challys Gray had a scornful hatred of even the smallest and most harmless untruths, which unfitted her, a good deal, as she felt, for the benevolences of the world.

In the meantime Charles, whom the handsome unknown had also impressed as disagreeably, though quite in a different way, again looked at him from his less prominent post of observation.

The young man who had excited the contempt of Charles still occupied more of his attention than the opera. He fixed his glasses on him for a moment, with a stern countenance. He was, indisputably, in a certain style, the handsomest fellow he had ever seen; the outline was, as he said himself, almost feminine in its delicacy. The tints were those of a rich enamel, and, to crown all, not only had Challys Gray observed him, but he had detected the glasses of the unknown in her direction more than once. It was very provoking. The thought that he had been the person to persuade his fair kinswoman to come here also soured him.

"I don't know how it is," he thought, "that fellow has the air of an adventurer—a charlatan."

As he opened this vein of suspicion, however, he saw Lord Ardenbroke enter the box of the unknown, place his hand with a kind smile gently on the young man's arm, and shake him by the hand, as he turned about smiling, also. So that suspicion was exploded.

It certainly was Lord Ardenbroke, there could be no mistake about that, and they were chatting together, as it seemed, in a very friendly way.

## CHAPTER VIII.

ALFRED DACRE.

"You are *now* pretty sure to be found out," said Charles.

"Has anyone come in?" asked Miss Gray.

"Over there," said Charles, with a glance and a little nod, indicating the box at the opposite side.

"Why—what do you mean?" asked Miss Gray, with a slight change of colour.

"Your cousin, Lord Ardenbroke, has just made his appearance, and he's talking to that lady-like young gentleman about whom we so nearly quarrelled just now."

"I don't remember the quarrel, but is Ardenbroke really there?"

She was resolved not to look again in that direction.

"He is really in high chat, and

they seemed very glad to see one another."

"If I am to be discovered there's no one I should rather be found out by; he's so good-natured, and so pleasant."

She almost hoped he might see her and come across, so intensely curious had she become to learn something about that young man. If she could only be certain that he was *not* the writer of the anonymous letter which made her so restless, she would never think of him more. It was that fanciful association that connected him with that disguised communication that made him so interesting.

In the meantime what had passed between Lord Ardenbroke and the charlatan of Charles's dream, and the avenger of Miss Challys Gray's?

"It's an age since we met," said Lord Ardenbroke.

"Five years—*six* years, so it is. I did not think you could have known me, I hadn't this"—he touched his small peaked beard as he spoke—"and wore my hair long—do you remember—like young France, and I fancied I was so changed."

"I never forget a face," said Lord Ardenbroke. "And how long have you been in this part of the world, and what have you been doing these hundred years?"

"I've been all over the world, and doing everything, and I'm here in London upon a very secret affair—diplomatic, shall I say? I can't tell you yet, I'll call it a—what?—a secret mission"—he laughed a little—"and I know you'll not be vexed, but I must ask you to do me this kindness, not to mention that I've been here, I mean in this town of yours, to any living creature. I might, I'm quite serious, get into a very awkward scrape if it were known, and you'll promise."

"Certainly; no one shall hear a word of it from me," said Lord Ardenbroke.

"I see, you don't know what to make of me," said this young man, with a smile, perhaps the least degree in the world embarrassed, "but you shall, no one before you; I only wish I could tell you all about it now, you could give me counsel well worth having, but the truth is, the secret isn't mine—it is quite other people's."

"I shan't say I saw you," said Lord Ardenbroke, with a grave and quiet decision, "but would there be the least use in asking you to come to us to-morrow?"

"No," said the young man, with a smile and a shake of the head, "nothing would give me greater pleasure, but I can't go anywhere."

"Well, I was afraid you couldn't from what you said, but you'll be coming back I hope, soon, more your own master, and then I'll not let you off."

The young man smiled and thanked him.

"I've given up music, except my own miserable singing, for my private entertainment (he laughed), for years. I used to live in the opera, but one changes."

"You draw, and paint still, of course?"

"No, I've given that up also, one tires of everything at last, except—there's one pursuit, I still do enjoy. I studied Lavater, you remember, or you forget, but I did, and I think it an inexhaustible science, and I've been exercising my craft on a face this evening, and it has rather interested me."

"Oh! and where is this face?"

"Over there."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Lord Ardenbroke, looking in the direction of Miss Gray's box, "I'm so glad! why that's"—

"Don't tell me who, pray, just for a moment, she's good-looking, as we all see."

"Very."

"She's agreeable."

"Yes."

"And altogether, you'd say of her, she's"—

"Charming."

"Ha! she's worth punishing."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Am I to speak quite plainly, in my character of philosopher, physiognomist, psychologist?"

"By all means."

"Well, that girl's a devil."

"Isn't that very strong?" and Lord Ardenbroke laughed a little.

"I mean it, I could show you the lines and proportions in that, I may say, lovely face that quite settle the point; she is a fiend if you place her in certain relations."

"What sort of fiend?"

"Cruel."

"You are quite wrong," said Lord Ardenbroke.

The physiognomist laughed.

"You are I assure you."

"That's because you fancy that cruelty and malice are inseparable. She has no malice, and yet she is diabolically cruel. Recollect, I know absolutely nothing of her past life, and nothing of her character except what my art reveals. But that art is infallible, you'll find I'm right."

"I shall be very sorry," said Lord Ardenbroke with a smile, "and till then I must venture to question your mode of divination."

"You don't fancy that the people who burnt heretics in Smithfield, were more ill natured than others, they were simply stupid on a certain point—now *there's* a face quite beautiful, but it shows a capability, not a habit, of intense narrowness, intense obstinacy, and intense violence—she has imagination also. She might be in certain situations a character bigoted and terrible. There are fine qualities also—very, but I shan't trouble you with them. But, because she has so many fine attributes, I repeat, she is worth punishing. Who is she?"

There was a slight tension of features, as if a screw tightened. While putting the question he fixed his dark eyes on Lord Ardenbroke.

That nobleman looked a little put out and said as carelessly as he could—

"That young lady is a cousin of mine, Miss Gray of Gray Forest."

"Really, how odd! The moment I looked at her the thought struck me, that she was one of that family. It is a name that always strikes me with pain when I hear it, I sometimes think they had reason to complain, but that's an old story now, and I shan't disturb it. She's very pretty, and unless I mistake, she will take very good care of herself. I have fifty things to ask you, but, not here. I know where to find you and you'll allow me to look in on you?"

"Only too happy, and remember, you really must. I'm going now to that box over the way—I have not seen her for such a time."

"Shall I introduce you?" whispered the young man to his elderly companion, with an arch and bitter smile.

The man of the long iron-gray head, replied by slightly hitching his shoulder and turning a degree more away, his eyes still fixed on the remote prompter's box, while a shadow of displeasure gathered on his face, and he muttered some inaudible monologue to himself.

It was a mere whisper, and having uttered it, the young man still smiling gave his hand again to Lord Ardenbroke, who bid him good-bye—and vanished.

"You knew verra well I did not want to be introduced, what for should I?" said the old man, with traces of a Scotch accent, grimly and without turning, "What for should I?"

"How should I know? He might be of use to you."

The young man seemed to enjoy his friend's uneasiness.

"And the way you talk—the questions you ask of him, and the things you do, I'll say ye were daft, and I tell ye plainly, sir, I don't understand it," said the old man, turning and looking full at him for a moment.

"Understand it—of course you don't."

"No; you young men, if ye were a bit more steady and less conceited, ye'd be nothing the worse o't," said the gray man sternly.

"Cautious, cautious, but don't you know that rashness is often the highest caution."

"I know nothing o' the kind."

"I have my own ideas about it," said the young man, "I say with Monsieur Danton—l'audace, encore l'audace, toujours l'audace!"

"And if I wanted to speak with Lord Ardenbroke," continued his elderly companion, what for shouldn't I, without ceremony, for I ha' spoken with him sayveral times, it will be eight years since, and upon business of his own, confidential business, but I've no desire to renew the acquaintance, and if I had, ye'll understand, I should consider the present, sir, a vera inopportune time for ony such purpose."

"Don't call me *sir*, pray call me by my name," said the young man.

"Well, well, Mr. Dacre, *there*, and as I am acting with you, Mr. Dacre, I take the liberty of reminding you, sir, that business is business, and I see no room for trifling here."

"None in the world—quite the

contrary, by Jove. I quite agree with you," answered Dacre.

"I came here to inform ye with precision on one or two points."

"And so you have—admirably."

"And I tauld ye somebody would recognise ye ; ye should a sat more back, and held a bit playbill or something before your face."

"Or worn a nose and a pair of spectacles. But seriously, I had not an idea he could have known me after so long a time, for I *am* very much altered."

"And ye needn't have talked so long with him ; he's vera well known,

and I saw other folk with spy-glasses turned this way, while he was here."

"Well, they didn't hurt us, and what for shouldn't I hae a crack wi' the Lord after sae mony years ?" said Dacre, with a mimicry of the Scottish idiom.

"It needn't have been so long," said the gray man, accepting the phrase in good faith.

"And now, to change the subject. In a quarter of an hour this opera will be over, and then comes the ballet, and I mean to leave this in exactly five minutes," said Dacre, and he looked at his watch.

## CHAPTER IX.

### AN ADVENTURE.

In the mean time in Miss Laura Challys Gray's box another greeting had taken place, and after some talk, unnecessary to set down here, Lord Ardenbroke said—

"And so you think my friend very distinguished-looking, and—what else ?—I forget."

"Yes, I think he is—and I said fierce, sinister sometimes—and you are to answer me two questions," she said.

"You are curious, then ?"

"Yes, a little ; that is—very, and you *must* tell me."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Lord Ardenbroke. He's good-natured—he's agreeable—he's always in good spirits—he's very good company, and—I really think that is everything."

"Does he live in London ?"

"He lives all over the world, I believe."

"Is he an artist ?"

"Oh dear, no—except for his amusement."

"And what has he come here about ?"

"He has come here, he says, upon political business ; that's his own account of it ; but there may be some other mixed in it ; in fact, I should be very much surprised if there was any public business in it whatever."

"Well, you must answer one question. Isn't he a very revengeful person ?"

Miss Challys Gray was trying to spell out some clue to the author of her anonymous letter.

Lord Ardenbroke laughed.

"That's a thing which might be very easily hidden. He was an intimate acquaintance, not an intimate friend, do you see ?—very different thing. I have had no experience of him in any other way ; he has had quarrels like other people—a good many ; but one does not often know who is in the right, and who altogether in the wrong ; and the truth is, except of his lighter qualities, I have had little or no experience of him."

"And now you are to tell me : Is he a relation of de Beaumirail's ?"

"Let me consider. Isn't this a very severe cross-examination ? Well, yes, this much I am sure of—he is related to *relations* of de Beaumirail, and"—he laughed merrily—"I should be very much flattered if any young lady were to make such particular inquiries about me."

"Has he an antipathy to Guy de Beaumirail ?"

"I know hardly anything of him, I told you, except what I've said ; but I never heard of anything of the kind."

"And what's his name ?"

"You're not to ask me."

"Not ask his name !"

"No," said Lord Ardenbroke, laughing, as he shook his head.

"Oh, this is quite too absurd. You promised to answer two questions."

"I didn't, though—no, indeed."

"Oh ! yes, you did, and you must. What is his name ?"

"I can only say the same thing ; I can't tell it ; I mustn't."

He looked at her, laughing.

"Why not ?"

"There's no particular reason, except that I promised, only five minutes ago. He doesn't choose anyone to know that he's here, and he made me promise—I'm quite serious."

"Well, will you do me a kindness ?"

"Only name it."

"You must go and get his leave just to tell *one* person who will not repeat it to any other creature living."

"But won't that be putting you in a very interesting light ? What is he to think ?"

"I didn't think of that. But Charles here—he can ask."

"But he'll be bound to secrecy, just as I am, and you, still in the dark, and—just look there—there's no use in debating it further, for they have left their box, and perhaps I shan't see him again during his stay in town."

Yes, the box was empty, and Miss Laura Challys Gray was vexed. She had been so near, she fancied, obtaining a key to the puzzle that excited her curiosity and her fears, and now perhaps she should never know.

Lord Ardenbroke took his leave. Then followed a listless interval—nearly a quarter of an hour—before the curtain went down.

"Shall we stay for the ballet ?" asked Miss Gray of her chaperone.

"Well, I'm a little tired," said Mrs. Wardell.

"And I'm very tired," answered Miss Gray.

"Then, I'm afraid it has disappointed you ?" said Charles.

"It's very good—and the tenor quite angelic, and that basso wonderful—but somehow I haven't enjoyed it. I don't know ; I haven't been in spirits."

"You were talking to Ardenbroke about that man with the get-up after Mario. Had he much to say about him ?"

"No—next to nothing."

He fancied that a faint tinge of crimson stole to her cheeks as she answered his question.

"Nor even about the old man ?" asked Charles, who was a little surly.

"I did not think of that, it is very

true ; if we knew all about him it might throw a light"—

How ridiculous, and even coarse, this eagerness about a total stranger ! thought Charles Mannering—throw a light indeed ; what stuff !

A few minutes later, having seen the ladies into their carriage, and bid good night at the window, Charles lighted his cigar, not in a cheerful temper, and walked away towards his lodging, through streets already very nearly deserted, while Miss Gray's brougham drove at a rapid pace towards Guildford House.

The adventures of that night, however, were not yet over.

Turning the corner of a street, at a rapid pace, the off horse, young and fresh, swerved a little, the wheel struck one of those iron posts that guard the flagways, and in an instant one of the horses was lying on the pavement, and the other plunging furiously ; Mrs. Wardell screaming, while the carriage rocked most uncomfortably.

The door was, however, opened almost instantly, and not by her footman, whose descent from the box was delayed by the lashing and plunging of the horses. It was the handsome unknown of the opera who opened the door. By the light of the carriage lamps she had seen this tall slender figure approaching from the front, and recognised him in his loose coat. The fine eyes and oval face, also, were not to be mistaken.

It was he who held the door open and assisted Miss Gray to alight. He led her to the pathway with as ceremonious a respect as heroes in fairy tales lead their princesses, leaving Mrs. Wardell to the care of the servant, who had by this time got to the ground.

"You're not hurt ? I hope."

"No—she wasn't hurt."

"You can't stay here till your carriage and horses are ready ; it may be a very long wait ; my carriage," he said, "is quite at your disposal ; shall I tell your servant that he is to attend you home and your friend ? I wish it was more comfortable."

As the coachman reported something amiss with the harness, and a possible delay, the stranger's offer was accepted and the two ladies got in and he shut the door ; Miss Gray's servant got up beside the driver, and away they went.

As they drove homeward Miss Gray was silent, but her thoughts were happier. There was even a little excitement that was pleasant. Did this heroic-looking young man interest her independently of all theories about the nameless letter or the diamond locket, about which her conjectures grew more and more confused?

Here she was, sitting in his carriage, a very nice one—pretty, elegant even—and utterly in the dark as to who or what he was—longing to know—with nothing but a movable sheet of glass between her and the coachman who could relate everything about him, and yet still in the dark, without a conjecture as to how she was ever to learn more than the generalities she had collected from Ardenbroke.

At last she said to Mrs. Wardell—

“Did you remark the young man who was so kind about lending us his carriage; I mean, did you recognise him as the same who sat with an ugly old man at the opera, nearly opposite to us?”

“Yes, to be sure; I could not recollect it was the very person.”

“I’ve been wondering who he is; he’s a friend of Ardenbroke’s; but Ardenbroke would not tell me who he is, and we must make it all out; you are to manage that, mind, when we get home; you can see the servant and ask him whether our horse was much hurt, or anything you please, only you must learn the name of his master.”

“Very good, my dear; suppose you tell Mrs. Rumble to get him some supper, and to make out everything while he is eating it; and I can call him into the dining-room first, so that you shall have time to give Rumble her instructions.”

This little plot was hardly completed when they reached the gate of Guildford House. It was thrown open. The carriage lamps flashed on the knotted trunks of the old elms as they flew by, and with a sudden sweep they drew up at the steps.

The plan so artfully contrived, however, broke down before it was so

much as set in motion; for the door was again opened by the handsome young man who owned the carriage. He assisted the ladies in turn to alight, and Miss Gray with only a little bow, and “We are very much obliged,” ran up the steps, and disappeared, leaving Mrs. Wardell to deal with the stranger.

“Won’t you come in? pray do,” said the old lady.

This handsome cavalier might have assumed this invitation to mean precisely so much as similar hospitalities, so offered, do mean, and no more. Even Mrs. Wardell, curious as she had become—and what passion is more unscrupulous than curiosity?—was at her wit’s ends to find a decent pretext for urging him to come into the house at such an hour—had he hesitated.

But this difficulty did not occur, for he instantly availed himself of her invitation.

He followed her into the hall, and said, “I could not deny myself the honour of coming in, just to receive from your own lips the assurance that you and your young friend were not hurt.”

“Hurt! well, I do hope not injured, but shaken—shaken a good deal, and—and our nerves—you can understand—but no serious injury.”

“I’m so happy to hear you say so; and would it be very impertinent to ask leave to call to inquire to-morrow? My name is Dacre; your servant mentioned that the young lady is Miss Gray, of Gray Forest. I knew at one time some of her relations, and I shall do myself the honour to call—good night.”

And with a bow that was graceful as well as stately and grave, he withdrew; and in another minute was driving rapidly in the direction from which he had come.

“He’s coming to-morrow,” said Mrs. Wardell, who repaired forthwith to Laura Gray’s room, very purple, and very much out of breath, “and his name is Dacre; and I think him one of the very most agreeable and elegant young men I ever saw; and he knew some of your people



long ago, and he was so kind, and anxious, and attentive."

"Oh! coming here? How odd! And why is he coming here?" asked Laura very gravely.

"To inquire—to ask how we are—he couldn't well do less, he's so polite!"

"Dacre—I think I recollect the name, but I'm not sure. Well, he'll call; do you intend seeing him?"

"I see no reason why I shouldn't, merely to tell him how we are," answered Mrs. Wardell.

"No, there's no reason," acquiesced Laura Gray slowly; "did he come into the house?"

"Yes; just to the hall, but merely to inquire, and ask leave to call to-morrow, which, of course, I could not refuse; but it may be merely a call at the hall door, you know."

"Very likely. Dacre? Do you remember the name among friends or acquaintances of ours?"

"He only said that he once knew relations of yours. No; I can't say I do," answered Mrs. Wardell.

Laura Gray was sitting before her glass, in her dressing-gown, with her fine hair loose about her shoulders. She leaned back in her chair.

"You'll take a little tea; won't you? I should like some; get tea, Noel."

And her maid glided away.

"Dacre," repeated Laura, thinking. "I saw him, I told you, at the opera—but distance, you know—and—I don't know how it is, but people do look different in such places. Did he look like a singer, or an actor, when you saw him near—in the house?"

"Not at all—he looked just like anyone else—only very handsome and distinguished," answered the old lady.

"And what of his manners?"

"Perfect," said Mrs. Wardell decisively.

"He seems to have made a very agreeable impression," said Laura, smiling, and relapsed into thought. "Dacre, I cannot recall it; yet I feel as if I ought to remember it. And at what hour is he to call?"

"He did not say; and if he asks to come in I don't see why I shouldn't see him," said Mrs. Wardell.

"Ardenbroke will be here to-morrow, I'm certain. What fun if he and Mr. Dacre happened to meet here after all their mystery to-night," said Miss Gray.

So they continued to chat together till it was time to say good night, and old Mrs. Wardell went away.

Then Laura Gray, having also despatched her maid, unlocked her desk, and took out the mysterious letter and the diamond locket.

Just as that glimmering circle flashed suddenly and steadily on her eye, had the conviction gleamed on her mind that the person whom she saw that night in the box with that long-headed old man, was the author of the letter which she now scanned with an excited interest. As she read, the image of the young man, as he appeared for a moment before her, when her glass had lighted upon him unawares—was before her, handsome, sinister, watchful. As she read, still she saw that faint, stern smile, that seemed to imply a mutual understanding—shadowed unpleasantly before her.

And now, what did her evidence amount to? Simply to this smile and this intuition. A case of shadows. And yet this intuition continued, and the smile abated not. A painful impression—a persistent phantom—that followed her to her bed—and showed monotonously through the filmy curtain of her eyelid.

## CHAPTER XI.

### DE BEAUMIRAIL'S AMBASSADOR.

EARLY next day about eleven o'clock Miss Gray was quite among her flowers with hoe and rake, and a pair of those rough gauntlet-shaped gloves with which ladies protect their hands in such operations, and a small boy assisting, and to-ing and fro-ing on errands, and often on his knees grubbing in the mould.

The sun shone out pleasantly, the tufted foliage of the old trees cast soft shadows on the grass, and yielding to the indolence, and inspired by the quietude of the miniature scene, she dropped her trowel and seated herself on her garden chair, at first watching the labours of the boy who was working away among the weeds and

flowers. But her thoughts soon carried her elsewhere. One subject had begun to engross her mind. It engaged it last at night, and first in the morning, and haunted her incessantly.

The little diamond locket she wore about her neck, hidden inside her dress, she now drew forth, and looked at the rich brown hair it contained with a pang of bitter remembrance. She brooded over that sad history with a commiseration that deepened into rage. "Thank God," she murmured, "I never faltered—it is my duty to be firm."

She replaced the locket so mysteriously acquired, and raised her eyes.

The shorn grass under the windows was cut into flower-beds, glowing and glaring all over with masses of blossom.

The double row of elms leading down to the gate, was at her left, some equally tall and spreading trees stood at intervals by the lane side, lilacs and laburnums made an underwood, and the wall had a thick mantle of ivy.

Gliding with slow, long paces from under the deep shadow, in which the noble elms at her left enveloped the short avenue, emerged from between their trunks, upon the grass, the old clergyman whom she had dismissed so summarily on the day after her arrival at Guildford House.

It was on the whole with a compunctious feeling that she saw the old man whom she had dismissed so rudely, approaching her again. She rose, and with a few quick steps hastened to meet him, looking grave, sorrowful, with her hand extended.

He bowed—he timidly extended his hand.

"I'm so much obliged to you for coming to me again. It is very good of you, sir, and I am ashamed of my rudeness, and beg your pardon. I hope you forgive me, sir." She looked with sad and earnest eyes in his.

"Oh, dear me, I never thought it more than a momentary vexation—pray think of it no more. I took the liberty of calling to beg two or three minutes."

"Oh, sir! not I hope on the same subject; but whatever it may be, I shall listen with great respect, for I know very well how pure and kind your motive must be, and I am quite ashamed when I think of my ungracious and flippant words. Won't you come into the house?"

"Thank you, ma'am, very much, but a friend who dropped me at the corner will call for me in a very few minutes, and so I had better say what I came to tell you here."

"But, oh! pray do come in. Do, Mr. Parker. I can't think you have quite forgiven me, unless you do. Oh! do, sir, please."

It was one of her fancies, and when an idea took possession of her she was irresistible. The old clergyman found himself, quite against his first intention, in the drawing-room of Guildford-house, making his little speech in the cause of humanity, while the listening flowers on the window-stone trembled and nodded. But what effect did he produce where to mould the will would be to unlock the gates of despair?

"It is, indeed, ma'am, as you rightly suppose, upon the same subject that I come to speak only a few words, very few, but, I trust, moving words. Yesterday evening Mr. De Beaumirail sent for me. I found him very ill; I found him in despair. In that miserable place, among the other prisoners, is a clever but unfortunate physician, who has been there for more than ten years. As I left Mr. de Beaumirail I met this gentleman, Doctor Wiley, on the stairs, and he turned and walked down with me, and said he, 'I observe that you visit Mr. de Beaumirail. I went into his room to pay my respects this morning, as I do once a month or so, and found him ill.' He used some technical terms which I did not understand, but he made it clear to me that he thought him in a bad way."

"Very ill?" said the young lady, growing pale.

"I mean," answered the clergyman, "in a precarious state. Protracted confinement," he said, "in his present state might in a short time prove fatal—I mean, reduce him to such a state as would render his recovery impossible."

"Oh! sir, isn't this cruel? isn't it *distracting*?" said Laura Gray, piteously wringing her hands. "Why do you urge me on this point? I have not told you half my reasons. I can hardly explain them to myself. You would think me mad. You argue with me as if you thought I acted from simple malice. There is what I told you mingling in it, but there is

another feeling, quite different. Sit down for a moment, and let me tell you."

"Dear, dear!" murmured the old man, throwing a weary weight of disappointment into the homely ejaculation.

"Yes, I know by your looks—your tones declare it—you think me, on this point, immovable, and so I am. But listen, it is *not* malice that makes me so. It is this: a feeling right or wrong that he is undergoing a punishment that a righteous power has awarded—a punishment that satisfies some equities that I don't fully comprehend. God knows I would set him free if I could. Is it religion—is it superstition—this awe of an unseen power that terrifies me?"

"You remember my excellent friend, Mr. Larkin, who quoted the blessed words, 'Sick and in prison and ye visited me,' " said the clergyman.

"Oh, yes, I know. I tried, sir, to persuade myself to consent to his liberation. I tell you, Mr. Parker, I *wished* it, but I can't. Those texts don't apply. The Saviour speaks of those who are his—so entirely his, that in visiting them we visit *him*. Is it not impiety to apply that to a man who never thought of his Redeemer, of heaven, of anything but himself, and whose prodigality and wickedness, and not his Christian heroism, have placed him where he is? Yet, even so, through mere good nature, or weakness, or what you will, I should set him free, but that the idea terrifies me. How can I tell how

those who are gone would regard it; how God would view it; and whether I am not—if I gave way—yielding not to mercy, but to an evil influence, and sacrificing the claims of affection, and the justice of God, to a base temptation? I can't define it: I feel it. A horror I can't describe bars my interfering with the course of that hateful tragedy. If I did so I think I should go mad. Oh! sir, don't press me. Spare me, for God's sake, and never mention it again."

The old man looked down, pained, perplexed. He did not know how to argue with a difficulty so unlike the simple vulgarities of revenge and hatred.

The old clergyman sighed deeply, and looked up as if to resume his plea. But she said, anticipating—

"No, sir. Faith may move mountains, but you cannot shake the barrier that rises before my will. I could as easily persuade you to deny your Lord as you could me to violate that awful conviction."

He bowed, and took his leave. She walked down the stairs beside him in silence, and from the hall door upon the grass, and, walking a few steps beside him, she said—

"I wonder whether M. de Beaumirail has an enemy called Dacre? Can you make out?—a young man called Dacre? and I will, if you think he wants money—I would tell Mr. Gryston to place a sum in your hands for his use. But more than that is impossible."

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## MEDIEVAL FICTIONS AND THEIR SOURCES.

### THE LOCALIZATION OF LEGENDS.

THE localization of legends, which had erewhile been known in other countries, and under other names, has probably occurred in the following mode.

A western colony, whose individuals, if genealogies and histories had been preserved, could trace the migrations of their ancestors backwards to dwelling-place in mid Asia, has preserved a legend whose personages had their being in the neighbourhood of Balk or Samarcand. In the transmission of the story through generations who had neither seen these places nor even heard of them,

except in the gradually corrupted tradition in which they were for a time retained in the household tale, the names dropped out of memory altogether. This is exemplified in the ordinary fireside tales where no proper names are ever quoted, the personages being the King, the Princess, the Stepmother, the Youngest Son, &c. The clever, unprincipled, but good-natured servant or peasant is in our countries Jack. In Germany he bears the equivalent Hans. Among the Irish-speaking folk he is often "Giolla na Chroicean Gobhar," the Fellow in the Goat-skin, or Red-head, or some such easily remembered personage.

Where a locality possessed the memory of some early misty personage about whom little more was known than the name, the deeds of some hero of popular tradition, whose proper appellation was lost, were gradually assigned to him. By this arrangement social comfort was a gainer. Formerly the fireside assemblies possessed a name with no deeds worth mention attached thereto; also some notable deeds of a man without a name; now they have man and deeds pleasantly preserved in one story. This circumstance is illustrated at fireside gatherings in Ireland, in whose social entertainments Dean Swift figures as the author of every witty saying and shrewd practical jest, whose memory has been preserved in such gatherings. It really seems a pity to deprive mythic heroes, whom we half worshipped in our school-days, of their fame, however acquired. Must even the brave William Tell lose his bow and arrows, his marksman skill, his disrespect to Gessler's hat, and his freeing of Switzerland from foreign yoke? Alas! it must be so; hear what the Rev. S. Baring-Gould says on the subject of

WILLIAM TELL.\*

"This event, observe, took place in the beginning of the 14th century. But Saxo-Grammaticus, a Danish writer of the 12th century, tells the story of a hero of his own country who lived in the 10th century. He relates the incident in horrible style as follows," &c., &c.

Toki, a favourite of the king, is the hero of the Danish legend, which corresponds with the Swiss one, even to the spare arrow reserved by the father for the king's behoof if he had killed his child. A similar trial of skill took place with Egil in the Saga of Thidrik,—with Saint Olaf and Eindrid, A.D. 1030,—King Harald and Heimingr, A.D. 1066,—and with the same Harald and Geyti, son of Aslak, as told in the Faroë Isles. In the terrible Anti-Witch book, the "Malleus Maleficarum" (The Ham-

mer for the Witches), a worthy, named Puncher, performs the feat. In a poem written by Farid-Uddin-Attar, a Persian sage, born 1119, a king shoots an apple off the head of a beloved page, who however dies of the fright.†

Our author inclines to the theory which ascribes all these myths to an allegorical origin, the personages being powers of nature, or good and evil principles. He submits the following explanation of the widespread tradition, without however placing too much stress on it.

"Gesler or Harald may be the power of evil and darkness, and the bold archer the storm-cloud, with his arrow of lightning and his iris-bow, bent against the sun, which is resting like a coin or a golden apple on the edge of the horizon; yet we have no guarantee that such an interpretation is not an over-straining of a theory."

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould is one of our highest and soundest authorities on such subjects as the one under consideration. However, the reader had better be aware of the existence of earnest archæologists who, granting that a large number of myths are mere corruptions of religious truths, revealed to Adam and the patriarchs, or debased allegories in which the powers of nature, and good and evil spirits compose the personages, are persuaded that many traditions and legends are exaggerated relations of pre-historical events. Allowing this theory to have some weight, we might conjecture that the incident really took place before the separation of the Celtic, the Gothic, and the Slavonic families in Asia; and that the original fact was retained by all the offshoots, the scene and the actors being suitably varied, as above remarked. The following sentences exhorting to moderation in handling open questions, are well worth attention:—

"In these pages and elsewhere I have shown how some of the ancient myths related by the whole Aryan family of nations are reducible to allegorical explanations of certain

\* "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages." By S. Baring-Gould, M.A., First and Second Series. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons.

† The reader may have noted also the precisely similar feat described in the stirring epic of "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clewgh, and William of Clontessie," preserved in "Percy's Relics."

well-known natural phenomena, but I must protest against the manner in which our German friends rapaciously seize upon every atom of history, sacred and profane, and demonstrate all heroes to represent the sun, all villains to be the demons of night or winter, all sticks and spears and arrows to be the lightning, all cows, and sheep, and dragons, and swans to be clouds."

Our author furnishes an amusing argument against confiding in plausible theories when we find ourselves on unknown ground. A French ecclesiastic taking a line of argument different from Archbishop Whately's, proved with much self-complacency that the History of Napoleon I. was a mere myth, Apollo being evidently concealed behind the chief personage.

Apoleon, another name for Apollo, requires only an N prefixed to become the name of the hero; *νη* or *ναι* being a particle of affirmation, establishes Ne-apoleon as the genuine Apollo. Bonaparte also happily designates the sun. Night is the bad or evil part of the twenty-four hours, the day ruled by the sun is the good or *bona pars*. Here fact and allegory are within a hair's breadth of each other. Again, Apollo was born in an isle of the Mediterranean, so was Napoleon. Apollo's mother was Latona or Læto, this last name being the obsolete form of Lætor, I make rejoice. Napoleon's mother was joy itself, Letitia. Apollo had two wives (the moon and the earth), so had Napoleon. Apollo released Hellas from the terrible Python; Napoleon crushed the terrible Hydra of revolution in France. Napoleon's twelve marshals are personifications of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and his four stationary officers are the four seasons or the four cardinal points.

#### BETH GELLERT.

The legend of the Dog Gellert appropriated by Wales is claimed by Russia for some czar, called Piras. In Germany the name of the faithful hound is Sultan. The same story in

substance is told in the *Fabliaux* of Le Grand, and in the *Gesta Romanorum*. The "Seven Wise Masters" contain the story, but the "Seven Wise Masters" are from the Hebrew "Kalilah and Dimna" of Rabbi Joel, A.D. 1250, or Simeon Seth's Greek story, same name, 1080. But these works were translations.—Joel's from the Arabic of Nasr-Allah, 12th century; Seth's from the Persian, and the Persian legend again was but a version of a story from the Sanskrit "Pantscha Tantra"\* dating from about A.D. 540. It is worth affording space to what is probably the oldest form of the legend, the Chinese variety being younger by about a century.

"A Brahmin, named Devasaman, had a wife who gave birth to a son and also to an ichneumon. She loved both her children dearly, giving them alike the breast, and anointing them alike with salves, but she feared the ichneumon might not love his brother.

"One day having laid her boy in bed, she took up the water-jar, and said to her husband, 'Hear me, master. I am going to the tank to fetch water. Whilst I am absent watch the boy lest he gets injured by the ichneumon.' After she had left the house, the Brahmin went forth begging, leaving the house empty. In crept a black snake, and attempted to bite the child; but the ichneumon rushed at it, and tore it in pieces. Then proud of its achievement it sallied forth all bloody to meet its mother. She, seeing the creature stained with blood, concluded with feminine precipitancy that it had fallen on the baby and killed it, and she flung her water-jar at it, and slew it. Only on her return home did she ascertain her mistake.

A variety of the story may be also consulted in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE in the legend of the "Scullogue of Muskerry."

In the *Hitopadesa*† the guardian is an otter, in the Arabic a weasel.

It is our individual opinion that the chief incident really occurred in the early history of the human family.

\* Or Panchatantra (the Five Books), a collection of Hindu fables, said to have been composed by the Brahmin Vishnusauman for the education of the unruly sons of King Amarasakti, whose education he was obliged to perfect within six months.

† "Good Advice." It is a collection of fables composed later than the Panchatantra from still older collections. The best specimens of this kind of literature found in the Persian, Arabic, or modern European languages, are found in the *Hitopadesa*.

If it did not, the original version was a fable whose moral was a dissuasive against precipitancy.

MELUSINA.

Another of our myths, whose origin is to be sought in Pagan eld, is the story of Melusina, ancestress of the Lords of Lusignan. It is not expedient to disturb our readers' comfort with the different versions of the story extant, one will be found sufficient.

Emmeric Count of Poitou had adopted Raymond, son of a kinsman who was in reduced circumstances, and incumbered with a large family. After a hard day's hunting as the two gentlemen were resting themselves by a good fire in the forest, a furious boar came rushing on the count. Raymond struck furiously at the animal, but the weapon glancing from his bristles, mortally wounded his patron. Another more fortunate blow killed the boar, but the hero seeing his friend slain was seized with violent sorrow and terror, and knew not what to do. Wandering on purposeless, he came into a glade with a fountain bubbling up in the middle, and by the fountain was the loveliest woman he had ever laid eyes on.

She graciously inquired the cause of his trouble, and on learning it, used her efforts to console him. "The act was involuntary, and there was no need to accuse himself to the count's son and successor." Raymond soon forgot his sorrow in the presence of the beautiful nymph. She told him she was a Water Fay of great power and wealth, and on his pressing his suit with great eagerness, she consented to become his bride. She insisted on one condition only, a disagreeable one indeed, but he would have yielded to severer conditions so deep had his love become. "He should allow her to spend every Saturday in strict retirement."

She requested him to ask from his Cousin Bertram so much land round her favourite fountain as he could cover with a stag's hide. This boon he readily obtained, to the after chagrin of the donor, for by Melusina's advice, who might have read the story of Dido, he cut the hide into strips. Near the spring the beauteous Fay erected a magnificent castle, and there the nuptials were celebrated, Bertram

being, as was only just, the most respectfully treated guest. On that evening the bride, with tears in her eyes, besought Raymond to remember his promise, and he, nearly as much affected, fervently renewed it.

Melusina enlarged and improved her castle by degrees till none like it could be found in France. There was never the slightest diminution of the mutual love of the married pair. Still to mark that such unions are not approved by Providence, their first son, Urian, was born with a large mouth, hanging ears, one eye red, and the other green. The birth of the second son Gedes did not improve domestic comfort. His face was the colour of scarlet. However, in gratitude for the godsend, his mother erected and endowed the convent of Malliers, and built the castle of Favent as a residence for her son. It is not agreeable to dwell on the corporal defects of her after offspring, the fewer words the better. Guiot had one eye higher than the other, Anthony had long claws for fingers, and was covered with hair; the next was one-eyed, Geoffrey's mouth was disfigured with a boar's tusk, none of the rest were without some malformation.

Years went by, and the happiness of Raymond and Melusina suffered no decrease. The children became distinguished heroes, and one named Freimund was a pious monk in the abbey of Malliers. Raymond's aged father, the Count de la Forêt, lived with his son and daughter-in-law, and his other sons were supplied with suitable means to uphold their rank.

One Saturday at dinner the old count asked the reason of Melusina's absence from the meal. Raymond informed him of her habit, and one of the brothers took an opportunity soon after of communicating some painful suspicions of his own, and the reports of their neighbours concerning the mode in which his wife spent her Saturdays. Stung with sudden jealousy and fears, Raymond immediately sought Melusina's apartment. It was empty, and the door communicating with her bath-room was closed. Forgetting that he was a belted knight, he condescended to peep through the key-hole, and what met his sight but his dear wife in her bath in the unadorned guise of a

the *Green Breasil* princely or noble, and under favourable circumstances had been seen by gifted mortals. Hy Breasil or any other "Isle of the Blessed" would have been rendered permanent above the surface of the Atlantic if the chance discoverer had been able to touch it with a fire-pointed arrow shot from his boat. Thus was *Inis na Bo Finne* (Isle of the White Cows) secured to sight and touch by a clever marksman. Below the waves was also the land of youth *Tir nan-noige*, where the chivalric warriors and hunters and their ladies enjoy happiness. It is a pity that modern science affords no encouragement to the hypothesis of a large submerged island in the Atlantic, so much did the aspirations of the ancients tend to the idea of a lovely land outside the pillars of Hercules, bathed in sunlight, rejoicing in evergreen meadows, limpid rivers, and hills clothed with forests. The early tradition of Paradise being located in an eastern land could not divest the setting of the sun of its more powerful claims. Such charms have had at all times the glorious spectacle of the Day-god sinking into his resting place! The orient is also bright and cheerful, but yet it is the mere starting point of the day's toilsome journey.

It is strange that we do not see oftener quoted the remarkable passage in Strabo, so suggestive of the spherical form of the earth and the existence of a continent in the western ocean. He observes:—

"The only hindrance in the way of passing west from Iberia to India is the vastness of the Atlantic Ocean. But in the same temperate zone as we inhabit, and especially about the parallel passing through Thineæ, and traversing the Atlantic, there may exist two inhabited countries and perhaps more than two."

We need not seek very painfully for the origin of the ideas entertained by the ancient Greeks and the Western Asiatics concerning the Fortunate Islands in the Atlantic. The Phenicians in all likelihood discovered at an early period Madeira

and the Canaries. The reported enemies of these isles, enhanced a little by imagination, were more than sufficient to convey Elysian ideas to the imagination of the audiences of the returned voyagers. We know the enclosures of orange trees in Iberia were thus converted into the Garden of the Hesperides abounding in tree-laden with golden fruit.

Not only did Hy-Breasil and *Tir nan-noige* furnish abodes to departed souls. A legend of more restricted dimensions set Britain apart for the final resting-place of souls which had once belonged to Continental folk. The statement is found in Procopius. Our author quotes it as told by Agelastes, rather by Sir Walter Scott in his "Count Robert of Paris."

"I have read in that brilliant mirror which reflects the time of our fathers, the volumes of the learned Procopius, that beyond Gaul and nearly opposite to it, but separated by an arm of the sea, lies a ghastly region, on which clouds and tempests for ever rest, and which is known to its Continental neighbours as the abode to which departed spirits are sent after this life. On one side of this strait dwelt a few fishermen,—men possessed of a strange character, and enjoying singular privileges in consideration of thus being the living ferrymen, who, performing the office of the heathen Charon, carry the spirits of the departed to the island which is their residence after death. At the dead of the night these fishermen are in rotation summoned to perform the duty by which they seem to hold permission to reside on this strange coast. A knock is heard at the door of his cottage who holds the turn of this singular office, sounded by no mortal hand. A whispering as of a decaying breeze summons the ferryman to his duty. He hastens to his bark on the shore, and has no sooner launched than he perceives its hull sink sensibly in the water, so as to express weight of the dead by whom it is filled. No form is seen, and the voices are heard, yet the accen-

\* Procopius, a Byzantine writer, born at Cæsarea in Palestine, in the early sixth century, taught rhetoric in Constantinople, and was appointed by Belisarius private secretary. He also enjoyed the favour of Justinian, and became Prefect of Constantinople. His death occurred in 562. His history embraces the period A.D. 527-565. A scandalous chronicle of the Court is attributed to his pen.

starved and ever-burdened sense." In the industrial order; in the speculative and scientific order; in the political order—in all alike there was then a stirring of the dry bones; but none of them had a wider effect—none, possibly, had so wide an effect, over and among the people, as the Wesleyan Reformation. It caused, incidentally, a general development of democratic principles—religious dissent, into which the religious reformers were forced, led to advanced views in politics, and a bold questioning of the old system. Burke recognised these new forces, and was true to the Constitution in accordance with them, not in an obstinate resistance to them. He recognised in the Constitution a government for the whole people, by the whole people. It was a perfect machine to which all classes had only to be faithful, to secure happiness. "Our Constitution," said he once, "is like an island which uses and restrains its subject sea. In vain the waves roar. In that Constitution I know, and exultingly I feel, both that I am free, and that I am not free dangerously to myself or to others. Never will I cut it in pieces and put it into the kettle of any magician, in order to boil it with the puddle of their compounds into youth and vigour: on the contrary, I will drive away such pretenders; I will nurse its venerable age, and with lenient acts extend a parent's breath." It was necessary that there should be an orator thus to contend against innovators, when these were daring in their purposes; but of the improvement of institutions within the Constitution, Burke was quite as earnest a champion as of the sacredness of the Constitution itself.

As a sample of Mr. Morley's proper style, and the range of his own strong judgment, we shall quote a passage on the war of American Independence. "The attitude of the English majority in that war," says our author, "and the wretched disasters which ensued, constitute one of the most striking examples which history furnishes of the widespread mischief that may be inflicted by the predominance of an unsound metaphysical abstraction . . . It may perhaps be a question with the student of history, whether the misdirected idea of pub-

lic Right, or the misdirected idea of public Duty has been the root of greater calamities for mankind. To the latter we owe the chapter of religious persecution, which might appear the most heartrending section in the annals of the race, until we come to reflect on the misery which has been spread over the face of the earth in the vindication of their fancied or real rights by tyrannical sovereigns and frenzied peoples. The motive present to the earliest English supporters of Lord North's system was mainly a desire to save themselves from a part of their taxes which they hoped to extract from the colonists. But a mercenary impulse of this sort must be supported and justified by a passable principle. Without such a principle they would not be able to grapple to themselves the mass of the people. They fell back upon the doctrine that the English government was sovereign in the colonies as well as at home; and in the notion of sovereignty they found inherent the notion of an indefeasible right to impose and exact taxes. Having satisfied themselves of the existence of this sovereignty, and of the right, therefore, which they took to be its natural property, they saw no step between the establishment of their abstract right and the establishment of the propriety of enforcing it."

The whole chapter upon this point, on which Mr. Morley has expended much labour, is well worth the contemplation of the politician aiming to become a statesman. We say nothing of several of his illustrations of the principle, but the principle itself that no "given right (in a public sense), is possessed of qualities beyond those of a measurable fluctuating and conventional value," cannot be successfully disputed. In the application of it lies the difficulty. All men can see now that it was simply iniquitous to pretend to an absolute right on the American colonies, but a few persons only saw the wickedness of the obstinacy of that course at the time, and of the majority there were who may have thought it was impolitic to yield: it is hard to see those mixed up in the struggle, parties to say how far they regard as cool reasonings affected by the prejudices of the recent circumstances of



on foot and led her to her chamber, "et fait tant d'honneur celle fois et tonisiurs à la Duchesse et aux dames et damoiselles de sa compagnie que grand louange luy en fut donnée de chacun."

And from the Memoirs of Alienor de Poitiers, a lady of the Court of Bourgogne, who watched and recorded everything she saw and heard, and has left us a rich store of ceremonies, and the scandals and jealousies which were continually arising about difficult points of etiquette, we learn that at the Court of Burgundy the gospel of good breeding laid down that the Princes Royal of France should take precedence before the most powerful princes of the world, and that the Dukes of Burgundy, whose power was quite equal to that of the King, yet thought themselves obliged to bend the knee before the most simple son of the King of France. To be the nearest in blood connection to the throne of France, was to take precedence of every one, and hence it was that Isabelle de Lorraine, Queen of Sicily, not only yielded the "pas" to the Dauphiness of France, but was treated with a sort of inferiority by the Duchess of Burgundy, seeing that the Duke was nearer the Crown of France than the King of Sicily.

These strict rules led to many disputes on points of precedence, and to avoid such, a custom arose amongst ladies who were friends of entering the reception-rooms in a "*line, hand in hand*," out of friendship, but on State occasions the strict rule of precedence was maintained.

Alienor, who was taken to Court when only seven years old, by her mother, Isabelle de Souze, wife of Jean de Poitiers, Seigneur d'Arci, sur Aube. Isabelle was one of the *dames d'honneur* to l'Infante de Portugal, whom she accompanied in 1429 to the Court of Burgundy, on her marriage with Philip le Bon, the Duke. This young lady, who afterwards became Viscountess de Furnes, was of a very observant turn of mind, watched all the contentions, listened to all the quarrels and squabbles, and wrote them down in a journal. In one place she tells us of the order of entrance :

"La première alloit Mlle. de Bourbon et puis Mlle. de Coimbra mais elles alloient toutes main à main. J'ai maintes fois ouy dire que l'on faisait tort à Mlle. de Coimbra

et qu'elle devait aller tant devant. Madame Isabelle de Portugal, dis celle ne voulait point que sa niece devant celles de Monsieur le Duc son mari en sa maison pour monstr toutes femmes doivent faire honneur parens de leurs maris devant les le

"I have also noticed," says mediæval Becky Sharp, "that Monsieur le Duc d'Alençon came to Lille, to meet Monsieur le Phillip, they paid a great court to each other, but Monsieur le Phillip took the precedence and walked first."

There was a great disturbance between Madame de Nevers and Madame d'Eu when on a visit to Duke Philip at Lille; but "I heard," says Alienor, "that Monsieur le Duc always the greater honour to Madame de Nevers, placing her at table next him, and Madame d'Eu below." involved also another distinction a lady who was unfortunate enough to be placed *below* the Duke, always presented his *right* hand she took his right arm, but the more fortunate lady who had honour of being placed *above* the Duke, he tended his *left* hand and she his left arm upon the psychological principle that it was nearer the throne.

But we must turn from this discussion to the Court of Burgundy taking up our Book of English Precedence, we shall find that a stringent etiquette, in all probability borrowed from this brilliant Court was maintained in England. Russell gives strict directions for marshalling guests at table.

In the first group were to be placed together pope, emperor, king, cardinal prince, with "goldyn royalle," archbishop and duke, the second bishops, marquises, counts, earls, may sit together "they be lovyngly." In the third the Mayor of London, and the abbot, the three chief justices, speaker of Parliament. In the fourth and fifth all other ranks were seated in masses of three or five who were agreeable to each other.

The "Bishop of Cantuar" was to be served apart from the bishop of York, for the "Bishop of York" must not eat in the presence of the Primate of England.

In this book are also many treatises on the precedence

lowers, and none at all for hiring the free companies. Sir Sibbald Scott observes with reference to this arrangement:—

"An important result derived from this change in the military administration of the State was, that as the strength of armies came to be estimated only by the number of disciplined men which they contained, so, naturally, the feudal nobles lost their influence, and in less than a century they and their tenants, though sometimes summoned to the field according to the ancient form, were considered as an incumbrance rather than an assistance, and were viewed with contempt by soldiers who had acquired experience in the operations of continued service. Thus the military regulations of Charles VII., by establishing the first standing army in Europe, occasioned a social revolution."

The following extract from an eulogy of this king, quoted in Michel's *Les Français en Ecosse*, presents a pleasing picture of the effects of the wise change:—

"The military established by law were paid by the people, and among them they dwelt in peace. They lived without any recourse to pillage, and the people felt well disposed towards them, and loved them, and requested the king to let them live where they received their pay. Their tunics (*hoquetons*) were of buckskin or sheepskin, or of dyed cloth."

In 1460 the son of Charles VII., Louis XI., took 6,000 Swiss into pay, and from that date till 1830, the French sovereigns were faithfully served and defended by these loyal partisans. Readers of the Waverley Novels know something of the Scottish archers, and the Irish Brigade has left pleasant memories behind it.

England was in no great hurry to follow the example of her neighbour. The spirit of the nation has always been adverse to the establishment of a standing army. The wars of the houses of York and Lancaster thoroughly engrossed the attention of the country till the reign of Henry VII., whose warlike achievements were confined to a "military promenade to Boulogne and back," and the institution of the Yeoman Guard.

"Henry VIII. instituted the corps of gentlemen pensioners, an expensive

but strong escort of cavalry, which did him good service in his expedition to France." He needed no standing army, for his sway was so absolute that he could make the available-bodied force of his kingdom available at a very short notice. He found an order in his reign, directing the archers, to carry halberds, which were stuck upright in the ground, their quivers were emptied. Then they proceeded to make use of them. From the battle of Bosworth to the civil war in the reign of Charles, with some trifling exceptions, the only military manifestations on English soil were confined to musters.

Though Chelsea hospital was completed till the reign of Charles II., such an institution was projected by Queen Mary, as appears by her will, dated 30th March, 1558, which she ordered her executors "to provide a house in London, and an income of the clear yearly value of 400 marks, for the relefe, succour, helpe of pore, impotent, and aged soldiers, and chiefly those that fallen into extreme povertie, having no pensyon or other pretence of living, or are become hurt or may be in the warres of this realme, or onny service for the defence and succour of their prince and of their country, or of the domynions thereunto longeing."

It is out of our power to pursue our pleasant task farther. Besides, it would require more space than any magazine could afford to examine whether they deserve the numerous brasses of the subject so ably handled by the author. Besides the military history of the country, he dwells in detail on the institution of the body guards, standards and banners, general reduction of the lance, dragoon regiments and other varieties of arms, soldiers, great military reforms, infantry, and their clothing, and in which the pike is not forgotten. In fact there are no arms, or defensive used by British men since the days of Cromwell, have not been well described as presented in plates. Its professors are treated in length. Several of the of English and French history are described, with the arrangement on each side, the chief and operations of the

ever this morning, in a suit of black velvet, and scarlet stockings.

"Not exactly," said Bob, gravely, while a peal of laughter burst from the rest, "as he is short and fat, and has no wool on the top of his head, on the place where the wool ought to grow."

"I'm afraid that description of person would rather mar the effect of our 'tableaux,' Miss Harvey," Mr. Cary replied.

"I think so," said Madeline; "though Mr. Bedford *has* been made to do very odd things before now, on an emergency."

"Indeed he has," said Alice; "and I don't know why he shouldn't help now either. You were saying you wanted a priest in that new scene; why shouldn't he be it?"

"Mr. Bedford a priest!" exclaimed several voices.

"Is it against his principles?" said Mr. Cary.

"Oh, no," said Bob, "his boast is he doesn't possess any."

"That's all nonsense," said Lady Frances, "he only goes on that way for fun. He's one of the best little men I know."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Cary; "but Lady Frances, I'm afraid we're more interested just now about his body than his soul—can't you tell us anything satisfactory about that?"

"Not anything, except what Bob has told you," she replied.

"Well, but I don't see that what Bob has said is anything against his doing what *we* want," said Alice. "Priests are generally old, and *always* fat."

"True for you, Alice," said Bob.

"Don't be Irish, Bob."

"I daresay, Miss Alice," answered Mr. Cary, "your common run of priest is what you describe, but you see high art always idealizes."

"I don't see how you can idealize Bedford," said Sir Harry, laughing heartily.

"Now, father, don't *you* begin," said Charlie, speaking very fast and with great emphasis, "you know you don't know what you're talking about; Mr. Bedford (the dear little fellow) can be idealized, as Mr. Cary calls it, as well as anyone else—he can be put to stand on a stool, and his fat can be arranged"—

"Or any other man! Well done,

Charlie!" said Bob, and all the other burst into fits of laughter.

"I'm glad you're so amused," said Charlie, "but here are the children now, and you'll be all going off shooting for the whole of this day, and the whole of the next, and every other day; so of course nothing will ever be settled."

"Ever's a long word, Miss Charlie," said Reggie. "Ha, ha, Master Jack where are you off to?"

But Jack scampered by him to his mother, and seated himself on a high chair by her side; Bob ensconcing himself close to him on the other side. Fan walked up to her father and baby made straight for Colonel Vivien, who was a great favourite with her, and who took her immediately on his lap and fed her with little dainties.

Bob assisted by Reggie did their best to make Jack naughty—and he was fast growing so wild, that his mother hailed the general break-up as a perfect God-send, not knowing what he might attempt next.

The gentlemen dispersed to make themselves ready for shooting, and the girls dawdled about to watch them off.

Colonel Vivien was the first to appear, and mount a dog-cart which had arrived to take him to the train.

"Now, Colonel Vivien, I don't believe you've got a thing to do at Aldershot," said Charlie.

Alice looked aghast at her, as Colonel Vivien was generally looked up to by them all, and considered to grave to be trifled with. He smiled, however—such a kind smile, some of thought who was watching them—a said, "I wish I could think so, Miss Charlie; I assure you it's quite against my will leaving such a charming party." And then hurried away the servant came to tell him there was no time to lose.

"Coming on, I declare," said Sir Harry, "who ever would have thought the great Colonel Vivien could make such a speech to a woman."

"Doesn't he like women," said Mab.

N—no; I always think I despise them—young ones I like for he gets on very well with his mammas—he's the exact opposite of Mab, to what is called a lady. I believe that's the reason

Jack up by the hand, quite good and quiet, and said he had come to say he was sorry.

"I hope you weren't hurt Miss St. Clair," Colonel Vivien said.

"Oh no," she said, stooping down to kiss Jack's fat cheeks lifted up to her; "but this poor child I'm afraid is; see, the whip came down on the little bare arm."

"Poor little woman," he said, "let me see what I can do with her. I'm rather a hand at managing children."

So he took her on his knee, and rubbed the little red arm, and comforted and soothed her so gently, the sobs began to decrease, and even a little smile half broke out.

"That's it," he said. "Now you'll kiss Jack and make friends, and another day Jack will be more gentle when he's driving little ladies. Do you know Jack all good coachmen are very kind to their horses, and only touch them with the whip, and always pat them and stroke them instead."

"So me how," said Jack.

"This way," said Colonel Vivien, laying his hand on Fan's head.

"Now pat de oder one," said Jack.

There was no help for it, so Colonel Vivien gently laid his hand on the other curly head, saying: "I beg your pardon, Miss St. Clair, but my lesson would have been lost if I had not done so."

"Oh, yes, I understand," she answered, looking up smiling into his face; and then, as nurse appeared to take the children to tea, she ran away to tidy herself for the five o'clock "re-union" in the hall, where it was the custom of the whole family to assemble for tea and chat.

Mab found the whole group assembled when she came down—shooters and all. Colonel Vivien was also there talking to Walter; he saw her, however, and made a move as if he wished to join the party, and take the vacant place beside her, when Mr. Cary sauntered over to her, and leaning against the back of her chair, began to talk to her. He drew back at once seeing that, and only watched her every now and then from a distance, half sadly, as he saw how intent she was upon her conversation, turning right round in her chair to give Mr. Cary her whole attention.

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Mab never could do any halves. If she were inter- whole soul went with her. But Colonel Vivien did not. How could he, in so short a time that puzzling character? so thought she, like most others was fascinated by Mr. Cary what chance had he, plain, he dier that he was; but he did r her for it, no, he only felt so

He watched them still after t finished tea glide away toge the drawing-room, and soon their voices—those voice blended together in such harmony, filling the whole melody.

One by one the party from joined them. By this time the over, and Mr. Cary was singi impassioned Italian air, whi stood close by, her hands her whole soul seeming to the music. She was quite scious of the presence of any in the room—quite unconsciou different construction might upon her manner by others knew she was only living in just then, regardless of eve else, so, of course, no one els think differently.

Poor little thing, how litt knew!

"What a perfect Faust an- guerite they would make," sa Compton Muir to Charlie.

"Considering Marguerite w and had long hair, I don't thi cousin would suit the part least," said Charlie.

"Aren't you sorry you spoke," said Reggie.

"Yes, as I seem always to foot into it."

"I pity you so much," said s one of those naive glances that to bring most men to her feet all the same Faust and M reminds me of our 'tableaux we really must discuss. Mr. come and help us."

"What can I do for Charlie?" he replied. Miss St. Clair," he whi Mab, "we must descend again."

She looked at him drea she had not yet accomplish

"Well, Miss Charlie, v to do?"

only for once, and I really could not allow him to escape—ha! is he coming or going? No. What is old Wardell saying, I wonder?" and she laughed quietly in spite of all she could do.

"I suppose we are behaving very oddly. What, I wonder, would my sober cousin, Charles Mannering, say of us if he happened to drop in, and—here—here—yes; here they come."

So it was, and, with a sudden reaction, her spirit sank, and she would gladly have been anywhere else. She had just time to place herself in her easy chair again, when the half-closed door opened, and good old Mrs. Wardell entered in high chat with the stranger.

There was no mistaking him. The handsome hero of the opera was before her—the oval face and small peaked beard; the delicate mouth and mustache, and the great singular eyes, which lighted upon her with a sudden and gloomy splendour that startled her.

A stately, very low bow he made her, as Mrs. Wardell said—

"This is Mr. Dacre, my dear, you remember, who was so kind as to lend us his carriage; he has been so good as to call to inquire, and I asked him to come up."

"I asked Mrs. Wardell's leave, yesterday, which she was good enough to give me. I have to make my apologies, however, for calling at so awkward an hour; but I was detained on a matter of business, from which I could not escape, in the country, and returning this way I could not deny myself, late as it is, the honour of calling to learn how you were."

"We are so much obliged—quite well. We have quite got over our little fright, and we had no idea what a service you had done us till this morning. We should have been delayed more than an hour."

Mr. Dacre seemed very much pleased. He was very handsome; it was pleasant to see him pleased. But there was, or Miss Gray fancied it, something ever so slight that was bitter and cynical in the stealthy gaze with which he watched her as she spoke. But there was the smile—and there were those splendid eyes, dark and fiery. Where was this sinister light? Where were those lines and curves of cruelty which gave,

in her eyes, to his beauty a sad and dangerous character, sinuous, baleful?

His bow had been ceremoniously grave; but there remained the least trace of stately air or countenance; he was now very easily and gaily dressed Mrs. Wardell for part, but Laura Gray the conversation was intended. He was going now. He had his tea-cup. He had just a very odd story, which turned an anonymous letter, the author by a curious combination of he had discovered.

"Had fortune placed me in detective service I dare say have risen to be an eminent thief; I should almost emigrate for the pleasure of up to that sort of villainy to it."

The story was well told curious. Miss Laura Chally listened to it with that kind of which is observant, if not suspicious the relator himself, as well about the narrative. Here he might be the author of with the locket enclosed melted away. That Mr. I an early intimate of Ardenbrooke that Ardenbrooke should have of him as he did, were real circumstances. But Mr. Dacres were winning, respectable charming, and now, those chances that establish throw a theory in a moment lighted upon the very subject had spoken of that kind of with a point and bitterness ended all controversy.

His visit was not altogether of an hour, and agreeable minutes they to feel so curiously intimate had known him for years.

"We are very lonely, Dacre; but if you would look in upon a very old friend would be good-natured Mrs. Wardell, at parting. "I am too much of a thing would give me sure; but I'm so unsteady in this part of the very uncertain, and go twelve miles out morning, to meet people and there my whole

nothing odd ; but as you fancy there is, we can easily arrange to go to tea to-morrow evening to poor old Lady Ardenbroke ; you promised Ardenbroke you would some evening, and it would be a cheer ; and I'll leave our apologies with the servant to say to Mr. Dacre where we were obliged to go, and so we shall get rid of all trouble about him."

"Yes ; perhaps that will do. It is a little awkward, you know," said Laura.

But Mrs. Wardell did not say by a single word ; thinking say, that she would not on a miss Mr. Dacre's visit.

"Yes," resumed Laura, "that is the best thing we can do."

Another silence followed. The step was taken, I am bound to confess, to carry out this plan either that evening or next morning.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### ANOTHER VISIT.

NEXT day, at about three o'clock, Charles Mannering looked in. The ladies received him, he thought, a little oddly. Had his cousin heard, he speculated, of the conversation, so urgent and dolorous, with which, yesterday evening, the good clergyman, Mr. Parker, whom he had accidentally met, had favoured him upon the inexhaustible subject of the prisoner, Dr. Beaumirail.

True, he was resolved not to open this unwelcome theme again to his cousin, uninvited. But how else was he to account for the perceptible constraint of her manner—the apparent embarrassment, indeed, of both ladies, and those long silences that were so unusual in that easy society ?

They were not offended with him. There was no affront, and their looks and manner implied nothing of the kind. But Laura Gray said nothing of "to-day," and invited him instead "to-morrow" to dinner, and seemed put out, and a little vexed, though not with him. And Mrs. Wardell, who was less scrupulous about her yea being strictly yea, and her nay nay, then Miss Gray murmured something about their intending to pass that evening with old Lady Ardenbroke, at which Miss Laura Gray, under her breath, uttered an impatient "oh !" tossing her head with a little glance at Julia Wardell, who returned it with a "h'm !" blushing a little, as her pretty cousin rose and walked to the window.

Altogether, Charles Mannering did not know what to make of them, and went away a great deal sooner than he had intended, more vexed and puzzled than he would have had any other living creature know.

That day moved slowly away. Was this agreeable Mr. Dacre, in the sombre influence which began to exercise ?

Partly, it was due to this, that Gray had resolved that, even at the risk of adding a new item to the eccentricities of their dealing with a stranger, she would, if possible, clear his complicity with the autograph letter—if, in truth, he knew anything about it, and should quite innocent, then she need be, cease to trouble the drop that singular acquaintance.

Upon this old-fashioned street, throng of tufted trees and houses, the sun went down, and his dusky red over the hills, transforming the steep chimneys in the distance into domes and minarets, that last in the dark gray twilight.

Tedious were the hours which separate the young from the glories of his succession. It did day die so slowly as to Laura Gray.

Night came ; candles were lighted in the drawing room, the ladies sat there, rather expecting their visitor.

Miss Gray was vexing her doubts and scruples. Was she was taking dignified and decorous ? She could not tell. If it were not for that he could throw an impression upon the question of the letter, she would have dreamed of inviting Mr. Dacre and actually getting Charles Mannering, for the occasion.

"I really am growing

"It was no pressure to her. She had already determined on leaving him in prison."

"*She?*—Good heavens! then it was a woman! What beasts those tradespeople are where money is concerned," exclaimed Alfred Dacre.

"Worse—not a tradeswoman, but a lady," said Miss Laura Gray.

"A lady—a lady no longer—she's self-degraded," said Dacre; "don't you think a woman so unsexed and so divested of all good, deserves to be made an example of?"

"Then you are one of those chivalrous lawgivers who would punish women, whom you term the weaker sex, as severely as men?" said Laura Gray.

"*More* severely, in certain cases," he replied. "Where they *are* wicked they are more fiendish than men. Nature has made them softer and purer, most of what is generous in life, all of what is generous in love, belongs to women, and where they commit cold and malignant cruelties they sin against nature, and become very paragons of monsters?"

"And what would you have done to this lady?" inquired Miss Gray.

"Burn her alive?"

"No, on second thoughts I should leave her to the chances of reprisal and to the equities of eternity. May I ask, do you really know anything of this person?"

"I do—yes."

"Is she a Jewess, or is she a Christian?"

"A Christian?" answered Laura Gray, "by profession at least."

"Well, I *know* more of De Beaumirail than I have *seen*. He has injured me probably as much as any other man living. I don't admire Guy De Beaumirail. I divide his character, so far as it is known to me, into three parts—one part I despise, another I hate, and in the third I see rudiments of good. I have no particular wish to say one word in excuse or defence of him, but I don't envy the lady who, being a Christian, as you say, believes her Bible, and reads there the parable of the debtor whom his Lord forgave, and

who afterwards took his life by the throat, saying that thou owest."

Mr. Dacre did not speak thusiasm. He seemed cool about the scamp De Beaumirail the menacing words uttered acquired a strong force by a latent contrast.

"There are cases in which will not direct us. Our I remember, one night put carriage lamps—I think it was, he said he could see beyond them, by the very faint light of the heavens. That light I instinct, and my carriage I reason, and in this puzzle out, and rely on the fact from above. I am that wicked man you condemn, and I'll play music of Beethoven's again. I was a very little thing, sister, a good many years ago I, used to play it, and I used tears fill her eyes, and flow cheeks. It inspires me."

She began to play again the music, without leaving Mr. Dacre time for answer, apology, or objection.

"I never cry, I hate tears in the air half breaks my heart,"

"and when I grow irrepressibly perplexed, I play it, and I play up for her who walks in darkness and whose courage returns my heart."

"I had not an idea, Miss Gray, how you a thousand and a half pleaded Mr. Dacre, with a faint smile.

"Not one, no indeed. I know that you don't understand the factoring case; you don't know facts, you don't know my facts. And now I must tell you the facts and also ask your assistance."

As she uttered this last she glanced again at good old Dell, whom she had already nodded in her chair. But the Dustman, as in the nursery, the angel called in my nonage, had just at that moment did not choose to obstruct her nap.